This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

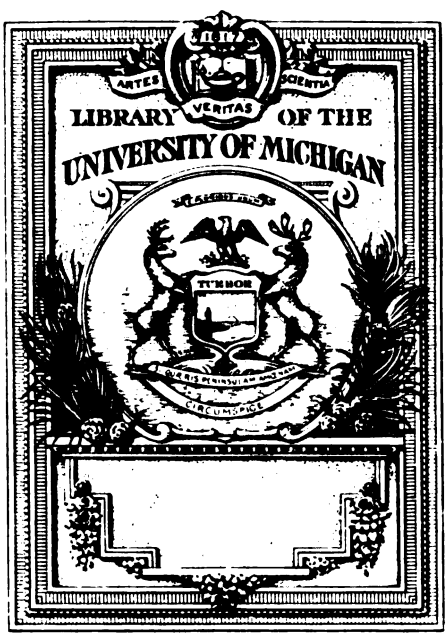
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

B 439750


ARTES
VERITAS
SCIENTIA
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
TURRIS FORTISSIMA NOMEN DOMINI
CIRCUMSPICE

AP
2
.M632

THE · MIDLAND · MONTHLY

ILLUSTRATED

VOL. IX. JANUARY-JUNE

JOHNSON BRIGHAM, EDITOR
CONAWAY & SHAW, PUBLISHERS
DES MOINES, IOWA

INDEX

TO

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

VOLUME IX.

PROSE.

		PAGE
ALL'S WELL. (Home Themes.)	*Maria Weed*	376
AMANA COLONY, THE FIRST VIOLIN IN. (Sketch.)	*Maude V. Ebersole*	446
AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES	*George W. Bell*	16
BARBARA'S ESCAPADE. (Story.)	*Gertrude B. Millard*	440
BREAKING IN OF A COWBOY, THE	*C. L. Andrews*	3
BOOK TABLE, THE MIDLAND		96, 189, 288, 382, 477, 575
CHRISTENING OF THE MUERTOS, THE. (Prize Story.)	*Edwin L. Sabin*	146
CLAIMS, OUR. (Sketch.)	*Edith Tuttle*	396
CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT		90, 189, 287, 476
COOPER'S NOVELS, ON THE TRAIL OF	*Jeannette Nichols Phillips*	483
CORNELL COLLEGE, MOUNT VERNON	*Bessie J. Crary*	129
COROT, JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE. (World's Famous Painters.) (Contributors' Department.)		476
CRUISERS IN WAR PAINT, OUR	*Malinda Cleaver Faville*	545
CUBA'S CAPITAL—A TRIP TO HAVANA	*Alfred Ashton*	458
CURATE, THE. (Story.)	*Harry Hancock*	246
DE LOMES, THE. (Much Talked About People.)		212
DRAKE UNIVERSITY	*Mary Carpenter*	353
EASTER ETCHING, AN. (Home Themes.)	*J. Torrey Connor*	377
EMPRESS AND AN AMERICAN DOCTOR, AN	*Leigh Leslie*	55
EDITORIAL COMMENT		88, 184, 285, 378, 473, 571
FERD'S LUCK. (A Character Sketch.)	*Clara H. Holmes*	154
FIFTIETH IOWA VOLUNTEERS, GLIMPSES OF		558
FRANCES STRIEGEL. (Sketch.)	*Mrs. E. D. Adams*	144
GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST. (A History.)	*John W. Emerson*	47, 109, 219, 318, 409, 500
GENERAL GRANT, PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF	*Major Hoyt Sherman*	325
HATRY, THE LATE COLONEL. (Much Talked About People.)		315
HAWAII, A GLIMPSE OF	*Carrie Wyatt Banks*	44
HAWAIIAN REPUBLIC, THE PRESIDENT OF. (Much Talked About People.)		209
HEROISM OF HELEN CARROTHERS, THE. (Historical.)	*Frank W. Calkins*	533
HI. HAPGOOD'S WIFE. (Story)	*Maude Meredith*	539
HOME THEMES		87, 183, 284, 375, 570
HUBER. (A Hospital Sketch.)	*J. Fred Clarke*	30
IMPRESSIONIST'S SCHOOL, THE. (Sketch.)	*Maria Weed*	350
IOWA COLLEGE, SOCIAL LIFE OF A GIRL IN	*Helen B. Morris*, *Emeline B. Bartlett*	449

		PAGE
ISRAELS AND THE DUTCH PAINTERS. (Prize Descriptive Paper.)	*Mary A. Kirkup*	304
LADIES OF WASHINGTON, SOME	*Juliette M. Babbitt*	120, 215, 298, 495
LIBRARIES, FOSTERING PUBLIC	*Kate M. True*	24
LIBRARIES, ORGANIZATION OF SMALL TOWN	*Virginia Dodge*	373, 472
LIBRARY FUND ENTERTAINMENT, THE. (Story.)	*Franklyn W. Lee*	527
LIFE ELEMENT IN AMERICAN FICTION, THE	*Kate Corkhill*	328
LITTLE JIM'S CHRISTMAS. (Story.)	*Norman A Crowell*	67
LITTLE GREY COAT, THE. (Story.)	*S. S Peters*	160
LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT. (Story.)	*Alice Kellogg Hunt*	63
LONGFELLOW'S EARLY HOME	*Fanny Kennish Earl*	402
MAINE, THE TRAGEDY OF THE	*Minna Irving*	387
MARGERY DILL, THE STORY OF	*Lucia A. Wilson*	341
MERRITT, DARWIN R.		273
META; A STORY OF THE BURNT WOODS OF OREGON	*Louisa A'hmuty Nash*	165, 251, 346
MIDNIGHT WARNING, A. (A Tale of the Carlist Rebellion.)	*T. F. O'Brien*	434
MIRROR, MY STRANGE. (Prize Story.)	*Malinda Cleaver Faville*	424
MOBILE AND FAIRHOPE. (Impressions.)	*E S Gardner*	291
MOODS. (Home Themes.)	*Maria Weed*	87
MOSSBACK'S PERIL, THE (Story.)	*Frank W. Calkins*	337
MUCH TALKED ABOUT PEOPLE		314
MUNICIPAL REFORM, OBSTACLES TO	*J. K. Macomber*	274
NATIONAL LITERATURE, THE ELEMENTS OF A	*James R. Hanna*	239
NEW ORLEANS. (Impressions—Photographic and Otherwise.)	*E. S. Gardner*	195
NIGHT IN THE MOUNTAINS	*R. E. Dean*	28
NORFOLK, QUAINT OLD	*Malinda Cleaver Faville*	35
OMAHA EXPOSITION, THE EVENT OF THE YEAR.	*Elsie Reasoner*	257
OCTAVE THANET AND OTHER WESTERN REALISTS, THEORIES OF	*Mary J. Reid*	99
OLD FRIENDS. (Home Themes.)	*M. Truesdell Cooper*	570
PROVIDENCE AND THE TWINS. (Story.)	*Della R Sheldahl*	70
A RELATIVELY GREAT BENEFACTION	*R. H. Fairbairn*	210
ROCKY MOUNTAIN SNOW-SHOEING	*Z. Fuller*	204
SAMPSON, CAPT. (Much Talked About People.)		314
SIMPSON'S POODLE, MRS. (Story)	*Laura Blanche Thornely*	77
SOUL QUALITY, THE. (Home Themes)	*J. B.*	284
STORY OF A NEW YEAR'S EVE, A	*Minnie R. Smith*	80
TITIAN. (World's Famous Painters.) (Contributors' Department.)		287
WHITE DAY, A. (Prize Descriptive Paper.)	*Minnie Stichter*	11
WILLARD, FRANCES E. (Much Talked About People.)		316
WISE MAN AND THE FOOL	*Robert C. McIlravy*	375
WOMAN WHO WANTS TO BE A MAN, THE	*Alice L. Mearkle*	173
WOMEN'S CLUB DEPARTMENT	*Harriet C. Towner*	82, 178, 280, 370, 466, 564
WORTHY EXCEPTIONS, THE. (Home Themes.)	*Maria Weed*	183

VERSE.

AFTER THE THEATER	*Seldon L. Whitcomb*	54
AMBITION	*Clifford Trembly*	499
AWAKENED	*Nora Barnhart*	79
AWAKENING	*Mary Morrison*	395
BLIND ARCHER, THE	*James B. Kenyon*	303
CALM	*Elizabeth K. Reynolds*	279

		PAGE
CREATION	*Alonzo Leora Rice*	108
DANDELIONS	*Mary A. Kirkup*	457
DEAD LOVE, A	*Rudolph L. Masiker*	182
DEFICIENCY	*S. Raymond Jocelyn*	29
EASTER STORY, THE	*Mrs. W. C. Gunn*	375
EPIC OF IOWA, AN	*Horace Spencer Fiske*	493
ETHEREAL, AN	*Barton O. Aylesworth*	256
FAITH'S TELEPHONE. (Home Themes.)	*C. O. Carter*	570
FINE FEELIN'S	*Clarence Hawkes*	10
FLOWER OF JOY, THE	*Julia W. Albright*	423
FROST PROPHECY	*Mrs. W. F. Carleton*	245
GRANDMOTHER'S PATCHWORK QUILT	*Leigh Gordon Giltner*	87
GROWTH	*Clarence Hawkes*	349
HEROISM	*Clara Spalding Brown*	297
IF I HAD KNOWN	*D. Milton Riley*	317
I HEAR THE OCEAN'S EBBING TIDE	*Selden L. Whitcomb*	400
IN DOUBT	*Roy Farrell Greene*	538
IN MEMORIAM	*Pearl Marie Dunn*	561
INLAND	*Selden L. Whitcomb*	448
JACK'S SWEETHEART. (Home Themes.)	*Tena M. Abbott*	570
LIGHT	*Clifford Trembly*	465
MAGGIE	*Ottumwa*	125
MEMORY OF THOMAS CHATTERTON, TO THE	*Minnie McIntyre*	27
MOTHER'S WILL-O'-THE-WISP. (Home Themes.)	*Albina Marilla Letts*	375
NIGHT, THE	*Elmer T. Weiser*	62
OLD SKID ROAD, THE	*Mary Bynon Reese*	557
POOR, THE	*Maude Meredith*	172
RENUNCIATION	*Selden L. Whitcomb*	208
SANDSWEPT	*William Reed Dunroy*	532
SCENT OF ROSES, THE	*Generzia D. Stone*	23
SELF DENIAL	*Alonzo Leora Rice*	312
SONNET	*Will F. Brewer*	34
SUICIDE, THE	*Herbert Bashford*	526
THE JESTER	*James B. Kenyon*	456
THREE SINGERS. (Whitman, Whittier, and Tennyson.)	*Frank I. Clarke*	127
THROUGH PASSING YEARS	*J. V. Latimer*	15
UNIVERSAL THOUGHT, THE	*Clifford C. Carleton*	492
URSUS	*Beatrice Harlowe*	369
VAE VICTUS	*James B. Kenyon*	556
VISION, A	*William Francis Barnard*	145
WATCH AT DAWN, A	*Belle E. Smith*	177
WAY OF THE PALMS, THE	*Mary A. Kirkup*	313
WE STRUGGLE SO HARD JUST TO LIVE. (Home Themes.)	*Harriet M. Talmadge*	284
WINGS OF A BIRD	*Anna Neil Gilmore*	544

LEONARDO DA VINCI'S "MONA LISA."

Contributors' Department

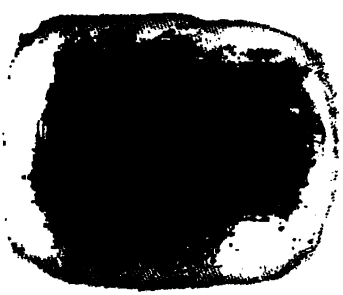
THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

VOLUME IX. JANUARY, 1898. NUMBER I.

THE BREAKING IN OF A COWBOY.

BY C. L. ANDREWS.

I.



INSIDE the high pole fence of the corral was a bunch of horses, In the bunch-grass country horses are hitched to queer names. They are classed by color, by blood, by condition of servitude, and in various other ways. If of Indian ancestry, they are known as cayuses; but should they be from the States, they are American. A pony, spotted red and white, like unto Jacob's cattle, is a pinto; and one with a roan or blue-gray coat, with splotches of darker color, is christened an apelusa: but, apelusa or pinto, American or cayuse, if not saddle-broken, it is a broncho. Some of the bunch were bronchos and the riders were improving the last opportunity they would have for many days of using such a luxury as a corral.

Down by the willows a horse stood dozing, with a fifty-pound Vallejo saddle on his back and a long, braided bridle-rein trailing in the dust at his feet. Farther down, where the little canyon spread out to a salt-grass flat, a saddled buck-skin pony dragged a "lass-rope," and here and there were others waiting, all with saddles, bridles, ropes, the paraphernalia of the stock-range. The whole outfit from Peck to Lame Pete were loafing about the fence. The spectacle of a bucking, rearing, squealing cayuse with a cowboy in a red shirt and leather "shapps" astride, yelling like a Piute, was too common to excite much comment, but the point of interest that day was to see the Kid "bust a broncho."

Charley was the "Kid" of the outfit. He was the youngest; he had never been on a rodere, and had never driven over the trail to Cheyenne. He was very much a tenderfoot. His home was in the Willamette Valley, on the farm where he had plowed and planted potatoes and watched the blanketed Warm Spring Indians as each year they came across the mountains to trade ponies and pick hops. Summer after summer with increasing interest he had seen the stockmen going and returning across those same mountains on their trips to the great ranches on the Ochoco, in the Harney Valley, the Chewaucan, or some more remote part of that magnificent cattle range that reached from the Cascades to the Rockies and far beyond. Every year the desire to go to that land of bunchgrass and cattle grew stronger, until, one spring, the old mother, with tearful eyes, bade him good-bye; his father said: "When you get enough of it, come back. I reckon you'll come afoot when you do;" and with a pair of blankets and a frying pan strapped on his saddle he started for bunchgrass.

One evening he rode down from the Juniper Desert to the town of Alkaliville. There were not many people in the town, but they were very much alive. He had come at an opportune time and had struck it just right. The land was full of big, fat steers that lay around the springs and creeks and crept under the tall, white sage when the sun beat hot on the Juniper Desert and made queer little lakes in the sandy flats. As it grew cooler and the

[The entire contents of this number copyrighted by Johnson Brigham, publisher, 1898. All rights reserved.]

mountains rose black and jagged against the gorgeous western sky, they strayed over the rolling hills that stretched from the Cascades eastward,—no one cared how far, for there was room, and to spare. These big steers were wanted in the States. They were worth almost fabulous prices and men were needed to drive them over the thousand and more miles of trail to where Cheyenne was teeming with cattle and cowboys. That was before the snake-faced railroads crept into the valley of the Columbia with their trains of cattle cars.

Sykes & Snodgrass were gathering cattle and hiring men to drive them. They offered tempting inducements,—fifty dollars a month, horses furnished, and return expenses. Charley hired to them for the drive. He was a green hand, but the boss said: "Men are scarce and he'll soon get broke in."

Charley was roping his horse at the corral and Ochoco Jim was helping and giving him points. Each rider broke his own horses, and Charley was to take his first lesson in horse-breaking that afternoon.

Soap-Creek Brown sat on the fence and commented, "We'll have some fun out of the Kid when he tries to ride that apelusa of his; he's got enough American in 'im to be *skookum* and Injun enough to be mean."

"Yes! That's a bad eye stuck in his head. He'll buck till his nose bleeds," agreed Peck, as he stood with one foot on the fence and shoved his fingers through the long hair on his bear-skin shapps.

The horse justified the comments that had passed. He was a five-year-old that had run on the range and had not been roped since he was branded and had forgotten that not gentle lesson. When Bob, the boss of the outfit, was buying horses for the drive at the old Carmichael Ranch he was told in reference to the apelusa, "He's out of the old George stock on his mother's side, but his sire likely had some Injun in him."

"Half Injun, some French Canadian, rest devil, but the boy'll ride it out of 'im," was the mental comment as he took the wiry, solid-looking fellow with the white eye and the odd spots that gave him the designation of an apelusa, with the rest.

The horses were portioned out and each rider had four saddle-animals. A wink went the rounds and through some unexplained luck the apelusa fell to the Kid's string, and he was to rope and ride it. The cayuses scuttled around the corral, each one trying to kick up the biggest dust and at the same time get on the outside of the circle. The alkali dust made things no better and the rawhide loop slid down time after time without a horse. But there is an end to all things; there was a lucky throw, the noose settled on the broncho's neck, the scrimmage around the snubbing-post was soon over, and it lay in the corral streaked with sweat and dust, the rope gripped in its neck, and a cowboy on its head. A bridle and a blindfold were put on, enough wind was let pass its tortured windpipe to revive life, the saddle was cinched, and, as the Kid swung into the seat, the blind was jerked away. With a snort and a squeal the apelusa began his fight for freedom. That it was to be bitterly fought was plainly to be seen. The apelusa was strong and wild; the Kid was supple, wiry, and determined.

"Lean back in your saddle! Watch out for 'im! He's mean!" had been Ochoco Jim's caution as he pulled off the blind and dodged out of the way.

He knew the Kid was not an old rider, that he was likely to get thrown and might get hurt; but these probabilities did not dull the edge of his enjoyment, for, "it's lots of fun to see a tenderfoot ride a broncho."

"Get there! See 'im hang to the leather!" yelled the delighted bystanders.

The broncho bucked round and round —a jump to one side, then one to the other, then round as if on a pivot, his head between his forelegs, his back arched in the air, and bawling with sheer "cussedness" and rage.

"Steer 'im out on the prairie! Roll the spurs to 'im! Git 'im to runnin'!" yelled Jim; but the apelusa, heedless of the welts of spur and quirt, still pounded the ground in the same circle, the blood dripping from his mouth where the Spanish bit gouged and tore.

The Kid was getting weak. His legs were not yet hardened with the tough muscles of an old rider and the strain was telling on him. A little stream of blood broke from his nose and trickled down on the red handkerchief knotted around his neck.

"Jump off! I'll ketch 'im!" yelled Ochoco Jim as he got on his horse and loosened his riata; but the boy had enough to do to hold on; he was not equal to a jump. He forgot which way was up and which way was down; he could not see his broncho's head. The sky and earth, the corral and men around melted into a confused mass and then rose up to hit him. Another jump or two and he went over on the horn of the saddle, then off into a sagebrush in a lump. The apelusa whirled to kick him as he fell, but Jim's rope was too quick for it and the rawhide loop shut off its wind a second time.

It was a limp, tired boy that lay in his blankets the next day, too stiff and sore to move his bruised and battered body more than to get to his meals of bacon and beans. He thought of the home in the Willamette and of the farm life, and wasted a few vain regrets over not staying where the world was easier. The recollection of his old mother asking him to stay away from that land of sand and sagebrush, of badgers and horned toads, of wild cattle, bad horses, and rough men, came to him and he was a bit sorry. There was another recollection,—far down to the west, across the waste of sand desert along the Des Chutes and beyond the labyrinth of rough, timbered canyons that came after the desert and the lava-beds north of the three white, solemn Sisters that stood like sentinels at the Santiam Pass, there was a little blue-eyed girl, with a wealth of dark brown hair, who was very dear to him. He had the good judgment to confide none of these to any one, for his experience had taught him that sentiment was

ON THE RANGE.
"The land was full of big fat steers that lay around the springs . . . when the sun beat hot."

out of place in a cow camp. Then he thought of the fifty dollars a month and felt better.

II.

The band was rapidly gathering. Bunches of steers came in from Cow Canyon and Willow Creek, from Rock Creek and Antelope. The Kid rode with the rest and rapidly grew in the favor of all,—with the exception of Soap-Creek Brown, who conceived a dislike for him and took good care to show it. The others guyed him and played pranks on him, but their horse-play was with the best of humor and they liked him. He was always on hand for a hard or disagreeable job; he rode the apelusa, and the boys said: "He's gritty, all right." Into the high-heeled boots, the leather shapps, and the huge jingling spurs he fitted as though he had always worn them; and the wide-rimmed, low-crowned hat of soft felt flapped as he rode, just as if he had always been a cow-puncher. Skill with pistol and rope came with experience, and he was beginning to love the excitement of matching strength with a vicious broncho, or a chase after a refractory steer. The wild, free life in the saddle was ample compensation for the weary, lonesome hours on night guard and the parched miles of alkali dust with the slow moving herd. The mother in the Willamette would doubtless have looked on these accomplishments with distrust, but they were open letters to favor in the camp. There were other things he did not take to so kindly; and all the riders, Soap-Creek Brown in particular, considered that he was not, and could not be, a fully accomplished cowboy until he would drink the bad whisky of the country, swear in the traditional way, buck the faro banks and hold his hand at poker in the saloons of the scattering towns. They looked on these shortcomings with a sort of pity. "He'll know better when he gits older" the most of them said; but Brown swore, with a mighty oath: "He's a fool, and a good licking would do him good. He's too stuck up for common people."

One night they camped on Rawhide Gulch. Rawhide Gulch got its name from the experience of a rancher who stopped there in the Sixties. It was a long way to the timber and because of the scarcity of poles and lumber he made a fence of rawhide stretched on posts around his cabin. The coyotes, always hungry, gnawed the rawhide off the posts to fill an aching void and thereafter the gulch was known as Rawhide Gulch. It was not far to the town of Yellowdog,—which has since changed its name,—and in an unguarded moment the boss let Brown go across the hills to the town. It was an ill-advised permission, for there was no other reason for going than to fill up with whisky and have "a roaring good time."

Brown was from the Willamette Valley and a part well and widely known to all the old-timers there as Soap Creek. In that part it was considered eminently proper to ride the schoolmaster on a rail, when at wide intervals they had such a luxury as a pedagogue, and it was the universal rule when some unusually enterprising citizen tried to organize a spelling-school, or other educational reform, to break it up, turn it into a dance, then disperse the dance with a fight. The weddings there were always accompanied or followed by a charivari, known as a "shivaree," and all such social events were enlivened by liberal potations of red liquor. Soap-Creek Brown had come into the cow country with all his early bad habits and had added others. As he rode into the town, the first place that caught his eye was a sign "The Pantheon," and as it was a place with three saloons and one store, all on one street, he forgot about camp and cattle.

The Masons were instituting a lodge in a room over Dave Leeper's store and a dance was in progress over Portlock's saloon on the hill toward the brewery, which latter was the favorite resort of the English from the ranch over on the head of Clark's Canyon. The Masonic ceremonies had attracted a number from the country roundabout who were not

averse to taking a quiet drink. The dance was patronized by the ranchers and cowboys from Buttermilk Canyon to the Tutawilla, and they took the drinks also, but not so quietly.

The wisdom of having the dance over the saloon was apparent at a glance. It was quite metropolitan. It was an arrangement like unto the refreshment room and the city theatre. When one of the male patrons of the popular amusement got weary of whirling to the tune of appear, the boss swore loudly and emphatically, and then sent Ochoco Jim and the Kid to bring him back. He had vacillated between the poker game at the Pantheon and the dance over Portlock's, and to assist in his decision freely consulted the oracle in the various colored bottles behind the bar and wound up on a compromise by joining in a game of loo at the Occidental.

There they found him, well filled with liquor, and made known their errand.

A STOCK RANCH IN THE COLUMBIA VALLEY.
"The plateau at the south of the river joined the hills on the north."

"The Girl I left Behind Me" he went out to see a friend and took a glass of Portlock's "Forty-rod." This was a great improvement over the rural affairs on the "John Day" or over on the Umatilla; for, the flat pocket-flask holding too little for all night, over there every fellow had to take a big bottle and stow it in his saddle canteeneses or in the sagebrush, at the imminent danger of having it run off the range by some less provident gatherer of sleek-ears. These merrymakers contributed their share toward making things lively at the dance, and the saloon keepers prospered.

When it grew late and Brown did not

"Come up and have a drink," said Brown.

Ochoco Jim promptly stepped up to the bar, for he never missed a count of that kind, but Charley stayed back in the crowd.

"Come up and have something," repeated Brown.

"I never drink."

"You've got to drink with us," and Brown's face grew redder.

"I never drink, thank you."

Brown's face grew still redder and the veins in his neck swelled.

"You dirty, stuck up, little Digger Injun, you've got to take a drink or fight,"

A CASCADE MOUNTAIN CANYON.
"The labyrinth of rough, timbered canyons."

he roared, with a choice assortment of oaths by way of emphasis, and pulled his gun.

There was a commotion. Some of the bystanders shouted "fair play" for the Kid had no gun, and some fell over themselves getting away from possible range of bullets. At that moment a muscular hand gripped Brown by the shoulder and the revolver was turned toward the ceiling and wrenched from his hand, as Ochoco Jim's voice growled in his ear, "If you want to fight, jump on me; don't pick on a boy."

Brown was sober enough to know that it was time for him to back down and he did. Jim took him out to his horse, took the cartridges out of the gun and handed it to him with the terse advice: "Don't act the damfool any longer," and the three left town.

"Why didn't you drink with him?" asked the boss when he heard of it.

"You know I don't drink," answered Charley.

"Nobody can't drive steers without swearin', and anybody that can't drink when [he wants] it and let it alone when he wants to is no account on earth," he growled. But the next morning he said to the outfit that if another man raised a row he would be turned off without a cent of pay; and the trouble was over for the time.

Ochoco Jim's muscular arms and recognized ability in a gun-play were more of a guaranty of peace than anything else; for, though he never quarreled with any one, he never declined a row and was always ready for a friendly scuffle or a fight, and he was known as the best shot on the range. It was not safe to tamper with one of his protegés.

III.

The required number of cattle were in. Four thousand steers were in the band and they were under way with eight riders and the cook. The boss looked up watering places and camps. They stopped, one June night, on the plateau south of the Columbia, near the old Emigrant Road that ran across the plain. Not far off were the mess wagon and the horse band, for there were four horses to every rider's string. North of the herd was the Columbia River. From a few miles distance the plateau at the south of the river joined the hills on the north in a blending line that gave no hint that the deep, wide crack, with a great river flowing at the bottom, lay between. The bluffs at

the south of the stream broke in steep banks and at the foot a level terrace of sandy soil ran out and met the gravelly bank of the swift-flowing stream. The terrace was a legacy of some forgotten freshet, plundered from the hills of Okanogan or the Salmon River Mountains.

With the evening came threatenings of a storm. Black, ominous-looking clouds, promising a rain that seldom came in that dry country, drifted over from the southwest, and one after another the gusts of wind chased away to the northeast. The boss doubled the night guard to keep the cattle quiet. The first watch was nearly over, and yet no rain. Off to the southeast toward the Blue Mountains the lightning quivered and shone in ragged flashes, but if there was a cloudburst it was far up on the John Day or Rock Creek.

The great herd of steers had been uneasy and restless, but quieted down as the evening wore away, and the little squads stopped slipping off from the main band to be chased back. The cowboys had tired of singing for the fortieth time their snatches of old songs to soothe the cattle, and now, comforting themselves with the thought that it was nearly time for their blankets, rode slowly to and fro around the mass that spread out, a great dark splotch on the brown, weather-cured grass of the prairie.

"Must be about time to turn in," thought Brown.

He struck a match to look at his watch. At the noise and light every steer jumped to its feet, and they ran like the Biblical swine. A rush, and a roar of hoofs led across the plain toward the river.

OREGON CATTLE RANGE, COLUMBIA RIVER VALLEY.

The herd had stampeded.

Wild with fear, across gullies and over ridges honeycombed with badger-holes they raced, the riders following, whipping in the stragglers to keep them from scattering and getting lost. It was a wild race in the darkness and no time for calculating danger to horse or rider as they plunged along. The gulches were deep and abrupt and the river banks were high and steep. They were running directly toward the river and the distance was too short for them to tire and

stop of their own accord and there was but one other way of stopping them. By ridding alongside the leaders and turning them from their course the band would circle, or mill, as the cattlemen call it, but it was a dangerous thing to get in front of that crazy mass. Wild with fright, the hindmost were crowding the leaders and the equally frightened leaders were straining their muscles to get away from the hindmost. A fall of a horse and both rider and animal would be ground into the dust under the hoofs that were trampling along with a roar like a tempest, and to get between them and the bluffs would be to go over, for even the cattle would be carried over by the crush. No one knew this better than the cowboys who rode after the crazy mass, whooping, yelling, swearing, shooting, in the dust and darkness. Charley quirted his horse alongside the mob and toward the front. Half-way up the side he overtook Brown.

"We've got to mill them or they'll go over the bluffs," he shouted.

"If you go in there you'll go over with them," was the answer above the roar of the cattle.

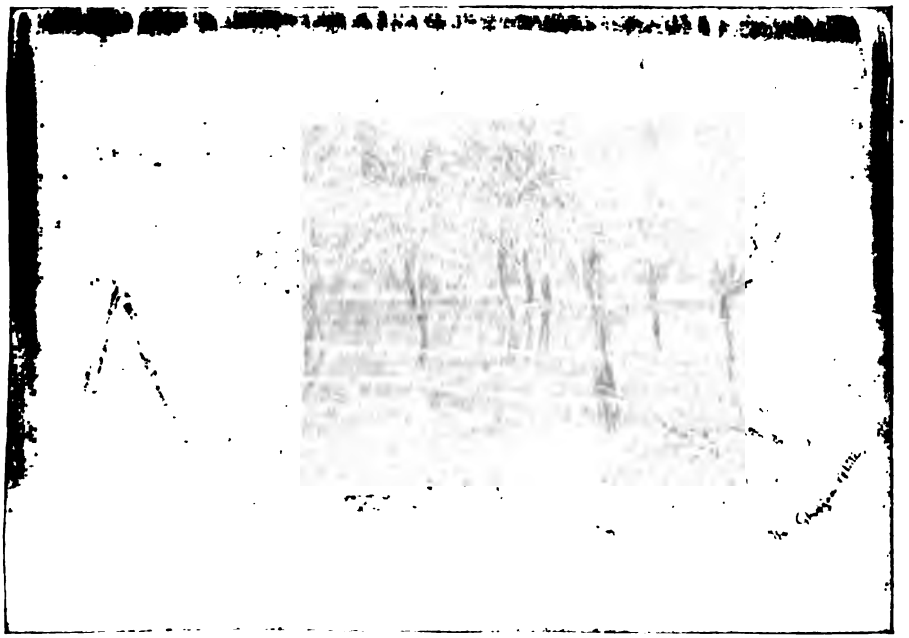
The Kid thought an instant of the home in the Willamette, of the mother and the blue-eyed girl, then he rolled the steel to his horse and shot ahead. He reached the leaders and crowded close against them, yelling as only a Siwash or a cowboy can yell, and bang! bang! went his revolver in the air. They sheered away from the noise and the flash of the gun, and he followed; but they were nearing uncertain ground. Little gullies ran down toward the river, making uncertain footing. The only way out of the trap lay in pushing those leaders toward the open country, and he doubled his efforts. He could see the line of the river bluffs in the uncertain light and they were at an angle that meant they must be turned more or all would go over. Still nearer they came, till his horse stumbled, and before it succeeded in recovering its footing they were at a sandy wash in the bank; the loose soil slid down and with it horse and rider. Here and there a steer rolled and tumbled down after them, but the band went by toward the open country, ran out on the plain and stopped, bawling and wondering why they had run twenty miles in a panic.

When morning came, all were in but the Kid. One of the boys was starting out to find where he was when a horseman came in sight and slowly rode toward the mess-wagon. Hatless and dirty he rode up, one foot hanging loose from the stirrup. They crowded around and took him off his horse, laid him on some blankets and pulled off the shapps, to find Charley had a broken leg. They sent to The Dalles—a nice morning ride of fifty miles—for a surgeon to set the broken limb, and were thankful it was no farther. Charley had his leg set and got his summer's pay, but he did not drive cattle over the trail that summer. Even Brown acknowledged that he had "good sand," which meant a great deal in that country where it was such a necessary article. When the leg got better he went home to the Willamette and saw his girl, and, contrary to the old gentleman's prophesy, he did not go afoot.

FINE FEELIN'S.

FINE feelin's aint a thing that comes with gold,
Or larnin', or with livin' grand an' free;
For high-up folks are often hard an' cold,
While low-down folks are full of sympathy.

Clarence Hawkes.



"The barbed-wire of the fence, that had never before seemed otherwise than barbarous, was now ice-encased, and that casing icicled till it was like three rows of jeweled fringe, trimming the opaline gown of the earth."

A WHITE DAY.*

By Minnie Stichter.

(Drawings by Alma Glasgow White.)

"Clothed, in white samite, mystic, wonderful."
—*The Passing of Arthur.*

I KNEW there would be a commotion; but I thought I might as well have it over with, so I said, "I am going out into the fields." The effect of this simple speech upon the family gathered snugly about the fireside was as the breaking of a storm-cloud which had been crouching low toward the earth like a tiger for its spring. Bounding forward, whirling and roaring, a demoniacal dance of devastation and a pathway of ruin show where its terrible feet have touched the earth. Land torn and furrowed as though Hercules had driven through with a giant plow; great forest trees tipped over as a child tilts his blocks piled dizzily; animals as unsteady as some Noah's Ark toy; human shrieks making the treble for the majestic music of the storm,—somewhat like this was the moral effect of my innocent little remark, "I am going out into the fields."

I acknowledge the weather was something fearful, appalling. Every earthly thing was sheeted in ice from the tiniest blade of grass to the tallest monument of men. Sheathed in crystal covering was it all. Congealed into a Jotum palace was the world—our world.

But icebergs and North Poles were as nothing to the grief that had me in its grip. Its hold must be loosened or I must die. The extraordinary aspect of the weather might help to do this, for the like of it in all its surpassing wonder I had never seen.

I had heard a Weather-wise remark that it would be impossible for anyone to get out of doors. After which it was inevitable that I should go. So I announced my intention.

The storm of protest at first stopped short of me, as does sound that has fallen

*Awarded the prize in the descriptive paper competition of October 1, 1897.

upon a vacuum,—so well had I braced myself to withstand it.

Then from out the confusion of sounds I heard, "People will think you are crazy"—from my scornful young brother.

"But fortunately, I have no reputation for sanity to give me concern," I retort.

"You will freeze to death, child,"—this from my mother.

"No," I say, "for I'm wrapped till my heat in the dog-day weather we were having. In that Gehenna it was almost as difficult to rouse oneself as from asphyxiation. Then the hard water hermetically sealed the pores of one's skin. You couldn't let out the plaits in your feet made by your new shoes. And the clashing in the great dining hall sounded always as if someone had upset the table. Oh! it was awful! It is different here."

"Even the effect of the mightiest, most rugged of my trees was softened by this countless repetition of each twig in icicles."

arms stick out straight like a sawdust doll's."

"But, daughter, only two days ago, in the city, you had so little health you couldn't get from one floor to the next except for the elevator."

"Yes, I know," I fling back for answer, "but we were then in a great hotel where they kept up seventy-times-seven furnace

"Not so very different," my mother returns. "It was only this morning you were in the 'doleful dumps' because the water was frozen in your pitcher."

"But even if I did complain about the cold this morning, that has nothing to do with my going out now."

"I suppose not," says my mother, "for javelins of self-contradictions always

stick out of you till you look like a picture of Saint Sebastian."

"You had better go to church if you can go out at all," my aunt interposes severely.

"No," I make haste to reply, "I can't go to church in all these double-extras I've got on. And besides, I must worship after the dictates of my own conscience. I'm—going!"

And I passed out, banging the door behind me to keep the wailing chorus of expostulations from getting out after me.

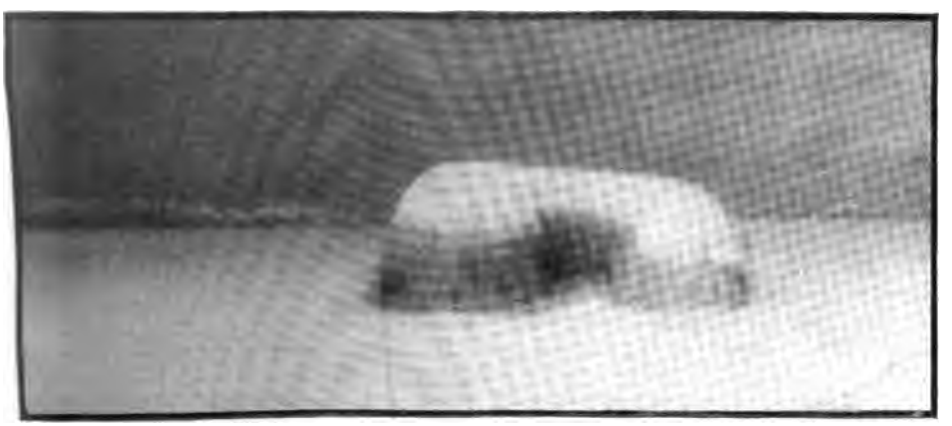
Ah! the thrill of it all, the glittering glory of it all, the shining, irridescent pomp and splendor of it all—this crystal world! I lifted my face and drew a deep breath of pride because I was in the midst of such an occasion, and a breath of pity for those who were not; then faced for "my" fields.

Along my way, the tall weeds, usually such snares and tangles for the feet, were now as brittle as is our hold on happiness. They crashed under my weight into broken glass-bits, and only impeded my way by sifting like sand about my feet.

The barbed-wire of the fence, that had never before seemed otherwise than barbarous, was now ice-incased, and that casing icicled till it was like three rows of jewelled fringe, trimming the opaline gown of the earth.

The crab-apple trees when I came to them were like so much fairy frost-work—so many times had each tiny twig been multiplied by miniature icicles, so dainty was this Winter foliage.

Even the effect of the mightiest, most rugged of "my" trees was softened by this countless repetition of each twig in icicles. But it was a weight that the bravest and brawniest of them could ill bear. For the white silence, so clear and deep that one could almost hear the sportive play of planets and their rythmic beat in the Omnipotent song, was broken now and then by the fall of some great tree-limb that snapped off like brittle glass and crashed down to the ground with



STRAW STACK IN WINTER.

groans that resounded till they seemed a disturbance of the atoms of the universe.

Trees which ever before had invited me to themselves by promise of protection from wind, or rain, or heat, now frowned and glowered down upon me as fiercely as Trojan heroes defending the walls of Troy. With their limbs poised as spears they menaced me. These spears hurled down upon me, would pound me into the earth and forgetfulness.

But daring ever invites me. (Were I a man, I had long since started for the North Pole. Being a girl, I can only have the headache.) Since I have started for my "Study," I will not be dismayed though the heavens fall.

My "Study" is a magnificent tree

which in all the Summers of my life has woven for me mystic idyls in hieroglyphics of light and shadow. And it has braced its trunk against many Winter storms, beating back with bare arms the freezing winds till they have shrieked and moaned in their agony to pass.

But now I found my brave old tree in paroxysms of pain and suffering, deformities I could not bear to witness. Some of its gigantic branches were wrecked and broken at its feet, others were cracking and wrenching ominously.

I am not a rightly constructed woman. I cannot cry easily,—my cry is a Gethsemane agony; yet I could have wept at the sight of the utter ruin being wrought in my old friend, whose kindnesses to me had been so many. It seemed crying to me for help. My impulse was to reach out and clamp it together with my arms. But I was too puny, as puny as we ever are in the presence of suffering!

The symmetry and proportion of my tree had been so fine, so wonderful. And it takes so long to make a tree. Incubators and patent paint brushes, and all our Nineteenth Century progress can't hurry the process a single second, alas! And I must witness the death pangs of this prince of trees!

The ice-covering of its leaf-buds acted as a lens, magnifying these buds into rose proportions and intensifying their green color until it was vivid emerald—the whole, a tree of pendant gems.

I turned sadly away from this display of Indian heroics, which to the last decks itself in gorgeousness and glory, for its passing Beyond.

Afar off gleamed the gold of a willow tree, shining brighter than burnished metal.

I knew quite well I had gone far enough, but a hedge with scarlet canopy of "Bitter-sweet" tempted me on. Only my feet began to drag, and my extreme exertion to act like an opiate upon me.

So I denied myself the nearer view of the "Bitter-sweet" and turned to go back. No sooner had I turned than I felt the whole atmosphere change to some awful exponent of zero. Facing the wind it was Arctic cold, and a fine sleet kept stinging me like a charge of Lilliputian bayonets. What a radical difference the direction of the wind makes, I never knew before—nor how it could lengthen the way! I had laughed to myself, just a little while before, at the fuss that had been made about my coming out. Now as the wind took my breath and made me gasp, and the sleet pelted me, I half-walked, half-fell toward a straw-stack that might shelter me for a brief respite.

Its warmth and protection were genuinely grateful. And lo! as I looked back, the "light that never was on land or sea" lay on the landscape—its radiance reflected in dazzling sparkles everywhere.

And I thought of those now gathering in the churches. It was in my heart to call to them that God's own presence was in the light falling in floods upon them. As it sifted in through stained glass and flung itself upon the altar stairs its rays were graven with so much that was divine as might feed the famished hearts of doubting men if they would only look and rightly read.

If he who preached and they who came to pray would close the good old Book, too long mis-read, and look in silent, serious contemplation upon the light that had come so far to bless, truth and thoughtful purpose would rise up within and build a House of Righteousness over every thinking soul.

This gleaming vision of divine things changed to a dream of sculptured stone for whiteness never exceeded, as the light began to pale, and the cold to creep even to my heart.

As I battled my way back across the fields, so extreme had the cold become that it was as thongs that lash or scorpions that sting.

But I was filled with intense relief to find that the sensations of physical cold were crowding out that other kind of killing cold I felt—the cold of loneliness and despair.

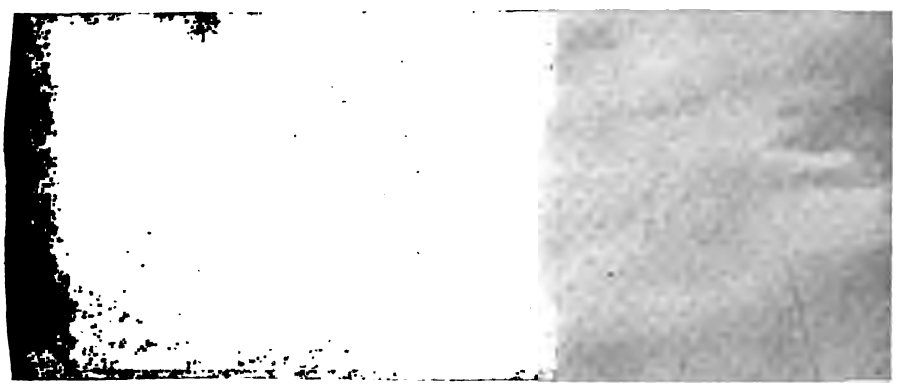
One had taught me grief and I had had

to suffer for it. Against this suffering, my most Spartan efforts had proved futile as if mere child's play. Always there was the old sorrow as fresh as ever. It was never to be eluded for one single instant. Its pain must constantly, continuously be grappled with in Laocoön-resistance. To get no relief would be fatal. Only to be not *long* a-dying, all that could be asked.

And now in mysterious manner relief was at hand. Cold and weariness and drowsiness were fast numbing all other sensations. To be where there was warmth and shelter and repose now seemed the only heaven to be desired.

And somehow the combat which followed for these things in my slow, slow way over the remaining distance, and their conquest, for I did finally get back, together with the sight of my prosaic town transfigured to the semblance of a sacred city "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful;" inspired me with a sort of valor, a feeling of being equal to my fight, which I had not had since my day of grief. I could even face the future and be not afraid. Hope, too, came back from a far distance—whence, I know not. Indeed, I do not comprehend anything of all the miracles wrought that day. Neither the marvel of a world transformed into alabaster; nor how one who went forth reeling and staggering with grief came back strong and brave because of an encounter with the ferocity of a Winter Storm.

I only know these things happened as I have said.



"City clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful."

THROUGH PASSING YEARS.

TWO quiv'ring lips: a falling tear. The child
Once gay, now weeps. A kiss—sweet peace returns.
A mother stooped to hide her tears, then smiled.

Two parted lips: two drooping eyes. The youth
Forsaken, feels the loss of friends. A light
Now comes—new life. O Love, is this thy truth?

Two pallid lips: two closed eyes. The man
Is freed from earthly cares. God's smile is now
Eternal peace to him. This, then, God's plan.

James V. Latimer.

AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

By George W. Bell.*

TO SAY that a thing is peculiarly Australian, is to say that, if indigenous to the soil, it has characteristics materially differing from the thing holding like place in nature in any other part of the world. The mountains are peculiarly Australian, as they are but bare and wildly broken table-lands, many of them seeming to have been originally formed by the winds; then to have sunk beneath the sea, there to become solidified; then to have emerged to the present height, being torn, worn and distorted in the process of elevation.

AN AUSTRALIAN OF THE MINYING TRIBE.

The streams are peculiarly Australian, as usually they are but vast natural conduits for conveying the surplus waters from rainy districts to other districts, to be absorbed by the parched and porous country.

The animals are peculiarly Australian, being nearly all marsupial, with a small puppy-like bear and the dingo, a sorry specimen of the canine species, being about the only exceptions to the rule.

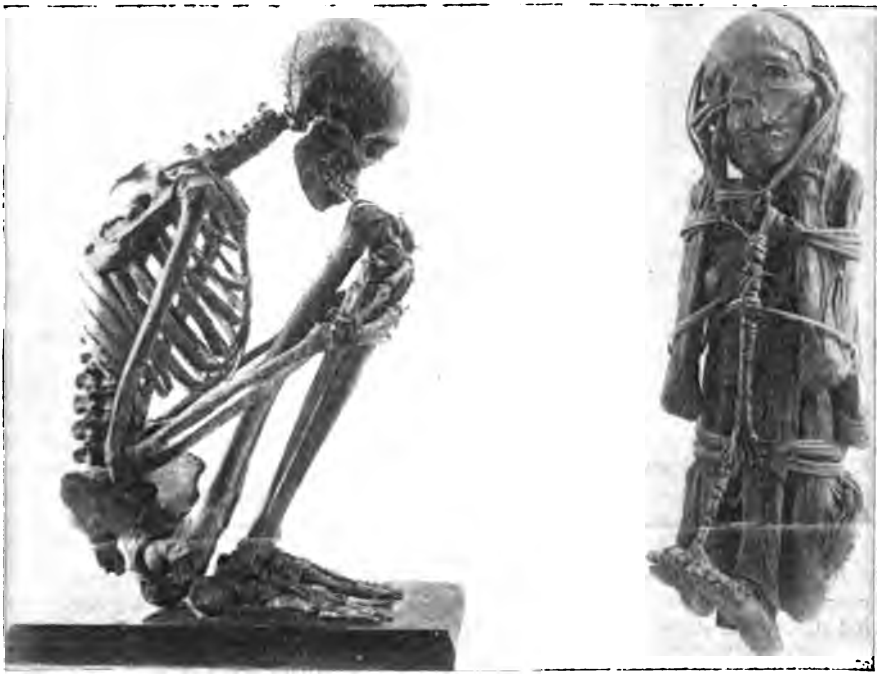
The forests are peculiar to Australia, being largely gum and Eucalyptus. The forms of the trees here greatly differ from the forms in other countries, and many of them shed their barks instead of their boughs.

Many of the birds and flowers are peculiar to Australasia, their peculiarities more or less marked.

In all natural Australian life there is a plain case of arrested development, and surely Nature, after making man on the curious Australian plan, must have forgotten his existence.

Here though everything seems to be moulded on an ancient plan, there are no monuments, no ruins, no indications of growth or development, and no evidences

*United States Consul at Sydney, New South Wales, Australia.



Position of the body as placed in the grave. As prepared for carrying.

THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINE AFTER DEATH.

of a former race or civilization. At some time, away back toward the morning of the world, a few tame, helpless savages seemed to have been thrown on the continent and left unaided to work out their own destiny. Nature presented no difficulties nor held out any hopes. There were no mountains not easily scaled, no streams not easily crossed, no dangers to terrify, no animals to avoid or to tame which would ease the burdens of life, and no rigors of climate to suggest the propriety of clothing or the necessity for a habitation. Nature here was so kind that cunning was the only trait necessary to develop to make man master of his surroundings.

With this introduction, no student, even though he had carefully ignored Australia in his research, would be surprised at the assertion that the aborigines, the real autochthon of Australia, is about the lowest type of humanity ever discovered on the globe. To say that this people were "peculiarly Australian," is to say that they are a distinct race, and if the continental Australians were not all from the same original stock, they had been so long subject to the same environment as to have assured a uniform type in exact harmony with the genial and enervating surroundings. Certainly the language differed very materially even in contracted localities, but, as tribal relations were rather closely observed, and the vocabulary was small, owing to fewness of wants, language being chiefly the expression of passion, there is nothing very curious about this fact.

We people in America, unless we stop and think, are inclined to regard all black people as negroes, with woolly hair, flat noses, thick lips and jaundiced eyes. This is an error. In Sydney, today, there are probably black men of a dozen nations and several races. There now passes my window a troop of tall, lithe Cingalise "hawkers." They are

tall, graceful men, with finely cut features, lips thin, aquiline noses, fine, almost silky, black hair and whiskers, wearing the peculiarly unattractive dress of their country. Three of the five are "black as the ace of spades." Then there are the little, black, lean, thin Indian, the stronger but equally dark and lithe Afghan, the browned Arabian, the mahogany Maori of New Zealand, the sturdy South Sea Islander and the Fijian. But there is as much difference between the aborigines of the continent of Australia and those of the neighboring islands as between the Hawaiian and the Brazilian. The Australian is black, not a soft, sooty, black, but hard, metallic black, and this ebony color is about the only real resemblance the Australian black now has to the negro as known by Americans.

I do not know where these people came from, and I am skeptical about the old stories of a dispersion from an original stock and will not urge the claims of Shem, Ham, or any other ancient worthy. I incline to think they sprang from an East Ethiopian race. The form, features, movement and angles of the cranium and lip differ from the West African, or negro as known in the United States. Of course there are the weak thumb, the thin calf, and the flat foot, but they are common in all inferior races.

Governor Phillips estimated that at the close of the last century there were 1,000,000 blacks on the Australian continent. This was in my mind unquestionably a greatly exaggerated estimate. The vast interior was unknown, but is now known to be incapable of supporting any considerable number of people unaided by the utilities of civilization. The number in Australia, outside of Queensland, is now estimated at about 38,000. Queensland, with over 668,000 square miles and but 42,100 white population, it is believed still has fully 70,000 blacks, probably the more fierce and warlike of the Australian aborigines. There cannibalism is yet practiced to some degree.

The people called "black fellows" are a low, weak, cowardly and pitiable race. They are usually under middle height, with rather well-knit frames, and move with the nervous tread of a boy, never, even in old age, having the measured swing and stride of a natural white man. The men have thick, bushy hair and whiskers which grow to considerable length.

The hair is not straight like that of the Indian, nor curly like the common negro, but coarse, brushy, and always unkempt. The nose is an enlarged pug, though not flat like that of our negro, with broad and distended nostrils; the eyes are smaller and unlike the negro; the brow is low, but less retreating than our black people; the mouth is large and savage; the jaws are prognathous, and the look and expression is more disgusting than hideous. There is nothing in them to excite the enthusiasm of the ethnologist.

When found in their native heath, the people are entirely naked. They did not even wear an "expression!" However, they readily took to clothing, and any single article was deemed a finished costume.

In the semi-wilds may yet be seen a "gin"—a designation for all black women—with only an old straw hat; a black fellow with a cast-off cravat, single shoe or vest, and, better than all, a badge of rank—a tin plate suspended from the neck by a string and covering the breast.

When first found, these people were savage but not fierce, and they were cruel but not warlike. They were weak and cowardly, but treachery made them dangerous. As their development was arrested during the "rough stone age," intelligence reached little beyond animal cunning and tribal relations can hardly be said to have been framed. There were so-called tribes, but they were small with really no authority, because no strength for the assertion of superior will, and they seem to have grown from family or acquaintanceship by reason of local attractions. They had not reached the age of discontent, so they were unlike the roaming savages of the Americas. There

was not a spark of romance, of poetry or inquiry in their nature. Probably no black fellow even yet has climbed a hill as a matter of curiosity—or to see what lies behind. So there were no wars, no conquests, no daring deeds in the displacement of these original possessors of the soil, as they had no power to organize, no authority to call them to action, no consciousness of rights to defend, no feelings of wrong to avenge.

The tiger resents the intrusion of the jungle, the black fellow resented the denial of a drink or some coveted trinket. Even among themselves, though there was little friendship as between joining tribes, there was none but mouthing quarrels, easily settled by a few wounds or broken heads.

I read from an old-time history of one of the tribal wars. Briefly, the forces were arrayed, the hordes gradually approached each other, and when within a few yards they halted and formed their camps. Then the nude warriors would paint their bodies in grotesque colors and strut back and forth in front of the enemy for hours and even days with boasting threats and stories of slaughter. Working themselves into a rage, they began to hurl boomerangs over each other's heads and finally a few from each side closed in and began to belabor one another over the heads. This was tiresome, so it was agreed to let out the job to one chosen from each side. The gins came forward and stopped the fray. There were no stretchers, no hospitals, no guns needed.

The people living in a particular community gradually becoming attached to the locality and became a tribe and with childish petulance there grew hostilities that even gave birth to new tongues. Of course, with so small a vocabulary few changes obliterated the former speech.

The language was, like other traits, peculiar to Australia. The vocabularies were, of course, small, and the words rolled forth in double sounds chiefly laden with vowels and Ls. Wooloomooloo, Wolanyony, Cootoomundea, Mullanulla, Wayyuwoyya, Koozee, Catoomba, Wollondilly, Wollombi, Bellubula, Billibang, Cookaburrayony, Bunyaroo, Rinyarooma, Murrumbiyu, Boorookoora, Coomoocoomoo, Waldoocoo, Murabangbone, Gobarralony, Mundowaden, etc. Of course, these are names of places, but it gives a true impression of the manner of speech.

There was no picture, sign or character by which an idea was pursued or conveyed from one to another. The chief was usually the oldest man, who was regarded as the "first man," though but a nominal authority was exercised by anyone. The chief assumed to own the land, as far as ownership or right could be understood, and many a tribal domain embracing thousands of acres was sold for a silver coin, a tin plate, or a mug of rum. I know a young man who "owns" from 60,000 to 100,000 acres of land who tells me his father bought it of the native king for half a crown—a silver coin worth two shillings and sixpence—60 cents.

My readers will see that overrunning and settling Australia was very different from overrunning and settling America.

The customs of these people present phases unknown to our people, however familiar they may have become with the American aborigine.

We often hear it asserted by religious teachers that man is a religious as well as a social animal, that all people everywhere, even the lowest savages, have deep-seated religious feeling and something to which they pay religious homage, or in brief, worship. This is apparently true in most places, as superstition is based upon or is the outgrowth of fear, and helplessness and superstition are so closely allied to religion that it often misleads the uncritical investigator. As I write I have the works of seven authors before me, not one of which claims that the Australian aborigine had the faintest conception of God, honor or immortality, or any idea of worship. There were no altars, no temples, no idols even, no sect or ceremony, not the faintest trace of what the most zealous missionary could call a religious feeling or sentiment. There

is no reverence, no supplication, no reference to any good power or being, while as a fruit of natural timidity and sense of danger from some prowling evil they create a sort of devil, or devil's devil, which is used to terrify the weak. It has been doubted if they are capable of receiving a religious impression, if their minds are susceptible of such conceptions. The evil powers are universally believed in, but the prowling habits of the more cunning probably create this fear of the unseen. With them there are no traditions, no dreams of a past, no glimpses through vanishing vistas, that give a tinge of romance to most unknown peoples. While these people were surely the most degraded barbarians, they could hardly be called savages as they had not reached the really savage state in their development, and while they were as destitute of human sympathy as a tiger, they could hardly be called cruel, as torture was unknown to them. When enraged they simply killed, and whether wife, child or puppy, it was all the same if the interest of no third party intervened.

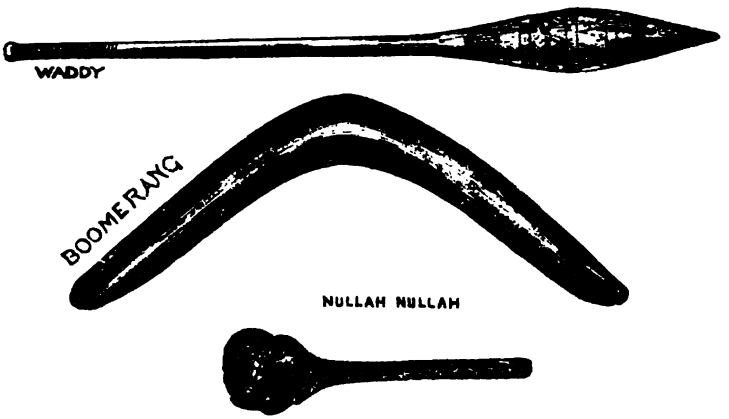
As before inferred, there are as many tongues as tribes and as many tribes as suitable centers for distinct communities. While the language is not unmusical nor the voice disagreeable, the words, sentences and sounds in expression are Australian. The peculiar tribal relations and their isolation or non-communication have much to do in the multiplication of tongues and the contraction of the vocabulary.

It is known that many animals have social habits and by feeding, drinking, etc., on some favored spot become wonted by a kind of association and finally remain together until separated by extraneous influences that break the lines of attraction. Among herbivorous animals, such as the ox, elk, deer, moa, etc., this is especially true. Now the tribal relations among these people, I fancy, had little more real existence than those of the social animals. True, it is said that there was rather a strict observance of boundary lines, but location is observed by many animals and custom would create a familiarity and attachment to certain scenes.

They certainly had different names for the people or tribes that clung to different centers. There was no real rule, no ruler, no over chief, no defined authority, yet there was a rude system of tribal regulations that seemed almost self-adjusting. It is pretty well agreed that in cases of disputes a few old men are selected as umpires. As these people had no traditions, no visions of a past, no dreams of formal glory or of romantic ancestry, they regarded with something akin to veneration the old man of the tribe. As a fact many claim that the younger of them regarded the oldest as the "first man." With such a feeling, even though fear had hardly developed into superstition, we can imagine the older ones being possessed of some degree of authority, especially as these people had an abundance of real cunning.

While it is not well agreed upon, it seems that in many localities there was stamped upon each male person, some mark indicating his tribe, known by some feature of the locality. The mark was much the nature of a brand used by stockmen. This brand has been about the only evidence of an effort to convey an idea by recorded signs. One writer thinks the mark but a family one, but as the family tie was about as lax as the tribal one, and even more lax than the tie or attachment for locality, I am undecided in the matter.

These natives prepared for themselves no habitations. In this they were less provident than many animals. As for covering in the night they had opossum skin cloaks or robes to throw over their bodies, but as for shelter there was often none and very seldom more than a rude wind-break. They have wonderful intuition regarding storms, winds and floods. Usually a pole is raised from three to five feet high held by forks or trees and a few boughs or strips of bark laid upon it to break the wind. If the wind is a little



IMPLEMENTS OF THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES

raw and changes, the hut is immediately changed to conform to the new conditions. Often when the weather is very fine and clear they will be seen making unusual preparations, and in explanation they will assure you of a storm, indicating the degree of severity. Weeks before floods they move on higher grounds and the whites have learned to regard them as sure weather prophets.

Like all other barbarous people the women do all the work in the construction of shelter, in moving accumulated articles and in all other manual labor. Among them there is no home, as the camp is very frequently changed; no flower has ever been admired by them, no plant ever nursed into usefulness, no power ever asserted over nature to aid the morrow or gladden life.

Their implements are a little less rude than their habitations, though there is more cunning in their construction. Along the fishing grounds, they have spears rather ingeniously made, which are used quite effectively. They have stone hatchets—not polished, but chipped stone —with which they can work timbers with some skill, but very slowly. With these they strip the bark from trees for making canoes and work out the various utensils of wear or sport. Utensils of actual domestic utility are almost entirely wanting. The waddy or "nullah nullah" is a rather common name for club, but the most common waddy is a heavy club some three feet long having a large heavy end, and with this they kill the game or belabor one another's heads. They have two kinds of boomerangs, one for actual use in killing birds and animals or in settling quarrels, and one used chiefly in sport. These latter are called "come back" boomerangs, and prosy stories are told about the wonderful skill in throwing these innocent looking implements.

I incline to think that most of these "wonderful facts" are quite unknown to the natives themselves, though perfectly understood by the imaginative narrator. As the family depends largely on the habitation and mode of life it is easily seen that there would be little to the marriage relation among these blacks. While every lazy lout of a black fellow is supposed to have a gin to do the drudgery and administer to his rude pleasures, there is little sentiment and no sanctity in marriage. As a fact, the pairing among them seems less "human" than among birds and animals, as the females have nothing to say. The woman belongs to her father, her brother, or her lordly possessor. A man may have any number of wives, but as there are fewer women than men, and as there is no indication of property to create an ability to support, there is no great multi-

plicity of wives among them. When girls are often mothers at eleven years of age, one would hardly expect to find a self-willed woman.

The age of a man wanting a new gin cuts no figure, as the woman belongs to the man to whom she has been transferred by gift or barter. If a man has no sister or daughter to trade for a gin to some other having a sister or a daughter, he has a poor chance to secure anyone to do his work or take his blows. There is no billing and cooing and lovemaking among these savages, as the woman's will has no more consideration than the will of a puppy. If a man who wants a gin has no other way and sees one with no prior master, he takes her by force if he can, and beats her into subjection.

While I think they are naturally inclined to good nature, I see no evidence through reading or observation of affection among them. Of course there are sometimes friendly agreements as to marriage, or mating, and of course many pairs live with little warfare, but as a rule the life of a "black gin" is a terrible one. To illustrate, an opossum is taken. The wife makes the fire, skins the animal, heats it on the coals, and the man seizes it and ravenously devours all he can eat, while the woman sits behind him and catches the bones or such waste morsels as he cares to toss to her. Often he will eat so much that he will lie for a day or two almost stupefied, while the woman almost starves.

One generous Australian writer claims a great degree of affection among these blacks, and proves his position by an illustration. He tells of a certain case where at the death of a son the mother refused to be comforted and died of grief and was buried near her offspring. But he fails to see the grim humor of his argument, as in the same case he has a pet dog that refused to be cheered after this mother's death, for he followed her to the grave, lay down upon it and purposely died. The affection was animal in both cases.

The bill of fare provided by these rude children of nature would hardly tempt an American epicure. Snakes, toads and lizards are a common diet, while grubs, grub worms, ants and some beetles are great delicacies. Opossum and kangaroo, fish and eggs were the main stay of the great mass of the inhabitants in primitive days. There were a few seeds that were broken and baked in ovens made of clay. There were a few other plants that were supposed to possess medicinal qualities, and there were rude attempts at cure for various diseases. Of course they were primitive, as far behind the skill of the savage Algonquin "medicine man" as he was behind a Doctor Koch.

The Australian blacks have but one custom, as it seems to me, that forms the least link between them and other races, or any hereditary or traditionary trait, and that is a ceremony initiating the young man into the dignity, mystery and rights of manhood, and called the Bara. Every other custom found among them, I believe to have been the outgrowth of their peculiar surroundings.

The custom or method of burying, or, rather, the lack of custom, is peculiar to Australia. Some are buried in the earth, some placed in trees, and some left in caves or on barren rocks. Usually there is some uniformity in the preparation, the form being doubled up in the smallest possible space and lashed into shape by fibrous bark or grass. If buried, the corpse sits upright with the chin on knees and the hands clutching the knee joints or resting on the cheek.

Some are bound close in this form, and after being dried by the fire and smoked into this mummified form are carried around by the relatives for months, until the corpse becomes but a meaningless thing, when it is buried or cast aside with as little ceremony as if it were the bones of a dog.

There is no question but that people develop in harmony with nature's rules beyond conforming to the empigning influences. Pantheism may be more than a

dream of fantastic speculation. This is a dry country, subject to continued droughts or very heavy rains and destructive floods. These people know nothing of science, never investigated or reasoned, yet better than any meteorologist can they foretell droughts, storms or floods. Here there are broad stretches of scrub, of desert, of mountain and plain, with few strangers crossing, and these blacks will follow the tracks of a man as surely and almost as rapidly as the hound of Scotland will follow a fox or deer. The whole detective force of Australia is a mild terror to the criminal compared to the "black tracker."

But the Australian blacks are rapidly approaching extinction. They have not grown to the stage of intellectuality that will permit an assimilation with a superior race. No one has crossed the gulf from barbarism to civilization. They yield to the Christian views but reject the Christian virtues. The very powers of a superior race, with the conspicuous manifestations of its resistless force, seems to impress them with a feeling of despairing weakness. More destructive than the dead devil of their primeval haunts, rum and ruin meet them at every step. The black child learns the tracts of the books rapidly, but as yet none has ever had the power to apply education to the affairs of life. None have been benefited by it.

Of the blacks in New South Wales, the government cares for them as tenderly as an indulgent parent would for helpless children. But they are a low, filthy, idle, immoral and stupid race, and, with the new evil of love for rum, it is but a question of a few years when the last one will have dropped out.

THE SCENT OF ROSES.

THE scent of roses comes back to me yet
From the dew-wet gardens of youth,
Where I walked with Love through the summer-time,
With a heart full of faith and truth.

I quaffed the red wine from the lips of Love,
And I fearlessly clasped his hand,
As with rioting pulse he led me forth,
Through the flowering summer-land.

O glamorous days that my heart hath known,
With morns filled with laughter and song,
And beautiful shimmering moonlit nights!
To the springtime of life you belong.

For the roses of youth are withered now,
And the pulse of Love beats slow;
But the fragrant scent from their glowing hearts
Still sweetens my life, I know.

Genevia Dunham Stone.

FOSTERING PUBLIC LIBRARIES.*

By Mrs. Kate M. True.

IN THIS age of schools and clubs we feel more and more the value of books as aids to that true culture which Emerson says gives the mind possession of its own powers. Some one, mathematically inclined, constructed the "triangle of highest intelligence, the Church, the School, and the Library." Some would change that order and place the Library above the School. Carlyle wrote, "The true university of these days is a collection of books." President Eliot, with more accuracy, says, "The *core* of the university is the library." Books have always been an important part of the lives of a few, but only of late years has the public library, as well as the public school, been considered necessary to the well-being of the state. A great wave of library interest is sweeping over the country to-day, and the result must be to give coming generations an intelligence and broad-mindedness that will fit them to become worthy citizens of a self-governing republic. It has been the fashion to call the newspaper the co-laborer of the school, but we are seeing the dawn of the day when the good book will take first place as such. It is matter for rejoicing that the public library is crowding the daily newspaper into a more humble position. There has been danger of late that we may contract the newspaper habit and become mere absorbers of news, so dependent upon our daily dram that the delay of a mail train throws us into mental collapse. The newspaper gives only straight lines, the shortest distance between two given points. It is the mission of the public library to show the people that there is beauty in the curved line which leads the mind through wide fields with leisure to think and reflect.

The beneficence of the public library is nowhere seriously doubted. The only question now is, How shall we best foster and guard its interests? Experience shows that a good state library law is a prime factor. It is easier in any community to awaken interest in a library project if there is outlined in the state law a way of organizing a library. If the state takes the first step it is easier for communities to follow. The statutes of Nebraska give power to the council of any incorporated town or city in the state to establish by ordinance, a public library and reading room. They elect nine directors or trustees who serve three years, three being elected each year afterwards. The directors have full control of the library and its property, and make all expenditures of money in its behalf. The council may levy a tax not exceeding one mill on the dollar for its maintenance.

The public library movement undoubtedly began with Benjamin Franklin, who in 1731 proposed to his club of young men that each should bring his books to the club room and make them common property. This resulted in the formation of the Philadelphia Library Company, called the "mother of all North American Subscription Libraries." From this the idea spread rapidly to other states, and most legislatures encouraged them by exemption from taxation. Though these libraries were virtually free they were not supported by public taxation, but by private subscription. The town of Peterboro, N. H., lays claim to the first public library supported by municipal authority and public taxation. This was established in 1833, and is still in existence. New Hampshire again in 1849 passed a general law for free public libraries in all the towns of the State. It was the first law of its kind known in the history of library legislation. Massachu-

*Read before the Nebraska State Federation of Women's Clubs at its 1897 meeting.

setts was quick to follow, and other states soon wheeled into line. New Hampshire again came to the front with the first state compulsory law in 1895, obliging each town to provide a public library. Michigan stands alone in having in its first state constitution, a clause providing for at least one library in each township.

A movement in the right direction has been the creation, by a number of state legislatures, of a state board of library commissioners. The commission usually consists of five members who serve without pay, except expenses. They are appointed by the governor except in Connecticut where the appointment is made by the state board of education, which would seem to be the better way. The duties of the commission are to give advice and counsel to libraries in the state and to all communities proposing to establish them, as to the best means of establishing and administering such libraries; the selection of books, cataloguing and other details of library management. The board may also send out its members to aid in organizing new libraries or in improving those already established.

Another matter which the State might well take under consideration, is the fostering of the Traveling Library.

This phase of the modern library movement appeals most strongly to our sympathies. It is a self-imposed task upon volunteer workers and the burden might better be borne by the State. There can be no more beneficent work than this which carries the noblest and brightest thoughts of the world into the hitherto overlooked and forgotten by-ways of life. Nor is it alone the isolated farmhouses and mountain cabins that might benefit by the traveling library. There is not a public library, outside of the large cities, which has command of funds sufficient to keep its shelves filled with fresh reading. The quarterly invoice of new books is but "a sop to Cerberus," soon devoured by the insatiate public. Periodical visits from the traveling library would be hailed with delight by many a badgered librarian, and the economy in making one volume reach one hundred readers instead of ten should commend the scheme to all taxpayers. The University of New York State is doing a good work along this line. It has 30,000 volumes now circulating throughout the state. Any community in that state having no public library may obtain a certain number of books to be kept a certain length of time upon application of twenty-five taxpayers. Pennsylvania has three large traveling libraries which they hope soon to extend into the mining districts. Largely through the exertions of club women, Iowa has been enabled to enter the lists with her traveling library. It is a department of the State Library and under the control of a State Board of Trustees. Subject to certain rules and guaranties the books "may be loaned to any public, incorporated school or college library in the state, or in the absence of such library, to twenty-five resident taxpayers, whenever they petition therefor." An appropriation of $4,000 having been secured from the last legislature, the first section of the library was sent out last March, and the report comes that "the 'Travelers' have already done much good." Of the Nebraska Federation traveling library I need not speak. Its working and good results are familiar to you.

A peculiar form of the traveling library will soon be introduced in St. Louis for the distribution of books to street car employés and their families. The working hours of these men are so long that they have really no time nor opportunity to become patrons of a public library and their families generally live so far out that a trip to the library means an expense of 10 cents for car fare, which hardly makes it a *free* library for them. The plan is to establish an office in every power house or shed of the car line. These will be in charge of employés of the street car company. Conductors and motormen have only to present their tickets at their own stations and the next delivery wagon brings the book they want to their door. The National Educational

Association established a library department last year from which progressive teachers expect much.

The American Library Association is a body composed of those people in the United States and Canada who are actively interested in the cause. Its purpose is to awaken public interest in libraries and encourage their foundation and maintenance by favorable legislation and endowment; and to improve librarianship by discussion of methods and aims, and by promoting systematic instruction in library work.

Nearly all universities, including our own, having training classes for librarians or regularly organized library schools with a two years' course.

With all these organized helps to the public library, what is the organization known as the Woman's Club doing? Mrs. Clara Bourland, in an address before the Illinois State Library Association, says on this point: "The club woman looks to the public library for her books of reference, for standard authorities upon history, economics, sociology, and all the live questions of the day, as well as the standard works of fiction and poetry. This demand for books of permanent value and acknowledged literary excellence, must surely be of inestimable value to the public library, opposing itself, as it does, to the excessive call for books of an evanescent character, deteriorating in tone and influence." Miss Eva Moore, speaking on the same subject, said: "The study club is one of the best means of extending the influence of your library. It awakens thought, arouses discussion, and puts into circulation books that might otherwise stand idle upon your shelves."

The choice of a librarian has much to do with the success of a library. Some one has wisely said that "good librarians love books and their neighbors." Familiarity with good literature is perhaps the first requisite, but it needs to be supplemented by patience and tact and a kindly spirit.

But, after all is said and done, it lies with the local board of trustees to make or mar your library. This board should consist of men and women of broad minds, liberal culture and executive ability. So much of the business of the board is of a financial nature that good business men should be sought after.

Parents and teachers should be well represented on the board that the interests of the children may be intelligently served. There is no social problem, the solution of which is so vital to our welfare as the right development of our future citizens. The schools are doing a noble work, but we know that the larger part of the children leave school at the end of the 8th grade, and from that time the public library must be looked to for much of their mental and moral food.

In looking for scholarly men as trustees, the narrow partisan and the man with a hobby should be avoided. A library board may be warped out of shape by one cross-grained member. We all know the young collegian on the board who considers nothing worth reading that is not translated from the German, and who asserts that "Essays on German Literature" is the most valuable book in the library. Then we have the man who wants nothing but *English* fiction on the shelf, and who prides himself on never having read an American novel. And there is sure to be the man who thinks *all* fiction immoral and sneers at "light literature," ignorant of the fact that there is the lightness of the spheres as well as of the pebble. Even so grave a philosopher as Emerson, in his essay on "Books," made this plea for the novel: "When one observes how ill and ugly people make their loves and quarrels, 'tis a pity they should not read novels a little more to import the fine generosities and the clear, firm conduct into their lives."

The wise trustee with good business instincts will insist on good reference books, the newest maps on the walls, and the best dictionaries that money can buy, fixed in strong holders and placed in a convenient spot, easy of access to the youngest reader and the busiest man. A

community educated up to the free use of dictionaries is on the right road to culture. Hear again what Emerson says: "Neither is a dictionary a bad book to read. There is no cant in it, no excess of explanation, and it is full of suggestions—the raw material of possible poems and histories. Nothing wanting but a little shuffling."

The model trustee will see that the library is housed in pleasant rooms, centrally located, cool and airy in summer, warm and bright in winter, the newest magazines on the reading table and prompt and courteous service from the librarian.

In this most important branch of library work, the selection of suitable trustees, the Woman's Clubs should make their influence strongly felt. They have the strength which lies in numbers and organization. From the very nature of their work suggestions from them are very fitting, and would no doubt be accepted graciously. Library work should be a recognized part of the year's program as much as municipal government or city improvement, and they should especially recommend to the appointing power that the club membership be well represented on the board.

If units from these varying interests could be brought together we might then have the model library board, under whose fostering care the Public Library might be made the chief corner-stone of the State.

TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS CHATTERTON.

A DREAMER of dreams, he held no place
In humanity's bustling workaday race;

Genius he had, but the world scorns that,
When clad in a threadbare coat and hat.

When a careless public refused him bread,
He hugged to his breast his dreams instead;

Dreams whose fruition might bring him fame,
When backed by the standing the world calls "name,"

But sure as a siren to coax out life,
When pitted 'gainst hunger, want and strife;

So his soul grew faint, and his body gaunt,
And his eyes looked out on the world in want,

Till his day-dreams, loosed from their prison bars,
Floated out with his soul to the waiting stars.

And then men came to his hovel there,
And looked on his face, pinched in despair,

And said in wonder, "How sad his fate,
Poor fellow!"—and straightway called him "great."

. . . . . .

Alas for the genius that never lives
To warm its heart in the flame it gives!

Minnie McIntyre.

A NIGHT IN THE MOUNTAINS.

By R. E. Dean.

IT WAS the custom at military posts on the frontier to send a squad of men out two weeks before Christmas to hunt in the mountains, and bring in enough venison, bear meat and wild turkeys, to give all the soldiers a royal feast on Christmas day.

I chanced to be one of the detail one winter. There were six of us. We took along a span of mules and a wagon to carry our blankets, cooking utensils, rifles and ammunition. We had but just found a good camping place and had hardly got our mules unhitched, when a magnificent specimen of a bull moose bounded by in full view and scarcely a hundred yards away.

Seizing our rifles, three of us, Doolan, Wade and myself, rushed after him. Doolan's rifle jumped to his shoulder, and almost before it seemed possible to take aim, he fired. The bull gave a spasmodic bound and leaped into the river and swam across, leaving a trail of blood behind him.

We went down the river to find a place to ford, and crossed over, some two hundred yards below, by wading up to our waists in the cold water.

We soon took up the trail of blood and pursued the animal into a country we had never been in before. We soon lost all trace of him and found ourselves five miles or more from camp and saw a terrible storm coming on.

The clouds grew thicker and blacker, and it began to snow. In suddenness and fury it surpassed a tropical cyclone. The wind rose to a hurricane, and the whole atmosphere, above, beneath, around, everywhere, seemed to be laden with snow. Within half an hour from the fall of the first flake, though not yet sun-down, absolute darkness fell on the mountains, so impenetrable even to light was the overhanging curtain. The wind blew in no particular direction, but at the same moment seemed to come from all quarters at once. We became separated from each other at this stage of the storm.

The mercury was already below zero and during the night was sure to fall much lower. The storm increased in violence. So suddenly and overwhelmingly did dangers close around me, that for a brief and terrible interval I lost courage, and was almost ready to yield to the promptings of despair. Death seemed inevitable. "Why delay the crisis," I asked myself, "merely to add a few hours of dreadful torture to the broken span?" I wished the last agony was over. On, on, I pushed, stumbling, falling, rising and staggering on.

I stopped beside a sapling to rest a moment, then a thought darted into my mind. I unbuckled my gun strap, hitched it round the tree and with the other end in my hand, took up a weary march round and round the sapling. It was better than to stumble on in the darkness and perhaps fall over some precipice.

Language is powerless to describe the storm. The winds shrieked, and the fine snow penetrated like needles, freezing to hair, beard and eyelids. Before long I no longer needed eyes to see. It was dark. I clung to the strap. Round and round I walked, through hours that seemed to lengthen into ages. With the first refluent wave of courage, succeeding the temporary fit of despair, my spirits mounted up to exultation, but toward morning the unnatural fever died out. I grew weary, drowsy, and, at times, irresolute. I felt an almost irresistible inclination to lie down, but reason warned me if I once yielded to the impulse I would never rise again.

I was lost, alone, in utter darkness, hungry, exhausted, almost deafened by

the savage howlings of the tempest. I struggled to keep my mind active and my feet moving as the only means of resisting the deadly approaches of the cold. I look back upon that night and wonder what kept up my courage. I wonder if some unseen influence did not sustain me.

Toward morning, however, stiffened by frost and enfeebled by the pressure of cumulative hardships, I began to think very earnestly of my past life, and mentally promised that if spared I would retrieve the past. At last the almost interminable night wore away, and a faint light overspread the waste. The wind, too, instead of blowing in fitful, eddying, terrific gusts, moderated in violence and came more steadily from one direction.

Finally, after a long hunt lasting all day, I found a trail and followed it down the mountain. In the course of an hour I saw smoke from a camp-fire. It was a moment of devout thanksgiving. For thirty-four hours, I had been without food. Soon I was beside the fire. Imagine my surprise to find the two men seated beside it were my comrades, Doolan and Wade. They seemed to be voraciously devouring some meat they had held over the flames with a pointed stick. But for some reason they were not glad to see me. Probably it was because there was not meat enough for the two.

"O, say, fellows, give me a bite; I've had nothing to eat since I saw you last. I'm starving," I said.

They looked at me sullenly a moment, then Doolan said: "Give him that bone, Wade."

He tossed me a shin-bone with but a few shreds of meat upon it. I seized it and began eating and tearing at it savagely.

It was horse-flesh. They had found the remnants of a carcass which the wolves had devoured. It was the first, last and only time I ever tasted horse-meat, but it seemed nothing ever tasted so sweet and juicy!

We melted snow for drinking water, and then resumed our search for camp. After a few hours we came suddenly in view of it. We had come up on the opposite side from the point where we started.

How glad we were to reach camp again and get some hot, strong coffee to drink! But I ventured no more out of camp. I remained to cook and watch while the rest did the hunting.

My two comrades had succeeded in getting under a shelving rock and had kept up a continual dancing, and had started out in the morning to look for something to eat for the campers, hunting all day, and in the afternoon had stumbled across the carcass of a horse and had just seated themselves when I found them.

In another week we broke camp and returned to the barracks loaded with deer meat and wild turkey.

DEFICIENCY.

THE morning glory of the heavens, their pomp and pageantry,
Flame in my shadowed face; but no soul comes up to see.
I see no angels toward me lean, I feel no spirit hand:
Melodious beauty sings to me — I cannot understand.

S. Raymond Jocelyn.

HUBER—A HOSPITAL SKETCH.

By J. Fred Clarke, M. D.

A DOCTOR'S life is filled with material for myriad stories. Every day brings before the busy practitioner varied phases of joy and sorrow. "The Accident," so much admired in the Walters Gallery, pictures a frequent occurrence in the country doctor's life. Even from the minister is hidden that inmost character, which, on the sick-bed, the physian sees revealed. To-day a ruler lies weak and human on his couch of suffering; to-morrow a vagabond, mangled by the cars, claims the doctor's care. Both are of the same clay.

In their busy lives men pass unheeded the throngs of beings called the common people. A few individuals claim a passing notice by the accident of station; fewer still are looked upon as the history-makers of our time. But after years of deeper insight, the doctor gets a glimmer of the truth that to the All-seeing Eye is clear; the usefulness and immortality of every soul. In the spiritual energy of the universe, the meanest being leaves influences well conserved. The smartly dressed whips of the coaching party now passing my window—the leaders of society to-day—will in a few years be forgotten with the nameless millions of the past, while an outcast child may awaken chords of sympathy that will echo through a century.

A popular Scotch professor would have us believe that physical and psychical laws have analogies; but, many times, they seem at variance. The waves in circles widening from the pebble dropped in a pool grow weaker toward the confines of the pond, while the love awakened in the heart by pity for a helpless child may increase with time. Such thoughts as these embolden me to attempt the wee-est biography ever written—a one year's life story of the most unpretentious baby in the world.

In the City of Brotherly Love, stands the old Blockley Almshouse. Built of four great white houses, in the form of a square, with a central court full of workshops where nearly every trade is plied; surrounded by a stone wall formidable to look upon, this home of the city's poor is a world in itself. In this hospital each day a baby opens its eyes to a life of sorrow, and each day some poor being, after long years of toil and struggle, leaves this world for, let us hope, a better. Here each day three thousand men, women and children laugh and weep and have their being, unknown in great measure to the world outside. A score of uniformed doctors live within its walls, who, aided by a hundred nurses, care for the sick in body and mind.

To such a home, one July night, I brought my hero. All day the ambulance had been running back and forth to and from the city. The dinner hour was long past, and I sat here weary from the hard day's work, dreaming of a home a thousand miles away on the western prairies, when a messenger summoned me. Springing to my seat on the ambulance, I was again carried swiftly across the Schuylkill, down into the slums of the city. To right and left the carriages turned as our gong rang out on the night. The horses, trained for their work, dashed forward, not needing a driver's whip. We passed theater doors through which poured throngs of gay people, then wheeled into dark, narrow streets that were almost deserted. It is exciting, such a ride through the night. One wonders what is in waiting. It may be to bind up a broken limb, and lay the sufferer carefully on the stretcher; or perchance to take from his barricaded house a struggling maniac and lock manacles on hands and feet; or to tenderly carry a dying woman to the ambulance, and

kneel by the couch giving stimulants to keep the soul and body together through the long ride to a last earthly home. A great hospital with all its machinery is the hand held out by society to save the weak from their misery. To be a single nerve, or muscle, of this hand is a satisfaction.

At last I reached my destination, and, leaving the ambulance, entered a by-way. The pavement here sloped to the center, and down the gutter thus formed ran the waste water from many a kitchen, exhaling all the odors imaginable on its way. A curious throng fast filled the alleys, as though men, women and children, like the soldiers of the dragons' teeth, sprang from the ground ready armed—with curiosity. A mist hung over the court, a court thrice removed from the main streets by succeedingly narrowing alleys. A flickering gas lamp half lighted the darkness. One could just see, on a curb-stone, guarded by a blue-coated policeman, a small covered basket. "Here are two vagrants who refuse to 'move on,'" called the burly patrolman and, raising the basket's cover, I saw there cuddled together two of the tiniest, pinkest of babies. I took the basket in my arms, and bore it back through the curious throng. I carried it over the cobble-stone streets, across the still-flowing river, back to this home for the homeless. Past the long wall, down the avenue of arching trees, we drove to the gateway and called the lodge keeper. The great doors swung back on their hinges, and the ambulance rolled into the courtyard. A man there took the basket and followed me down the street, up the stairs and along the corridor to the nursery.

Hurrying down through the hall went a busy night nurse with lantern and milk glass. A groan, a sigh, the turning of a key, the creaking of a bed under the tossing form of some sufferer, the occasional cry of a maniac in the asylum near by, the monotonous throb, throb of the electric light engine, and our own foot-falls were the only sounds as we made our way through the passage. Of the three thousand beings there sleeping, seldom a night passes in which some soul does not follow Gabriel from this ancient alms-house to a happier home. For here it was that Evangeline, immortalized by Longfellow, discovered her lover dying. We reached the nursery ward—a large white walled room where the cribs, dimly seen by the light of the nurse's lantern, stood in long, regular rows across the floor. My babies had a warm welcome. The nursery nurse's heart has always room for one more. A crib was prepared, and food in a bottle, and cans of hot water, for the night was cool and the foundlings were now blue from exposure. I stood back and looked at the picture. Leaning over the crib were two beautiful women, their faces alive with sympathy and tenderness—a charity which acts without question, accustomed to accept and love all human beings as they are. Soon there was joy in seeing the little eyes open in response to the warmth, the bathing, and the food in the bottle. After the wee things became warm and rosy, we tucked in the blankets about the twin brother and sister and left them to rest and grow strong.

It is a year to-night since I brought home these babies. Help came too late for the sister. In a few days she cried out her delicate little life, and Baby Huber was left without kin, one of many foundlings in a large nursery. I do not know why the child was called Huber. The dominie came on a Wednesday, and while we all stood about looking into the pitiful, weazened face, the baby was christened William Henry. Few learned the new name however, and he remained "Baby Huber" to all who cared for him. How well I remember all this life! How strangely its fame spread over a great city! I was soon transferred to other wards and had others to care for. One after another the doctors came to the nursery, and each found that among the many cribs Huber's was distinct from the rest. Long temperature charts and record sheets marked Huber's bed. Every visitor

wondered that such a wee bit of humanity could have so much written about him. All the diseases known in our books seemed to be meted out to this baby!

Patiently, seldom crying, Baby Huber took his bottles of food and the drugs and mixtures one after another deemed necessary. He struggled hard for an existence that one would have thought was not worth the effort. For what is a life worth, my dear doctor? If by opposing the laws of survival we, by our labors in healing, save the unfit for existence, can the world, then, grow better? Such questions were too deep for answer, so each ambitious young man or young woman fought death away from this baby.

Visitors brought to old Blockley the measles, and among the first of the pale children to become rosy with this fever's crescents was Baby Huber. For days the delicate little boy seemed at the point of death. Night after night his doctor, careless of sleep, stood by the crib directing the bathing and the giving of drugs and food that kept the little heart beating. The nurse with a voice so soft and musical that it soothed, and movements so quiet and gentle that it seemed she must be a mother, followed with every care the doctor's directions. The battle was won; the baby was spared—for other trials.

The whooping cough came and no one coughed harder than Huber. Such complete patience in suffering is not often written as it was in the lines of this baby face. Perhaps a homelier baby never lived. "He looks like a spider when undressed," the nurse said, "his little arms and legs are so thin," but the deep sunken eyes looked into the soul with such a helpless appealing that the attendants were won. They all loved him.

The mumps followed, and then came pneumonia, and, between these main events of Huber's life a dozen or more lesser ailments that for an ordinary child would have been grave. The other babies went out under the trees, but Huber's horizon was almost confined to the crib rail. Doctors and nurses came and went; administrations changed, while Huber seemed destined to go on forever battling with all the imps Pandora had liberated. He appreciated all loving care, though he never spoke, and he looked his thankfulness out of those clear, deep eyes. He seemed to observe so much, and tradition says that once he smiled! About this there is some doubt, but one nurse feels sure that on a May morning when rocked in a hammock, he smiled. Think of a life with one smile — and that doubtful!

As the days passed, we all came to know of our baby. Sarah Frances, with the long curls, or George Edward, the handsome boy baby, may have been remembered with candy by a doctor just then on duty; but Huber's fame was far broader. Even in the Training School office, where the affairs of state were discussed and the policy of our govenment determined, there Huber was often thought of. Every morning at breakfast we anxiously asked after our baby, and the doctor in charge felt a special importance. "Huber's temperature is one hundred and six," I would hear as I entered the dining room. Ordinary mortals die with such a fever, but Huber survived.

One morning, making my daily rounds, I passed through the nursery corridor and was surprised to find there a great commotion, unusual even where there are so many children. The head nurse was summoned, and a formal message went to the doctor: "Huber has a tooth!" The next morning, when Jimmie, the old Irish runner, went through the doctors' rooms to call us to breakfast, he had a new formula with which to arouse us. "Gintlemen of the grand jury," he cried in his rich Irish brogue, "half-past siven o'clock in the mornin', in the year of our Lord, Anno Domino, eighteen hundred and ———, May the second; full moon at nine o'clock this morning, gintlemen (this his usual call), and Huber has a tooth!" There is but one Jimmie we all know, and though his only study is the moon's phases, yet a hospital without him to waken us would be a strange place indeed.

At breakfast all other topics of conver-

sation paled before the news from the nursery: "Huber has a tooth." A telegram had been sent to the visiting chief in the city; he must know that Huber has a tooth. The poor child looked about him in wonder, not in the least understanding why he should be carried from one to another and have fingers poked into his mouth. In celebration of this event he was taken out under the trees and rocked in the hammock and perhaps, he smiled. Does it seem to be strange that in a busy life such small events are worth noting? Yet are they small? In the great universe is not a nameless, speechless baby of account when a hundred hearts are strengthened in their love by its dependence?

"The other babies went out under the trees."

Wednesday is clinic day. From the great University near by come the students to hear prominent physicians and surgeons lecture. The first clinic room of our country is here where Rush, Morgan, Agnew and many other distinguished men have shown to students the wealth of material in these varied hospital wards.

"Anything of interest this morning?" we asked the nursery doctor, who was master of ceremonies at the 9 o'clock lecture.

"Huber goes to clinic," was the reply.

All the staff was present when the lecturer had our hero carried into the arena. The students crowded the circular benches which rose tier above tier. On the revolving table, the center of all interest, sat Huber; his slender, spider-like arms helping the weak spine to hold up the head which seemed too large for the body. With those wonderful sunken eyes he gazed at the many faces about him, manifesting no fear, but the same courageous calm he had always shown. I wish I had that lecture written. It came from the doctor's heart. He was physician who had learned, as doctors so well learn, that titles and wealth and station are "baubles we buy for a whole soul's tasking;" that there is no great, no small. He had watched every day of Huber's life. He told of all the pains and sicknesses, and how well this mite of humanity had survived these agonies. He told of the first tooth, and the only smile, and the hopes for the future.

Often the words were stopped by applause and hand-clapping, for students are quick to approve, and demonstrative in their approval. Loud were the cheers

that followed our baby as he was carried back to the ward to fight his last battle.

Suddenly the end came. No one had thought of it. No one could name the disease. After so many troubles a complete diagnosis could not be expected. A year of constant sickness made so many changes in the little body that no simple name would describe the last fever. Huber had every care. The night nurse, at midnight, made tea for the doctor who would not leave the sick baby. The little heart-beats grew weaker and weaker. The appealing eyes looked up once more to the watchers with a sadness unspeakable; then the lids closed forever.

"Huber's nurse, with movements quiet and gentle."

Huber was dead. Into our lives, so close had come this wee baby that now the world seemed darker. Men are ashamed of tears, and doctors learn to allow the face to betray few of their finer feelings.

The next morning I found Huber's nurse weeping, and she told me that, as a tribute of love for her baby, she intended to send little Arthur to the seashore. This will take sacrifice, as I happen to know, —with her small monthly earnings to keep Arthur for two weeks by the sea. But she loved Huber.

SONNET.

O silent cloud, drawn far against the blue!
Half-drooping, fair, white-bosomed dream of spring!
Art thou not weary with thy wandering?
And yet thou shouldst not be. Ah, if we knew
Like thee to float with Fortune; not pursue,
With urgent haste,—heedless of anything
That might be worthier of our laboring,—
Each phantom hope that we have dreamed is true!
Thou hast no home and thou must surely die
And merge thy scanty measures in the sea;
Thou may'st not choose thy time or know thy ways;
And yet we joy to see thee passing by,
For thou hast certitude, as much as we,
And peace is thine, and light, and happy hours.

Will F. Brewer.

Photo by B. S. Campbell.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NORFOLK, IN WINTER.

QUAINT OLD NORFOLK.

By Malinda Cleaver Faville.

Author of "Shadows of Spotsylvania."

NORFOLK is not by the ocean, nor yet by the Chesapeake, but on the shore of the Elizabeth River, a narrow channel leading down to Hampton Roads, and so to the bay, some twelve miles away. The traveler is wise who makes his way hither upon some one of the numerous steamers that daily touch at the wharves. He may thus cross the famous battle-ground of the first ironclads; pass Craney Island, the scene of Emmerson's stubborn fight; pass Sewall's Point, where a strong Confederate battery lay; also Lambert's Point, the site of another battery, and the long frontage of mills and wharves, where in '62 there was a Confederate camp. Now Sewall's Point awaits the completion of an electric line which will make it a suburb of Norfolk. Lambert's Point stretches out her long coal piers into deep water, and what was once the camping ground for the boys in gray is now Atlantic City, a ward of Norfolk, rapidly filling with neat cottages about a nucleus of churches, and a fine modern schoolhouse. In more than thirty years of peace, battle-scarred old Norfolk has recovered from her paralysis, and is wreathing herself about with modern suburbs, dominated by people with modern ideas—a more cheerful environment than the camps of a generation ago.

A stranger notes at once the quaint old dwellings, some of them still enclosed by high walls of English brick, overflowing with thick, dark ivy. There are broad, old-time houses with two chimneys at either end, the thick walls laid in "English bind," with English brick brought over in ballast. There are deep porticoes, pretty old fan-lights and quaint gable windows, and here and there a great old house covered from foundation to chimney-tops with ivy. Occasionally the marble trimmings show the festoon, carved there in the days of the First Empire.

The streets between these buildings are narrow, and most of them crooked. Many of them are paved with insufferable cobblestones, though there is some Belgian block pavement, and a little

Photo by B. S. Campbell, Norfolk.

NORFOLK ACADEMY FOR BOYS.

asphalt. The sidewalks are chiefly of brick, with some six-sided tiles, and artificial stone. Opening upon the streets are courts, narrow ways a square or less in length, lined with small and inferior bricks or wooden dwellings, for colored people who are too poor or too careless of appearances to live on a street.

In May the magnolias begin to open their great satiny white flowers, as big as coffee saucers, their rich color in striking contrast to the shining dark green leaves. Before they are gone the crape-myrtles show their odd purplish pink flowers, and the large ones are covered with bloom for weeks. Beginning in May, the tea-roses bloom wherever anyone has cared to plant them, and their sweetness is drawn out until severe frost kills the buds. In October they are sweet as in June. Ivy is everywhere, and with the pines and magnolias, the landscape is almost as green in midwinter as in midsummer.

Along the water-front one is constantly impressed by the queer intimacy of land and river. Little "creeks," small arms of back-water, deeply indent the shore. Bridges occur in all sorts of unexpected places and much of what seems solid ground is made land, the big buildings resting upon foundations of piles, often forty feet in depth. The nose of a big schooner is usually to be seen close to the water-side of Granby near Main street, a fashionable promenade. Land and water are as familiar with each other as Major Bagstock with "Joey B." With all the quiet beautiful water-ways about, boating is not a fashionable amusement in Norfolk.

Down by the wharves, the oyster-boats make things lively from September to April. The artist in search of the picturesque has only to watch them discharge cargo. The small schooners tie up close alongside the bulkheads. The iron bucket, holding a bushel, is filled in the hold, and the hand-worked crane swings it out over the cart waiting to receive its contents. The negroes are hardy fellows, showing red flannel shirts turned back from strong-set necks and big pectoral muscles. Their heads are covered by gear of every variety, from the battered policeman's helmet, to the even worse disfigured silk tile. Otherwise, they are picturesque in miscellaneous garments, the rags and patches and faded tints of which would make glad the heart of an artist. The vicinity is vocal

Photo by Freeman, Norfolk.

A PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR COLORED CHILDREN.

with their chaff and laughter and singing, and now and then the face of the man in the hold appears at the hatchway, softly outlined against the dull, dark background.

In July and August every man who can "get on" is "ketchin' milluns." The melon-schooners take the place of the oyster-boats in the slips, and the melons make the transfer from hold to car by being tossed from man to man, each one counting as he receives his "milluns." A chain of "millun ketchers" stripped for action, the lights and shadows coming out sharply under the August sun, against the soft background of water and distant shore, is a picture the artists miss, for it is only to be seen in the artists' vacation time.

On Wednesdays and Saturdays the market is as full of quaint figures as of provisions. The fish stalls are shining with all the species in season, their bright eyes and firm gills attesting their freshness. Mullets, spots, hog-fish, sturgeon, shad and mackerel come in turn, with a host of others equally good, and always the serviceable gray trout. There are also big sea-turtles, terrapin, hard and soft crabs, clams, oysters, "man-noses" and shrimp, — but rarely lobsters. The baby shark is to be seen for a short season, his ugly slit of a mouth already bordered with long sharp teeth. Outside the market-house with its neat stalls of assorted produce is a broad, paved "space," semi-weekly filled with a motley array of boxes and barrels and hen coops, and bordered by a row of country "kyarts." There are tanned farmers with butter or eggs or potatoes, or with a collection of all sorts of seasonable produce, and here and there a quartered lamb or shoat displayed upon the lowered tail-board. Occasionally one may see a live calf or pig or lamb tied under a cart. Sitting on little boxes among the other dealers are withered "aunties," with their little display in splint baskets. They seem most at home when shelling beans

or black-eyed peas. In summer they are shaded by marvelously faded and patched umbrellas. In winter they congeal in their envelopes of ragged shawls and old-fashioned cloaks. From crown to toe they have none of them a sound, well-fitting garment.

One ward, the Fourth, is almost entirely made up of negroes. On its streets and in its doorways one may study many varieties of the race. The brown children make the streets lively, most of them rigged out in shapeless, ill-assorted and worse patched garments; others neat, even dainty,— with well-groomed locks and tidy shoes. At nine or twelve o'clock they may be seen going proudly to the school with their books, or hurrying home to lunch. After school they dance or jump rope, or exercise in other ways to work off their exuberant vitality. Here is the typical African cast of feature; there the Caucasian in all but the faintest shade of color. Everywhere are seen deformities. Occasionally among the giddy crowd is to be found a model to make glad the soul of the artist, possibly a pretty octoroon with soft, black eyes and velvety olive skin, her shining hair braided in a "club," the ends below the blue ribbon rioting in glossy tendrils. But the model is more probably some little ragged black rascal with the distinctive features of his African tribe, the indisputable evidence of pure race, which constitutes his sole inheritance from some far away kidnaped ancestor. He whoops like Buffalo Bill's Indians. He will no doubt lie and steal, and, when he gets bigger, carry a razor in his pocket; but he is a little beauty, with his peculiar profile and his skin of darkest bronze showing through the gaps in his ragged shirt and breeches. It never occurs to one that the little fellows are naked, even when they are without clothing. Among the grown people are the stately and distant, the gay and frisky, the "dudes" of all degrees, and the common type in elaborate suit of ready-made manners. They have learned from the white people all the vices and some of the graces of civilization.

Photo by B. S. Campbell, Norfolk.

A NORFOLK MARKET-MAN.

The negroes of the south are witnesses to the fact that civilization cannot be plastered upon the outside of any man or generation of men, but must be a development of the inner man—the individual. It is our problem not to force the development of the negro, but to help get things out of his way so that he may develop himself. When the black man has a man's chance, and wants to be a man, then his race will speedily be reconstructed.

In more fashionable quarters the street scenes are equally interesting to the

Photo by B. S. Campbell, Norfolk.

CITY HALL, NORFOLK.

visitor who sees Norfolk in warm weather. Almost every new house has a wide veranda in front, in place of the old-fashioned "stoop." Here the family spend the warm evenings, and the ladies and children and nurses may be found whenever the place is in shadow. The children have their toys, and the mother a rocking-chair and some pleasant occupation, usually nothing more laborious than a chat with a friend. All through the summer the parlor yields precedence to the cooler veranda or steps, and jolly parties may be seen on almost every front. Owing to the warm climate, much of social intercourse is carried on out of doors. Groups of well-born young ladies and gentlemen are frequently seen standing on the streets down town chatting volubly, quite contrary to northern custom.

St. Paul's Church is the only building of old Norfolk which survived the great fire of January, 1776. The ample churchyard was given to the parish in 1739 by Samuel Boush, one of the eight members of the city council named in the Royal Charter of the Borough of Norfolk (1736). Within the deeply shaded grounds were laid the visible forms of many of the men who helped to build up old Norfolk. When it was built, St. Paul's was out on the only country road leading from Norfolk; now it is in the heart of the business quarter, and the quiet garth within the leaning vine-covered wall opens upon a busy, paved street, where trolley cars hurry up and down and heavy carts and wagons crowd upon one another. Just within the iron gate is a broad gray stone, dated 1692, placed in memory of Deborah Bacon, "wife of Nathaniel the Councillor, *not* Nathaniel the rebel," as the polite sexton will explain to you. Mentally, it is a long step from the hissing cars outside the gate, to this long stone lying under the magnolia, just inside. The enclosure is full of mossy gray stones, shaded by fine magnolias and elms. The church, in the form of a Latin cross, is built of English brick. It is heavily covered with ivy, which is kept cut away to show the solid shot embedded high up in the tower wall.

Forest in his "Norfolk" (1853) says that "the eastern wall showed a deep indentation supposed to have been made by a ball from one of Governor Dunmore's cannon."

Photo by B. S. Campbell, Norfolk.

LAKE DRUMMOND, DISMAL SWAMP, NEAR NORFOLK.

The pretty burying ground has been practically closed for seventy years, only deceased rectors, and a very few others having found rest there since that time.

The police station is an odd, old building with a broad front, crenelated at the top, standing behind the city hall, just about over the middle of what was once Plume's Cove, now so-called solid ground.

Norfolk has numerous schools, both public and private. All parents who have the means send their daughters to the private schools; the boys usually to the public. While the "academy" or high school for boys is nearing the century mark, the girls' high school is in its second year. It is well equipped, and is already crowded. Every now and then it is whispered about that some canonized member of society is going to send her daughter to the high school. Norfolk College for young ladies is the largest of the private schools, and the most liberally endowed. Recent improvements entitle it to rank with the best schools for girls. None of our schools are co-educational, or for more than one color. The negroes have their own, also.

Norfolk has its quota of hospitals and orphanages and old women's homes, one of the latter for colored women, managed by other women of their own race. There is also an excellent public library, which for a long time has been almost supported by a few public spirited citizens. It is free to editors, teachers and ministers, and the public school children. For want of a reasonable appropriation asked of,but not granted by, the present city council, there is danger that the library will close.*

It is easy for passengers or freight to get to or from Norfolk. Beside numerous railway systems, it has the Appomattox, Potomac, James and other rivers, with lines of steamers making daily trips to the head of navigation of each, and steamers plying daily between this point and Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, as well as to southern ports. Norfolk is the terminal of the Dismal Swamp, and Albemarle canals. Arrangements have recently been made to widen and deepen the former, and so connect it with sounds to the south, that coasting vessels may, by using it, avoid the rough Hatteras swells. It is proposed to make it a link in a chain of inland waterways reaching from New York to Florida.

*Since this paper was written, an appropriation has been granted the library by the city council.

Reproduced from an India-ink copy of Miss Henderen's painting; the copy made for THE MIDLAND by the artist.

A CRAB FISHER.

No school-boy needs be told that Hampton Roads is the biggest and safest of harbors. It is impossible to crowd it. Ships of the heaviest draft may coal on either side the Roads, and steam away without waiting for the tide.

The "back country" is rich, not because of a fat soil, but because the thin sandy loam is a good nidus for fertilizers. It is under a friendly sun, and has cheap and quick transportation to half a dozen big hungry cities. The soil is usually "cropped" all the year, the same field yielding tomatoes in July, turnips in October, and spinach, February to April.

In 1850, peas, strawberries and other fruits and vegetables began to be exported. Now the "trucking business" brings to Norfolk several millions annually. An "Old Dominion" steamer taking on berries and vegetables through every gangway on each side is a sight to be remembered. If there is any benighted northerner who thinks the colored brother can't "get a hurry on him," a study of these big roustabouts will soon convince him. Out in the country the truck farms lie level, the thin and seemingly worthless soil cut by many deep drains, for it is nowhere far to the water. Bunches of pines grow here and there, and occasionally a good house is to be seen; but on the whole it reminds one of the traveler's commentary upon the country between Baltimore and Annapolis: "Just put in to hold the world together." In these gray, dusty looking fields men and women plant and hoe and gather side by side, and out of the hot ground come the crispest of radishes and lettuce, the sweetest of strawberries, and the most delicious of beans and peas and corn. In the field and the oyster house, the colored women have solved one of the problems of the hour; they are paid as well as the men, when they work as well.

The advantages of the present site of Norfolk as a trading point were early recognized. In 1662 an act of assembly set apart a portion of land as a location for Norfolk town. It at once became a busy port and a growing town. The

light-draft ships of those days came up through channels now filled and built over, to discharge cargo at wharves which long ago gave place to stores and dwellings. At that time the water-front was two miles above where the trans-atlantic steamers of to-day tie up. This change is due to the fact that places of business have been moved. The ship channel is deep enough for the heaviest war vessels to go by to the navy yard. Business was so brisk in old Norfolk that vessels frequently lay at anchor awaiting their turn to discharge. The citizens were, outwardly at least, a devout people, for during nearly seventy-five years they were compelled each to attend church or pay a fine. If this law were now in existence and enforced, either the churches or the safes of the city treasury would have to increase their capacity.

The historian says that in that far-away time the ladies rose early to look after their households, and employed their spare time in spinning and other homely industries. He mourns the decadence of these primitive virtues. The people of Norfolk have always made it a prime object to have a good time regardless of expense. They have delighted in living generously and entertaining lavishly, enjoying the pomp and circumstance of ample means. So far as possible, they still avoid all appearance of poverty. This ease-loving, gentle-mannered ancestry helped to make the Norfolk young woman of to-day what she is at her best. Black and white can only reproduce the form, they cannot show the brilliant, ever-changing color and sweet expression of my pretty neighbor's face.

In 1736 the Borough of Norfolk was founded by royal charter, providing for, and naming, a mayor, eight aldermen, and sixteen common councilmen. The recorder was "a gentleman learned in the law," not of necessity a resident. Sir John Randolph was the first, and the position was afterward adorned by the name of Edmund Randolph. The town continued to grow rapidly, both in wealth and population. In 1775 there were six thousand citizens, and perhaps two-thirds as many slaves. Some official pomp was observed. The ancient silver mace, now one of the curiosities of the mayor's office, was then carried before that august official upon all occasions of ceremony. It was presented to the city by Governor Dinwiddie in 1753, and, though broken, it escaped utter destruction in the great fire.

The acts of English oppression were as fiercely resented here as in Massachusetts. The great sons of Virginia were all Sons of Liberty and Norfolk gave her share.

In December, 1775, occurred the battle of Great Bridge, and a lively skirmish near St. Paul's Church. The Americans were victorious, and Governor Dunmore, who was on an English war vessel in the harbor, was so angry at the result of the battle, that he wanted to kill the boy who brought him the news. A few days later (January 1, 1776,) the town was all burned except the old church, a portion of it by Dunmore's soldiers in order to get range for their guns, the rest by the citizens in order that nothing of value might fall into the hands of the enemy. In each of our great wars Norfolk has been a battle-ground. Sometimes her value as a strategic point has interfered with her business development.

Eighteen hundred and fifty-five marks the saddest year of the old town's history. An infected Spanish ship threw out her bilge water opposite the navy-yard, and yellow fever broke out along the water front. It has been my privilege to hear of the plague season from one who remembered it with the literalness of intelligent childhood. She said in effect: "The fever broke out in Barry's Row, and as we lived across the town, almost in the country, the doctor told my father he thought we were safe. My father had a farm on the road to the Catholic cemetery. It was one of our delights to spend the day with the overseer; I remember that summer sitting with the other children on the fence and counting the funerals as they passed. At last the fever began to take rich as well as poor, and father decided to take us to Baltimore. The Baltimore boats had long stopped coming nearer than Old Point Comfort. We took a row-boat at the foot

of our street, early in the morning, and were rowed out to a schooner lying in the stream. She sailed to Old Point that day, and in the evening we took the Baltimore boat.

"When we returned, in November, we drove from the Bay Line wharf to our house [nearly a mile directly across the business portion] and met but one person. All places of business and churches were closed. Half of Norfolk had died of the plague. There were not enough well people left to properly bury the dead. All that could not be buried in graves were laid in a big fosse in the old cemetery, and lost to surviving relatives. Many families that fled from the fever never returned.

"All but two ministers had left, an Episcopalian, who soon died from the fever, and a Catholic priest, who was finally attacked, but recovered. The priest ministered to the sick and dying, and was often seen walking through the streets at night without his coat, having wrapped it about some little orphan he had picked up."

Nowhere in imaginary accounts have I found any story of disaster more impressive than this simple narration of facts. The heroic priest lived nearly thirty years after the pestilence passed.

Norfolk did not recover her old-time business activity until after the Civil War. It is history that from a business point, the war made modern Norfolk. Through having been stationed here, officers and men learned of the delightful climate, and made haste to return as soon as they were at liberty. Since '65, business has shown a steady increase. There are those who think the good times ended thirty-five years ago; but the people who are doing the work of building up a progressive, prosperous city look forward, and they see a promise of even better days to come.

Norfolk has had her quota of distinguished travelers. Thomas Moore spent some time here, and was inspired to write his "Ballad of the Dismal Swamp." Lafayette passed through on his triumphal progress. Black Hawk once visited the town. In 1821 an ordinary looking man in old straw hat and linen roundabout was seen upon the street. He was Junius Brutus Booth, on his way to Richmond to play in the Monumental Theatre.

Although the average intelligence is good, there is no great interest manifested in literary matters. Social gaieties bear off the palm of interest. Germans and cotillions and tug-parties are the order of the day or night.

There is an Art League where some good honest work is done, and a School of Art and Design, managed by a lady whose work speaks for her in many pictures of merit. Perhaps the best is "The Crab-fisher," which she has copied for illustration in this paper.

Music is the strong point of the Norfolk people. In almost every well-to-do home there is a piano, and someone who plays good music on it. The love of music is more closely interwoven with the social life than that of any other art

The characteristic most difficult for the non-resident to understand in the Virginian, of high or low degree, is his love for his native State. He loves her as we like to think Richelieu loved France, with a tender chivalry akin to his love for his mother. In his mind there is no more question as to whether her cause is just than there is of the fair fame of his sister. For him Virginia is always right. It is beautiful, this devotion, though it helped to get us all into sore trouble. It is a good thing; it helped to drive away Dunmore; it kept the enemy off in 1812-13. In '61 it was grand, but it was mistaken in looking upon citizens of any one or all of the sisterhood of states as foreigners.

No fair-minded stranger who lives among them can fail to appreciate the beauty of this devotion of her sons and daughters to Virginia.

They even say "Virginia" with the distinctive accent given by children to the name of a beloved relative. It is contagious; we come to love her bright waters and sandy shores, almost before the well-remembered features of our homeland. The new industrial Virginia will be dearly beloved of us, her adopted children, as well as of her own, who are learning to love her wisely, as they have loved her well

A GLIMPSE OF HAWAII.

By Carrie Wyatt Banks.

MY SCHOOL days in Honolulu ended in 1870. As a young girl I was one of the boarders at St. Andrew's Priory, founded by English women. My especial chum was one Carrie Brickwood, the pretty daughter of the postmaster, and adopted daughter of Kamehameha V., the reigning King and last of his line. Every Saturday my friend was allowed to visit her adopted father, the King, at Iolani Palace, and I was permitted to accompany her. In this way I became intimately acquainted with Hawaiian royalty.

Never shall I forget the first time I saw Kamehameha on the throne. It was during a session of Parliament. He was a magnificent specimen of manhood as he stood robed in the gorgeous garment worn only on such occasions. It was made entirely of fine brilliant yellow feathers. The munu, the bird from which the feathers are obtained, has only one under each wing. Imagine, then, the thousands that must have been slaughtered to complete that cloak! I recall Kamehameha V. as genial and gentle in manner, with an air of grave courtesy. He was something of an invalid at the time and went about very little. His death occurred in 1873. It was whispered that he died of leprosy, but of this I have no certain knowledge.

From an old photo loaned by the author.
QUEEN EMMA.

I have a letter from him dictated to his private secretary, and a calabash made from the native woods, which he sent me, and which I prize highly.

At the death of Kamehameha V., the royal line becoming extinct, his cousin, Lunalilo, known to the people as Prince Bill, was elected to succeed to the throne. He was a very dissipated man, and the contrast of his reign to that of his predecessor was pronounced. "Wine, women, and song" was his motto, and after ruling in riotous royalty for fifteen months he died.

The throne becoming vacant again, a large part of the people desired to elevate Queen Emma to be their ruler, but were unsuccessful. This charming woman, whose beauty, intellectual attainments and graceful tact won such admiration when she was in this country, would have made a wise ruler. She was received here by the President, and while abroad was entertained by Queen Victoria. Kalakaua was then placed upon the throne, a high chief and man of the people, whose well remembered reign proved one of wasteful extravagance and debt. He was succeeded by Queen Liliuokalani, who preceded the Republic.

As I remember the deposed Queen she was a large, fine-looking woman of imposing presence, very dark, with typical

native features, and with a magnificent voice—she used to sing in the choir at church.

There were none of the fine hotels of the present day. Visitors in Honolulu intending to tarry for any length of time took a cottage. Close to our cottage were fig and tamarind trees, also guavas. The fruit of the tamarinds put in a stone jug filled with water and set away in a dark place, makes a cool, refreshing drink in hot climates. My father, who was chief engineer of the steamship Moses Taylor, would bring me California fruits each trip, and then we would have a luwou, or feast, my little maid, "Ah Sue," whose father was a Chinaman and mother a native, being particularly attentive at those times. She would do almos anything for an apple. It would take the steamship fourteen days to make the run from San Francisco to Honolulu.

From an old photo loaned by the author.

BERENICE PAUAHI (MRS. C. R. BISHOP).

The natives are naturally quiet and peaceable, in fact lazy in the extreme, satisfied with a bit of bright calico and a dish of poi. Poi is made from taro, a vegetable which serves the Hawaiian as the potato does us. It is boiled until soft and stirred and mashed for hours, and when considered fit for eating is of the consistency of paste, and must be eaten with the finger. I can assure you that it requires a degree of skill only acquired by considerable practice to dip the first fingers into a dish of poi and, by constant motion and winding, land any of it your mouth—to eat it with a spoon or fork would be looked upon by the natives with scorn.

A beach fully the equal of the famous one at Galveston, Texas, is called Waiki-ki, and here bathers may be constantly seen—morning, noon and night. The natives are all expert swimmers and divers. One of the usual customs of the officers of the steamers and ships is to throw pieces of money into the water for the natives to catch, if possible, before it reaches the bottom. They never fail to bring it up, generally having it between their teeth.

At their luuous (feasts) raw fish is considered the dish *de resistance*, to be always accompanied by the never failing poi.

Hawaiians incline more to the Roman Catholic religion than to any other, the candles, incense and bright colored pictures being very attractive to them.

A moonlight night in Hawaii is beautiful beyond description, and the natives have fine singing voices—to hear them in their native tongue sing or chant or wail, in times of trouble or grief, is something never to be forgotten. Their medicines are peculiar concoctions of herbs. After a long, fatiguing ride or journey, they will rub the traveler all over with kukui nut oil and then proceed to lomi-lomi, kneading the entire body—in fact it is the present form of massage.

Like all dark races they are very superstitious and have all sorts of strange signs and omens. Praying one another to death is a common thing. An especially noticeable or cadaverous looking kanaka or wahini (man or woman) is at once put down as being prayed to death. And strange to say the victim's appearance is usually such as to justify the belief that the prayers are being answered.

During the reign of Kamehameha V., there were several men-of-war ships stationed in the harbor of Honolulu. I well remember a *fête* given on board the James-

town. The invited guests were transferred from the wharf in row-boats. A more lovely night could not be imagined. The ladies, young and old alike, wore gowns of very sheer materials and cut *decolleté*.

Mrs. C. B. Bishop, *nee* Berenice Pauahi, daughter of a high chief, and who had in her youth been the affianced bride of Kamehameha V., who for her sake remained all his life a bachelor, was the most beautiful woman in Honolulu; although dark of skin her features were perfect and her form lithe and supple as a willow. She wore a robe of silk *pini* covered with *leis* (wreaths) of small flowers, whose perfume filled the large cabin as she moved about or danced on the deck. Mrs. Dominus, wife of the Governor and sister of Kalakaua, who afterwards became Queen Liliuokalani, was also one of the belles. At that time she was quite slender and possessed the voice of a bird. She stood leaning on the arm of Lieutenant Wood,—the beautiful, indescribable moonlight over us, the shimmering sheen of the Pacific under us, the noble ship draped with native flags and garlanded from end to end in beautiful flowers, the officers in full uniform, the ladies in evening costume—and sang in her native tongue till the water seemed rippled by the cheers of her enraptured audience. Above us at the mast-head waved the American flag.

Very few foreigners have seen the native dance called Hula-hula. Certainly not those who witnessed the miserable parody presented at the World's Columbian Exposition. When I lived in Honolulu it was prohibited, and when an exhibition was given for some noted person, it was with closed doors. At the time I write, one of the celebrated comedians, Charles Matthews, accompanied by his wife, Lizzie Weston, and another actor of note, Walter Montgomery, were on their way from San Francisco to Australia. They were entertained right royally by Kamehameha V., "for a jolly old King was he," and the keen wit of Matthews was never more appreciated than by the King.

The King's adopted daughter promised me that I should see the native dance—by the aid of Kamai (the good), looked upon as a sorceress, whose word was law in the palace. I had a private box. It was a sight never to be forgotten. Fourteen cannibals, seven men and seven women, with only a narrow piece of cloth girded about their loins—fourteen black giants with hands placed on the hips, then on the stomach, which they slowly rubbed round and round, the motion of the body bringing it constantly nearer the floor until they were in a sitting posture. Then they would suddenly prostrate themselves on their faces and as suddenly spring to sitting positions again, and then, with the same rubbing, slowly regain their standing position.

The pantomime of the Hawaiians is perfect; they can arrange a meeting and ask a dozen questions in your presence and not utter a word. It is all done with their eyes, which are beautiful in color and wonderful in expression.

The loyalty with which they cling to each other in trouble is unsurpassed. They will for months hide a member of the family stricken with leprosy, until the authorities discover them and compel them to go to the Island of Molikai—inhabited entirely by lepers.

The drives in and about Honolulu are beautiful. One street extends the entire length of the city, and is called the Neuwana Valley road, at the end of which is a fearful looking black hole called the Palli. If a chance traveler has ever explored it he has never returned to tell the tale. It is always raining there and one feels the mist and change of atmosphere some time before reaching it. The natives say the departed spirits are weeping. As the story goes, at one time each island had a king of its own; there was a big fight and the enemy were driven over this embankment, and one king has ruled ever after.

Their language is very soft and sweet, somewhat resembling Spanish. "Aloha," "Aloha niu," "Aloha nui loa," "Aloha nui loa oi," is the fullest expression of love and tenderness in the Hawaiian language.

HEADQUARTERS OF COL. ULYSSES S. GRANT AT MEXICO, MO.,
Before the Colonel and his regiment (the 21st Illinois) moved south to Ironton, August, 1861.

GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

(A HISTORY.)

By Col. John W. Emerson.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)

(Begun in the October, 1896, Midland Monthly.)

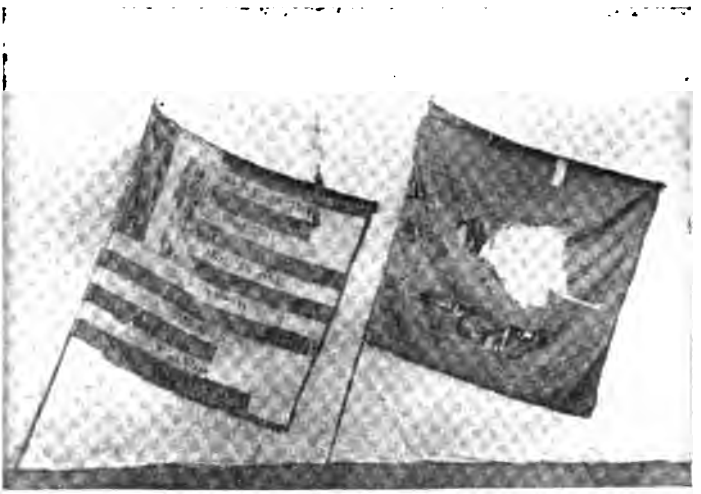
BOOK III.

INTRODUCTION BY THE AUTHOR.

In perusing the story of Grant's "Mississippi Valley Campaigns," the reader will observe a wide departure from the beaten path, in the writer's treatment of the theme. The "historic-narrative" mode, in which authors usually tell their story chiefly in their own language and give it their own coloring, has been partially discarded.

After reading all the accessible "Grant literature,"—histories, essays, and addresses, many of them learned, able and eloquent,—the writer felt that there was lacking in them something of the picture, something of the spirit, the life and action of 1861-2-3, which those who lived and acted in those stirring days so keenly enjoyed. The war events were then of thrilling interest. But in perusing the story of the war, eloquently told by many learned historians, in their own language, the *spirit* had, somehow, vanished and the flavor and relish of the "war days" was gone. I wondered if rehabilitation were possible. The answer partially came to me in this way: In searching through tens of thousands of pages of "War Records," both National and Confederate, and great masses of unpublished official matter, in quest of data for the "Mississippi Valley Campaigns," I found myself again in the very presence of the events, as they were originally transpiring in 1861-2-3. Here were the old letters, dispatches, and reports of the great actors, as they were daily telling the tragic story on the field, clothed in the fire, the zeal, anxieties and sorrows; all the enthusiasm of the hour of victory, the excuses for delays and for defeat. Here were the hot official war documents written at the time by the passionate, scheming Halleck, laying bare his complaints against Buell, his plots against Grant, and his paroxysms of alarm, and of anger. Here was the actual Buell, in all his painful deliberation and immobility, with the failure of the two to coöperate. Here I found the patient, anxious Lincoln, begging and urging Halleck and Buell on in the discouraging winter of 1861-2; and once when they delayed and put him off with excuses which outraged his sense of propriety, finally, in a despairing mood, he indorsed on one of Halleck's answers:

"Here, as everywhere else, nothing can be done. A. Lincoln."



BATTLE-FLAGS OF GRANT'S OLD REGIMENT,

The; 21st Illinois Infantry. This famous regiment of the old commander was in constant and active service at the front in all the campaigns in the Mississippi Valley, and was finally mustered out at San Antonio, Texas, in December, 1865. Its battle-torn flags were sketched at the Adjutant-General's office in Springfield, Illinois.

Here in these documents, fresh from the scene of action, were the letters, dispatches, and reports of Grant, his pleadings for leave to move "on the enemy's works;" what he said and did, how he was held in check, hindered, delayed, abused and insulted by Halleck; his patience, his strategy, and his glorious victories. Then, too, here were disclosed the rivalries, jealousies and ambitions of our commanding generals; the letters, dispatches and reports of Confederate generals, of Jefferson Davis, and the Confederate Secretary of War; in short the war as it progressed from day to day was told by the actors *at the time* in so graphic a manner as to bring out all the comedy and the tragedy of war.

All this is obscured or hidden in a bewildering mass of official forms and detail matter in the war archives, and yet it fascinated my mind with the idea that if it could be separated and the material facts judiciously used as related at the time by the actors, bringing the facts together in due relation in such wise as to clear up the essential narrative, it would present a new and more graphic picture of

IRONTON. PILOT KNOB MOUNTAIN IN THE BACKGROUND.

View north from Grant's headquarters, August, 1861, showing the route by which Colonel Grant and his regiment came.

ARCADIA VALLEY,

Looking south from Grant's headquarters at Ironton, where he first assumed an independent command. Also showing the route of march of his little army as it advanced to attack Hardy at Greenville, Mo., August, 1861.

the campaigns in all their extended relations, than any mere historical narrative which any historian could possibly write.

It is on these lines that the writer has constructed "Grant's Mississippi Valley Campaigns." He has found very much official matter, of commanding interest, which has not hitherto found its place in history. To this he has added much of a personal nature relating to Grant folk-lore running current with his campaigns.

General Grant's Mississippi Valley Campaigns were so essentially a part of the whole war in the West from 1861 to 1863, that the author has striven to give the reader a comprehensive view of the entire field of operations, and of the terrible tragedy of war as it unfolded and was enacted.

The Confederate Records have been freely drawn upon for their story of the events as they occurred, and as told at the time by their leading generals.

The writer inclines to think that the period in General Grant's life between the time he received his commission as Brigadier-General at Ironton, in August, 1861, and the end of his Donelson Campaign in February, 1862, a period of six months, will be found to be here treated more fully, and he trusts more satisfactorily, than has hitherto been attempted. Indeed, it is believed the reader will agree with the writer that no like period of Grant's life was more full of controlling and far-reaching events.

The "Campaigns" begin with Grant's appointment as Colonel of the 21st Illinois Volunteer Infantry, and end at the close of his Chattanooga Campaign, when he left the West, to assume command of all the armies.

The Author.

CHAPTER I.

COLONEL GRANT ORDERED TO QUINCY.

THE material of the Twenty-first Illinois Regiment could not have been better, but its first Colonel had failed to enforce discipline, and order had degenerated into license and riot. Colonel Grant's military education and old army training could not tolerate this. A few kindly admonitions to his subordinate officers, who, as well as the men, were without military experience, and a few peremptory orders issued to both officers and men, brought immediate reformation. Some regular army punishments had to be imposed upon a few of the reckless; but soon the master's hand had perfect control; and severe drilling, and constant attention to military details had reduced that splendid body of men to as perfect a fighting machine as any in the army.

The regiment had rendezvoused at Springfield, and on July 3d, Colonel Grant received his first military order, detaching his regiment from all other forces, and sending him out from Camp

Yates with it as an independent force. He was to proceed to Quincy, Ill., more than one hundred miles, there to cross the Mississippi River into Missouri.

In those days passenger coaches were not sufficiently abundant on western railroads to be supplied on short notice to transport even a single regiment of 1,200 men; therefore a train of freight cars was backed up to camp to carry the Twenty-first to its destination. The cars were not sufficiently clean to meet the views of some of the fastidious members, and they peremptorily refused to enter them. Here was the first emergency which arose in Grant's independent military career. How would he meet it? Military discipline must be enforced. Would he stop there and punish the disobedient? He must move forward. He quickly decided that he would do both,—he would *move*, and he would enforce discipline also. He issued orders to the regiment to march! It was hot weather, and the roads were dusty; but he had his men well in hand in the ranks, and they must learn, by severe marches, the necessity of absolute obedience. After a few days of hard marching, the men reached the conclusion that their Colonel "meant business," and that obedience was the only smooth life for the soldier.

The men soon took in the meaning of the situation, and when Colonel Grant was within hearing, they would start up the old darkey song:

"Jordan am a hard road to trabel."

But their chief gave no token that he comprehended the significance of the song. He only kept right on, fifteen and twenty miles a day, without the slightest privilege of straggling for any purpose whatever. He remarked to the Adjutant when he heard the song, "Yes, Jordan may be a hard road to travel, so is the road to discipline; both have to be traveled."

CHAPTER II.

GRANT ORDERED TO IRONTON.

After he had crossed the Illinois some distance, Colonel Grant received orders to return to the river and await a steamboat then on its way up that stream to carry his regiment to St. Louis, and to proceed thence to Ironton, Missouri, which point was menaced by Hardee and Jeff. Thompson from the south.

The steamer grounded before reaching the point where Grant was in waiting.

During the delay, drilling was kept up, and the strictest discipline enforced. There never was a murmur of disobedience in the regiment after that first incident. The men would, if ordered, have ridden on a train of stock cars (which was often the soldiers' experience later on in the war), as readily as on a Pullman vestibuled train.

Before the steamer extricated itself, another message came to Colonel Grant informing him that a battalion of Illinois soldiers was surrounded by a superior force of Missouri confederates near Palmyra, Missouri, and directing him to proceed with the greatest possible dispatch to their relief.

This time, there was no refusal on the part of the men to take such cars as were furnished, and in a few hours they were in Quincy, where Colonel Grant learned that the beleaguered force had withdrawn in safety. He afterwards said, "I am inclined to think that both sides got frightened and ran away."

Up to this time his little son, Fred, had accompanied him; but he now feared that the boy's mother would be alarmed and distressed should she learn that he was with the army engaged in actual war, and so the Colonel wrote to Mrs. Grant, explaining the situation. At the same time he put Fred aboard an up river steamer bound for Galena. Colonel Grant was no less surprised than pleased to receive an answer in a few days from Mrs. Grant, written before the son reached home, quite objecting to his decision, and urging that the lad be allowed to accompany his father and share his war experiences. Brave and trustful wife and mother, worthy her warrior husband! We shall see, later on, that the son did accompany his father

through nearly all his subsequent great campaigns in the west.

CHAPTER III.

THE GOVERNOR OF MISSOURI DECLARES WAR.

By this time the whole State of Missouri was in a ferment. Lyon had been created Brigadier-General. Governor Jackson had appointed ten Brigadier-Generals, and one Major-General—Sterling Price—and was rapidly organizing the rebel element into military regiments and brigades.

Governor Jackson caused the railway bridges between St. Louis and the State Capital to be burned, and issued a proclamation of open defiance and war against the Federal Government. He says:

> It is my solemn duty to remind you that Missouri is still one of the United States; that the Executive Department of the State Government does not arrogate to itself the power to disturb that relation.

And then with a disregard for logic which would have horrified a Whately or a Mill, he adds:

> But it is equally my duty to remind you that your first allegiance is due to your own State, and that you are under no obligation whatever to obey the *unconstitutional* edicts of the military despotism which has enthroned itself at Washington, nor to submit to the infamous and degrading sway of its wicked minions in this State. No brave and true-hearted Missourian will obey one or submit to the other. Rise, then, and drive out ignominiously the invaders who have dared to desecrate the soil which your labors have made fruitful, and which is consecrated by your homes.

Lyon and Blair, divining the purposes of Governor Jackson, determined to strike before his forces could be organized and concentrated. With three regiments and a battery, they moved rapidly from St. Louis, took possession of the State Capital, and pursued the fugitive Governor and his secession State officers west to Boonville, and there attacked and defeated General Price's forces, and sent the Governor and his fleeing retinue scampering southward toward Arkansas.

The only railway then finished across the State of Missouri from east to west was the Hannibal & St. Joseph. This the rebels at once attacked, burned several of its bridges, and otherwise disabled it. Grant was ordered to take a position on this road, some distance in the interior. Col. John M. Palmer had already preceded him, and Gen. John Pope was in command of that district, with headquarters at the town of Mexico. When the rebel forces near the railroad had been dispersed, and the burned bridges repaired, Colonel Grant was ordered to advance and attack General Harris, who was encamped at the village of Florida, thirty miles south. Grant had wasted no time, had drilled his regiment daily, and had his company officers keep up the most rigid discipline, so that both officers and men felt the utmost confidence in their ability to fight.

CHAPTER IV.

GRANT'S EXPERIENCE WITH MISSOURI "STILLS."

Colonel Grant had, by strict orders, prohibited the introduction of whisky into camp, he having seen that it was one of the chief sources of demoralization in those early days of the war in Missouri.

The United States then exercised no control over distilleries, and under the laws of Missouri distilleries existed in nearly every county, and often several of them in a county. They were allowed to sell in small quantities, on the premises, and in these "good old days when whisky was twenty cents a gallon," the country "still" was a very lively and oftentimes exciting place every Saturday afternoon.

When the army first began to scout through the country for the enemy, *this* "enemy" usually put more men temporarily *hors de combat* than did the rebels in arms. Of course the "stills" soon vanished, for neither army was disposed to pay much for contraband found in lonely and isolated places.

For a long time Colonel Grant was much puzzled to know how his men smuggled whisky into camp. On their return from scouting expeditions he had the men examined, their canteens emptied, and every other precaution taken to exclude it; and yet, soon after the men were in their tents, often some of them would be

taken to the guard-house, too hilarious for the good of the service. How it was brought into camp was a mystery, until one evening while a platoon was returning from a scout in the country, Colonel Grant noticed one of the men as he came past, a little unsteady on his legs, and as he walked along he placed the nipple of his gun to his lips. Grant halted the company, brought them to face and salute; then he stepped up to the men for a closer inspection, and when this man presented his gun, the Colonel saw some liquid dripping from it, and noticed an odor fresh from the still. It did not take long for an old West Pointer to comprehend the situation. He found that nearly half the muskets were full of the "enemy," as the men were wont to jocosely speak of the article on their scouting forays. It was easy to place a small bit of rubber over the nipple, and stop the muzzle with a piece of corn cob, and each old musket would hold enough to demoralize several men.

The offenders were promptly sent to the guard-house, without their evening rations, and the officers were reprimanded. Orders were issued an hour later for that company to start next morning at six o'clock to march ten miles to a mill which they were to reach precisely at ten o'clock, "without any straggling, or entering any house," and "attack the enemy without regard to numbers." The Captain in command was given sealed orders which he was to open on arrival at destination. The secret orders, when opened, directed the force to return by another route, a mile or two longer, and report at headquarters precisely at two o'clock! When the little force, wet with perspiration and covered with dust, drew up exactly on time before Colonel Grant's tent, and his Adjutant went along the line and carefully "inspected arms," and Colonel Grant, with a peculiar twinkle in his eye, asked the Captain if he had "met the enemy," they realized that their hard march of over twenty miles in eight hours, without a ration, meant "discipline" for the breach of yesterday, and not because their Colonel expected them to find any rebels at the mill.

CHAPTER V.

GRANT MARCHES ON THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

Colonel Grant had not been provided with any transportation since reaching Missouri, and it required several days to press into service enough teams from the surrounding country to carry their supplies for a week's campaign against Harris. Such elaborate preparation was in accord with old army tactics and experience; but, later in the war, with more independent thinking for himself, Grant would have had no waiting for transportation or supplies. He would have filled cartridge boxes, and haversacks with three days' rations, started with his command after dark, and surprised the enemy at daylight next morning!

The Memoirs give such an inimitable discription of this, Grant's first independent move in war, and of his feelings on the occasion, that I insert his own account:

> Harris had been encamped in a creek bottom for the sake of being near water. The hills on either side of the creek extend to a considerable height, possibly more than a hundred feet. As we approached the brow of the hill from which it was expected we could see Harris' camp, and possibly find his men ready formed to meet us, my heart kept getting higher and higher, until it felt as though it was in my throat. I would have given anything then to have been in Illinois, but I had not the moral courage to stop and consider what to do; I kept right on. When we reached a point from which the valley below was in full view, I halted. The place where Harris had been encamped was still there, and marks of his recent encampment were plainly visible, but the troops were gone. My heart resumed its place. It occurred to me at once that Harris had been as much afraid of me as I had been of him. This was a view of the question I had never before taken, but it was one I never forgot afterwards. From that event to the close of the war, I never experienced trepidation upon confronting an enemy, though I always felt more or less anxiety. I never forgot that he had as much reason to fear my forces as I had his. The lesson was valuable.

Harris had learned of Grant's preparations to attack him and had retreated before the latter's march began.

CHAPTER VI.

"GRAPEVINE TELEGRAPH" IN MISSOURI.

As the Union and Secession population was everywhere mixed, the rapidity with which the news of army movements, or

intended movements, were carried by night and by day, in all by-ways, by fleet-footed sympathizers on either side, was a constant surprise. This rapid flight of news through forests and over prairies, we then designated the "Grapevine Telegraph."

This first dash of Grant into the nests of the enemy where no Union troops had hitherto appeared, brought out his soldierly qualities. His force was kept in compact order wherever they moved, ready for instant deployment into line of battle. Not a man was allowed to straggle. Not a house was entered. On his advance, the population had fled from their homes. They had been led to believe that the "Lincoln hirelings and the —— Dutch" would steal and destroy property, and mistreat women and children. When they returned from their hiding places after Grant's army had passed, and found nothing molested, they were reassured; and, when he returned on the same route, his little army was everywhere welcomed by the citizens.

Harris had gotten forty miles or more away, and was kicked and cuffed about by other Union forces until his own force was disintegrated.

CHAPTER VII.

GRANT IS ORDERED TO MEXICO, MO.

On his return to camp, Colonel Grant was ordered to move his command to the town of Mexico, and was placed in command of that sub-district, under Gen. John Pope who was in command of the District of North Missouri.

Here Grant found himself in command of three or four regiments of infantry, a battery of artillery and several troops of cavalry. None of these were commanded by officers who had had a military education. They were all fresh in the service and knew but little of military duty, but were enthusiastic in their devotion to the cause of the Union. There was very lax discipline, and Grant, after having reduced his own regiment, the 21st Illinois, to good order, found new trouble on his hands. The men at the Post had not been kept in camp, but went about with their arms, visiting houses, demanding food and drink, or going in and helping themselves. They arrested men they met and forced them to take some sort of oath of allegiance which they administered without hesitation or question as to authority. Men, singly and in groups, were suddenly made to hold up their hands and take the oath wherever they were met by these patriotic and enterprising soldiers. Did any citizen at first protest, he did not argue the question of authority long in front of army muskets when assured that he must either "Swear, fight, or run a foot-race."

It has been said that there was probably more miscellaneous "swearing" done in Missouri during the war than in the whole previous history of the human race! Certainly the poor rebels were made to "swear worse than the Army in Flanders!"

This seemed incongruous to Colonel Grant, to whom an oath was a sacred thing. He promptly issued orders to strictly prohibit the men from leaving camp, interfering with citizens, or appropriating private property to any use whatever. The forces were all kept busy with military exercises, preparing for the actual duties of war, and the people were no longer molested or made afraid. Officers and men were made to understand that it was their mission to enforce, not violate the law; to protect, and not abuse the citizens. A very brief time sufficed to prove that an educated soldier was in command, and a high state of discipline soon pervaded the little army.

While the rebels in North Missouri were being roughly handled and dispersed during the latter days of July and early August, General Hardee, and Gen. Jeff. Thompson were invading Southern Missouri from Arkansas, and menacing Ironton, the southern terminus of the St. Louis and Iron Mountain Railroad. General Frémont, who was then in command of the entire Western Department, found it necessary to send reinforcements thither, and a soldier to command that

important strategic point, and confront the Confederate General, Hardee. The latter's name at that early day carried with it much prestige, being associated with" Hardee's Tactics" then used in all the armies.

CHAPTER VIII.

GRANT PROCEEDS TO IRONTON.

On August 7th Colonel Grant was ordered to relinquish his command at Mexico and proceed with his regiment to Ironton, and assume command of Southeast Missouri. Within a few hours after he received the order to move, he was speeding to his new destination as rapidly as steam and wheels could carry him and his men. That night he passed through St. Louis without calling at General Frémont's headquarters, and early on August 8th he and his splendid regiment arrived at Ironton, ninety miles south of St. Louis,

Here was a man who *could move.* He had shipped his regiment with all its paraphernalia, traveled 110 miles to St. Louis, marched through the city in dead of night, re-shipped on another railway, traveled ninety miles, and was marching his command through the streets of Ironton, within twenty-four hours from the time he received orders to move! It required twenty-two days for General Frémont to move *himself* from New York to St. Louis under the most urgent necessity for rapid action.

Now Colonel Grant was in a new field, a fair distance from department headquarters, and he felt free to think and act for himself. In North Missouri he had to deal with bands of bushwhackers, neither well organized nor well armed; but here he was confronting Hardee, a regular Confederate Major-General, with a considerable army of well disciplined and well armed men, only forty miles distant.

[The February installment begins with Grant's promotion to the rank of Brigadier-General.]

(To be Continued.)

AFTER THE THEATER.

WITH heart exultant in the sweet
True womanhood of Imogen,
I strolled at midnight on the street,
To mingle with my fellow-men.

And soon in temple-shadow passed
The lingering woman's bold salute,
And felt my vision fading fast
Before the presence of the brute.

Ah, would to God it were the truth
I dreamed before the storied stage!
And only feverish eyes of youth
That read amiss the living page!

Selden L. Whitcomb.

AN EMPRESS AND AN AMERICAN DOCTOR.

By Leigh Leslie.

ONE delicious day in the springtime of seventy years ago, in the quaint old Spanish city of Granada, a babe of rare loveliness was born,—a dainty, dimpled bit of humankind, as pure and sweet as a fresh-plucked rose. The parents enjoyed high consideration as possessors of an ample fortune, and as representatives of old and honored families. The father was a Spanish count, handsome, cultured, and punctilious, with that pride and dignity of spirit characteristic of his countrymen. The mother was by birth a Scot, connected with the illustrious house of Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, and was famous at several courts of Europe for her beauty, her wit, and her accomplishments.

The Count and the Countess of Montijo regarded their daughter Eugenie with fondness and admiration, bestowing upon her the tenderest love and care; and in due season she blossomed into beauteous maidenhood. Granada boasted none other so fair to look upon. She was a creature of quick susceptibility, singularly impulsive, richly endowed with the grace of fancy, and prone to give herself up to day-dreams involving the tender passion and deeds of chivalry and daring. The environments in which she was reared were well calculated to foster the poetic enthusiasms of youth. Everything round about was invested with romantic charm. An air of mystery and enchantment hung even over the fertile valleys, with their rippling streams and fruitful gardens; the plain, with its flocks, its herds, and its fields of golden grain, and the hills, with their teeming orchards, their purple vineyards, and their shifting lights and shadows. But what was most attractive and interesting to her was the Alhambra. To a soul so impressionable it was a source of unending refreshment and delight. The multitude of romantic associations that clustered thereabout kindled her imagination, and transported her down the cloisters of time to that distant period when the Moors held sway over Granada. She knew all the songs and romances the splendid old Moorish pile had inspired, and she loved them well. It was her delight to wander through the richly decorated halls of the palace and conjure up the mighty Moslem monarchs and the beautiful queens and princesses who had lived there in oriental voluptuousness centuries before she was born; to listen to the plashing of the fountains, the gentle whisperings of the trees, and the joyous music of the birds; to drink in the perfume-laden air that came down from the mountains; to gather the flowers that grew in rich abundance in the gardens, and, from shaded balcony or beetling tower, to look down upon the gleaming city, with its hundred churches, its convents, and palaces, and cottages.

The proud parents superintended with scrupulous care the education of their daughter, in whom all their hopes and aspirations centered. When she was come to the proper age they sent her to a school at Madrid. Afterward she traveled widely with her mother, winning the hearts of men and exciting the envy of women wheresoever she appeared. She spoke several languages with extraordinary fluency; her conversation was resplendent with wit; she dressed marvelously, danced bewitchingly, was a graceful rider, and sang with exquisite sweetness. She was a keen observer of life and of manners, and her travels had broadened and enriched her mind. She could intelligently discuss politics, religion, literature, the arts and sciences, and was a remarkably felicitous writer.

Eugenie was in the full flush of a rich, voluptuous womanhood when she made her *début* in society at Paris. As a

school girl she had been wont to spend *fête* days at the home of a friend of her mother, Dr. Thomas W. Evans, the famous American surgeon and dentist, and it was by him that she was taken to a ball given by Napoleon when he was President. Doctor Evans had asked the President for an invitation for his fair *protégé*, and it was he who made the formal presentation of Eugenie to the man who was to be her husband. Napoleon was struck with the extraordinary intelligence and transcendent beauty of the Spanish countess, and paid her marked attention, dancing with her several times. These attentions were provocative of much gossip in high social circles. As for Eugenie, she of a truth was mightily pleased that Napoleon should have found her companionship so delectable. Nor did she long leave him in doubt that there was in her bosom an abundance of disposable tenderness.

When, in 1851, Eugenie returned to the gay French capital to attend the *fêtes d' Elysée*, Napoleon had become Emperor, and he was anxious to wed, that the hereditary succession promised by France might be secured. He had already sought royal and formal alliance, but had met with nothing but rebuffs from those to whom he had offered his hand in wedlock. That he had a distinct passion for Eugenie there could be no doubt; and Eugenie was quick to comprehend the truth, and take advantage of it. By the exercise of her subtle arts, she added fuel to the flame that was burning in his breast, and at length he declared his love, and offered to share with her his throne.

Eugenie promptly accepted the royal hand. The wedding was celebrated at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and the Emperor, to signalize the event, granted amnesty to several thousand political prisoners.

There was much discussion by the people respecting the marriage. Many commended the Emperor for choosing the woman he loved, while in some quarters there was most pronounced dissatisfaction. Yet even the hearts of those who protested that it was a *mésalliance* were won by the wondrous beauty of the Empress, which appealed strongly to the national vanity.

In due season a son was born of this union, whereat there was great rejoicing among the loyal subjects of the crown. Upon the Prince Imperial rested the hopes of the new dynasty. He grew into a remarkably bright, engaging youth, and his habits were such as gave promise of exalted manhood. The Emperor and the Empress cherished for him the tenderest affection, and the parents' love was requited in full by the son.

Eugenie had all the talents which qualify a woman to achieve social distinction, and she suffered nothing to stand in the way of complete gratification of her ambition. She presided over the most magnificent court in history, and she was acknowledged as an equal by every sovereign of Europe. No princess ever adorned her person with more splendid jewels; none ever dressed more extravagantly. She had a genius for inventing extraordinary effects in dress, and the fashions set by her, many of them frivolous, many of them singularly lovely, were copied by her countrywomen, and by those of other lands. She became the arbitress of fashion for Europe and America, all womankind yielding to her precedence.

To people of our own country Eugenie was particularly gracious. The American colony in Paris in the time of the Second Empire was composed of many wealthy and cultivated families who had mingled much in society both at home and abroad. The ladies were famous for their beauty, their grace, and their superb toilets; the gentlemen were distinguished by their courtly manners; and they lent *eclat* to the social functions at the court that won for them high favor with the Empress. The cordiality and grace of her manner toward them won every heart.

Of the Americans in Paris none had been quicker to catch the tone of court

society, none was more brilliant in accomplishments, or more distinguished in bearing than Doctor Evans. He had a magnificent residence in *Avenue de l' Imperatrice*, and it was his pleasure to sumptuously entertain his countrymen. His sympathies were strongly Napoleonic, and both the Emperor and the Empress held him in high regard. He was a man of parts, with a distinct talent for diplomacy. Such was the confidence reposed in him by Napoleon and Eugenie that he was intrusted by them with important missions to several courts. Possessed of keen powers of perception, penetration, and comprehension, persuasive in conversation, a shrewd reader of character, quick to accommodate himself to any situation, absolute master of himself, possessed of tireless energy, he rarely failed to accomplish any purpcse upon which he set his heart.

The story of Doctor Evans is the story of a life rich in incident and achievement. A native of Philadelphia, when he was yet in his teens he was graduated with high honors from a dental college. Believing that to be a successful dentist he should have the broader education of a physician, he took a degree in medicine. The dentist's art was not then so far advanced in Europe as in America, and this purposeful youth made up his mind to open an office in Paris. "I mean to have as my clients," he declared before leaving home, "all the royalties of Europe." He lived to enjoy that sense of satisfaction which comes from the accomplishment of one's cherished purpose. He had a veritable passion for everything relating to mechanics, and early developed extraordinary professional skill, which, combined with sound business judgment, direct, practical methods, and social aptness and versatility, served him to so good purpose that, within the compass of a few years, he had in his operating chair all the reigning sovereigns of Europe, from the Queen of England to the Czar of Russia and the Sultan of Turkey.

When Louis Napoleon returned to Paris after his exile in London he became a patient of Doctor Evans. The Doctor's sympathies went out to the claimant, and there was no one in that dark period of his career, or in after years, to whom Napoleon opened his heart more freely, or to whom he went more frequently for counsel.

It transpired that, through his influence with Napoleon, Doctor Evans was enabled to do his native country a most important service at a time when it was in the throes of civil strife, and its fate hung trembling in the balance. Napoleon determined to recognize the Southern Confederacy, and was in correspondence with England on the subject, when Doctor Evans went to the Emperor and pleaded eloquently the cause of the Union. "Pray do nothing for a few weeks, at least," he said. "Meantime I will go to America and have a conference with President Lincoln. I have implicit confidence that the North will win, and I am sure that when I return I can convince you of this. You know I have never deceived you, and that when I come back I will make a truthful report to you."

Nepoleon, somewhat reluctantly, agreed to defer action. Doctor Evans went to Washington and obtained from President Lincoln assurances that the rebellion must inevitably fail. While Doctor Evans was on his way back to Paris the North achieved a notable victory, so that he had little difficulty in persuading Napoleon that the Confederacy should not then be recognized. Napoleon now saw clearly that he had been saved from committing a grave error, and he was thankful to the Doctor for his service. He afterwards placed in Doctor Evans' hands the correspondence he had had with the English Foreign Office, and if published, it will be a valuable contribution to history.

Doctor Evans was in the confidence of the imperial government when Baron Haussmann undertook the important work of making over the beautiful French capital; and, having implicit confidence in the future of Paris, he invested largely in real estate. He assisted the Emperor

to design and carry out the vast improvements around the *Bois de Boulogne*, and his own shrewd investments in the vicinity of this now fashionable park were immensely profitable, yielding him several millions of dollars. Real estate, for which in the early days of the imperial *régime* he paid thirty francs the square metre, could not at this day be bought for less than a thousand francs the square metre.

The beautiful home Doctor Evans built for himself in Paris is filled with tokens of esteem and gratitude. All the principal countries of Europe conferred orders upon him, and the sovereigns and their families became not only his patients but his friends. Many of them intrusted to him important secrets, and called upon him for counsel in matters of state. No other American was so implicitly trusted by royalty, or filled so large a place in the world of private diplomacy.

Doctor Evans was called in professional attendance upon the King of Denmark and his family when they were living in comparative poverty in a quiet country place. For many years he was the regular attendant upon the English royal family, and no one ever was more heartily welcomed to Marlborough house. The German imperial family likewise showed him many attentions. One of his first royal patients was the King of Bavaria. For a long term of years he treated the imperial family of Russia. So unnaturally did the teeth of the children of the family grow that a hideous expression was given their faces. The Doctor treated these deformities with great skill, and the teeth were in time trained to a natural position. The Crown Prince of Sweden at one time was on the verge of madness from a pain in his head. The Doctor observed this, and sought to learn the cause of the trouble. "I am desperate and despairing," the Prince said. "I am constantly suffering from the most hideous headaches. If something is not done to relieve me, I shall lose my reason. I have consulted many physicians, but none of them has been able to diagnose my case."

"I believe I know what the trouble is," said Doctor Evans quietly. "You will oblige me by standing upon your head."

The Prince thought the Doctor was jesting.

"If you wish relief," Doctor Evans insisted, "you will comply with my request." Seeing that the Doctor was in earnest, the Prince stood upon his head, and in an instant there gushed from his mouth and nose a discharge of pus.

"I thought so," said the Doctor. "You have an ulcerated tooth, the ulceration having eaten its way back of the nose and created a pus cavity of enormous size. I shall have you cured within a week." The Prince was restored speedily to perfect health, and soon afterward his marriage was celebrated.

When the operation of tracheotomy was performed upon Crown Prince Frederick, Doctor Evans did a rare service. "I must have a silver tube," said Dr. Morrell Mackenzie, "and there is no one here skillful enough to make one."

"I can make one," said Doctor Evans; and, going to a jeweler's shop in San Remo, he put on a workman's apron, and, with blow-pipe and hammer, worked at the bench all night. By morning he had fashioned a beautiful tube out of a five-franc piece.

This trusted friend of royalty watched with interest and often with misgivings the multiplication of events. He realized that, as a soldier, Napoleon had none of the genius of his uncle, and that, as a statesman, he possessed considerable foresight, but had not sufficient strength of character to carry out his own plans. The Empress was the real power behind the throne, and that her whims and caprices might be gratified, France was kept almost incessantly involved in imbroglios and wars. Had Napoleon not had so pliable a nature, had he not been so susceptible to blandishment, many mishaps might have been averted. To Eugenie's evil influence over him and to her mischievous dabbling in political intrigue is attributable the fall of the dynasty. Such was Napoleon's infatua-

tion for this vain, ambitious, wilful woman, that, with a soft word or a tender caress, she could persuade him to do whatsoever she willed; and she willed that he should do many things which he ought not to have done.

Despite that black crime of 1851, by which "in one night liberty was struck down by a hand sworn to protect it; the inviolability of the law, the right of the citizen, the honor of the soldier all disappeared, and there arose the despotism of a personal government founded on the saber, perjury, murder, and assassination," it is not to be doubted that in the earlier years of his reign Napoleon was held in genuine love and reverence by many of the French people, nor that, had he pursued a sound policy, they would have been willing that he remain on the throne indefinitely. But when it dawned upon them that he was incapable of directing the affairs of a great nation like theirs, when it became apparent that the government was corrupt and extravagant and declining in administrative energy, when the gaunt spectre of Want began to stalk through the land, loyal enthusiasm was succeeded by profound disaffection. There grew up a deep sense of national humiliation, and with it was mingled anxiety for civil liberty. The murmurings of discontent grew louder and louder, the situation became graver and graver, and it soon became plain that a crisis was at hand. There were frequent gatherings in the streets of Paris, which had to be dispersed by the police and by squadrons of cavalry. Many were arrested as rioters and revolutionists. The treatment accorded the prisoners served to further outrage public sentiment. They were compelled to sleep on filthy straw, and their food was of the worst. Imperial finances were in a deplorable condition, the country was under a distressing burden of debt, and the increasing army expenditure had not been accompanied by a proportionate increase in the fighting strength of the empire.

If the empire was to be saved, heroic treatment must be applied. The opposition was buoyant, aggressive, and gathering strength rapidly. This was clearly shown by the election of 1869, the imperial government receiving fewer than three-fifths of the total number of votes cast, and the large towns all choosing Republicans. Ninety-three opposition candidates were elected, whereas there were none in 1852, and only five in 1858.

Napoleon and Eugenie were thoroughly alarmed and addressed themselves vigorously to the task of stemming the tide set in against them. They were seconded by M. Oliver, who was at the head of the *quasi*-liberal cabinet, and who had been won over in a private interview with the Emperor and the Empress. Many liberal professions were made, but when, in 1870, the country was appealed to once more for a vote of confidence in the government and in its hereditary character, the answer was so overwhelming and decisive in the negative as to foreshadow a catastrophe.

When "the Hohenzollern incident" arose the Empress, filled with undisguised fear at the fast-gathering signs of opposition to the government, and eager to secure for her son the throne, counselled war, in face of the fact that there was no reasonable pretext for it. Her policy of belligerancy was supported ardently by the courtiers, the parvenus, and the demagogues who surrounded her. She believed that the salvation of the dynasty and the restoration to the imperial crown of the luster it had lost lay in the reawakening of the martial spirit in France. The French nature is of delicate fiber, and its chords respond quickly to the lightest touch. Eugenie, though not to the manner born, had studied it with that rare intuition which belongs only to woman, and had comprehended its weakness and its strength. She knew the national heart could easily be moved to love, to hate, to pity, or to fear, and she conceived that its loyalty to the crown might be won back by an appeal to its passions and prejudices.

The Liberals, who represented the higher interests of the country, and who

saw opening up before them a new vista, opposed war as strenuously as Eugenie and the clerical party at court demanded it.

The Emperor was keenly sensible of the dangers that threatened from within, yet he was desirous of averting war, knowing well that the army was ill-supplied and ill-organized, and that the country was in no condition to wage war. Besides, he believed that the scheme of parliamentary government upon which, in his extremity, he had entered, and the fulfillment of his promise to grant greater liberty to the press, would ultimately dispel the dark cloud that overhung France, and re-ingratiate him into the good graces of his people. But, broken in health, depressed in spirit, and harrassed by fears and perplexities, he had not the strength to combat the evil influences brought to bear upon him, and war was declared.

Europe was electrified. The surprise and excitement were the greater for the reason that it had been generally supposed all cause for war had been removed.

As Eugenie had anticipated, the declaration of war soothed, in a great measure, the feeling of discontent that had pervaded the country, and placed the throne, for a time at least, in a position of security. Despite the fact that to him they owed years of subjection and degradation,—years filled with bitter insults and injuries,—the people for the nonce forgave their Prince, and rallied to his support with a loyalty and enthusiasm that challenged admiration. The nation, which had been agitated by many strong emotions, and which had come to the very verge of another revolution, quickly showed approval of the imperial policy, and seemed, so far as the common people were concerned, nearly purged of the taint of disaffection.

It was not without many gloomy forebodings that Napoleon entered upon the war. His mind was haunted by fear that a crushing catastrophe was soon to overtake him. He did not underestimate the bravery and loyalty of his army, but he did entertain grave fears respecting their capability to cope with the sturdy, well-organized, well-disciplined enemy.

As for Eugenie, her spirits were as buoyant as the Emperor's were depressed. Her whole soul was bent upon one great design, and, casting her horoscope, she saw only visions of conquest and glory. As the army marched away she cried: "This is *my* war!"

Before leaving Paris, Napoleon had issued a stirring proclamation to the people, the opening paragraph of which ran in this wise:

> Frenchmen! there are in the lives of people solemn moments, where national honor, violently excited, imposes itself as an irresistible force, dominates all interests, and takes in hand the destinies of the country. One of these decisive hours has just sounded for France.

It was decreed that, during the absence of the Emperor, the Empress should be Regent. She remained at the Palace of St. Cloud, and set about the discharge of her official duties with enthusiasm.

Soon after the Emperor reached the headquarters of his army a skirmish took place at Saarbrücken, in which was shed the first blood of the war. This skirmish was exploited in an official dispatch as a great affair in which the French had put the enemy to utter rout. Soon afterward the French arms suffered a crushing defeat at Weissenburg; this was followed quickly by two other defeats, that of MacMahon, at Reichshoffen, and that of Frossard, at Forbach. News of the unimportant engagement at Saarbrücken was spread quickly throughout Paris, and was received with exultation. But the government took good care to suppress intelligence of its defeats. The people were tormented by fear and suspense. They had no news of the battle of Weissenburg until they read it in the London *Times* several days after the engagement. They were shocked at the fearful tidings, and indignant and resentful that they should so long have been kept in ignorance of the real condition of affairs. Turbulent crowds gathered in the streets, and ominous threats and menacing cries went up from every quarter. It had

been supposed that defeat was impossible; that the French army would be at the gates of Berlin within eight days!

The Empress-Regent, who, at the outbreak of hostilities, was confident of victory, was now in great distress of mind. The tide of disaster that had set in almost overcame her. To her the nights were sleepless, the days long. Swiftly was retribution coming upon her. She was still at the Palace of St. Cloud when the terrible news of the third defeat reached her. It was late in the night, but she decided to depart forthwith for Paris, and take up her residence at the Tuilleries. The situation was indeed grave when she reached the capital The enemy was on French territory, and decisive, vigorous action must be taken.

By a decree of the Empress-Regent the Senate and the *Corps Legislatif* were convoked, and Paris was declared in a state of siege.

The excitement of the populace now knew no bounds. The scenes witnessed in the streets beggar the power of description. Eugenie, herself in a pitiable state of mind, fearful lest the situation might be further embarrassed by violent outbreaks in the city, issued a proclamation to the people in which she informed them frankly that the French arms had suffered defeat, and adjured them to be firm in their allegiance, and to maintain order whatsoever might happen. The adjuration had little effect.

It was when Paris was under these profound emotions that the stupendous event at Sedan took place. The catastrophe which destroyed the last hope of France for a successful issue of the war was foreshadowed, yet it burst upon the people with crushing force. Strong men, men who willingly would have suffered death for their country's honor, with faces ghastly pale, whispered tremblingly to one another the fearful tidings. Others gave utterance to their feelings in curses and threats. Terror-stricken women, with babes at their breasts and with children clinging to their skirts, rushed madly into the streets wailing pitifully.

When this excitement was at its height the *Corps Legislatif* held a solemn and agitated meeting, and declared Louis Napoleon Bonaparte and his dynasty fallen. A few hours later, Gambetta appeared at a window of the *Hotel de Ville* and, amid the enthusiastic cheers of the multitude, proclaimed the Republic of France.

Meantime Eugenie, violently agitated, remained at the Tuilleries. Her face bore evidence of great mental suffering. The once sparkling eyes were heavy and sunken, and the cheeks, in which had mantled the rich blood of health, were pinched and pallid. A few loving friends were gathered about the grief-stricken woman to offer their support and protection and sympathy in that awful hour.

The flag at the Tuilleries was lowered soon after the Republic was proclaimed, and then sixty thousand human beings, men and women, of every type and condition, raising loud cries of "*Vive la Republique!*" *Vive la France!*" started in a mad rush toward the palace. The noise of the onrushing mob reached the Empress and struck terror to her heart.

The vestibule was quickly invaded, and the soldiery on guard, sympathizing with the mob, removed the cartridges from their guns, and joined in the riot.

Suspecting that the populace had designs upon her, Eugenie decided to attempt an escape. It was a hazardous undertaking, but through the assistance of a few friends, she was enabled to carry it out. Heavily veiled, she stepped into the midst of the mob, and entering a covered *voiture*, was driven hastily to the residence of her old friend, Doctor Evans. Here she remained over night, and in the morning, accompanied by the Doctor and a lady-in-waiting, proceeded in safety to Deauville, on the northern coast of France. At Deauville Sir John Burgoyne, an English gentleman, placed at her disposal his yacht, and in this she crossed the channel, and arrived at the harbor of Ryde.

When it was learned who had assisted

in the escape of Eugenie, Doctor Evans became an object of suspicion and hatred. Threats were frequently made against his life, and for a time it was deemed unsafe for him to ride from his residence to his office without a trusty rifle in his *coupé*. Before the war closed the Doctor organized and carried on at his own expense an ambulance service, and when the people came to see its effects the old bitterness died out, and their hearts went out to him in love and gratitude. So tireless and vigilant was he in this noble work as to excite the admiration of all Europe. At the close of the war Doctor Evans acted as peacemaker and mediator between France and Prussia. When peace was established Prussia offered to bestow upon him, as a mark of her appreciation, the order of the Black Eagle, one of the highest orders in the imperial gift; but the Doctor, believing that the acceptance of such a token might lower him in the esteem of the French, gently declined the honor, giving his reasons for the declination. The King then devised and offered to bestow upon him a special order, and this he graciously accepted.

Scarcely more than two years after the fall of the Empire, Napoleon died; and the announcement of his death was received without show of grief by the country over which he had ruled.

Eugenie is still alive, but the world gossips of her no more. She has a comfortable home at Chiselhurst, Kent, and here she is passing the winter of her life in communion with the years that are gone. Her son was killed in Zululand in 1879, and there is left no one to comfort her in her old age. Her hair is white, and her face, once so beautiful, is wrinkled and careworn. Her mental faculties, however, are unimpaired, and she devotes most of her time to literary labor. Several years ago she set about the task of writing her memoirs, and, though the work is exacting, she never has lost interest in it, nor signified any desire or intention of laying down her pen until it is finished.

Occasionally Eugenie visits Paris, but the beautiful city she loves so well pays her no tribute of affection. Most of those who were prominent in affairs when she was the most famous woman of Europe have closed their eyes in death. She herself is a mere ghost of the past, and soon the book of her life,—a book in which is written much that is brilliant, much that is romantic, and much that is sad and pathetic,—will be closed forever.

Doctor Evans died at his home in Paris, November 14th, last. He had visited the United States in August, bringing with him for interment, at Philadelphia, the body of his wife; and at that time, despite his advanced age, for he was in his seventy-sixth year, there was not a gray hair in his head and he appeared to be in rugged health. His body will be brought to this country for interment, it being his expressed wish that he be laid to rest beside his wife. His fortune is estimated at from $25,000,000 to $35,000,000. He had no children, and his will makes provision that a great portion of his vast estate shall go to charitable and educational institutions in Europe and America.

THE NIGHT.

A WORLD in white, and dark descending fast;
The thin flakes fluttering along the blast:
A world without 'neath wild and burdened skies,
And I within, with dreams and memories.

Elmer T. Weiser.

The Midland's Fiction Department.

LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT.

STORY OF A SOMEWHAT UNCONVENTIONAL WEDDING IN A COLORADO MINING CAMP, AS RELATED TO THE AUTHOR BY HER FATHER.

By Alice Kellogg Hunt.

THE sun had just sunk behind the snow-capped peaks of the mountains, and its reflection, lingering a moment on the opposite hills, touched them with a golden light which turned trees and rocks and rough pine shaft-houses to a picture rivaling the garden of King Midas of old. A rough trail wound its way down the mountain side, and several smaller trails, dim and uncertain, joined it and seemed to reinforce it until at the bottom it was merged into the pretentious "Main street" of the little mining camp below.

Slowly the light faded from the hillsides and the miners one by one straggled down the trails or came in groups from the "Laughing Molly" high up on the mountain. Some of them were bronzed and beardless; some were grizzled and old; others were pale and colorless like plants grown in a cellar with never a ray of sunlight. But to a stranger standing below there would have been no difference, for the uniform was the same with all—blouse and overalls, which had once been blue, high boots into which the trousers were crammed; a soft hat bent into most inconceivable shapes such as would delight the heart of a modern milliner, the whole costume splashed with mud and daubed with the white gouge from the mines; in one hand a tin dinner-bucket and in the other a piece of float or a sample of ore from the latest strike.

Such was the population of Ox Tail in 1861.

As the last of the miners emerged from behind the yellow clay of his dump, his eye rested on the scene below him. The leaves on the quaking-asp trees were yellow and rustled in the breeze. The cones on the pine trees had lost their green and purple tints and now hung dry and brown. The man sighed and started down the trail wondering if his pard would have the grub ready. He was above the medium height, with dark brown hair and beard, gray eyes and a strong, intelligent and kindly face. He might have been forty years old. His dignified bearing gave him a somewhat distinguished air and may have had something to do with the bestowal of his title —that of "Judge."

The title, was not, however, an empty honor, for Judge Sharp was president of the miners' meetings and presiding judge at the miners' trials in Ox Tail district, Gilpin county, Colorado.

As he turned into Main street his attention was attracted to a group standing around a covered wagon just beyond the farthest cabin. He quickened his pace, for new arrivals were not common in Ox Tail, and he wondered what had drawn the wayfarers hither. The crowd saw him coming and instinctively made way for the most distinguished citizen of the camp.

But it was not for the judge that the heads were uncovered, that the voices were strangely gentle. For there in the midst of the group, seated on the tongue of the wagon, sat a girl not more than sixteen years of age holding in her arms a baby only a few months old. It was a simple picture, but to the miners, who had not seen a woman or child for months, Raphael's Madonna could not have seemed more beautiful. The girl sat there quietly, with her big, black eyes surveying critically the men around

her. The baby she held close in her strong young arms, its little dark head nestled against her breast, feeding lustily.

The oxen grazed contentedly in the background by the edge of the little stream. Tall goldenrod grew by the roadside and the delicate blue-fringed gentians dotted the bank of the creek.

One of the men whispered to the judge as he passed: "Somethin's got to be done for the lady."

Judge Sharp walked straight up to the woman, took off his slouch hat and said, looking down at her: "Madam, you seem to be alone; is there anything we can do for you?"

She raised her eyes slowly to the newcomer's face, with a sort of childish wonder, then a stubborn and rebellious look came into them.

"Yes, we're alone," she said simply.

She glanced at the child in her arms, then up at her questioner. She noted the kind look in the gray eyes, and saw too, how the men made way for him, and what respectful attention they gave him. She hesitated only a moment, then slowly began her story.

"Well, Cap'n, this here's the way it wuz. I wuz married in Mizzury, more'n a year ago. My folks wuzn't willin fer the match cos he wuz a right smart older than me; an' furder, they 'lowed as how he wouldn't be good to me. But I wuz set on havin' him; so one day we went to the squire's and got married. I never went home to my folks no more, but him an' me went to a cabin on a farm where he lived an' had a patch o' ground rented. But they wusn't much enjoyment in work —to him—an' crops wuz no good, an' he heerd 'bout the gold in Coloraydo, so las' spring he fixed up this outfit an' we started fer Pike's Peak diggins.

"We've been down around Denver an' some o' them places fer awhile, but he's ben treatin' me mighty mean fer a long time. Las' night he tol' me thet he wuz goin' to leave me, an' I'd never see him agin, an' that I might have the oxen an' everythin' ther wuz here, an' fer me to take keer o' the baby an' that he wuz a goin' to rack out. Thet wuz 'bout midnight, I guess; an' he crawled out o' the wagon an' I ain't seen nuthin' uv him sense. I dunno jist whut I better do."

She stopped, and for a moment the silence could almost be felt. Then the baby stirred and she began to sway it back and forth on her knees. The miners shifted from one foot to the other. The judge looked at her a moment in evident perplexity and then asked abruptly: "Have you had anything to eat to-day?"

The woman smiled. "O, bless you, yes," she said. "We've got a right smart of grub left in the wagon there."

Judge Sharp smiled too, then his face grew serious again. He stood for a moment in deep thought, then, turning to a young man by his side, who had the honor of acting as sheriff of the mining district, he said: "Jack Alston, you notify all the boys that there will be a miners' meeting at eight o'clock to-night to consider this woman's case, and I want you all to be there. And, Jack, you look after *her*"—waving his head and large thumb toward the wagon—"till then, and see that she has wood and water and everything she needs; and probably you'd better send a couple of men out to see if her oxen are all right; and you bring her to the meeting to-night."

The woman rose. Her sunbonnet had fallen back and showed her black hair parted and drawn back into a knot. A few wilful locks had escaped and strayed in wavy lines over her clear, dark forehead. She held the baby against her shoulder and stood looking after the judge. He lifted his hat and started toward his cabin, but stopped and glanced over his shoulder at the woman.

"We'll see what can be done for you," he said.

The crowd dispersed quietly, and the woman was left with her protector, Jack Alston. Soon the fire was blazing cheerfully, the battered coffee-pot hung low over the flames, bacon was sizzling in the long-handled frying-pan, the oxen had

been tethered for the night, and, having seen the child comfortably settled in the only cradle it had ever known—the rough spring seat—the sheriff felt the duties of his office had been fulfilled and quietly withdrew.

The twilight deepened and the white cover of the wagon in the shadow of the dark mountains looked weird and ghostly as the blaze of the pine knots lighted the plain and seemed to mock with its dance and fling at the grand solemnity of its surroundings.

The woman busied herself with her preparations for supper. The baby slept peacefully, and she ate in silence. Then, glancing at the stars, she thought of the meeting in her behalf. She shook out her long dark hair, and as it fell round her face while she sat looking into the fire she seemed more a child than ever. The look of utter fearlessness and independence was gone, and the round eyes seemed filled with wonder and bewilderment. But when the child cried and she rose and took it in her arms and soothed it, the look of determination came back into her face.

Promptly at the appointed hour the entire population of the camp was assembled—the judge on the bench, the recorder with the records of the district, the sheriff with the woman and baby, and more than two hundred and fifty miners. Some occupied the rough pine benches; some, less fortunate, leaned against the wall, while others crowded around the window and door.

In one corner of the room a little deep, black fireplace was filled with gnarled and knotted pine wood, round which the flames twisted and writhed like fiery serpents. Little tongues of flame shot out and licked up the pitch ravenously, and tiny globules of flame dropped on the blackened hearth-stone, and burned themselves out while others took their places.

Not a sound was heard, save the steady roar of the fire, until Judge Sharp rose and briefly stated that he had called the miners together to decide what was best to be done for the woman and child who had been deserted and left amongst them. Then, turning to the woman, he said:

"Madam, stand up and be sworn, according to law."

Every eye was fixed upon her as she stood there in the flood of yellow light and took the oath.

"And now," he went on, looking down with the same kind light in his eyes which she had seen come into them at his first sight of one needing protection, "will you tell us all about your case once more?"

The story was the same that many of them had heard before, but the attention and interest were unabated. When she had finished and taken her seat, the judge addressed the men before him:

"Our rules and regulations do not provide for such a case as this in so many words; but I suppose that section 22, which says that 'The miners' meeting shall have power to dispose of all matters that may come before it pertaining to any resident of this district,' might be held to cover a case of this kind, if the woman and child claim to be residents of this district."

He waited a moment for an answer. The sheriff rose slowly, and looking straight at the judge, replied:

"Your honor, I don't know whether this case comes within the rules and regulations or not; but I do know one thing, that if that ornery cuss was here, I'd challenge him to fight me at sun-rise tomorrow morning, according to the rules and regulations of this district."*

The judge merely remarked, "If he were here that would be a proper thing to do; but as he is not here, nor likely to be, we will have to decide what is best to be done under the circumstances."

Jack Alston sat down. A man in one corner threw a few pieces of wood on the dying fire. The sparks shot upward as though to escape, and the coals on the hearth faded to an ashen gray.

*In some of the mining districts of the West, in an early day, the rules and regulations provided the details for conducting duels.

The girl's eyes were fixed on the judge when he asked, "Do you claim to be a resident of this mining district?"

She answered solemnly, "I do."

"The recorder will enter the name of this woman as a resident of this district," said the judge. Then as he chanced to remember that the acquaintance had begun without an introduction, he asked, "By the way, Madam, what is your name?"

"Jane Sloan."

The scratch of the recorder's pen as the claim of citizenship was duly recorded, and a whispered consultation in the farther end of the room disturbed the silence.

Then Dr. Snuffers, a large man, with a grizzled and tangled beard, who had been leaning against the wall, straightened himself on both feet and in a thin voice piped out, "Mr. President, I have two resolutions to offer. First, that the bonds of matrimony heretofore existing between —excuse me madam, but what is your husband's name?"

"Sandy Sloan."

"Resolved that the bonds of matrimony heretofore existing between Sandy Sloan and Jane Sloan, his wife, be, and the same are hereby dissolved, and she, the said Jane Sloan, is restored to all the rights and privileges of an unmarried person.

"Second, that the oxen, wagon, and all the property lately belonging to one Sandy Sloan, be, and the same are the property of Jane Sloan, a resident of this district."

"I second the motion," came in a deep bass voice from the window.

Very little discussion followed. The resolutions were adopted and duly entered in the minutes of the district by the recorder.

"The position of this woman," Judge Sharp began, "is very trying; without friend or relative to give her care and protection. Of course any man in this district would die rather than see her abused. The sheriff will see that her wants are supplied; but it is a very delicate matter; he has a wife back in the states."

The judge proceeded hesitatingly: "If there is some single man here who feels like proposing marriage to the woman at this time, it would be in order and eminently proper."

A murmur was heard in different parts of the room. Then a man well known to all arose and enquired somewhat fearfully:

"Judge, do you think I'm a proper person to propose to marry Mrs. Sloan? For if you do, I'm ready to marry her this minute if it's agreeable to all concerned."

During the hush which followed, the judge invited the man, Mr. Kiefe, to come forward, and the introduction proceeded thus:

"Mrs. Sloan, this is Bert Kiefe, an honest, industrious man, who is at present working on my mine. If you think you could marry him, I think he would treat you and the child well, and make you a good living."

During this ceremony Kiefe stood there, looking very red and uncomfortable, but determination showed in every line of his face and figure.

The woman eyed him critically for what seemed to the assembly a long time. Finally she turned to the judge and said: "If you think it's all right, I b'lieve I'll take 'im."

Judge Sharp put the motion. "You who favor the marriage of this man, Bert Kiefe, to this woman, Jane Sloan, say aye."

The roar of ayes might have been heard a mile, and startled the oxen near by.

"Opposed, no!"

Absolute silence reigned. The girl's cheeks were flushed, her eyes downcast.

"Jane Sloan, stand up and give this man your right hand," said the judge.

She obeyed silently. Sheriff Alston took the sleeping child in his arms, and the ceremony proceeded:

"Bert Kiefe, do you take this woman to be your wedded wife?"

The answer came firmly, "I do."

"Jane Sloan, do you take this man to be your lawful husband?" She inclined her head, but her words were inaudible.

"Then," said the judge, "by the authority vested in me by the votes of the miners of Ox Tail district, Gilpin county, Colorado, I pronounce you man and wife. May God add His blessing!"

He stepped forward and shook hands with the bride and groom, and, stooping kissed the child in the sheriff's arms. The miners crowded around them with vigorous expressions of good wishes and awkward, though none the less hearty, congratulations.

The meeting was again called to order. The judge reminded the men that the business was not quite finished, and, amid much confusion the newly married pair were seated. The recorder was then instructed to enter the proceedings at length upon the minutes of the mining district and furnish a certified copy of the record to the bride.

Then the meeting adjourned and the wedding procession filed out into the night, Bert Kiefe carrying the baby and the judge escorting the bride, led the way to where the wagon stood among the trees, its white cover gleaming in the starlight. There the party halted, three rousing cheers were given and the men turned back to their cabins, happier than they had been for many a day.

LITTLE JIM'S CHRISTMAS.

By Norman H. Crowell.

SPECK and Cooney were pards. Speck was an undersized lad of eleven; Cooney was somewhat taller, though lacking a year of his chum's age. Cooney was a negro, but the layer of *terra firma* that clung with perennial tenacity to his companion's countenance made it a matter of some difficulty to distinguish the difference in race.

On the street corner Speck stopped long enough to say between his chattering teeth, "I'll git me papes an' be at de stan' in fi' minutes," and then he was off.

Cooney hitched up his blacking kit and set off up the thoroughfare in the direction of the "stand."

"Huh," remarked Cooney, as he picked his way through the crowds, "seems ter me dey's a pile o' guys out dis mornin', an' hit ain't eight yit."

On his arrival at the stand Cooney at once pitched into his work. He was a little curious to know the cause of the strong demand for shines, but was too busy to ask questions. Speck soon appeared, his arms loaded down with morning papers, which he proceeded to dish out like hot cakes.

"Whew! we needs a clerk, pard, don't we?" panted Cooney as he watched the rapidly decreasing pile of papers.

"Yer right," answered Speck.

Presently Speck ceased his cry of "Her-ald — Trib-une — Times!" and dashed off after a fresh bundle of papers. He was not long in getting back with his supply, and began to rake in the pennies and nickels again.

During a lull in the shining department, Cooney put his mouth to his pard's ear and whispered, "D'ye know wot makes dis crowd?" Termorrer's Christmas. Dat's wot!"

"Yer don't say!" exclaimed Speck.

"In course I do, fer I jess quizzed a guy wid a red tie an' he tole me."

"Not chicken an' turk' an' all dem, is it?"

"Dat's wot exakly."

Speck found time to satisfy his curi-

osity by interviewing a policeman standing near, and they talked so long that Cooney broke in with "Come back here an' tend to biz, kid! D'ye t'ink I wuz guffin' ye?"

Speck skipped back to his station and devoted himself to supplying the demand for papers.

He was suddenly startled by hearing Cooney shout, "Hol' on, mister! Yer drapped somet'in'," and turned in time to see his dusky pard plunge into the throng and disappear in hot pursuit of some one.

"Where's he going?" asked a customer, as he took a Herald from Speck's nimble fingers.

"Cooney? O, he prob'bly got er fi' cent piece o' some guy's, an' he'll go forty blocks ter ketch 'im. He's de hones'est nig wot I ever saw."

Cooney came back presently and sat down for a few moments' rest.

"Wot wuz ye so cracked after, pard?"

Cooney was too short of breath to make verbal answer, and simply held up to his friend's gaze a crisp, crinkling greenback.

Speck took it in his fingers and fondled it a moment. "Say, dis is er fi' dollar bill, cully! Wot a chump ter be tryin' ter git rid o' a bernanza like dis! Mighty good t'ing ye didn't ketch de mug."

"I ketched 'im jess ther same. I runs up an' says, 'Yer drapped somet'in',' an' he swipes at me an tells me ter 'clean out,' an' I jess nachelly brought back de paper."

"Wot'll we do wid it?"

"Yer got me dare, pard."

"Less blow 'er in fer a w'oppin' big turk' fer Christmas. Wot d'yer say?"

"Ye kin count me in on dat," said Cooney, showing his white teeth in a broad grin of anticipation. Speck proceeded to stow the wealth away in the lining of his battered old cap, while Cooney turned his attention to his neglected department.

In a little while the pangs of hunger became so acute that business was suspended while they went in search of food. On the strength of their sudden wealth the boys entered a restaurant and called for two big dishes of baked beans.

"Don't ye wisht some o' de kids could see us now?" asked Speck, as the steaming dishes were set before them.

"Um-um-um!" replied Cooney, as a mouthful of the hot viands caused the tears to start from his eyes.

Outside, the throngs of holiday shoppers surged to and fro, bent on their errands of friendship or charity. Stores and markets were besieged with throngs of eager, impatient customers.

Cooney gazed out at the hurrying mass of humanity for several moments and then asked, in an anxious tone, "Say, Speck, don't ye t'ink we better git de turk' 'fore dey's all gone?"

"Yep. Finish yer beans!"

The beans "finished," the boys hastened out in search of the turkey and threaded their way to the nearest market.

"Gimme yer kit an' skip in 'n git de bigges' dey got," said Speck as they reached the door.

Cooney disappeared inside and, after a delay that caused his waiting chum considerable anxiety, emerged bearing in his arms a huge bundle, his dusky features wreathed in a smile which he strove ineffectually to dispel.

Farther up the street, Speck slipped into a shop and invested in two very large and juicy cranberry pies, which he proudly exhibited to his companion's inspection. Many amused glances were cast at the odd-looking couple as they stood in enthusiastic contemplation of their possessions.

Suddenly a complication hitherto unthought of presented itself to Cooney's mind and he inquired, "How's we goin' to git dis bird cooked?"

"Dat's dead easy. De ol' washer'oman in de alley'll cook it on shares. See?"

"Um-um. Won't we be in it?" and Cooney smacked his lips vigorously at the thought. The lads turned their steps in the direction of Scrapper's Alley. On the way Cooney's attention was attracted by a bright yellow sign tacked on the door of

a dilapidated tenement house, and he asked his pard as to its character.

"W'y, dat's Little Jim's scarlet fever sign. Ye know Jim's been sick fer t'ree weeks an' ther kid's real bad, dey say."

"Ye don't mean it?"

"Yep. I seed Larry yistiddy an' he said Jim wuz weak ez a cat an' his mother an' sister wuz—wuz 'bout starvin'."

"Starvin'?" Cooney stopped in his tracks and set the huge bundle tenderly down on the pavement.

Speck must have anticipated his chum's thoughts for he spoke up, ', Pard, I've er notion to jess give 'em ther cranb'ry pies."

"An' I'll t'row in my half o' de turk'."

"An' mine too. Less go back."

The lads retraced their steps to the house with the yellow sign; silently entered the door, and stole softly up the single flight of stairs that led to their sick friend's room. On the landing a voice from the sick-room met their ears and they stopped to listen. It was the weak voice of Little Jim.

"Mother," it said, "can't ye git me some more o' thet soup?"

In an almost inaudible voice came the answer: "My poor boy, there is no more. I'll try to have something nice for you tomorrow if I can."

The ragged urchins outside looked at each other in silence, then hastily deposited the turkey and pies on the floor in front of the sick lad's door. Another moment and the boys had fished up their dimes, nickles and pennies and, with the balance of the five-dollar bill, piled it on the uppermost pie.

Cooney turned to leave but Speck laid a detaining hand on his arm. "Hol' on! Less leave er card like de swells do."

"Who's goin' ter write it?" asked Cooney incredulously.

"Me, o' course. I learnt to write in a mission w'en I wuz a kid. It's easy."

Upon a pasteboard box cover Speck laboriously inscribed, with a blue pencil dug from the depths of his dilapidated garments:

"LITEL JIM. MeRy CRiSSmaSS."

In the corner he put, in smaller letters, the words,

"Spek an Coony."

The card was placed on top of the packages and the boys silently retraced their steps to the street, where they mingled with the hurrying throng.

. . . . . .

Christmas morning dawned clear and bright. Business at the stand was dull, as everybody seemed to be at home making preparations for the Christmas services or enjoying a day of rest. After an hour spent in a fruitless attempt to make a penny the hungry lads moved up the street.

"Got any tin, Cooney?" asked Speck.

"Not a cent."

"I'm—I'm hungry. I wisht—I wisht—."

"Wot do ye wisht?"

"Nuttin'. Say, I wonder ef Jim's eatin' de turk?"

"Less go 'n see," observed Cooney.

Silently the lads stole up the rickety stairs and approached the sick chamber. The air was filled with the savory odor of roast turkey, and Cooney's eyes rolled as he sniffed it. Speck could not resist the temptation to look through the key-hole. Cooney had to pull him away to get a chance to see for himself.

Propped up in an old arm-chair was Little Jim with a big piece of turkey on a dish across his knees. His mother and sister were just sitting down to the little table on which the huge fowl lay steaming. The lads' heads lowered as Jim's mother pronounced a blessing on the repast, and the tears sprung to their eyes as she mentioned their names in her prayer of thankfulness. Hastily brushing away the tears, the urchins descended the stairs and were several blocks away before Cooney could trust his voice. Then he spoke:

"Speck, dis is de bes' Christmas I ever had."

"Yer right, pard. She's a lulu."

PROVIDENCE AND THE TWINS.

By Della R. Sheldahl.

I.

MISS ABIGAIL DEAN'S house stood on an elevation overlooking the straggling little town of Woonstock. It was a substantial looking, though somewhat shabby, old house, that seemed to have snuggled down and gone to sleep between two big elms, that drooped their graceful branches over its roof.

The March wind howled and shrieked, and shook the casements with vindictive force; the tall elms swayed and bent, and rose again with every passing gust. Miss Abigail laid aside her sewing and replenished the fire, which crackled and snapped and twined its myriad brilliant tongues greedily about the dry, brown wood.

Suddenly there was a crash in the direction of the kitchen.

"Bless me! the twins!" ejaculated Miss Abigail. "What *are* they up to now? Something's broke this time," and she hastened to investigate. Dark shadows lurked in the corners of the big, roomy kitchen, but close by the west window, a broad shaft of fading light revealed two small figures, and between them on the floor, a shattered flower-pot, the soft petals of the geranium mingling with the damp earth that marred the floor.

"Ben did it," quavered Bess, faintly.

"Bess made me; she told me to smell it," retorted that small descendant of Adam, anxious to defend himself.

"And you smelled it clear off the shelf, did you?" said Miss Abigail, severely. "Well, now see how long you can sit still while I clean up this muss."

The two small culprits sat down and stared at each other in solemn, reproachful silence. They were twins and as alike as two brown sparrows. Indeed, it was only Ben's very abbreviated pantaloons, that saved him from being called "Bess," twenty times a day. Playing horse with the chairs, building clothes-pin railroads, and falling downstairs had constituted their chief amusement, during the afternoon, and Miss Abigail felt that patience had almost ceased to be a virtue.

Indeed, if they were anybody's children but Lisby's, her patience would have been exhausted long ago. But Lisby was her girlhood's dearest friend, and that spontaneous affection, born of early association, blossomed into fruit of mutual love and helpfulness in womanhood. For when Lisby, after a brief married life, was left to face the world, with two helpless children, it was Abigail's outstretched hand, and kindly sympathy, that did most to encourage the sorrowing widow.

A neat seamstress, Lisby soon obtained work, and was thus able to provide for herself and little ones in a humble but comfortable way. She usually sewed at home, but having frequent occasion to be absent a half-day, she left the children with Miss Dean.

Bess and Ben sat very mute and mouse-like while Miss Abigail transferred the fallen flower to a green tin can, and swept up the last vestige of dirt and crockery from the shining floor.

Presently Ben heaved a deep sigh. His small soul was oppressed by the loss of Miss Abigail's good opinion, and the consequent forfeiture of various other good things. The sigh was echoed or rather, repeated, by Bess, in a truly touching manner. But Miss Abigail only smiled to herself, and went on with her work. Bess sighed again,–this time it was almost a groan. Still no result.

Then she spoke. "Wish I'ze home, I know what I'd do," directing a wise and mysterious look at Ben.

"What?" inquired Ben.

"Ef I'ze home, I'd ask for some bread an' jam," replied Bess, looking straight at Miss Abigail's back.

When Lisby arrived, ten minutes later

the twins were sitting snugly side by side, on a cushioned box in the kitchen corner, devouring slices of bread and jam the size of which was only equaled by the strength of their appetites.

The little woman's pale face lighted with pleasure at the sight.

"I declare! Abby, I don't wonder the children like to stay with you. You're truly our good Samaritan, and I don't see how we can ever repay you."

"O, bother," said Miss Abigail, "take off your things, and stay to supper."

"Can't indeed, much as I'd like to."

"O, do, mamma, do," clamored the twins, with their mouths full.

But Lisby shook her head. "Get your wraps quick, dears, we must be off, I've three good hours' sewing yet before bedtime. O, by the way, Abby, guess whom I saw to-day — met him at the store — why, Dick Lancy."

"Dick Lancy!" Abigail repeated the name in a quick, startled way, and the hand holding Ben's cap and mittens, dropped to her side.

"Yes Dick Lancy," went on Lisby, absorbed in Bess's fastenings; "just got back yesterday. He's been gone ten years or more, hasn't he? He looks just as he used to, — only older of course."

Abigail was tying Ben's muffler with a vehemence that threatened to choke him, had he not broken loose and scampered away.

"He asked all about the old schoolboys and girls, particularly, you, Abby. I expect he'll be coming to call. He hadn't heard of your father's death, and seemed glad to know that you still were comfortably settled in the old home. I—"

But at this juncture there was a wail from Bess, who, in trying to follow Ben through a hole in the fence had caught her dress and was held prisoner, while the ungallant brother went pattering down the hill.

Lisby hastened to the rescue, with a hurried "good-bye" and, closing the door, Abigail sat down, a strangely disturbed expression on her usually placid countenance.

"Dick Lancy!" how the flood-gates of memory opened at that name! And the swift gathering tide of recollections carried her over the vista of years, till she stood once more on the enchanted isle of Youth, and revelled in the sunshine of bright anticipations. Every wave of memory bore on its crest the handsome face of Dick Lancy, her old-time comrade and whilom lover. Since the day he first drew her to school on his little red sled he had been the hero of her dreams, the center of her fondest imaginations. Her quiet admiration possessed just the touch of reverence necessary to gratify Dick's vanity and feed his self-conceit. He came and went, as fancy pleased him, always gay, often lover-like in his attentions to the shy, awkward girl. Then suddenly, without warning, Dick Lancy had dropped out of her life, and Abigail found herself gazing at the blank wall of Disappointment. For a time she hoped for a letter, but none came; and, by and by, after her father's death, Abigail put aside her hopes along with other mementoes of Dick, and went on living an honest, useful, peaceful life, as a sensible woman should live.

The old house with its small plot of ground, together with three hundred dollars in the bank, constituted her fortune, while her immediate wants were amply supplied by the sale of eggs, butter and chickens.

Sitting there in the twilight, living over again the years of fact and fancy, Abigail experienced a twinge of feeling that was not altogether curiosity, regarding Dick's unexpected return.

The sound of an opening door recalled her to present realities. It was the school-ma'am, who boarded with her.

Rising hastily, Abigail entered an inner room and closed the door softly. Then lighting a lamp and, standing before the wide old-fashioned mirror, she sternly scrutinized the image reflected therein. The tall form was stiffly erect, and thin to angularity; the complexion sallow; the mouth wide and thin-lipped but with a redeeming upward curve at the corners. The hair, dark brown in color, thin and

straight, was drawn severely back and twisted into a hard little knot. There were fine lines about the serious gray eyes, and across the low forehead, and Miss Abigail looked every day of her thirty-five years.

Evidently the inspection was unsatisfactory, for, turning suddenly, with a half-suppressed sigh, she blew out the light, opened the door and went about her household duties. Yet a subdued excitement betrayed itself in her actions the remainder of the evening, and she started at every sound.

After the evening meal, the little schoolma'am was struck with amazement by Miss Abigail timidly begging the loan of her curling iron. And when, after an hour's laborious "fixing," that estimable woman reappeared, arrayed in her best black dress with a row of prim little curls on her forehead, and a burnt finger on her left hand, and sedately seated herself in the rocker, Miss Thatcher lapsed into a state of curiosity bordering on desperation.

But the evening passed without interruption, and Miss Thatcher was ultimately obliged to betake herself and her curiosity to bed, unsatisfied.

When she came down to breakfast next morning, Miss Abigail was her practical, sensible self again. Looking at the brown hair, guiltless of quirk or wrinkle, brushed stiffly back and drawn into a harder, more aggressive knot than usual, Miss Thatcher vaguely wondered if last night were a dream.

After her departure, Abigail took herself severely to task. "Just to think," she mused, with a savage little thrust at the dough she was molding. "Just to think, what a fool I was last night, a primpin' and curlin' my hair and takin' on so, because I heard Dick Lancy had come back. Goodness knows, I'm old enough to have more sense. Like as not he's gone again, and if he ain't, I wouldn't go three steps out of my way to see him. I must a been possessed to — Gracious me! who's that?" as a resounding knock broke in upon her soliloquy.

She set down the bread pan in startled dismay, wiped her hands and instinctively smoothed her hair before answering the summons.

On opening the door, her wits went wool-gathering and her strength forsook her, under the spell of Dick Lancy's handsome blue eyes and familiar smile.

"I was just passing," he explained, "and thought I must stop a minute. May I come in, Abby? It's like coming home to get back here again."

And Abigail led the way to the best room, where she sat stiffly on the edge of her chair in a vain endeavor to appear at ease, while she listened to the ready tongue of her visitor.

He was handsome and well dressed, and Abigail felt a little inward shrinking at thought of her own plainness. She was dimly conscious that Dick talked all the time, and held her hand for a moment at the door, and that he departed with her permission to call again that evening.

For the remainder of the day the demon of unrest seemed to possess her. She swept and dusted and scrubbed and scoured, though the result was scarcely noticeable, owing to the fact that things were already faultlessly clean.

And when Miss Thatcher returned in the evening a row of stiff little curls again adorned Abigail's meek forehead, while a tucked white apron and a bow of blue ribbon added to the general air of expectancy.

But this time the mystery was explained by the appearance of Mr. Dick Lancy, who proved a most agreeable and entertaining guest.

And thus it came about that as time slipped by and the changeful days of April gave place to balmy June, and the golden, drowsy summer drew on apace, Dick Lancy became a frequent and welcome visitor at the Dean home.

As for Abigail, she seemed to renew her unfinished youth. She curled her hair and wore bright ribbons, and indulged in two new dresses at one time. The neighbors noticed it and talked, as

neighbors will talk. The twins vaguely associated Dick Lancy's frequent visits with an alarming shortage in the supply of sweetmeats Aunt Abby had hitherto lavished on them.

Lisby looked on with grave but silent disapproval. "I know he's a hypocrite, I just *know* it," she sighed, bending over her daily task at the sewing machine; "and how Abigail can be so blind to his faults I don't understand. If she marries him she'll have him to support, for I know he won't work, and I'm sure he hasn't anything."

Lisby's fears were in no wise allayed by further news she learned that evening. Mother Thompson, who had obligingly stopped to bring Lisby a letter from the post-office, launched forth into the subject with an unmistakable willingness both to give and to receive information.

"They do say he's a-tryin' to git Abigail to sell the place so as he can git hold of the money. It's my opinion she'd better hold on to it though, for it's a better home 'n he's likely to give her."

"Surely Abby wouldn't do that," said Lisby, startled in spite of herself.

"Well my Henry overheard Dick a parley'n with old Ezra Bland about it. You know Bland's proputty jines hers. And Bland said if Abigail would sell cheap enough mebbe he'd buy."

"Well, the home is worth more to Abigail than it will ever be to Mr. Bland, and she surely won't part with it," said Lisby, crushing down her rising conviction.

When her visitor had gone, Lisby opened her letter. It was from a cousin stating that her aunt Elizabeth Marshall, whose namesake she was, lay dangerously ill at her home, forty miles away. Could she come at once? Lisby reflected, she ought to go—Aunt Elizabeth was her dead mother's only sister; yes—she must go—but how? There was Bess and Ben to be looked after. She could not take them unprepared, and to such a place as that. No, she must give it up unless—unless—Abigail would keep them. Of late she had refrained from burdening Abigail with care of them; but surely she would be willing to assist in this emergency. Her resolution was soon taken, and, arriving at Abigail's home, not even the presence of Dick Lancy deterred her from asking the favor.

"I will not be gone longer than three or four days, at most," she said after Abigail with her customary kindness had agreed to take charge of the little ones.

The following morning found Lisby fairly off on her journey, while the twins waxed hilarious in Miss Dean's flower-gemmed front yard.

Rosy and noisy and gay, their merry pranks and childish caresses touched Abigail's heart, as well as took up her time.

They romped and feasted, walked fences and climbed trees, bumped their heads and tore their clothes and fell off the gate-post or into the rain-barrel by way of occasional variation.

Every night found them rosy, and weary, and heavy with healthful slumber. Every morning saw them fresh and buoyant with renewed vigor and animation. And thus passed three days of Lisby's absence.

The morning of the fourth, found Abigail looking worn and haggard as she went silently about her duties.

Now and then a tear glistened in her eye, but she whisked it away, lest it be detected. She felt nervous and unstrung, for in the little brown trunk in her bedroom lay a check from Ezra Bland for five hundred dollars, and in exchange Bland held a deed, signed by Abigail herself, to the house and acre lot which was the only home she had ever known. And this was the result of Dick Lancy's tender persuasion.

"I need the money, dear," he had said in his soft caressing voice, "only as security, you understand, in a business contract I'm about to make. It will be perfectly safe, and besides, when we are married, we want to live where you can have more advantages and enjoyment than you could in this poky place. So we had best dispose of the property now, while Bland is in the notion. Then I

can complete arrangements with the parties at New Hampton; and that off my mind, we'll be married at once and leave for good."

All this had sounded plausible, even promising, when Dick was near; but, left to herself, Abigail dared not turn the light of her better judgment upon the plan. She felt a little twinge of remorse for not having confided in Lisby, and her heart grew heavy at thought of leaving her and the children.

"Seems 'most like they belong to me—I'll miss 'em dreadfully," she said, furtively applying the gingham apron to her eyes, as she watched the twins dodge in and out among the hollyhocks and roses. "If only Dick would be content to stay here—if only—" But ifs and onlys were out of the question, for, that very day, according to agreement, she was to go to the bank, cash Mr. Bland's check and draw the other three hundred already placed to her credit. In the evening Dick was coming to take charge of the money, and on the morrow, they would be quietly married.

Directly after noon Abigail set out for the bank, less than a half mile distant from her home. She was painfully self-conscious and ill at ease, as she walked down the main street of Woonstock and entered the building. It seemed to her that every person she met must guess her business. But the errand was soon accomplished and she hastened back with eight hundred dollars, snugly tied up in a small oiled-silk bag.

Bess and Ben, who had been left with a neighbor, came racing down the hill to meet her, as she hurried along, feeling like a thief and looking like a ghost.

"O Aunt Abby, we've been to a show. Joe Martin had it, in a real tent, made of a sheet, and he gave us some tickets and pictures—look! look—!" shouted Ben.

"An' he's goin' to have another show—" said Bess, taking up the refrain where Ben's breath gave out. "He's goin' to have another, and me and Ben is goin' to make tickets, and things; he showed us how, didn't he Ben?

"Yes, we're goin' to spread this thin paper right over the letters, and make 'em—just as easy."

Abigail smiled and nodded as much as her disturbed state of mind would allow, while the twins, with characteristic enthusiasm, set about their task immediately upon entering the house. Throwing himself flat on the floor, Ben flourished his pencil with an air of supreme importance, while Bess carefully smoothed the paper and arranged the so-called tickets, with becoming dignity.

Abigail laid off her hat, and standing with her back to them, untied the little silk bag. She took from it, the roll of bills, and smoothed them out with the lingering gentle touch of one unaccustomed to the sight of so much money. A sudden mist came before her eyes, as she thought of all these bits of paper represented, and she was dimly conscious that even Dick Lancy's love might scarcely atone for the lack of familiar scenes and loved associations.

Dick would not come till evening, and until then she would lock the package in her trunk.

She had returned the bills to the bag and retied it, when a step startled her. It was Lisby, who had returned by the afternoon train. The children sprang up, shouting their welcome and in the interval Abigail hastily thrust the small package into the sewing machine drawer. Then she turned flushed and trembling to greet her friend.

Lisby's quick eyes detected the ill-concealed agitation. "What's wrong, Abby? Have the children worried you?"

Abigail shook her head, with a little forced smile. "No, indeed, they haven't bothered," she said, purposely ignoring the reference to herself. "Did you walk from the station? Come into the sitting room, it's cooler there."

In her perturbed state of mind she almost feared Lisby was endowed with supernatural powers of vision, and might ferret out the secret of the machine drawer. She led the way into the adjoining room, leaving the children busily

engaged with paper and pencil. Gradually she regained composure and listened while Lisby narrated the circumstances attending her aunt's death and burial.

"Her children are all well provided for and she left two hundred dollars to me. I'm so glad for the children's sake. I do so hope to be able to buy a little home for them some day, and this will make quite a start toward it," finished Lisby with a sad little smile.

"Yes, I'm glad she remembered you," said Abigail, heartily. The welfare of Lisby and the little ones ever appealed strongly to her.

"I shall put it in the bank," went on Lisby, "until—" but the remainder of the sentence was lost on Abigail, who rose hastily and stood in the open door. Dick Lancy was coming up the path, flicking the grass with his riding whip. His horse was tied at the gate.

"I'm earlier than I intended to be, Abby, but the man I want to see will be at new Hampton to-night, and I must go at once or lose the contract. Did you get—" he lowered his voice on catching sight of Lisby's dark-crowned head within and looked significantly at Abigail.

"Yes; but—but—I thought you were to see him to-morrow, when—" she faltered.

"He is called away on business, and can't possibly be there to-morrow. I must see him to-night or not at all, and it is just ten minutes till train time," pulling out his watch.

Conscious of her own embarrassment, of Lisby's proximity, and of Dick's growing impatience, poor Abigail hastily entered the inner room and took from the drawer the small silk bag, neatly tied.

The children had vanished, and, anxious to guard her secret from Lisby, she quickly delivered the package into Dick Lancy's keeping.

"It will save time and trouble to-morrow," said Dick, stowing it carefully away; "and now to catch that train."

He galloped off, leaving a whirl of dust in the grass-bordered road behind him. That evening, long after Lisby and the twins had departed, Abigail sat where they had left her, on the old stone doorstep — thinking — thinking — while the soft pink haze of twilight deepened into purple shadows.

There was an early train from New Hampton at eight o'clock the next morning; but ten o'clock struck and Dick had not appeared. Abigail paced uneasily back and forth, scarcely taking her eyes from the road. She wore a new brown dress and a soft pink collar that ill became her. "He must have missed the train; maybe he'll drive over; it's only seven miles," she mused.

Noon came and passed. Abigail had no appetite, and a strange undefinable fear was growing upon her. Three o'clock;—she dropped into a chair by the window and sat in tense, miserable uncertainty. Presently Tim Barker came whistling up the path, his scythe on his shoulder. "Want yer grass cut to-day, Miss Dean?"

"No; not to-day," replied Abigail.

Tim fanned himself with his straw hat. "Reckon you heerd the news," he ventured.

"What news?" said Abigail faintly.

"'Bout that high-falutin' Lancy feller. Borried all the money he could, an' forged his uncle's name at the bank, an' then cleaned out with his pockets full; went last night, they say. The sheriff's after 'im, but I reckon they won't git 'im."

Abigail sat rigid and speechless, her blanched face mercifully shaded by the clustering vines Suddenly, as she gazed, Tim's short, squat figure took on a strangely grotesque, shapeless appearance, and the pink hollyhocks danced up and down about him. She heard the sound of his voice, as he turned to depart; then earth and sky and sun-flecked meadows melted together in one great blur, and her head dropped on the nerveless arm resting on the window sill. For the first time in her life Abigail Dean had fainted.

II.

A week had passed since Dick Lancy's sudden and dishonorable departure,—a

week of silent misery to Abigail, whose wounded pride survived every other emotion. The very treachery of the man had blasted every tender feeling she had cherished for him. Ezra Bland was away, and not even Lisby knew for a certainty the extent of Abigail's loss. Her cheeks tingled when she thought of the gossiping tongues only waiting for the knowledge of her folly.

It was ten o'clock of a fair August morning. Abigail stood by the window and gazed with unseeing eyes at the wealth of color in the sunlit garden below.

She had just learned from a passing neighbor that the Woonstock bank had failed, also that Ezra Bland had returned. As to the bank failure, that mattered little to her now, while Ezra Bland's coming was a bitter reminder of a more bitter reality.

She was a beggar. The very roof above her head was hers no longer. Mr. Bland had been her father's friend, and when, a week ago, she had signed away her right to the old home, he had said kindly, "If you change your mind, Abby, I'll let you have it back at the same price I give you for it."

She wondered, miserably, if she would be able to rent it of him.

Rent it—the old home, whose every nook and corner was as dear to her as the breath of life; whose every tree and shrub and flower seemed a part of her very self? It was the home of her childhood, the strength and refuge of her lone womanhood. O, it could not be that she had cast it from her! She shivered as with an ague, and, yielding to pent-up emotion, she bowed her head and wept for the home as she had never wept for the lover. Gradually her grief subsided, and she was able to think more clearly.

Of Lisby's unquestioning faith and generous heart, she had no doubt. Dear, patient, cheerful Lisby, whose frail strength was severely taxed by the burden of incessant toil. And the bank—she remembered, with a little shock of pain, that Lisby's newly acquired legacy must have been swallowed up in that. O, the bitterness of the "might have beens!" But for her own blind folly, she might now be able to offer Lisby and the little ones a home until the future was better assured. As she pondered there came the sound of childish voices, and Ben's round face peeped in at the door, while Bess followed close at his heels.

Lisby had considerately left them at home on the occasion of her most recent calls, so Abigail had not seen them for a week. The sight of their fresh young faces inspired her with something akin to pleasure.

"Mother's comin' after while," said Ben. "She's gone to find out about—O—'bout somethin'—'tain't a coal bank, nor a river bank, but just a bank, ain't it, Bess?"

Abigail kissed the rosy faces and they scampered off to familiar haunts. A week had seemed a long time to them.

There was a whispered conference in the corner, followed by a sly poking about the sewing machine, all of which escaped Abigail's notice, so deeply was she absorbed in meditation. But presently a small hand touched hers softly, and Bess's voice asked, "Aunt Abby, did you see our show tickets?"

"No; dear."

"They was in the machine drawer, an' now they're gone."

Still Abigail failed to evince the proper interest in the missing tickets. Bess fidgeted and looked imploringly at Ben, who gallantly came to the rescue and said boldly:

"We tied 'em up in a little bag an' put 'em in the machine that day an' forgot 'em."

"Tied them up in a little bag?" Abigail was interested now.

Ben thrust his hands in his pockets and looked embarrassed.

"What kind of a bag was it, and where did you get it?"

"Why, it was just a little small bag, and there wasn't anything but some old dirty paper in it. We found it in the drawer, and we took the paper out and put our tickets in—"

Abigail rose suddenly, trembling in every limb. "You took the paper out and put your tickets in the bag?" she repeated slowly, as if trying to impress it on her mind.

"Yes'm," faltered Ben, dimly conscious that his sin had found him out. "'Twas the day mamma came home, an' you an' her was talkin' in the other room, an'—an' Bess 'nd me went to catch butterflies and forgot to ask you if—," "Where is the paper you took out of the bag?" asked Abigail, calmly as possible.

Ben turned to the machine, thrust a chubby hand into the drawer, and drew forth a small, compact roll of dingy-colored paper.

For the second time in her life, Abigail felt as though she was going to faint.

Her fingers closed on the roll in a quick, bewildered fashion, and she sank into the chair, while Ben and his companion in guilt, awed by the look on her face, tiptoed into the other room to await developments.

Abigail counted and recounted the bills with eager, shaking fingers. There was the eight hundred dollars—thanks to Providence and the twins!

The sudden transition from the depths of utter dejection, to even the foot-hills of happiness, proved too much for Abigail's self control. She laughed until she cried; then, sobbing and wiping her eyes, she cried until she laughed again; while the twins, divided between curiosity and alarm, alternately peeped in at the door and scampered down to the gate, with the hope that mamma would come. But Abigail had not forgotten her preservers, and she presently descended on them with such a lap-full of good things as amply atoned for loss of their valued property.

Two days later, Ezra Bland signed and surrendered the deed that restored to Abigail her former independence.

"Abby Dean ain't no sich a fool as some folks might think," he chuckled as he pocketed the money.

MRS. SIMPSON'S POODLE.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By Laura Blanche Thornely.

MRS. SIMPSON disliked dogs, especially poodles, and one could hardly blame her after her long apprenticeship at Aunt Jane's, where she had entire care of little Bijou—attending to his bed, food, bath, combing, and daily airing, until his cleverest trick was detestable to her. For he was not one of those little ordinary poodles, which goes blinking inoffensively around, with his hair over his eyes, but was a trained dog that Aunt Jane had bought at a bargain, from the proprietor of a dog show, which had disbanded in their town. Very knowing he was, too.

Aunt Jane used to beguile many weary hours, sitting in her invalid chair watching Bijou perform his tricks. She had only to wave her hand, and he would pass from one feat to another, stopping now and then to shake his silky white hair out of his very knowing little bright eyes, and to wait a moment for a look of approbation or a lump of sugar, which last always came as a final reward, and was a signal to him that his work was over.

Very willingly did the niece give up this life of attending the wealthy invalid and her dog, to become goddess of Mr. Simpson's home, and to sit opposite Mr. Simpson at the table every morning, pouring coffee for himself and son. One morning after performing these agreeable duties, as she sat reading the paper,

she gave a little sigh of comfort, thinking of her changed position. But just then the morning mail arrived, and she was filled with grief when she read a letter from her aunt's lawyer officially notifying her of the death of her benefactress. But when she came to the disposition of her aunt's property, her grief was changed to despair, for instead of the expected legacy, her aunt had left her that most valued treasure, darling little Bijou, stating that she knew he would receive from her the most loving and conscientious care.

That poor little dog did have the most miserable time of it! He no sooner presented himself at the kitchen door, with a sociable little wag of his stumpy tail, than the cook rushed at him, dish-cloth in hand. And he was always getting tangled up in John's long legs in the dark hall.

The one friend to whom he could look for a sympathizing pat was fat little Mr. Simpson,—and even his favor was forfeited when Bijou was found one day on his writing desk, complacently chewing the remains of an important document. Mrs. Simpson was too conscientious to mistreat him. His bed was the warmest and his food the best the house afforded, but as she drove him back into the front yard and closed the gate, one Sunday morning he realized her general disapproval of him, just as a baby sometimes instinctively detects a want of sympathy in an older person.

He went obediently back into the house and stood for some time gazing through the parlor window at the deserted street. A sad look came into his eyes, and now and then a plaintive whine escaped him, and I am not sure but several tears made their way down his silky coat to the carpet. Who shall say that in his little dog mind there were not loving memories of other scenes and former companions, and that it was not in quest of these that he soon stole out and trotted down the walk?

. . . . . .

In church the famous tenor had scaled the heights "away up in G," and safely descended without a break. The spruce young ushers, with high collars, toothpick shoes of russet leather and lawn neckties, had made a successful raid upon the congregation, and captured in their butterfly nets numerous dimes and nickels, to which Mrs. Simpson complacently added a shining gold piece for foreign missions, capping the silver dollar of her rival in society.

The minister was well under way with his sermon. Mrs. Simpson sat in her pew beside her step-son, dutifully listening, while across the aisle her rival stopped her calculations as to whom to invite to her next reception, to listen to the stirring words of the minister; and a general air of interest prevailed throughout the church, when, all unobserved, little Bijou slipped through the baize door with a late comer. After looking a moment around on the unfamiliar scene, he gradually made his way up to the front of the church, along the side aisle, stopping first to sniff suspiciously at the man with the brown wig who sat on the back seat; then, looking in a puzzled way into the face of the one-eyed girl, who was scribbling in a hymn-book; farther down the aisle he picked up the crumbs dropped from the small girl's caraway cookie; then passed the young man who vainly endeavored without the aid of a back button, to keep his collar from crawling up his neck. Nearing the front he blinked approvingly at the little deaf woman with her ear-trumpet, who smiled tranquilly as she listened, literally catching the words as they fell from the pulpit. Bijou seeing a man talking and gesticulating to the people, was reminded of his circus life, and was instantly aroused, and fired with all the enthusiasm his doggish mind could contain.

The sermon was a fine one and Mrs. Simpson was lost to all else until, disturbed by the suppressed giggles of the girls behind her, she turned and gave them a reproving look. Noticing that their attention was directed toward the front, she looked that way and, to her horror, saw Bijou on the platform, stand-

ing on his hind legs, reaching out his paw for the minister to shake! The traditional "cold chills" ran down Mrs. Simpson's back and the perspiration broke out through every pore. Her first thought was of her humiliation before Mrs. Nowell-Brown, and she turned her pallid face that way, only to meet the amused but exultant smile of her rival. Her face flushed scarlet and she dropped her head in mortification, but quickly raised it again as she heard the titters around her.

Bijou was much disgusted that his advances were not noticed by the minister; but as that reverend gentleman was still waving his hand, the dog evidently considered it was his duty to continue, so one trick was followed by another in quick succession: walking on his hind legs, then on his fore legs, bowing, waltzing, etc., finishing with a flying leap into a chair, turning a somersault on the way. Here, sinking back into the soft cushions, he assumed the position of a gentleman, with his legs crossed and his head leaning on his paw, with a weary, disgusted air.

The minister, deep in his subject, suddenly realized that his whole audience was in paroxysms of suppressed laughter. He turned and, for the first time, saw Bijou. Concluding it was some practical joke, in a dignified manner he called upon the sexton to "take the animal from the house."

This was more easily said than done; for Bijou, concluding that the fun had just begun, sprang lightly off the chair, and, when the rheumatic old sexton stooped down to take him with both hands, the dog jumped airily through his arms, alighting on the floor below.

Up to this time Mrs. Simpson's forlorn hope had been that very few would know whose dog he was; but just here Bijou spied his mistress and came hipity-hop along the aisle on his hind feet to her, expecting his usual reward of loaf sugar.

Meantime the feelings of the congregation had reached such a climax that they were uncontrollable. Some held handkerchiefs to their mouths; others buried their faces on the backs of the seats in front of them; while the half-dozen little boys on the front seat, who, though nearly convulsed with laughter, had made no outbreak, now fairly rolled over each other, as they gave vent to their mirth.

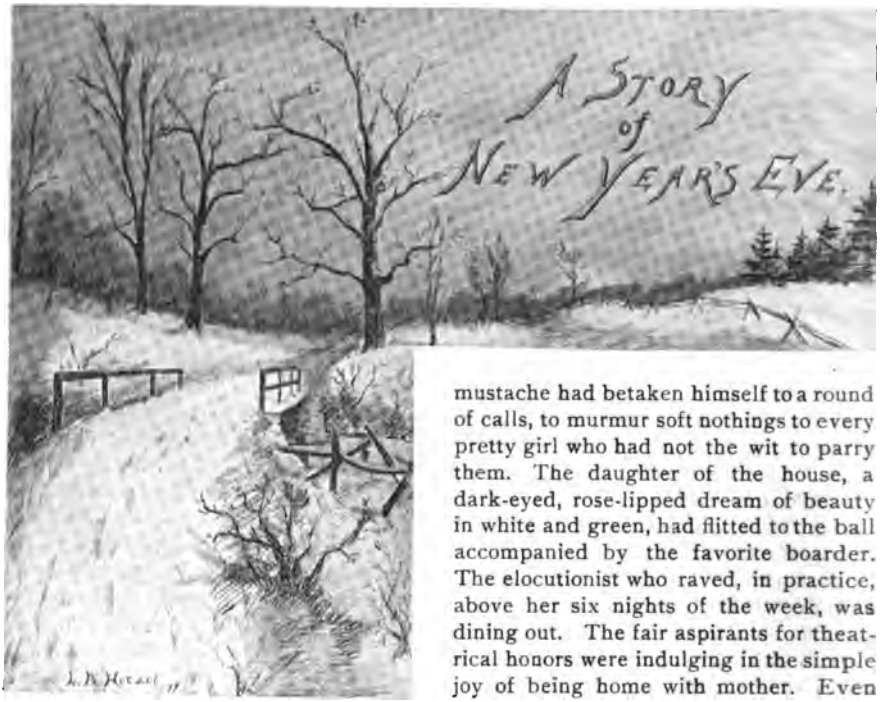
Poor Mrs. Simpson realized there was but one course to pursue, and she braced herself to take it. Covered with humiliation and shame, but with lips pressed tightly together and eyes blazing with suppressed wrath, she clutched the hymn-book under one arm and the poodle under the other, and swept up the aisle and out of the church door. The last the congregation heard of Bijou was a parting yelp, caused by a possibly pious but by no means gentle squeeze from his incensed mistress.

This was Bijou's first and, it is needless to say, his last visit to church.

AWAKENED.

AS A mute viol, that, for hopeless years
Had felt but unskilled fingers on its strings,
My heart was tuneless. Now, alive to song,
Each chord cries out in joy, each glad note sings,
Because a master hand has held it once
And tuned its rude contriving to a song.
Men cannot say it is a soulless thing,
Though it gave only discords for so long.

Nora Barnhart.

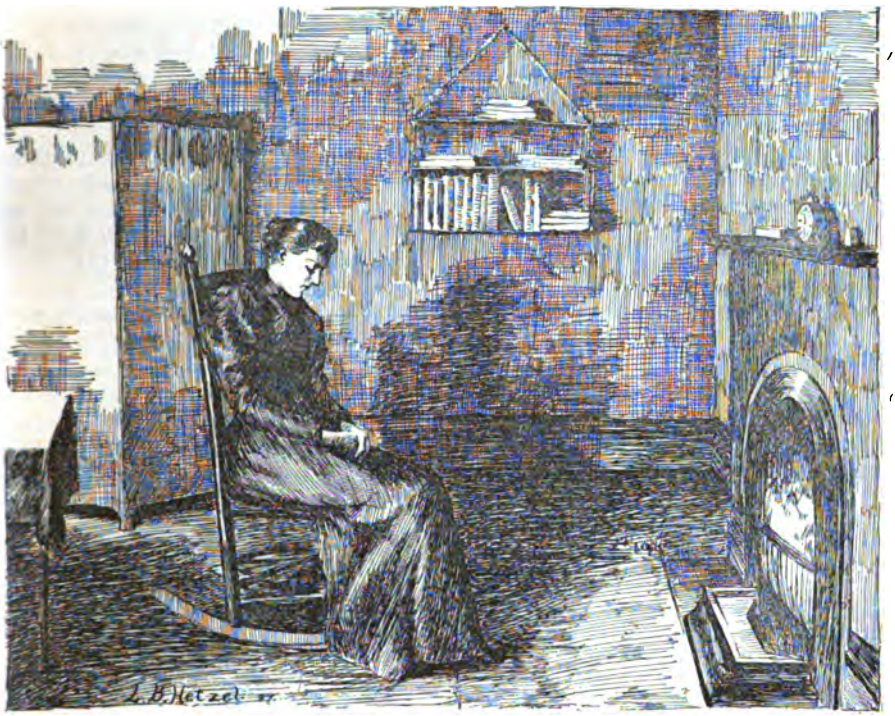


By Mrs. Minnie R. Smith.

SHE sat in her dingy little room, her tired hands folded upon her lap. All day she had labored in the office, until her eyes ached with weariness and the long columns of figures seemed never ending. It was New Year's eve and within her breast she bore the same old heartache she had borne every day and every night of the old year,—only just now it seemed intensified and harder to bear because there was so much merry-making about her. But not in the house. It was a boarding house—not a fashionable one, but on a street once fashionable, now given over to strictly respectable people of no particular type, with many rooms to rent in the rear of the houses and on the upper floors, but, as yet, with few signs of "Furnished Rooms" in the windows.

The medical student and the book-keeper on the third floor front had ordered carriages and had gone to the reception at Morrison's. The society man with the vapid smile and curled mustache had betaken himself to a round of calls, to murmur soft nothings to every pretty girl who had not the wit to parry them. The daughter of the house, a dark-eyed, rose-lipped dream of beauty in white and green, had flitted to the ball accompanied by the favorite boarder. The elocutionist who raved, in practice, above her six nights of the week, was dining out. The fair aspirants for theatrical honors were indulging in the simple joy of being home with mother. Even the transient traveling man, the scoffer and the cynic, who looked at the world with world-weary eyes, had gone to seek his pleasure and polish his wit elsewhere. The little fair-haired landlady rocked and placidly read in her room, stopping occasionally to glance with a sigh at the big basket of mending on the table beside her, and to soothe with moistened lips the smart of the little pin-pricked forefinger. The laughter, the jests, the snatches from the opera had all died away and the house was quite still. At other times it had seemed vibrant with life long after its departure, but now all the warmth of human things seemed gone out of it, and there was a stillness as of death. It was right that the old year should die so quietly, she thought, as her eyes wandered about the little room. Music and song had long since ceased to have part in her life.

Everything in the little room was old and faded. The carpet had long since lost its pattern—the blue and white now a dingy grey. Two little rockers, a cot-bed, a small book case and a faded screen concealing a dressing case was the only furniture.



"She sat in her dingy little room, her tired hands folded upon her lap."

With a sob in her throat, she looked at the one dainty etching on the wall. Bestowed by a once loved friend, now hopelessly alienated, it was a pitiful reminder of the days of her lost happiness. There was the bridge on which they had stood in the moonlight, and she had plighted her maiden troth. She remembered how the frost had sparkled on the rails of the old fence at the right, on the naked trees, on the motionless reeds and the long grasses at the brink of the frozen stream. How beautiful was that night! How blessed were they two —all alone, with the grand, full stillness of Nature about them! O, Youth and Life, how sweet you are, and how mourned when you are gone!

Next, her eyes rested on sweet-faced Madonna and Child, and the tired head was bowed low. Far away on a wind-swept prairie was a little mound of earth. That which was beneath — covered deep and warm with the snows of winter — would never know pain or sorrow now. She was glad of that.

Those happy people would soon be coming home. Only a few hours before, a gay young girl had stood in her door and thoughtlessly exclaimed, "Why, how forlorn!" "Forlorn?" Yes, that was true, and old and faded—and oh, so tired! Years of health and usefulness, of lofty unrealized ambitions all gone now! Widowed—worse than widowed—bereft of trusted friends, of home and means of sustenance—was there anything to live for? She glanced aside at the little mirror which hung opposite her. The pathetic eyes were dim, the face was drawn and white, and the mouth, once praised for its beauty, drooped nervelessly. Old, and faded and tired! What matter if the heart was still young and full of passionate yearning for love and happiness? Who cared to open the book of

her life and scan its pages? Some of those pages were red with the blood of her heart's pain. Some were blurred with tears for errors recorded there. Some were pure white, too. Who cared to look, or even to write a message of love—a New Year's greeting upon them?

Once more the brown head sank and the wistful eyes closed. God pity the lonely on New Year's eve!

. . . . . .

The clock had long since tolled the hour, slowly—pathetically—as if loath to part with its own silvery chimes. The Old Year had lingered on the threshold of the New and slowly crept away. The landlady's rose-lipped daughter had slipped by the door, her pretty dress rumpled, her eyes shining in youth's glad triumph,—for she had been the belle of the ball. The society man had passed, too, his steps a trifle unsteady, the vapid smile gone and the glib tongue silent. The medical student had bounded up the stairs, almost noiselessly, but two steps at a time, the lithe form unwearied, the dark eyes luminous. He was thinking with quickened breath of the kiss which still lay on his lips like a rose leaf, his arms still warm, from having held his love under the mistletoe in the dimly lighted hall at parting.

Life is so sweet and full to hearts of youth that are to sorrow and to grief unknown. What wonder that they have no thought to give to that which lies just within the door they pass,—the upturned face all still and white, with no expression of suffering upon it—only a holy, calm—for God, in the fullness of His love and pity, has cared for the lonely one and taken her home.

WOMEN'S CLUB DEPARTMENT.

By Harriet C. Towner.

A COMPARISON of methods and an estimate of the scope of the work undertaken may be made from the reports from the State Federations ot Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska and Iowa, given this month. It is noted with pleasure that increasing attention is given to a study of the science of education, so wisely suggested by the General Federation. This subject, together with the establishment of free public libraries, is everywhere receiving the thoughtful consideration of club women and there are few state federations which do not give the presentation and discussion of educational conditions in the state an important place upon the program at their annual meetings. The State Federations of Kansas, Nebraska and Missouri have this year prepared programs to be given in connection with the State Teachers' Association, thus bringing club women in touch with the educators of the state, and laying the foundation for intelligent coöperation.

Wisconsin.....The first annual convention of the W. S. F. W. C., which was held at Oshkosh, November 10th–11th is of the past, but the influence is being felt in every line of club work in the State. It was a great and unqualified success, and that it was so is due both to Mrs. C. S. Morris, the President, who made a graceful and tactful presiding officer, and to the program committee, of which Mrs. W. K. Galloway, of Eau Claire, was Chairman. There was a large gathering of representative club women, some of the clubs in the nearer cities attending almost *en masse*. Miss Harriet Cecil Magee welcomed the Federation, on behalf of the six Federated Clubs of Oshkosh, the hostesses of the occasion, and each was ingenuously and gracefully voiced, using its emblem and motive. Mrs. Morris' response was bright and witty, and her address which followed was scholarly and filled with helpful, practical suggestions. Educa-

tional subjects were discussed during the whole of the first afternoon. The papers and reports were admirable. That from the educational committee, given by the chairman, Mrs. Gram, showed that in eleven cities the clubs have taken up special work for the public schools. The report contained practical suggestions for the future and ended with a program for departments, on this subject, covering one meeting a month for a club year. At its conclusion the resolution was adopted to petition the Legislature for the appointment of two women, additional members of the State Board of Control. A paper was read by Mrs. Allen on "Child-study and its Relation to Education." Miss Tanner talked on "Art in our Public Schools" and Mrs. McCue told of the Madison Housekeepers' League, the object of which is to place cooking in the public schools, to raise the standard of domestic service, and create a more complete sympathy between the housekeeper and her assistants.

On Wednesday evening a reception was tendered the delegates and visiting guests by the Oshkosh clubs. Mrs. Henrotin arrived just in time to receive with the officers and presidents of the clubs. This was a brilliant affair and brought about a pleasant social relation between those who had previously been strangers. Thursday morning the general subject considered was reciprocity and library work. The aim of both of these committees is broad; the first to bring about an exchange of papers among federated clubs, and also assist, through its circulars, in furnishing them with the best lecturers at prices within reach of even the smallest clubs. The Library Committee is pushing traveling library work, and before long will be able to furnish clubs in out of-the-way places a full set of books with which to pursue almost any line of study.

Miss L. E. Stearns, Secretary of the Wisconsin Free Library Commission, spoke on "Library Interests in Wisconsin." As a direct result of this talk, now, three weeks later, Marinette has established a traveling library association, and has received the offer, through one of its prominent club women, of a public library building, to be second to none in the State, when the present library shall be placed by the city on a sure financial basis. The Green Bay Shakespeare Club and Woman's Club are about taking up traveling library work for Brown county, one library being ready to start out. Miss Schreiber, of the Milwaukee Normal, closed a very interesting program by a talk on "What Shall Children Read?"

The last afternoon was one of the most valuable of all, when club methods and plans of work were compared in a symposium of the literary club, the department club, the art club and the musical club.

The convention closed Thursday evening, November 11th. Mrs. W. H. Upham opened the program with a delightful paper on "The Club Woman as Mother." Mrs. John Vance Cheney, of Chicago, gave a scholarly address on "The Relation of the New Education in Music to Life," and Mrs. Henrotin, the admired and respected President of the G. F. W. C., gave a fine address.—*Ella Hoes-Neville, Corresponding Secretary.*

MICHIGAN.....The third annual meeting of the Michigan State Federation was held in the Masonic Temple, Saginaw, November 9, 10 and 11. Eleven clubs were admitted to the Federation, increasing the membership to 97. Mrs. Sallie T. Barber gave a happy address of welcome in the name of "Madame Saginaw," who extended her hand with her heart in it to every guest, and welcomed them to "her house party on the banks of the River Saginaw." She traced briefly the material and educational development of the city, and paid a tribute to the women of Saginaw, who maintain five distinct, separate charities, each in a modern structure that any city might be proud of, and exclusively officered and managed by the leading women of Saginaw. Following a brief and equally happy response by Mrs. Emma A. Fox, President of the Federation, Mrs. Eliza R. Sunderland, Ph. D., of Ann Arbor, addressed a large audience on "The Educational Work of Women's Clubs." Mrs. Sunderland's address was a message to club women to awaken to the power and responsibility which are theirs. "Club women must render back to society something for what they have received. Women should be intelligent upon living issues, not merely readers of books. Women's clubs should study systematically, earnestly, week after week, the living issues, making themselves students in good earnest. There is no use talking about doing something until intelligence can be carried into the work." Mrs. Anita Newcomb McGee, M. D., of Washington, D. C., gave an erudite and entertaining paper, "A Woman's Name," the aim of which was to show the reasons why every human being should have a name which should designate that person's individuality. The Club Organization Committee reported the compilation of a Michigan club directory which shows that there are nine thousand club

women in Michigan, more than four thousand of whom are in the Federation. The chairman of this committee, Mrs. F. C. Rosenberg, also voiced the following thoughts: "It is a problem how to reach the women in the remote districts; but it must be done if we fulfill our obligations to womanhood. The great defect in the organized club is exclusiveness. Instead of inviting to their intellectual feasts those whom the feast would most benefit, and who are starving for mental food, only those are invited who will presumably shine most brilliantly on the club program or those who lead in a social way. Take in the working girl, whose starved life craves for recreation."

The Lecture Course Committee reported a printed list of papers by club women for "Reciprocity" days. The committee on Household Economics reported valuable work in stimulating interest in the home sciences.

The Legislative Committee did good work in securing the interest and cooperation of clubs in an effort to secure women physicians in asylums for the insane where female patients are confined; also to secure two women trustees on the board of each of our asylums for the insane. The appointment of Mrs. Jane M. Kinney, of Port Huron, to the position of trustee on the board of the Pontiac asylum, a position which holds six years, is doubtless due to this wide interest among women.

The report of the committee to advance the interests of women in the University of Michigan brought out some interesting facts. The degree of Doctor of Philosophy has been conferred by our University upon eight women, six of whom earned the degree by a course of study, and two, Mrs. Lucinda H. Stone and Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, received the degree in recognition of service to the cause of education. The master's degree has been conferred upon eighty women, and thirteen hundred others hold degrees. One-fifth of all the students are women. One hundred and fifty professors, assistant professors and instructors are employed in the University. Of these one professor is a woman, Dr. Eliza M. Mosher. There is one instructor with several assistants. Mrs. Sunderland appealed to the women to aid in awakening public opinion to the need of more women in these places.

The election of officers resulted as follows:

President—Mrs. Anna A. Palmer, Saginaw, W. S.
First Vice-President—Mrs. Martha A. Keating, Muskegon.
Second Vice-President—Mrs. Frank E. Withey, Manistee. Reëlected.
Recording Secretary—Mrs. Florence I. Bulson, Jackson. Reëlected.
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Pamelia A. Patterson, Detroit.
Treasurer—Mrs. Mary L. Ambler, Northville. Reëlected.
Directors—Miss Flora J. Beadle, Hastings; Mrs. Belle M. Perry, Charlotte.

It was voted to recommend that each club secure a copy of a paper on "The Schools a Moral Factor in the Nation," which was read by Miss Margaret J. Evans, of Northfield, Minn., at the biennial meeting of the General Federation, and have the paper carefully read and discussed. A committee of three was selected to represent the Federation at the annual meeting of the State Teachers' Association in Lansing in December, who shall convey to that body some suitable expression of the interest of the federated clubs in the educational progress of our State, and who shall report at the next annual meeting whatever they deem desirable to be brought to the clubs from the Association. The Program Committee of next year was requested to have a paper prepared on the subject, "The Relation of Women's Clubs to the Schools, and the Physical, Mental, Artistic and Moral Progress of the Children of the State."

With regard to Michigan traveling libraries, Mrs. Mary Spencer, State Librarian, told the convention that the interest in it was growing, and that 125 were in circulation.

Able papers were presented on "Michigan—Romance and Heroism in its History," "Our Public School System," "The Relation of Women to our State Charitable Institutions," "The Relation of the Club to the City," "How shall the Busy Housekeeper find time for the Club?" "How shall the Busy Club Woman find time for Housekeeping?" "Hospitality and Art for Women's Clubs," all so replete with helpful suggestions that it is regretted they cannot be reviewed in detail.—*Irma T. Jones.*

MINNESOTA.....The third annual convention of the Minnesota Federation gathered in the auditorium of Park Avenue Church in St. Paul on October 27th. The meeting was called to order by Miss Margaret J. Evans, of Northfield, who has presided over this body since its organization in December, 1894. Eighty clubs were reported as belonging to the Federation, which gives a constituency of about three thousand women.

The growth of the Federation during the past year has been very rapid, and this growth is not alone in numbers but in interest and power. During the year

it has introduced two bills into the Legislature. One, for an amendment to the constitution, admitting women to library boards and to vote on library matters, was carried easily; the other, for the promotion of a traveling library system, was lost by two votes; but an active campaign will be carried on for this work during the next Legislature.

Among the reports read, perhaps the one of the most general interest was that of Mrs. Alger W. French, of Minneapolis, whose duties as Corresponding Secretary oblige her to keep more closely in touch with the various clubs than any of the other officers. The report of the standing Committee on Town and Country Clubs, was also very interesting; showing gain of interest in this line of work. The methods of carrying on this work of course differ with the conditions of different places, but the aim is ever the same; to brighten the lives of the country women and to broaden those of the town women. In some cases this has been achieved by a meeting of town clubs at the homes of country women, and in others by the establishment of rest-rooms in the market towns, for the comfort and entertainment of wives and children of farmers. The Woman's Club of Rochester has carried this scheme to the fullest development thus far attained. It has established rooms for this purpose, and shows a register of 634 names in August and 750 in September, and they estimate that this is probably not over half of those who have used it.

The rooms have books and pretty furnishings, a place to prepare and eat lunches, and a nursery with crib and cot and toilet appliances.

The keynote of the meeting was struck by Mrs. W. C. Masterman of Stillwater. She pointed out how the club life and lessons could be brought into touch with all the phases of home; and how the home spirit exerted a refining influence upon the club. This was followed by papers on "Housekeeping and Home Making," as a science and as an art, by Mrs. George Rupley of Duluth, and by Mrs. Channing Seabury of St. Paul. Mrs. Rupley drew a distinction between housekeeping as a theory, which is but a fad, and housekeeping as a practice, which is a natural and intelligent growth.

A talk on "The Work of the Mothers' Clubs," by Mrs. Thomas Yapp of St. Paul, and the afternoon closed with a paper on "Household Economics — Its Place in Mothers' Clubs," by Mrs. M. F. Bowen of Minneapolis.

The evening session included the annual address of the President, which the women of the Federation have learned to look forward to as an event.

Among other papers for the evening was an address by Mrs. Ella Lane Bower of Chicago, on "Industrial Education," also one on "Art in Everyday Life," by Mrs. Edith M. Conant of Wells.

Among the papers read on the third day were: "Minnesota Library Interests," by Mrs. G. H. Ranney of St. Paul; "An Object Lesson in the Study of Art," by Mrs. H. C. Burbank of St. Paul; "The Club and the Schools," by Mrs. T. K. Gray of Minneapolis, and "Plans for Furthering the Library Interests of the State," by Mrs. W. B. Leach, of Minneapolis.

A thoughtful and earnest paper was given by Mrs Alma Pattee Washburn, of Duluth, on "The Sense of Personal Responsibility." Mrs. Elaine Goodale Eastman, of St. Paul, gave a crisp, forceful talk on "The Duties of Motherhood," claiming that women should not regard marriage and devotion to family cares as a sacrifice, but rather as a surrender of self and self-interests. W. W. Pendergast, State Superintendent of Public Schools, spoke of the relations of the Federation, and of women in general, to the public schools.

Miss Young, principal of Albert Lea College, read a paper on the necessity for a unity in the factors of education, the mother, the teacher, and the librarian.

The convention adjourned to meet next autumn in Winona. The mid-winter social function of this body will be held in Minneapolis, probably in the latter part of February.

The election of officers resulted as follows:

President — Miss Margaret J. Evans.
Vice-Presidents — Mrs. M. B. Webber, Mrs. H. A. Tomlinson, Mrs. H. C. Theopold, Mrs. Dennis Follett, Mrs. H. F. Brown, Mrs. A. E. Giddings, Mrs. L. C. Lord.
Recording Secretary — Mrs. J. L. Washburn.
Treasurer — Mrs. E. G. Butts.
Auditor — Mrs. C. E. Conant.

Owing to the resignation of Mrs. French, the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Conant has been appointed to fill that office, thus rendering vacant the office of Auditor, which will be filled by appointment.

IOWA.....The directory of the Iowa Federation of Women's Clubs issued in August of this year reports 181 clubs belonging to the Federation. The gain from the directory of 1896 is not an inconsiderable number; at that time there were 145 clubs enumerated. The journalist should have no dearth of items when there is such a wealth of wisdom from which to garner. A circular has been sent to each secretary of the federated clubs, setting forth the work and earnestly inviting the co-operation of all clubs in the Federation.

Mrs. Emma Van Vechten, President of I. F. W. C., endorsed the plan of sending

a circular letter to each club, and she added, "I wish there was some law to compel secretaries to take prompt action."

Quite a number of interesting programs have already been received. From Lenox comes a well arranged and very attractive appearing booklet containing the seventh annual announcement of the M. F. C. Club. This club entered the Federation in June, 1897. The work of this year is for the most part American history and literature.

The calendar of the Nevada Woman's Club is of a varied character, which will insure interesting papers and discussions. One meeting is devoted to "Household Economy" and the next to "Ancient Mexico." In close communion are the subjects of "English Myths and Legends" and "History of Grains."

In Des Moines are twelve clubs belonging to the Federation. The Woman's Club in its numerous divisions discusses many questions. At a recent meeting Mrs. A. H. McVey read a paper on "Education in the Home," which was of a most practical and pertinent character. She maintains that in adopting two codes of living and of morals, one for the daughter and one for the son, a very serious mistake has been made, and much of the suffering, disease and crime incident to our time is due to the neglect of the correct moral training of the sons.

The Tourist Club of Des Moines held a meeting recently at which time interesting personal experiences of travel abroad were presented by a number of ladies.

The Friday Club of Newton will study this year psychology, Browning and civics. The year book of the club is artistically gotten up, and the membership is quite large.

From Marshalltown, almost the core and center of federation, comes news of much work accomplished. The members of the clubs there seem indefatigable. At a meeting known as Program Day a fine program was presented. Mrs. Parker gave the opening address, and Mrs. Van Vechten of Cedar Rapids, President of I. F. W. C., gave a paper on "Libraries—Old and New." Mrs. Snelling had a paper on "Pride vs. Birds" The science department of the Woman's Club is interested this year in astronomy. The lessons are of special interest and the program arranged for the study of the sun was of special merit. The art department of the same club held a very interesting meeting November 3d, over which Mrs. Anna B. Howe, ex-President of the I. F. W. C., presided.

The Hawthorne Club of Marshalltown will give a year to the study of the author for whom the club is named. Social occasions will also be a feature of the year's program.

The Modern Priscilla Club of West Branch was organized in 1895. The study for the year will be United States and its natural curiosities, old missions, monuments and public buildings, and the lives of noted persons. One feature of this club is a committee to visit the sick.

The Progressive Club of Garner is making a study of the cities of the United States. It will also pursue the study of Shakespeare for several meetings, and the lives of noted women of our country, interspersed with current events. The part of one meeting is devoted to the work done by the Iowa Legislature. This club passed the following resolution at a recent meeting: "That we are strongly in favor of vocal music being taught in our public schools and formal notice of same given the school board."

Several calendars have been received, to which due notice will be given later. Will the secretaries please bear in mind that the journalist desires programs of the various clubs?—*Mrs. Liddie F. Richards, Journalist.*

NEBRASKA.....Club organization is still progressing in Nebraska. The town of Syracuse has invited the President of the State Federation, Mrs. Belle M. Stoutenborough, to assist in starting a woman's club of twenty members. The city of Aurora has also a new club of young girls. The History and Art Club of Seward has just closed an art loan exhibit and chrysanthemum fair. The proceeds will be divided between the public library and public schools. The club intends to place a reproduction of some work of art in each school-room in the city. All over the State the clubs are working to beautify the public school-rooms, and many school boards are willing to do anything in their power to further art in the schools. When they find that it is about as cheap to have daintily tinted walls of pale green, cream, shell pink or blue as having white, and that a harmonizing color in paint and shades makes an artistic combination of tone with no more outlay than would be expended in discordant decorations, the clubs have met with hearty co-operation from the school boards. Mrs. Stoutenborough has a club of boys in her town of Plattsmouth, between the ages of 12 and 15, that study history and boys' literature. She has set an example that every club in the State should follow.—*Mrs. D. C. McKillip.*

HOME THEMES.

GRANDMOTHER'S PATCHWORK QUILT.

What tales of bygone bliss and woe,
Of vanished hopes and raptures fled,
Of lives and lo es of long ago
This silken squa e before me spread
Reveals to me, as reverently
I s an each dainty stitch and fold,
Each fraught with some fond memory
Or fancy quaint of days of old.

In this brocade of silver sheen
Dorothy danced the minuet
With Washington Erewhile I ween
She sm led on courtley Lafayette.
This lilac Mistress Betty wore,
This flaunting red belonged to Prue,
What time she trod the polished floor
In skirt en train and high heeled shoe.

This scarlet coat some gallant graced;
Fair Phyllis wore this gown of gray
With r roidered rosebuds faintly traced,
The night young Roger marched away.
This was grandmother's wedding dress,
This pink, of faintest wild-rose hue.
She donned with maiden artfulness—
The night grandfather came to woo.

From bits of silk and fabrics gay,
R ch velvets, satins, ribbons too,
A little lass of bygone day
With patchwork squares of varied hue,
Kaleidoscopic mazes weaves—
Deft-fingered, dainty, dark-eyed maid!
(The vision vanishes and leaves
Grandmother, spectacled and staid.)

What memories haunt these dim brocades,
Of loves and hates and dreams of old,
Of patched and powdered dames and maids,
Of gallants gay and courtiers bold.
Ah well, our lives are patchwork, too,
Made up of colors grave or gay.
Each glint of gold, each roseate hue
Offset by sombre tints of gray.

Leigh Gordon Giltner.

MOODS.

New Year's is the popular season for looking ourselves squarely in the face, for estimating at their honest value the achievements of the previous twelve months, and for girding ourselves about with new resolutions.

Among the many elements which impede man's upward progress and render development extremely difficult, Moods may be ranked as first, and it may not be unprofitable for us to consider to what extent our lives have been dominated by this tyrant, and how far our temperamental variableness has influenced the happiness or suffering of those nearest and dearest to us.

Moods are the degrees which measure and register the deviation of mental or emotional mercury from the temperate condition of equability.

In common with the weather, they are characterized by sudden and unexpected changes, but as yet they have established no signal stations for the benefit of unfortunates who are unequipped for an encounter with extremes.

Like thistles, they increase without cultivation and possess a spirit of assertiveness which wins for them reluctant submission among those who fear the consequences of undue intimacy with nettles.

Moods are born of habitual indulgence in doubt and an unfortunate tendency to "make appointments with misfortune."

Exuberance of spirits is robbed of half its usefulness in the home by the consciousness that a period of reactionary depression is sure to follow. This is too often regarded by over-fond parents as hereditary weakness and condoned on that account; when, at the first indication of it in the child, the promptest measures should have been taken to eradicate it. Optimism may be cultivated by educating the young to an appreciation of the great and good things in life, and success is more easily attained through a belief in the power to accomplish.

A "fit of the blues" is like certain fabrics, which will not take the desired color at once. With repeated immersions of the mind in the harmonizing dyes of gratitude and content our efforts are finally rewarded and our spirits reflect the coveted hue in all its beauty.

Like electricity, moods may prove a momentary radiance, illumining the waste places of life; but through ignorance of their real nature, the recipient of their benefactions may become in turn the victim of their power to destroy.

This suggests the feasibility of an endeavor to secure control of those forces by which the brightness alone may be captured and the undesirable quality restrained.

In chaining the lightning, certain conditions are imperatively necessary. The destructive element is ever present in the "live wire" and coverings of non-conductive material are used to prevent injury. Let us seek those connective, protective and distributive agents which alone are able to hold the best in this temperamental quality which we call mood, stripping it of its blighting and depressing attributes and preserving only those phases of it by which the world will be made brighter and happier.

"Envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness" are the "live wires" which, when brought into contact with the simplest and most ordinary circumstances, give forth fire. Love, kindliness, and toleration are the sole conductors for the transmission of those influences which will make our earth a veritable Eden, "like to Heaven above."

"I sent my soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that after-life to spell;
And by and by my soul returned to me,
And answered, 'I myself am Heaven and Hell.'"

Maria Weed.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

In an educational column of a valued weekly exchange we find this motto, "Not talent but purpose is wanted." Isn't this motto somewhat misleading? If it had read, "Not genius, but talent and purpose are wanted," the motto would have been more helpful. We have seen too many teachers—teachers in name only—wholly deficient in talent but overloaded with purpose. The strength of their purpose has been accepted in lieu of talent by one and another school board until, well on in middle life, they have made the discovery that their early call to the school-room was all a mistake. Purpose misdirected is one of the saddest of tragedies in any life. When the *dénouement* comes, the hero of the tragedy finds he isn't sure even of his own kindly feeling toward himself, much less the sympathy of his neighbors.

***

Charles A. Dana was a great man; but in his writings there was something painfully brutal at times. The publication (in December *McClure's*) of a confidential letter written by him to Secretary Stanton, in the summer of '63, describing the division and brigade officers of Grant's army as they impressed him at sight, or on slight acquaintance, was a cruel act. The letter adds nothing to history and there is no excuse for its publication. Its caustic criticisms are, as many now living know—or at least feel—cruelly unjust. Those words, ill-considered and written in haste, bring new sorrow to many who mourn and arouse righteous indignation in the breasts of thousands who hold the objects of Mr. Dana's censure among their most cherished memories.

***

A new edition of Jane Austen's novels will commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the completion of the first of the series, "Pride and Prejudice." The new edition may satisfy a well developed want in England where there is a leisure class and where the books read by the fathers are visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation. But in America, where respect for ancestors does not necessarily include a dutiful rereading of "Clarissa Harlowe," "Tom Jones," or "Pride and Prejudice," a publisher would scarcely expect to find readers for books over which our parents and grandparents, in their time, laughed or wept. Turning the pages of Jane Austen's first novel which so pleased the fancy of George IV, and which drew from Macauley a comparison with Shakspeare's comedies, we confess to a mystification as to where the power resides which those worthies undoubtedly discovered. The story lengthens out as though the author were under a contract to fill a certain large number of pages and was fearful her material wouldn't last. Then, again, her characters, though real while we are reading, do not take their places in our memory as part of our past life. Take a single illustration. It is difficult—for an American at least—to comprehend Mr. Collins, the curate, with his stupid self-satisfaction as developed to the extreme in his elaborated proposal of marriage, his refusal to believe in the sincerity of his cousin Elizabeth's unequivocal refusal of his hand, and his contemptible and insulting letter of condolence to Elizabeth's father, (long afterward, on the occasion of a younger daughter's elopement with a rake,) in which he rather coolly congratulates himself on his fortunate escape from a family connection so disgraceful. It is easier to understand that Jane Austen was only twenty years old when "Pride and Prejudice" was written than to comprehend how Scott could have said of the book (we quote from his journal): "Read again, and for the third time at least, Miss Austen's finely written novel of 'Pride and Prejudice.' That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with." Then follows a bit of humor at his own expense which is decidedly enjoyable. Scott continues:

"The Big Bow-wow strain I can do myself, . . . but the exquisite touch which renders commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied to me." Possibly our loss of interest in this author may be partially accounted for by the fact that the author of "Middlemarch" and the author of "Marcella" have projected their work upon the world since Jane Austen's time.

***

GOVERNOR MOUNT, of Indiana, recently said in a public address:

"The farmer of the twentieth century must be a man of the broadest mind, of the highest development. The farmer's home must be supplied with books, papers and magazines. He must keep in touch with the intellectual, social and business world. . . . With good thoroughfares to insure speedy transit, then by the coöperation of the farmers and the government arrangements can be made for the deposit by the postman of the farmer's mail in a box opposite his home. Good roads and daily mail to the farmer of the coming years will be indispensable to the highest success, socially, financially and intellectually."

Already, in advance of good roads, the demand of the farmers of the Middle-West for books, papers, and magazines is steadily increasing. Clearly a question of time, this question of good roads and a daily mail, the farmers the politicians and the townspeople should see to it that the time involved in the solution be reduced to the minimum.

GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Ed. L. Sabin, Peoria, Ill., wins the Original Story Prize in THE MIDLAND'S October Competition. Title: "The Christening of the Muertos." It will appear next month.

Charles Reade is one Englishman who could under all circumstances be just, even generous, to Americans. He once told Edwin Booth (see December *Century*) that Dickens confessed to him, with tears in his eyes, that he had been unjust to Americans, and stoutly declared that thenceforth he would write for the whole of his race. Reade would not accept the flattering invitations and offers to come to America because he was sure he'd be thinking all the time of the niggardly way the English use our people.

Our plain people rather pride themselves on their indifference to poetry. Few indeed are the verse-makers whom they unreservedly take into their hearts and homes. The few who do effect an entrance there are there to stay. Years ago a Michigan poet-editor wrote verse that reached their hearts, and long after the homely muse that inspired "Betsey and I are Out" and "Over the Hills to the Poor-house" had taken its departure, the weaker verse of Will Carleton passed current from house to house because it bore the indorsement of the author of "Farm Ballads." In the "Library of the World's Best Literature" there is no mention of Will Carleton, no mention of those other minnesingers of American home life, the Carey Sisters, Alice and Phœbe; but in many of the pathetically small home libraries of the poor in our interior villages, and on the book-case shelves in many farm homes, the heart poetry of the Ohio women and the Michigan man's "Short and simple annals of the poor" is not infrequently found.

But a greater poet of the heart and of homely ways and lives has been among us as a poet for now nearly a quarter of a century, and has so well sustained his early reputation that he stands before the world as preëminently the greatest of our farm dialect poets, the truest delineator of life in the farm village of the Middle-West, and of character along certain lines developed and along other lines repressed by that life.

Quite as well known to us of the Middle-West as "Captain Cuttle" and "Silas Wegg" and "the Cheruble brothers" are known in England is "the ole man" who hung 'round the camp—

> "Jes' *lookin'* at Jim,
> And likin' him all to hisself-like, see?—
> 'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in him!"

Equally well known is Congressman Flukens, "Old Flukens," with his pathetic weariness of things artificial. The quarreling brothers-in law, "the little man in the tin shop" and a troop of other quaint and homely characters are with us to stay. No one of Mrs. Browning's or Rossetti's sonnets sings a sweeter, tenderer love than Riley sang in "When She Comes Home." But all these achievements were back in the eighties. Like Riley's old Indianian, after his return from Kansas, one turns from the "Rubáiyat of Doc Sifers" in the November and the December *Century* with a sigh, exclaiming, "I want to hear the old band play!"

We find the same perfection of dialect, the same droll expressions evolved from the contact of minds in that lyceum of the country town, the country store and post-office, but the character itself doesn't get hold of the heart.

The illustrations accompanying some of Riley's poems as presented in the *Century*,

have seemed superfluous, the imagination as stirred by the poet supplying the need of illustration. But Mr. Relyea's clever drawings really help vitalize the creation of the poet. Mr. Riley's recent work about children, and actually *for* children, proves the power of this *genre* artist is still strong, and we refuse to believe that "Doc Sifers" marks the beginning of the wane in James Whitcomb Riley's career as a poet. We trust it is only the beginning of a return to familiar fields after a play-time with the children.

Arlo Bates thinks inspiration isn't sufficient. He says: "Those who succeed in telling a story well are those who have taken the trouble to learn how." Mr. Bates himself tells a story well, and ought to know how success is attained in that difficult field. And yet no two authors would prepare themselves for the same story in the same way. Mr. Bates' moderate success as a story-teller may be attributable to the unreliability of his inspiration, and the necessity to which he has been driven—that of finding a substitute for heretofore presumably essential quality.

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

The New Time, the new experiment of B. O. Flower, in that great missionary field for reformers, Chicago, covers a wide range of subjects, treating them ably.

The New Race, of Chicago, unlike *The New Time*, is chiefly devoted to reforming the world physically and mentally. It purposes to make us all healthy and wise, if not wealthy—a high mission.

The *Overland's* new editor is James Howard Bridge, whose pen name is Harold Brydges. He was five years literary assistant of Herbert Spencer; he collaborated with Andrew Carnegie in writing "Triumphant Democracy" and has done some writing of books and for the magazines. He edits well.

TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

"Personally I consider the poems herewith sent to you better than others from my pen which you have accepted and published." This postscript suggests two thoughts: (1) Nothing is commoner in an editor's experience than an author's misjudgment—in the world's estimate at least—of the relative worth of his own works. And yet the author may be right and the world wrong. Had the editors of that stupendous work, "The World's Best Literature," invited any one of our popular poets, for example, Bret Harte, John Hay, or James Whitcomb Riley, to name the poems that give them the most inward satisfaction, the public would have vigorously dissented.

In publishing my poem "——," will you kindly state that it was dedicated to the —— Club, of ——?

Don't ask us to do that thing. A poem is a fragment of the universal soul and should not be thus localized. Putting our objections in a more practical way, the proposed dedication to one single club in a city of many clubs and in a state that numbers hundreds of clubs, is to invite thousands of people to pass your poem by as evidently not intended for the general reader.

CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

PRESIDENT JOSEPH SMITH CORRECTS ERRORS RELATIVE TO HIMSELF AND THE "REORGANIZED CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS."

There are some inaccuracies in the article "Anti-Polygamy Mormonism," in the issue for October, which as a party interested, and a member of the society about which it is written, I should not like to see perpetuated. Will you permit a partial correction?

The writer of the article mistook the statement in regard to the claim to succession on the grounds of primogeniture. The statement was that whatever Joseph Smith, the putative founder of the so-so-called Mormon church, may have held, his son would be entitled to under the law of primogeniture, if otherwise worthy and called of God, by revelation, which the church believed in and accepted, —present and direct revelation.

The writer of the article states: "Here [in Lamoni, Iowa,] Joseph Smith, Jr., surrounded by many of his father's counselors, presides over the anti-polygamous Mormons." So far is this from being correct that there is not a counselor of the father of Joseph Smith, Jr., in the town, and but a few of those who were members of the church in the lifetime of the Prophet.

Referring to the "elders, teachers and missionaries" of the church, the writer states: "The most of these reside at

Lamoni." There is a missionary force of over two hundred at work in the field. Perhaps out of this number twenty are resident at Lamoni. The families of those who reside at Lamoni are cared for by the church, as the writer states; so, also, are the families of all the others, though residing elsewhere, there being no difference made in the matter of support, whether the families reside at Lamoni, or live in other places; a very small proportion dwelling at Lamoni.

The "restless army," the missionary forces, are not called "teachers," but elders; the term elder being the usual appellation by which an ordained minister is known. Those sent out as evangelists are known as the traveling ministry; those who do not travel are called the local ministry.

There are no immense missions in London and Paris. The mission in London is small, and there is none in Paris. There are missions in Australia and the South Sea Islands.

The mail issued from the *Herald* office, the publishing establishment of the church at Lamoni, though at times large for a small town, has never seriously disturbed the service, as the periodicals issued from the office are distributed in sacks properly labeled, by an agreement with and direction of the route agent, by which arrangement delay is prevented and prompt delivery facilitated. There is a cordial understanding between the route agents and the *Herald* men, by which every facility for expediting the service is afforded. "The record" for volume of mail is perhaps correct as stated by the writer of the article.

[Page 301, second column, closing paragraph.] Mr. Smith owns barely forty acres of land in the town or vicinity, and while it is true that some men prominent in the church own considerable property in and around the town, it is not correct that they own "nearly all of Lamoni and surrounding country." I wish they did. Mr. Smith has not been a citizen of the town, entitled to a vote, only since January 1st of this year. He has never intermeddled in the affairs of the city, or tried in any way to direct them. As citizens of the State and county, Mr. Smith and his associates have exercised the right of suffrage, and have been interested in securing good government. So far as Mr. Smith and his associates holding the "balance of political power in the county of Decatur," it is only in the following sense: The township of Fayette, in which Lamoni is situated, is Republican by a light majority. The larger number of the church members in the township are Republican, Mr. Smith included. Mr. Smith has never tried in any way to influence the members of the church to vote either ticket, or adhere to any party, leaving all to the exercise of their own preference. Nor did Mr. Smith and his associates exercise the balance of power to secure the nomination and election of Mr. Gurley. Mr. Gurley was put in nomination by the Republicans in regular convention, in which the township of Fayette had only a small delegation, compared to others. It is now in number of delegates, second only to Leon township, I believe. This statement is calculated to give an improper understanding of the facts. While Mr. Smith and his associates are Republican, it is a fact that many others of his associates are Democrats, gold men, radical silver men, and Populists. Some of these were active in presenting the issues of the last election, while Mr. Smith had no part in the discussion of them other than that it was known that he would vote with the Republican party. It was a mistake on the part of the writer of the article in so writing that the inference might be drawn by the reader that the authorities of the church have used their clerical influence to dominate the political action of the membership. Other writers have made the same mistake. It is mischievous in its tendency and ought not to be repeated. Mr. Smith and his official associates, have never attempted this, nor will any of the residents at Lamoni who know the facts in the case, endorse any such statement.

[Page 302, second column, near the end of paragraph 1.] Those who refused to accept Brigham Young's rule and the dogma of plural marriage were *many* not "*few*." The census of 1850 gave Utah some 50,000 population. The estimated membership of the church at Joseph Smith's death was variously given at 150,000 to 200,000; of these, 25 000 were in Nauvoo and Hancock county alone.

[Page 303, first column, second paragraph.] While it is true that there were members at the April session of conference who were English, German and Austrian, there were no delegates from England, Germany, Austria, Australia or the South Sea Islands or Turkey. Australia, the South Sea Islands and England were represented by report and written statistics.

[Page 303, first paragraph.] The Book of Mormon is not the foundation from which the Reorganized Church and other branches obtained the foundation of their religion. It is only a part of it; the foun-

dation being the Word of God revealed by Jesus Christ. We do not put the Book of Mormon in precedence of the Bible. In fact the Lord commanded the church in 1831 to "Take the things which you have received in my Scriptures to be my law to govern my church." The Scriptures referred to in this was the Bible, especially the New Testament, the only Scriptures they had at the time.

[Page 303, second column, second paragraph.] Joseph Smith joined no sect when he was a boy. He was on the class book of Stephen Morse, a brother-in-law, at Harmony, Pa., where the woman he married lived, for a few weeks, as a probationer in the M. E. Church, but his name was taken off by direction of the pastor, without inquiry, and before the expiration of the probationary period. He did not unite with any church, either before or after this occurrence.

The theory of the writings of Rev. Solomon Spalding having been the basic origin of the Book of Mormon,—hence, of the church established by Mr. Smith,—has no substantial evidence to support it. The theory took its form in a work written by Dr. D. P. Hurlbut, who was at one time a member of the church, but who was disfellowshipped for cause; which work was published by E. D. Howe, of Painesville, Ohio, in 1834.

Professor Fairchild, of Oberlin College, Ohio, visiting a friend of his, Mr. L. L. Rice, at Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, in 1885, on a trip round the world, found this mythical "manuscript story" of Rev. Spalding in Mr. Rice's possession. Mr. Rice had obtained it with other manuscripts and materials, purchased from Mr. Howe with a printing office plant, while Mr. Rice was a publisher at Ravenna, Ohio. Mr. Fairchild published a notice of the find in his college journal, *Bibliotheca Sacra*. This coming to the notice of the church officers at Lamoni, they sent one of their number, Mr. E. L. Kelley, who secured a copy of it through the courtesy of Professor Fairchild, and published it.

It is no more like the Book of Mormon than the tales of Baron Munchausen are like Poe's Raven.

[Page 305, first column, third paragraph.] It was not the farmers about Nauvoo who were the instigators of the enmity against the Mormons; it lay back of them, and was largely the result of pro-slavery sentiment introduced by emissaries from Missouri.

[Same page, first paragraph.] Brigham Young lived in Nauvoo, Ill., not Montrose, Iowa.

[Page 306, first column, fourteenth line.] The elevation did not cost the faction under President Young, John Taylor and P. P. (not B.) Pratt. These men staid with President Young. Pratt was killed by a personal enemy at or near Little Rock, Ark., and John Taylor became President at Salt Lake, after the death of President Young, in 1877, and was succeeded by Pres. W. Woodruff, the present head of the Utah church. Heber C. Kimball and W. Richards were chosen out of the twelve to be *counselors*, not "advisers." The title is counselor.

[Same page, second column, ninth line from top.] Pres. B. Young did not read the copy of the so-called revelation. He had it read, and Orson Pratt, one of the twelve, preached the first sermon in advocacy of polygamy ever preached in the church, or the United States, August 29, 1852, eight years and two months after the death of Joseph Smith.

[Page 307, second and third paragraphs.] The name of J. T. Strang should be J. J., his full name being James Jesse.

[Same page, second column, fourth line from bottom] The letter referred to contained no word about Joseph Smith's escape. He simply assured his wife that he was innocent, and would be acquitted when tried, if accorded a trial, and the Governor of Illinois, Thomas Ford, having given the Smiths a promise that they should be protected from personal violence and accorded a fair examination, he trusted in his innocence to be released from prosecution.

[Page 308, second column, three lines from the top.] The Lamoni Mormons do not claim that the "sealers of spiritual wives were led by Brigham Young," until after the death of Joseph Smith. They know nothing about the leaders of this damaging doctrine until the prophet's death. Whether it existed, and who were engaged in it, before that period is not stated by the Lamoni people.

[Same page, second column, third paragraph.] The family of Joseph Smith, that left Nauvoo, consisted of young Joseph, his mother, three brothers and a sister. The blessing referred to as having been given in the jail, in Liberty, Mo., in 1838, was not intended as a conferment of authority for the son to succeed the father at the head of the church.

[Page 309, first column, fifth line from top.] Father Whitehead did not witness both ceremonies. One occurred in 1838, and Whitehead did not come from England till 1842.

In the next paragraph the word "ordained" should be confirmed.

Major Lewis C. Bidamon was one of

the committee of new citizens, sent at one time to attempt a settlement with the mob, after the body of Mormons left the city of Nauvoo. He raised no company to defend the family rights.

Mr. Joseph Smith, Jr., of Lamoni, did not start out to work for himself at the marriage of his mother to Major Lewis C. Bidamon, as the writer of the article states. Mr. Smith remained in the family as one of it until his own marriage in 1856, nine years after his mother's marriage.

[Page 309, first column, last line.] Joseph Smith, Jr., of Lamoni, was not ordained a member of the church, but was received by vote. Nor did he go to Plano, in 1863, to be at the head of the church, but for the purpose of taking charge of the editorial department of the *Herald* office. He was already at the head of the church and presiding over it.

The date of the removal of Mr. Smith to Lamoni, with forty-seven others, is given as "1847," when it was the fall of 1881. The writer put this in quotation marks which makes Mr. Smith to be the author of the error. No effort was made to settle at Lamoni, until 1870.

The writer makes Mr. Smith to state, on page 310 of the magazine, that the church believes in "blood atonement and baptism—in fact all that the Bible teaches."

This is unfortunate because that the church in Utah, known as the Mormon Church, has been credited with teaching a "blood atonement" theory in which it was made the duty and privilege of a man who committed certain sins to make the fact known to his superior church officers and ask that a committee be appointed of his brethren, that atonement for the sin might be made by the shedding of his own blood, as the blood of Jesus was not sufficient. Whether such theory is now taught and believed by the Utah church, it was taught by Pres. Brigham Young, Pres. J. M. Grant, and others of the Utah church, some years ago, as published in their journals of current date. Such dogma is one of the reasons for dissent on the part of those who refused allegiance to Mr. Young, many of whom helped to form the Reorganized Church, of which the article treats. Mr. Smith made no such statement as the article contains touching this "blood atonement" belief; but that the Reorganized Church believed in the saving efficacy of the blood of Christ, commonly called the atonement. The statement in the article, if left uncorrected, would lead readers to confound the church at Lamoni with the church in Utah in regard to this dogma, the very thing that Mr. Smith and his associates at Lamoni are anxious not to have done, as they have no fellowship with the Utah theory as stated. Mr. Smith could not have made a statement of belief in the dogma, as it misrepresents his associates and himself.

On the same page, 310, of the magazine, it is stated that "'These Latter Day Saints' claim that Joseph Smith, Jr., then became the chronicler and successor of Christ and Joseph Smith in the work of preserving the word. The Utah Mormons give allegiance to Brigham Young and his successors as such, and that is all there is to it."

This is a grave error and misrepresents both the church at Lamoni and the church in Utah. No such belief is held in either church or place. The Reorganized Church at Lamoni believes that Jesus Christ was and is the Son of God, and has no successor; that Joseph Smith was a prophet, similar in character and mission to other prophets, named in Scripture.

Joseph Smith, of Lamoni, makes no claim to power to talk in and understand tongues, having never done either; but does claim, as he stated, that the gifts of the gospel named in the Scripture were believed and enjoyed by the members of the church in the same way and for the same reasons given in the New Testament Scripture, and that these include revelations, prophecy, tongues, and interpretation of tongues, healings, etc., as named by Paul in twelfth of First Corinthians and fourth of Ephesians; that these gifts and powers were not held exclusively by one man, but were accessible to all, as the Spirit of Christ, the Holy Ghost should direct. Mr. Smith also stated that he had received revelations and predicted what subsequently took place.

The article contains, on page 312, this statement: "In fact it is one of the doctrines of the church that the glory of God is enhanced by the acquisition of large families."

No such theory is either believed or taught at Lamoni, nor in the church having its headquarters there. The church at Lamoni believes and teaches that men and women should lead clean, pure, honorable lives, both in and out of the domestic relation. It does not teach that large families are either essential to righteousness, or to enhance the glory of God. If children are given to healthy parents the parents bless the community with a healthy progeny.

The marriage of Joseph Smith to Miss

Emaline Griswold occurred at Nauvoo, October 22, not 27, 1856. The name of his daughter Carrie's husband is Weld, not "Wueld," as stated. Joseph Smith's second wife's name was Bertha, not "Berta."

On page 313, the article states that "Half the population" of the town "is made up of the wives and children of the church officials, *Herald* office attachés, and absent elders and teachers of the church."

There are twenty-two persons, men, boys, and girls, employed in the *Herald* building; about half the men are married, young and elderly. Three of the men have a wife each, but no children; seven are unmarried; one has two children; one, three; another, four; another, five; and this is about the way it will run, the average being about the same as that obtaining in enumerating the population of the State, five to the family, father, mother, and three children. There was no necessity for the writer of the article to have made the reference to the idea of the "encouragement of multiplication," regarding the families of the church at Lamoni, either on this or the former page, where it occurs, as it is not made a part of the teaching, doctrines, or practices of the people whom the article assumes to represent, and misrepresents.

Refetring to page 313, the church does not *run* the town. Nor do the leaders run the church, any further than as spiritual reachers they teach the principles of morality and self-government, and by both precept and example enforce good behavior. As to the education of the people; the schools are well patronized, the scholarship is up to the average, and the men are quite as capable of doing their part in the drama of human life, as are the men of other communities.

The church allows no interference by its officers in the temporal, domestic and political concerns of its members outside of the general church faith to which all subscribe; and no priestly domination is attempted, and would not be tolerated if it were.

The church at Lamoni, are not Mormons. They make no claim to the name. Their distinctive title is: The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. This is their corporate name and title. They have no temple; the place where they meet for worship being known and called by them a "meeting house," by some "the Brick Church," to distinguish it from the M. E. church, which is a frame building.

The writer of this correction has no feeling or disposition to detract from the merits of the writer of "Anti-Polygamy Mormonism," or to injure him as a rising young journalist; but so much of the article itself is incorrect that justice to the church at Lamoni, demands a correc ion.

JOSEPH SMITH,
President of the Church at Lamoni, Iowa.
Lamoni, November 9, 1897.

WESTERN MAGAZINES AND THEIR OBSTACLES.

The question has in the past been often asked: "Why do not good magazines obtain a paying foothold in the West?"

The casual observer, looking over the field and seeing the great population and wealth of the West has turned away disgusted with what he has thought to be a lack of interest on the part of Western people and a want of sectional patriotism in matters relating to art and letters; while a closer observation would have shown, first, that the high-class periodicals started in the West have had to compete in their own territory with the old established and wealthy publications of the East.

To obtain a foothold with the general public against such competition requires a large outlay of money, both for the purchase of suitable matter for publication and in the expense of publishing—which expense until recently has been much more than people realize. This has caused a delay in building up circulation which has necessarily caused even a longer delay in establishing an advertising patronage; and here is found the chief profit of the publication, enabling the publisher to provide the best productions of literature and art.

How important a matter the advertising income of a publication is,—and how hard it is for a publication to exist without it in competition with one that has all the advertising it can carry, will be better realized when it is borne in mind that the best Eastern magazines receive anywhere from four dollars up to seventy dollars per inch, one column wide, for their advertising space, the rate varying according to the circulation and character of the publication, and that these publications carry all the way from ten to seventy-five pages, and sometimes more than a hundred pages, of advertising at these rates.

The next question that suggests itself is "Why can not Western publications secure as much of this business as those in the East, or at least a fair share of it?"

Undoubtedly in time they will do so, but it must be remembered that something like three-fourths of the "general

advertisers" (that is, advertisers who use more than merely "local" publications) live and do business in the East, that is, between Buffalo and Pittsburg on the west and the Atlantic seaboard on the east. This will be borne out by a study of the advertisements to be found in the leading periodicals.

A Western publication, to get this business, must have something more than excellence. It must have circulation and character in order to make its space a paying investment for the advertiser. To secure this requires a longer delay without returns from the investment than most men of means and business sagacity are willing or able to wait for, and the result has been that many publications entering the field without suffi ient capital have been forced to retire.

The difficulty, it will be seen, has not been so much a lack of interest on the part of the Western reading public in Western publications, as it has been in getting the publication on such a basis that the Eastern advertiser is satisfied he can use it,—in other words, in bringing the circulation and advertising to a co-operating basis.

The difficulties with which Western publishers have had to contend are being gradually removed. In the first place the cost of printing, including such items as the making of half-tones, etchings, and other engravings, composition, press-work, folding and binding, is much less than it was a few years ago, while on the other hand there are developing a goodly number of Western advertisers, many of them of the better classes, who can use to advantage publications circulating among the better middle classes, and the best classes, that is, among those who have a taste for the best things and are in some measure able to indulge in the refinements of life.

Western advertising has recently developed to such an extent that there are now something like forty representatives of one hundred or more publications published outside of Chicago who are located in this city, and are confining themselves to work among advertisers here and in the West generally, in the interests of their publishers.

This means much to the publishers of Western periodicals.

But as the field develops competition also increases.

In this connection it is an interesting fact that, according to one of the latest advertising directories, there are more than five hundred publications of all kinds in Chicago alone, ranging from a claimed circulation of two hundred and fifty to a sworn circulation of two hundred and seventy-five thousand. Two hundred and one of these are issued weekly or semi-weekly, while two hundred and thirty four are monthly or semi-monthly, the remainder being mostly dailies but including in the list a few quarterlies.

In the St. Louis list there are one hundred and fifty publications. St. Paul and Minneapolis, together, are given one hundred and twenty-eight. Des Moines is credited with forty-eight.

While comparatively few of these publications are such as aim to secure the standard of the best magazines, yet it will be seen that the number of publishers who are continually seeking the support of general advertisers is large, and the task of securing a strong foothold for a magazine of the better sort must necessarily be a matter of considerable time, coupled with a large outlay of patience and capital. But, once firmly established in the confidence of the public and general advertisers, the pioneer magazine of this great Middle-West must surely enjoy an enviably secure position among American periodicals.

The difficulties which it will be seen beset a publication of this character should make it the stronger reason for the support of the Western public, both readers and advertisers; for the self-respecting publisher can do little more than make his publication of value to them and work hard while awaiting their appreciation.

It is a pleasure in this connection to notice the success which has greeted THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, and one or two other publications of this class, as well as some of the religious and farm journals and a few other general publications in the Middle-West.

It is necessarily a matter of growth, but it promises to be but a little while when the Middle-West will be as fully equipped with high-class literary publications as any other section of the country.

Let us individually and collectively speed the day. JOHN M. YOUNG.

Chicago.

FAMOUS PAINTERS AND THEIR WORK.

III. LEONARDO DA VINCI'S "MONA LISA."

Leonardo da Vinci, the son of a notary of Vinci, near Florence, was born in the year 1452. He was the pupil of Andrea Verocchio, the Florentine sculptor and painter. He is said to have made such progress with the brush, that in time he surpassed his master, who thereupon gave up painting in despair. Leonardo was painter sculptor, architect, engineer and mechanician; was versed in mathematics and the sciences, and was also a poet and

musician of no small merit. His greatest picture is the world-renowned "Last Supper" at Milan, but the great picture rapidly faded and what remains is only a decayed memory of the wonderful work. Fortunately there are several valuable copies which were made when the picture was yet perfect. The finest is in London. There are many sketches and drawings by this artist, but very few authentic paintings. Those that are with certainty his are only nine in number, and the color, for some reason unknown, has blackened more than the works of many inferior artists. He was a most careful and painstaking painter. The portrait of "La Yoconda," better known as the "Mona Lisa"* is said to have been four years in the artist's hands, and then he declared it incomplete.

We cannot judge of the wonderful color in this picture, of which Vassi says, "it does not appear to be painted but truly flesh and blood." This is a departed glory, but the feeling of life and charm is still so strong in Mona Liza that one returns again and again, fascinated by this Italian lady with her wonderful hands, and her large eyes that at first seem almost sinister in expression, yet growing more kindly as one looks, though ever veiled in mystery.

Leonardo lived to be an old man, and one of the most valuable of his drawings is a portrait of himself, a magnificent old head, reminding one a little of the head of Michael Angelo's Moses.

*See frontispiece.

THE MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

I have not for a long time read anything in the line of criticism so unique and even startling, and withal so intrenched in the probability of original discovery as "The Genesis of Shakespeare's Art"* by Edwin James Dunning. The book is an attempt—successful if the author's premises be wholly accepted—to find a sufficient art motive in the Sonnets of Shakespeare. The theory elaborated seems to carry all the elements of profound discovery, and in lieu of some prior and objectional ones, it is to be hoped that critics generally will accept Mr. Dunning's hypothesis and its legitimate conclusion. The Sonnets will thereby be cleared of every objectionable feature, and in the light of a delightful creation of pure idealism even the youth may read unharmed by this instruction.

In brief, Mr. Dunning believes that the Youth of the Sonnets is an ideal creature of the imagination which, like the Beatrice of Dante, had seized upon the poet's mind and filled his being.

The portrait and history of this Youth are gradually developed in the Sonnets. The Youth is apparently the Ideal of Pure Verse at whose shrine the poet worships, and through acquaintance with whom he enters upon a newer and a higher life. In the light of this theory—which, as I have said, reads like a discovery—the Sonnets are dissected one by one. With unflagging zeal and line by line, the apostle of a new critique, adapts by figure and illustration, each phase and metaphor to his line of theory and reason.

While in part Mr. Dunning's deductions seem at times far fetched and pre-adjudged, as a whole the force of the argument is strikingly effective.

*Lee & Shepard, Boston.

"If Isabel Whiteley had written one book to compare, in popularity, with "Micah Clarke," or "The Prisoner of Zenda," there could be no reason why "The Falcon of Langeac*" should not take rank with most novels produced by Conan Doyle and Anthony Hope. This is not the highest praise, and I am not sure that Mrs. Whiteley's latest story is not an advance upon the contract work of either writer mentioned. It is at least a stirring tale of adventure—a story of France in the days of Monseigneur de Laval. There is plot and counter plot, and exciting incidents follow fast upon each other's heels. A quotation will serve as an example of a style which seems to me little at fault. "A decision, an independence had come to her, and that I like well in a woman, so that it fall short of shrewishness. There are too many times when a man can do naught to help a woman in trouble, however much he may wish to wrap her in lambs' wool, and keep her from all harm, and it is well thus if the woman can think for herself."

†The Falcon of Langeac, by Isabel Whiteley; Copeland & Day, Boston.

Not in the line of fiction but quite as valuable to the person of English culture as any novel might be, is a new treatise upon learning the French language, by the Yersin sisters, of Paris. The book is entitled The Yersin Phono-Rythmic French Method†—a title well chosen, as one finds upon examining the contents of the book. However well one of English or American rearing may be able to read and translate the French, certain it is that scarce any can speak the tongue creditably. The few who can a e those who have had French teachers in their youth. Quite a few doubtless, hard working students and teachers, in America have overcome the chief difficulties in acquiring French pronunciation, but to speak that language after the manner of the native, eliding consonants, and with a smooth nasal fluctuation of prominent vowel sounds, who can do it? If any mere book can teach pronunciation, The Yersin Phono-Rythmic Method is undoubtedly the book. The method is scientific, simple, natural, complete. Every phonetic sound of a letter or a combination of letters is analyzed, and the position of the organs of speech in utterance made clearly plain. The position of the lips is represented with exactness by means of facial cuts and the text leaves nothing to be desired. The vocal exercises—syllabic—and the scales for the use of singers are certainly unique and original, and they are exactly adapted to produce French utterance.

FRANK W. CALKINS.

"Free Traveling Libraries in Wisconsin"† is an interesting story of the growth, purposes and development of the traveling library in one of the most progressive states in the Union. What Wisconsin has done neighboring states should make haste to do. Wisconsin's experience is worth much to sister states. Contributions by Miss L. E. Stearns, F. A. Hutchins, Mrs. C. S. Morris and Mrs. Mary E. Tanner with numerous illustrations make this work very valuable.

*The Yersin Phono-Rythmic French Method by M. and J. Yersin; J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

†Wis. Free Library Com., Madison, Wis.

GOVERNOR MORTON,
Octave Thanet's Maternal Grandfather.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

VOLUME IX. FEBRUARY, 1898. NUMBER 2.

THE THEORIES OF OCTAVE THANET AND OTHER WESTERN REALISTS.

BY MARY J. REID.

THE record of the work done in this country by our realistic story-tellers is still unwritten. In the hands of a master critic,—"some watcher of the skies, . . brimful of friendliness . . for steadfast talent toiling gallantly,"—it would be a stirring theme; for we owe it to these writers that the every-day life of the American (under all sorts of dramatic phases and conditions) has been graphically pictured on the passing century. Take away the realistic novel and the short story, and the life of our time would be but meagerly depicted.

Photo by White, Davenport.
MISS ALICE FRENCH,
(Octave Thanet.)

The *true* realist is a seeker after truth, wherever it may be found; in libraries, in courts, in society or in the open. Realism may be defined as a study of nature (especially human nature) at large, with particular reference to the types of one's own time and environment; such types being generally selected by the realist, because through them life may be reflected with the nearest approximation to absolute truth.

Twenty years ago, the qualities which our literature lacked to lift it into universality, were flexibility and spontaneity. At what seems now just the right moment for it to lose self-consciousness and to attain plasticity of thought, there arose, unannounced, in every part of the United States, a band of realists determined to tell the truth about the sections with which they were familiar, and to record with faithfulness, local dialects, customs and manners. It was what Matthew Arnold epigrammatically calls "an epoch of expansion."

Octave Thanet has told the story of this "spontaneous product of our heightened national consciousness," with so much humor and appreciation in that lost speech* delivered at the World's Columbian Exposition,—that I quote it here as not only the best summary of the work done by our realistic writers, but, also, as the first attempt, by any writer of note, to scientifically analyze the growth, aims, possibilities and limitations of the American short story. After proving that the short

*As it was my good fortune to recover this lost speech of Octave Thanet's (a speech which was lost as soon as delivered and therefore never was published), Miss French gave me permission to quote therefrom.

[The entire contents of this number copyrighted by Johnson Brigham, publisher, 1898. All rights reserved.]

story is not a condensed novel our author thus describes some of her contemporaries:

> In consequence of this new realism, there has arisen in every part of the country, or rather there has grown naturally out of the soil, a little group of writers aiming to tell the truth regarding certain parts of American life. On the Pacific Coast a company of earnest and brilliant writers have inherited the tradition of Mr. Bret Harte's success. Mr. Bishop, Mr. Bunner, Mr. Davis, Mr. Stimson, Mr. Sullivan have given us Northern urban life. Mr. Janvier has painted Philadelphia, Mrs. Cruger and Mrs. Harrison have depicted the rich American of fashion. Mr. Frederic and Mr. Hibbard have written of rural New York. In New England we have a portrait gallery that ranges from the patrician dames of Mrs. Spofford and the gentle priests and doctors of Miss Jewett to the dogged factory workers of Mrs. Wyman with their miseries and their revolt and their terrible pleasures. The Western farmer has found a vehement promoter and a poetic humorist, the pioneer Zury is likly to be a permanent figure in fiction, mean, noble, old Spartan that he was! In the South, from Texas to North Carolina, from Florida to Virginia, some eager hand has limned the American in his habit as he lived. It may be a cowboy of Mr. Seely's, a Tennessee mountaineer of Miss Murfree's, or a North Carolina mountain girl of Miss McClelland's, a Georgian shopkeeper of Johnson's, a tropical Frenchman of Cable's or Harris' negroes; no matter, there is in every picture the same likeness as prortaits from life. In truth, if you will consider, the short story mirrors our multitudinous American life. Whatever our novel, our short story is distinctly American. Init the foreign observer or the future student may see our unruly complexity of race instincts, our frantic aspirations held in leash by a sluggish but tremendous common sense, our apparent tumult, our underlying patience and clinging to order, our provincial vanity, our cosmopolitan toleration, our daring, our vainglorying, our reckless humor and secret tenderness, our lavishness of life, our freedom, our vigor, our divine hopefulness.
>
> This is the main good that the short story has brought to us; but there are minor blessings. For one thing the short story is a stern Discourager of Hesitancy. There is no lumber room about it. We must be as tidy as sailors. In consequence the short story demands as one of its necessities a concise, direct, vivid style. . . . . A short story is an incident. It is a single glimpse into life. To make this incident, this glimpse typical and significant is the problem. But the very sketch-like nature of the short story, its very limitations help to concentrate the effect. . . . . We must have no wavering lines in our figures. We must understand what we are going to draw. The novelist can paint over his mistakes in vision. We cannot; every line must tell. The people we would picture we must understand to make intelligible; we must look at life from their point of view or we cannot show them coherently as human beings. The moment we do that they become interesting to us; and if we can describe them as we see them we need not fear lest they prove dull to others.

A subject which our story writers are discussing is the proper subordination of scenery to character. Charles Egbert Craddock and her followers, Mrs. Margaret Collier Graham and Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, and also Mr. James Lane Allen and Mr. Hamlin Garland, are wont to give scenery and character an equal place in their stories. In depicting elemental characters, it may not be untrue to art to give overmuch prominence to scenery, since nature is nearer to the primitive than to the civilized man. This personal sympathy with nature may also be noted in the poems of Joaquin Miller and James Whitcomb Riley; but Octave Thanet's methods, even in the creation of elemental types, are consciously different.

"I could not tell," she remarked to me one summer night "how I study nature, for I don't know. I only try to be correct and not force my spring flowers or color my landscapes out of season; and, I believe, come to think of it, I *do* try to have my landscape a background for my characters, and nothing more. Some stories have the effect of figures painted on neutral tint. I should not like to get that result myself. I shall be sorry when I do. But neither do I wish to focus with so small a stop that my figures and my foliage shall be equally sharp in detail. I want atmosphere but I do not want to make it so thick that it will be a fog."

Two old theories which were promulgated and practiced by Charles Egbert Craddock and Octave Thanet in the early eighties have been revived by new writers in the year 1897. They are that virility needs to be cultivated in our literature in order to make the masculine and the feminine elements coequal. That while some feminine writers can create only feminine types, and still other writers have this in common with Michael Angelo, that their masculine types are vastly superior to their feminine, *the master-realist, whether masculine or feminine, depicts both sexes with equal strength and facility.*

The second theory, lately revived, is that the master story teller creates

composites, blends or types instead of photographing from real life.

These two theories have long been as familiar as household words to the realists. Have our younger writers forgotten the old story that for several years Charles Egbert Craddock and

GEORGE HENRY FRENCH,
Octave Thanet's father.

Octave Thanet were thought to be men, in consequence of the virility of their works?

Some time in 1893, I visited the library of a gentleman who prided himself upon never reading any books written by American women, except those of Charles Egbert Craddock, Mary Hallock Foote, Mary Hartwell Catherwood and Octave Thanet. They were the only American women, he said, who described men as men. His scrap book contained several criticisms of their works, all of which commented upon their virility. A sentence from one of these criticisms (by a St. Louis critic) I happened to remember on account of its originality. It read thus: "*By some subtle instinct Miss Murfree and Miss French comprehend and interpret the underside of masculinity.*"

With what an unerring hand has Octave Thanet, for instance, drawn a gallery full of masculine and feminine types! Colonel Rutherford, the southern humorist, who was more proud of his knowledge of Montaigne than of his

shooting; the tender hearted philanthropist, Mother Emeritus; Harry Lossing, the conscientious mayor; Horatio Amorer, the railroad magnate; the worldly Mrs. Carriswood; Silas Markham, the narrow but just pessimist; Kurt and Thekla Lieders: the rigid Puritan, Hannah Swift; Abbylonia Eddings, the minister's wife who secretly wrote her husband's sermons; Shuey Cardigan, the trainer; Amos Wickliff, the sheriff; Fritz Von Reibnitz, the justice of the peace who dispensed justice in a free-handed Arabian fashion; Margaret Clark, the monomaniac; Marker, the hypnotist, and Ned Paisley, the criminal, are but a small fraction of the masculine and feminine types from Octave Thanet's pen which mark the trend of our time.

Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Hence the query: If even our leading women writers are drawing virile characters with swift, sure strokes, would it not seem as if the charge made against our novelists and short story writers of lack of virility is, in many cases, unfounded? Granted that we have no novelist so virile as Mr. Kipling, no scientist so virile as Mr. Herbert Spencer, no critic so virile as Mr. George Saintsbury, still there are a number of strong young writers steadfastly toiling to lift our literature into universality, and their work should not be underestimated

If I may venture to make a prediction, I would like to prophesy that the most virile writer of the future will be, not Mr. James Lane Allen (whose indefinable charm as a writer is unquestioned) but Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith.*

For in describing the life of the civil engineer (the life Mr. Smith knows the best of all) he has at last come into his inheritance. His other talents are literary expression, a growing knowledge of the projection of character and a thorough knowledge of the world. If I lay great stress upon a novelist being a man of the world and having a large view of life, my authority for it is Matthew Arnold. He is speaking of a poet, but his words of wisdom fit the novelist equally well:

> Every one can see that a poet, for instance, ought to know life and the world before dealing with them in poetry; and life and the world being, in modern times, very complex things, the creation of a modern poet, to be worth much, implies a great critical effort behind it; else it must be a comparatively poor, barren and short-lived affair. This is why Byron's poetry had so little endurance in it, and Goethe's so much; both Byron and Goethe had a great productive power, but Goethe's was nourished by a great critical effort providing the true materials for it, and

* Although Mr. Smith is not a western writer, nor Mrs. Catherwood a realist, their names are inserted for illustration.

Byron's was not. *Goethe knew life and the world, the poet's necessary subjects, much more comprehensively and thoroughly than Byron*

The theory that our greatest novelists and humorists do not draw directly from real life, nor aim their shafts at individuals, but portray composites and strike at the foibles of a class, is a thrice-told tale to the readers of this magazine. In the summer of 1893 I had a long conversation with Octave Thanet upon this subject, taking Harry Lossing for a text. Miss French then remarked that *all* her characters, from Sir Guy the Neuter, to Harry Lossing, were types.

Immediately after the publication of "With the Procession," Mr. Henry B. Fuller wrote me:

I never lift anybody from real life into my books, do not think it right, do not consider it at all the thing that an experienced professional worker would want to do. Most of my people are blends, composites; some of them are built upon two or three hints taken from actual persons; some of them are precipitated like dew from an over-charged atmosphere, *i. e.*, Susan Bates. David Marshall is a fusion of five or six men. Arthur Scodd-Paston is composed of shreds and patches collected in Chicago, London, mid-ocean. Lydia Rhodes developed from two or three little personal peculiarities, but with no further reference to anybody in particular. Jane Marshall dawned, and so on.

And who does not believe that Mr. Roswell Martin Field's breezy sketches of life in the southwest, collected in "In Sunflower Land," are fadeless types (not photographs) of the faded Western Puritan; types which have left no permanent trace behind them except upon his canvas.

Mr. Hamlin Garland does not call himself a realist, he and his followers styling themselves veritists. Their theories differ radically from those of the greatest of our realists, although in the popular mind the line of demarcation has not been carefully drawn. Some months ago Mr. Opie Read remarked to me: "When I travelled in the northern part of Minnesota and in the Dakotas, and saw the wretched little cabins of the pioneer farmers and the bare little school-houses, 'as naked of foliage as a nose,' (to use Mr. Garland's own simile) I said to myself, 'here are miles and miles of Hamlin Garland.'"

But Mr. Garland's theories embrace less territory than his stories and may be summed up as follows:

The true veritist should depict life exactly as he sees it, always keeping in mind, however, nature's proportion of good and evil. M. Zola, for instance, is a great force in literature, but his novels are not true pictures of life, owing to the preponderance of evil in them. It is a mistake, Mr. Garland thinks, to portray types, because nature does not work after that manner and the more exactly one copies nature down to the minutest detail, the better the art. The only preparation for a novelist, short story writer, poet or artist, is a profound study of nature at large, and of that particular environment which the author feels impelled to describe; the environment in which one is born and bred being the one which the story teller portrays with the most force and truth If one has the natural gift of expression, says Mr. Garland, it is necessarily evolved from such a life, and the learning of the schools does not increase one's power and originality, but rather detracts therefrom. Young veritists should study Ibsen, Tolstoi, Valdés, Flaubert, Zola, Sudermann, Hauptmann, Howells and Miss Wilkins, but the literature of the past should be wholly subordinate to the present.

Mr. Opie Read declares that he is not always a realist. He thinks the conceptions of the novelist should always be characterized by beauty and proportion and that an author should have a many-sided view of life.

"To write from the heart," he once said, "the novelist must have some of the receptivity of the savage. When you come to think of it, how much of Shakespeare's power lies in his conception of savagery in some form or other, as in King Lear, Macbeth or Richard III. I believe with Macaulay that poetry is born in the twilight of the

CATHEDRAL CLOSE IN DAVENPORT,
Described in "Stories of a Western Town."

nations. It is for this reason that I love Taine more than any other writer. His descriptions of the rise of the English Nation are almost Homeric. Philosophical poetry is not the poetry which appeals to me. At least it is not poetry equal to the vehemence of Shakespeare's time, the youthful life of the English world. It is the same with the novel. The best material is found among our so-called uncultured Americans; men who live close to Mother Earth and know the haunts of the wild animals and the secrets of wood craft.

"The Arkansan interests me most because he is the child of nature. True, he is shiftless, but he is shiftless in a grand, picturesque manner, after Nature's own fashion."

It is this belief in the rejuvenating power of savagery which has induced Miss Mary Alicia Owen to devote her life to Indian folk-lore. Some months ago she wrote me:

I have no inspirations but boundless enthusiasms about my work. As I am of a friendly spirit and personally agreeable to the Indians, I hope to be able to make a careful record of the ancient tribal observances and the woman's secret societies. As a rule my sympathies are with the red people.

Miss Owen's latest story of Indian life, "A Daughter of Allonette," is a wonderful interpretation of Indian manners and customs.

Mr. Stanley Waterloo professes to have no fixed theories as a novelist, since he thinks the art of story-telling is still in a tentative state, but the American stories which interest him the most are those of Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood. "She has the vigor and force of a man," says Mr. Waterloo, "added to the sympathetic nat-

LEE HALL, DAVENPORT,
The old home of Bishop Lee, Octave Thanet's uncle — Soldiers' Monument on the left.

ure of the woman, and she knows the Indian and French legends of the Mississippi Valley as other women know Mother Goose and the stories of the Bible."

Octave Thanet thinks the educational preparation of a short story writer cannot be on too broad a scale. Her own preparation included not only the study of several literatures, but metaphysics, political economy and science. She believes that every realist should have a literary or scientific training of some sort to show him the best methods of collecting and assorting his materials and to teach him literary proportion. This training should be supplemented by a study of style. If one wants to acquire a style which is simple, direct, and also picturesque, she particularly recommends the study of the old English divines.

"I could not begin to tell you," she once wrote me, "the queer old pamphlets and old reprints (and sometimes originals) of the dead and buried gossip of the sixteenth century that I have exhumed and read. The sermons of that time had the pith of manners and politics in them, just as newspapers have it now. They were the mirrors of the time, and repaid me often, not only with first hand views of the age, but with a style of singular simplicity and strength, the style, you know, of King James' translation."

Above all, Octave Thanet thinks the realist should possess what Mr. George Saintsbury regards as the indispensable talent of a novelist, "the gift of conceiving and projecting character."

Every great novelist projects character in two ways. First, by drawing the introductory outlines of his figures with a few swift, sure, sympathetic strokes, as if the author took Ruskin's saying

to heart: "It is in the perfection and precision of the instantaneous line that the claim of immortality is made:" and second, by making the characters speak and act as they would in real life—their language seeming to come directly from the lips of living men and women.

None of our story-tellers can excel Octave Thanet in the projection of character. For the purpose of illustration, suppose we take the character of Amos Wickliff in her latest collection of short stories, entitled "The Missionary Sheriff."

The following is our author's introductory portrait of Amos:

> Wickliff smiled as he unbent his great frame; he was six feet two inches in height with bones and thews to match his stature. A stiff black mustache, curving about his mouth and lifting as he smiled, made his white teeth look the whiter. One of the upper teeth was crooked. That angle had come in an ugly fight (when he was a special officer and detective) in the Chicago stock yards, he having to hold a mob at bay, single-handed to save the life of a wounded policeman. The scar seaming his jaw and neck belonged to the time that he captured a notorious gang of train robbers. . . . The sheriff's high cheek bones, straight hair (black as a dead coal) and narrow black eyes were the arguments for a general belief that an Indian ancestor lurked somewhere in the foliage of his genealogical tree. All that people really knew about him was that his mother died when he was a baby, and his father, about the same time, was killed in battle, leaving their only child to drift from one reluctant protector to another, until he brought up in the Soldiers' Orphans' Home of the State.

With this graphic portrait of Amos Wickliff, Octave Thanet starts a series of stories in which this sheriff appears in wholly dissimilar situations and groups; amid scenes where his bravery, nerve and manliness are tried to the utmost. One story alone does not wholly reveal his straightforward character. It is rather by a series of side views, back views and full views, that one finally obtains a full length portrait of the man; certain stories emphasizing his mercifulness to reformed prisoners; others his dry, cold manner to hardened criminals; a few displaying his alertness as a detective, while the concluding stories, "The Next Room" and "The Defeat of Amos Wickliff," portray his innate delicacy. If any one were omitted the figure would be less symmetrical; they must all be read in order to comprehend the perfect ennoblement of his commonplace character; for the *raw* materials out of which Octave Thanet weaves her stories are absolutely commonplace. In fact one might almost say that her raw materials are more commonplace than those of any other western writer (Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote or Mr. Henry B. Fuller for example), her art consisting in a sudden and unlooked for clearance of the moral atmosphere which surrounds her heroes. Immediately the reader finds himself exhilarated by this atmosphere in which righteousness is estimated at its intrinsic value. The calm, unyielding strife which Amos Wickliff makes against vice stirs the reader with enthusiasm. He is attracted by the balance of Wickliff's moral proportions, no one virtue being in excess.

The atmosphere in all her stories is so fresh and invigorating that one is apt to have an irresistible longing to live in Octave Thanet's towns and settlements. Particularly is this inspiring atmosphere noticeable in the story of "An Assisted Providence" (one of the Western Town Stories). No materials could, on their face, be more prosaic than Harry Lossing's proposed purchase of two St. Bernard pups; his accompanying his mother to the Episcopal Cathedral; a prosy sermon from an uncultured rector, and Harry Lossing's absurd blunder, the putting of the wrong checks into the church plate. Yet with what an indefinable grace she invests this quaint little city of Davenport, the scene of the story! All the sights which have been familiar to her since childhood, the pure Gothic lines of the Cathedral, the modest, square, brick house which was the residence of her uncle, Bishop Lee, and the granite soldier on his shaft are described (while Harry Lossing walks to church with his mother) with a loving and spirited hand.

Perhaps it is not too early to say that the leading incidents in this unique

story really happened to Miss French's youngest brother, Robert Tillinghast French — that beloved brother who died but recently at Toronto. He was not Harry Lossing, for Harry Lossing was a type, but he had the same passion for honor and rectitude, and the same sympathy for the unfortunate, which were the characteristics of Harry Lossing. Had Robert Tillinghast French lived, he might have embodied the type which his sister drew while inspired with an abiding faith in the young American of the future; but he was cut off at the beginning of his life's work.

Concealed symbolism may be regarded as one of the newest thoughts of our short story writers. A striking example of it may be found in Mrs. Catherwood's "The Spirit of an Illinois Town." But Octave Thanet was, I believe, the first to create, in the character of Harry Lossing, a type which is symbolical of the strong, alert, righteous spirit of our time. In Amos Wickliff we have another type, symbolical of the character of the true official; the title of the book, "The Missionary Sheriff," and the name, Wickliff (a name not to be found in American Blue books and directories) slightly indicating its symbolical character. Yet so true is it to life that no one can say there never was an Amos Wickliff.

If I have seemed to dwell with more emphasis upon the works of Octave Thanet than those of any other writer, it is because her ideals are higher, her views of life, of art and of men and women are broader than those of other Western realists. She has seen life through the eyes of many people — particularly has she been able to get the masculine outlook from her father and brothers. I can never forget the impressive manner in which Miss French first spoke to me of her father:

"My father," she said, "always encouraged me and believed in me,—more than I believed in myself. His taste in art and his high sense of honor were unconscious influences for me, but were none the less strong. He was deeply interested in all his working people. He knew many of them personally and

MARY ALICIA OWEN,
Author of "A Daughter of Allonette," etc.

was attached to them as men. Many a young fellow got his first start in life from my father. After he died there came most affecting letters to us from men that he had befriended, not only with money but with counsel and appreciation. If I am a believer in the obligation of employers to those employed, it is because I was reared in such principles. Just as I was reared in a hatred of sccialism, anarchy and all efforts to alter the laws of nature by legislative folly."

Our world is a world of extremes. This age might be styled, not inaptly, an every-man-out-of-his-humor-age. Men

are extremely virtuous or extremely vile, extremely rich or extremely poor, extremely philanthropical or extremely selfish, extremely learned or extremely athletic and savage.

I know not how in such an age, when others are striving to fill places beyond their powers, Miss French has been able to exactly measure herself and her art and to catch and hold the subtle spirit of proportion; yet thus it is, that Mr. Fuller is the possessor of a more delicate fancy than Octave Thanet; Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote is more picturesque; Charles Egbert Craddock has greater powers of concentration; Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith excels in poise and nonchalance; Mr. James Lane Allen in poetic charm of narrative; Mr. Garland in the interpretation of nature's fiercest moods; Mrs. Catherwood in the re-quickening of the dead heroes of the past; but none of them have Octave Thanet's sense of proportion, and none of them can chisel a character out of nature's quarry with her swift, unerring strokes.

The popular opinion is, that, anyone who has a few dramatic stories to tell, is capable of becoming a writer of fiction. One purpose of this paper is to dissipate that idea, to show that while fiction may be an easy material to mould in its elemental forms, it is not easily wrought upon as an art.

Above the entrance to the realm of fiction might be written in legible characters: "He who dares to enter this domain of the mind must first prove that he has,

'A nimble wit, fancy's abundant flow,
Neatness of touch, an airy *verve* or 'go'
Humor and pathos blending smiles with tears,
A sympathy with common hopes and fears,
Sincerity that reinforces art
With wisdom studied from the human heart.'"

CLOVER BEND,
The Arkansas home of Octave Thanet, recently destroyed by fire.

CREATION.

I WISH some master hand would form
The elements which make my soul,
And then unchain the mighty storm
And let the billows roll.
The sameness which will not depart,
But broods above the chaos now,
Is that which crushes out the heart
And writes across the brow.

Alonzo Leorà Rice.

GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS WHILE IN COMMAND AT IRONTON, MO.,
August, 1861. The spring and the "Grant Oak" under which he received his commission as Brigadier-General. "He came as Colonel and departed as General, and entered upon his career of victory." It was here he drew the outlines of his plan of campaign for opening the Mississippi River.

GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

(A HISTORY.)

BY COL. JOHN W. EMERSON.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)
(Begun in the October, 1896, MIDLAND MONTHLY.)

BOOK III.

CHAPTER IX.

GRANT APPOINTED BRIGADIER-GENERAL.

COLONEL GRANT had only fairly settled down in camp, on the afternoon of the 8th day of August, when the passenger train brought the St. Louis newspapers, containing the announcement that President Lincoln had, on the previous day, nominated and sent the name of Col. Ulysses S. Grant to the United States Senate, as Brigadier-General, to rank from May 17, 1861.

The Senate confirmed the appointment on August 9th, on which day his commission bears date. This came to him a few days later while sitting under a great oak, now known as the "Grant Oak," which overshadows a limpid spring, beside which were his rude headquarters, in the beautiful valley of Arcadia. Here the Ozark Mountains rise in picturesque grandeur, nowhere exceeded for beauty in the interior of the continent.

Here, too, within a few miles, were the great iron works of Pilot Knob and Iron Mountain; also extensive lead mines, all to be protected from possible capture by the Confederates.

Grant's first official act as Brigadier-General was the following order, assuming command of the district:

HEADQUARTERS,
IRONTON, MO., August 9, 1861.

General Orders
No. 1.

In pursuance of instructions from department headquarters, the undersigned hereby assumes command of the Military District of Ironton.* Col. B. Gratz Brown, who is relieved by this order, will hold himself in readiness to move to St. Louis to-morrow with the portion of his regiment now here. On his arrival in St. Louis he will report to Major-General Frémont for orders.

By order of U. S. Grant, brigadier-general, commanding.

M. S. HASIE,
Post Adjutant.

This is surely sufficiently quiet and undemonstrative to show that General Grant was not excited or unduly elated by his elevation to the position of General. He even ignores the use of capitals in "brigadier-general commanding" Whether this was the oversight of the Post Adjutant who may have written the order, or General Grant's wish, the war records do not disclose. This does not occur again in any order issued by General Grant during the War of the Rebellion; if it does, it has escaped the careful search of the writer through the war records.

CHAPTER X.

GENERAL GRANT'S PLANS FOR HIS BRIGADE.

For two months or more, the Confederates had been maturing plans for the invasion of Missouri, in support of Governor Jackson's secession policy. The Confederate Major-General Polk, in command at Memphis, was pushing his forces up the river. On July 23d, he informed the Confederate Government of his intention to send two armies into Missouri — one of twenty-five thousand men under General McCulloch, against Lyon at Springfield; and another of eighteen thousand under Generals Pillow and Hardee, to march on Ironton. The latter column, he wrote, "are directed to proceed to St. Louis, seize it, and taking possession of the boats at that point, to proceed up the River Missouri, raising the Missourians as they go; and, at such point as may appear most suitable, to detach a force to cut off Lyon's return from the the west. . . If, as I think, I can drive the enemy from Missouri with the force indicated, I will then enter Illinois and take Cairo in the rear on my return."

General Polk was soon awakened from this ambitious dream of conquest. He had already advanced Pillow's command to New Madrid and Hardee's to Greenville. On August 6th, General Frémont reported to the President:

Enemy eighteen thousand between Bird's Point and New Madrid, under Pillow and Jeff Thompson; strong in cavalry and artillery. We are reinforcing and entrenching Ironton.

Colonel Marsh, in command at Cape Girardeau, telegraphed:

Thompson's command is only sixteen miles from me and advancing.

On the very day of Grant's arrival at Ironton, General Frémont telegraphed him to "keep a watchful eye upon the approach of the enemy by way of Fredericktown."

While Grant was thus environed, and the forces of war were gathering to burst upon him, and on the day he assumed command, that other young hero, General Lyon, with a little army of six thousand five hundred men, was about to engage in a death grapple with nearly three times his own number at the celebrated battle of Wilson's Creek, near Springfield, Mo. In the charge that repulsed the enemy, the brilliant Lyon lost his life. This great loss to the Union cause with the withdrawal of Lyon's little army from Springfield to Rolla, gave the rebel cause new impulse in the state.

That evening Grant made his first report to General Frémont, in which he said it was fortunate the place had not been attacked, "for," he added, "many of the officers seem to have so little command over their men, and military duty seems to be done so loosely, that I fear at present our resistance would be in the inverse ratio of the number of troops to resist with. In two days, however, I expect to have a very dif-

*This district then included all southeast Missouri.

*War records.

ferent state of affairs, and to improve it continuously."

The next day, August 10th, he reported to Frémont that he had received reliable information to the effect that Hardee was "still at Greenville, with 2,000 men and six to eight field pieces, with another 1,000 advanced twenty miles toward Ironton; also a third more cavalry, well mounted and equipped." He suggested that cavalry and artillery be sent to him, and remarked that "the twenty-four mounted home guards now here are destitute of suitable arms, and are almost useless in consequence." "Twenty-four" mounted home guards, poorly armed, was a sorry cavalry force, surely.

CHAPTER XI.

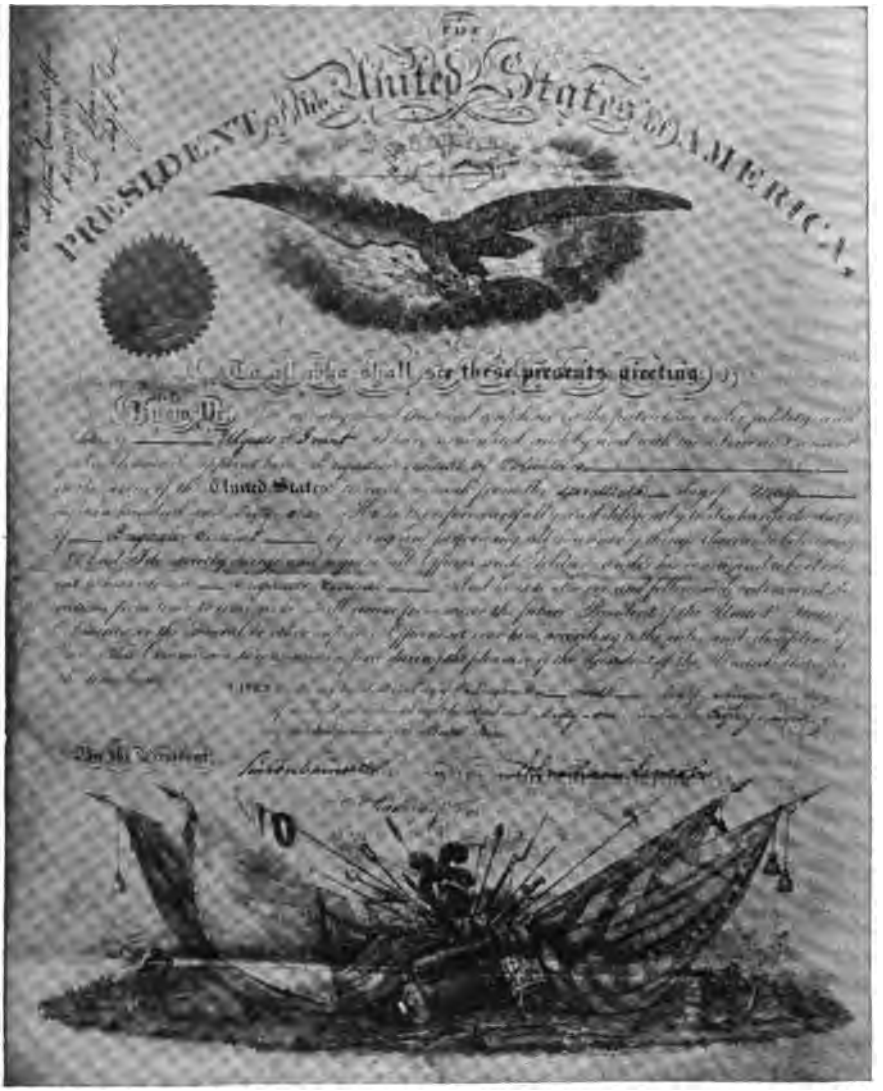
GRANT'S RAPID MOVEMENTS.

Col. B. Gratz Brown, (afterwards Governor of Missouri, and Vice-Presidential candidate in 1872), whom Grant superseded in command at Ironton, was a brilliant and able man; but he was not a trained soldier, and Grant found the condition of discipline at Ironton to be more lax than at Mexico Colonel Brown's regiment was only mustered for three months, and the term had expired. Its demoralization had affected the other two regiments (Colonel Bland's, of Missouri, and Colonel Hecker's, of Illinois), so that Grant had stepped into a sort of military chaos; but instantly, as by magic, the master hand again brought order and discipline out of confusion.

On August 12th he had scouts advanced twenty-five miles south towards Hardee, and another force pursuing a rebel band eighteen miles northwest. On the 13th he reported to Frémont that 3,000 of the enemy, mostly mounted, were at Fredericktown, twenty miles east of him, and that "General Hardee, with 5,000 well armed men, are advancing upon this place." And, although he had only his own Twenty-first, and two other regiments, he made no frantic appeal for reinforcements, but in his own quiet and unperturbed way said to General Frémont: "I express to you the facts and leave it to the General commanding whether in his judgment more troops should not be sent. With one battery of field artillery, and one additional regiment of infantry, I would feel that this point would be secure beyond any present contingency." That is, this confident and self-reliant young General, with four regiments and a battery, was ready for the attack of Hardee with his eight thousand!

BRIGADIER-GENERAL U. S. GRANT,
At Ironton, in August, 1861. From an old picture.

On the 15th Grant's heart was gladdened by the arrival of Colonel Thayer's First Nebraska, and Colonel Lau-



GRANT'S COMMISSION AS BRIGADIER-GENERAL (One-fourth size).

On August 5, 1861, Grant arrived at Ironton, Mo., with his regiment, as Colonel. On the 9th he was commissioned Brigadier-General, and on the 14th his commission was received. He had already organized a campaign against Hardee, and formulated a plan of campaign for opening the Mississippi River.

man's Seventh Iowa regiment. Hardee did not advance upon Ironton as he had threatened to do, and before nightfall Grant determined to advance upon and attack Hardee. He reported to General Frémont in the evening:

"I have ordered the 21st Illinois Infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander, forward upon the Greenville road, and Colonel Hecker's 24th Illinois Infantry upon the Fredericktown road, to form a junction at Brunot. I will follow to-morrow with artillery and further infantry. . . . A spy reports the rebel force much greater than heretofore represented."

On the 16th, before taking the field south against Hardee, he reported to Frémont:

"The rebel force at Fredericktown numbers 1,500. The column sent out by me yesterday will be upon them to-day by 12 o'clock."*

When Grant's force reached Brunot, twenty-five miles south, he learned that General Hardee had retreated from Greenville, and was retiring toward Arkansas, too far in advance to be overtaken without cavalry.

On the 18th, Grant returned to Ironton and ordered Colonel Marsh with his Seventeenth Illinois Regiment (which arrived after the movement against Hardee began) to move upon, occupy and hold Fredericktown. And, he adds: "You will permit no pressing of horses or other property by your command. The policy meets my decided disapproval, and must be suppressed."

Not a moment was lost in putting all things in order for pushing forward supplies, munitions and reinforcements for his little army, now ready to proceed against Jeff. Thompson, who was still active a little further to the southeast.

* The citations are all from the records in the War Department.

CHAPTER XII.

GRANT RELIEVED OF COMMAND.

Having set all things in order at Ironton, Grant was ready to mount his horse on the afternoon of the 18th to rejoin his advanced force moving south, when General Prentiss appeared with an order from General Frémont to assume command of the district. In an hour Grant had put the new commander in possession of all his accumulated information, and was ready to proceed to St. Louis.

ONE OF THE "BLOCK-HOUSES" OR FORTS ORDERED BUILT BY GRANT
When in command at Ironton, in 1861, to defend the bridges on the St. Louis & Iron Mountain Railroad, between Ironton and St. Louis. This is a sketch of the last one, which vanished in smoke in 1894.

All who had observed Grant's ceaseless and tireless energy in enforcing discipline, in drilling his force, and in the work of preparation for active hostilities, accomplished within ten days, were greatly displeased at the change.

Why was this change made, the writer asked the Hon. Samuel T. Glover in St. Louis, at the time.

"Why," he answered, "this fellow Grant is a soldier. He didn't make any fuss about what he was doing. He

went to work at once making actual war, and didn't talk. Frémont at St. Louis, and Prentiss at Cairo, have been making war on paper. All their imaginary doings are exploited daily in the newspapers, and they seem to want the people to believe, 'Me —— big Chief, welly big Chief.' Here at headquarters men are estimated, not according to their solid merit, but by their powers of *gabbery*, and the noise they can make in the newspapers."

The blunt and emphatic Glover probably gave the true explanation as to why Grant was superseded in the midst of his swift and soldier-like preparations for active hostilities.

It will be instructive to inquire whether, during this his first brief independent command at Ironton Grant exhibited any traits indicating military genius. Surely, with chaos all around him on his first coming, little could be expected in so brief a time. But in truth, very much was accomplished. These days of waiting and preparation for aggressive work, were pregnant with mighty events to follow. Every detail of preparation was arranged and provided for. Every company and every regiment was drilled with persistent military energy, Every hour was utilized by officers and men in effective preparation under the eye of a new silent chief who impressed every member of his little army with the conviction that he expected every man to do his duty, and with full faith that this chief knew how, and was ready and alert to do his. By some silent influence the slow, easy, shiftless, go-as-you-please, unmilitary conditions which preceded Grant's advent and command immediately changed and were metamorphosed into order, activity and precision. Heretofore loose squads of soldiers were allowed to wander and prowl around at will, and now and then a dress-parade constituted the soldier's only work. It was safer for citizens to keep themselves and their effects well within doors. Now, however, all was changed as by magic. Instinctively all felt that a *soldier*, and not a mere Colonel, or General, had arrived. The loud laugh, the bluster, the swagger of loafing squads, were hushed. Instead you heard the bugle calls, the roll of drums, the sharp command of officers to drilling and marching and wheeling battalions, and the steady tramp of armed men. The mountains echoed the sharp reports of artillery practice, and the terrible infantry fire. Not a straggler was to be seen, but all in earnest preparation in emulation of their chief, who, in some silent, mysterious way, made all —soldier and civilian—feel the truth of the oft reiterated remark, "Grant means business." And he did. He seemed to the writer, who then for the first time saw and studied his daily military work, a man who felt that his country was beleaguered and its defenders were at the point of surrender, and it was necessary to fly to their instant relief.

CHAPTER XIII.

Reminiscences of Grant at Ironton.

In watching Grant's operations, and his sleepless activities in this first independent command, I have often compared him to the tireless onrush of Havelock and his Highlanders sweeping along to the relief of Lucknow. Not that his own personal movements seemed impetuous. On the contrary, they were always deliberate, always characterized by that cool *nonchalance* which made the observer feel that here is a man who *knows*.

There was an entire absence of show or ostentation about Grant at Ironton. He wore a neat, plain suit at first, as I recollect without military buttons or shoulder-straps, and without any other army insignia than a gold cord around his hat. If he had a sword I did not see him wear it. I suppose, however, he had one, because one of his officers told me that on the day after his arrival at the Ironton encampment, he saw Colonel Grant bran-

dishing his sword and chasing a squad of his men out of an adjacent apple orchard with great precipitancy.

I recall an incident of the time, showing his cool confidence in himself. The day before Grant's arrival, the writer had sketched crude plans for some suggested defenses at Ironton, in view of the threatened attack of General Hardee, and had given them to Colonel B. Gratz Brown then in command. The morning after Colonel Grant's arrival, I called with Colonel Brown at Grant's headquarters. Brown handed him my crude plans. Grant looked at them a moment, and, as he folded the papers and deliberately placed them in his pocket, remarked, "They look well; we shall see."

All others were excited about the hourly anticipated attack, but Grant seemed totally unconcerned; as cool and complacent as was Lord Nelson during the battle of Copenhagen, when he insisted upon the formality of melting wax and sealing a letter on the deck of his ship while death was all about him. Grant expressed no urgency about projected defenses. I was puzzled to know why, as Frémont was fortifying every important point. Next morning I called again and ventured to ask concerning them. Refugees from the country south of us were coming in, filling the place with alarming rumors of Hardee's approach. Grant quietly smiled at our alarm, and by way of allaying our fears remarked, "Perhaps General Hardee may need fortifications before we shall."

And thus it happened; for in a few days Grant's well drilled and disciplined battalions were marching out in search of Hardee; and instead of the latter attacking Ironton, he was retreating rapidly towards Arkansas, although his army was numerically much larger than that of Grant.

Referring to Hardee and other officers who had joined the Confederate army, he remarked to the writer: "Our language has no words to adequately express the dishonor and ingratitude of men who were educated by the Government turning that very education against their country."

These strong words were uttered without show of anger. With him it was purely a matter of principle and patriotism.

Day by day Grant's effective force increased in numbers, and it was many times multiplied in aggressive potentiality by reason of its effective discipline and spirit.

CHAPTER XIV.

GRANT FORMS HIS GREAT PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

Three days had not passed after his coming, until the expulsion of Hardee and Jeff Thompson from the state had grown on Grant's mind into an assured fact.

Busy as he was, his active mind turned swiftly to another problem: when Southeast Missouri should be freed from invasion, how could the enemy's lines be broken and *his* territory invaded? Without the slightest relaxation of preparation to strike the invaders at the earliest possible moment, he began as early as the third day after arriving at this new independent command, on an old pine table under the great oak in front of his cabin-headquarters at Ironton, to formulate his great Mississippi Valley Campaign, to open the Mississippi River, the final accomplishment of which was to eventually bring him imperishable renown.

The writer's knowledge of the geography and topography of Grant's new district was minute; and in answering his numerous inquiries at his headquarters on the evening of the second day after his coming, and aiding him to correct a very poor map, the only one he had, he asked if I had a map that covered the entire Cairo region,— Southeastern Missouri, Southern Illinois, Western Kentucky, etc. Fortunately I had such a map, and it was brought to him a little later.

As it was unfolded, and we hastily looked it over, he remarked, "Yes, that is better; that is *very* good; I thank you;" and then running his finger along the Ohio and down the Mississippi rivers, he added: "The rebels *must* be driven out," with a very determined emphasis on the word must. "The rivers *must* be opened."

Next day, after Grant had finished his day's inspections and activities through every part of his command, and had returned to his headquarters, I called again. Grant was quite alone as I approached, save the headquarters sentinel. He sat peering over the map spread out on the table, his hat well down over his face. He had not taken time to brush from his boots, coat or hat, the dust which had accumulated during the day; but, soon as he had dismounted and thrown his reins to his orderly, he hastened to his map. He greeted me cordially, and after I had related to him some rumors about Hardee's movements which I had heard during the day from fleeing country folk, we both again reverted to the map lying before him. I never knew Grant to indulge in harsh language concerning any one, but he was capable of deepest indignation at any great wrong, and no wrong seemed to him so heinous and so wicked as a wrong to his country and its flag. His feelings were intense on the closing of the Mississippi river against the commerce of the great West. "That great river," he said, "must remain open."

As I sat on a box at the end of the table, I observed a number of marks he had made on the map since I gave it to him the previous evening. The marks consisted of red crosses, and they began at the "Croley Ridge" crossing of the St. Francois river between Missouri and Arkansas, some fifty miles west of Columbus, a crossing that was then made much use of by the Confederates. There was another mark at New Madrid, another at Columbus, and there were others on the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers at points where the Confederates were obstructing them. There were also dotted lines overland from the point opposite Cairo to the rear of Columbus, and from Paducah and Smithland in the direction of Forts Henry and Donelson. Two other crosses, a little more conspicuous, were made, one at or near Nashville, and the other at a point where the state line between Alabama and Mississippi touches the Tennessee river. There was a dotted line from Nashville south to Eastport, indicating that his thought was that after the capture of Nashville, a column would be sent across the center of the state to form a junction with the force ascending the Tennessee river.

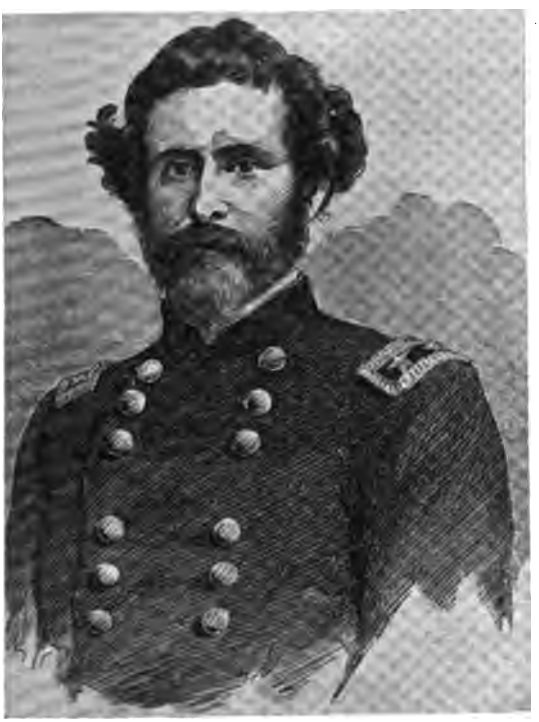
He evidently expected that a battle would be fought for the possession of Nashville (and it was fought at Donelson), and another on the Tennessee, near Eastport. The fact that his second anticipated battle was fought at Shiloh, a little further north, and that Buell's column did move across the State from Nashville and Columbia to a junction at Shiloh, and that the Confederate army was there concentrated, is a remarkable proof of the comprehensive sagacity and prescience of this remarkable man.

I instantly inferred that the marks indicated objective points where battles would probably be fought or attacks should be made; and being a civilian at the time, I was amazed at such a sudden plunge into the heart of the Confederacy, when we were every hour fearing the Confederates would be upon us far up in Missouri! He noticed my surprise, as I remarked, "General, that looks like business; that *is* business," running my finger over the map up the Tennessee river to its extreme southern bend to indicate that I comprehended the tremendous import of his marks.

"Possibilities, mere possibilities," he answered, as he arose from his seat, apparently to draw my attention away

from the subject and from the map. Stepping to the spring which bubbled up a few feet from his seat, he dipped up a cup of water, and we drank. Looking at the gentle ripples as the water flowed away over the bright pebbles, he said: "This water runs into the Mississippi, the Mississippi into the sea; and it *must* run with unfettered freedom." There was a quiet earnestness about his manner that made his few words doubly impressive.

Then, resting one hand on the big oak and picking off some bits of bark, he remarked, —"Plans are easily made, but where one has not full control, they are as likely to be upset by one's friends as they are by one's foes; but the first thing to be done is to drive the enemy out of southeast Missouri; *then*—" and here he stopped suddenly, stepped back to the table, folded the map, picked up several sheets of paper written upon, and started into the house, saying he must finish and send off some important matter.



MAJ.-GEN. JOHN C. FREMONT,
As he appeared at the time of his interview with Grant in St. Louis, in 1861. From a crayon in possession of Mrs. Jesse Benton-Fremont.

There is no doubt the marks on the map, and the written sheets related to a plan of campaign of far-reaching consequence, which he had formulated and which was then uppermost in his mind; nothing less than breaking through the Confederate lines and the opening of the Mississippi River. And this prodigious scheme was incubated in his mind, and formulated, within four days after he had assumed command of his district, and in less than three days after he had been confirmed Brigadier-General! And this, too, while engaged in reducing to order the military chaos of his new command, enforcing discipline, and making all things ready for an early attack upon General Hardee!

His sagacious mind grasped the fact that by breaking through the Confederate lines on the Tennessee and gaining control of that river to its southern bend in northern Mississippi and Alabama, the enemy would be forced to withdraw from Kentucky and Tennessee, and retire down the Mississippi, and the hope was present with him then that so soon as he could free his district of Southeast Missouri from the presence of Hardee and Jeff. Thompson, he would be permitted to enter upon the execution of his enlarged plans.

The reader will bear in mind, too, that Grant had conceived this plan three months before General Halleck came to the Western Department (Nov.

11, following), hence no suggestion could have then been received from *that* source, as some writers have suggested. It is now certain that Grant, in the very first days of his command as Brigadier-General, originated this plan of campaign.*

Grant had not as yet selected his permanent staff, but an officer who was temporarily on duty at his headquarters at Ironton, told the writer at the time (on calling when Grant was absent) that "the General spends every minute of his spare time over maps and making plans."

After Grant had been superseded and had departed for St. Louis, the Assistant Post Adjutant at Ironton said to me, "I copied a great plan of campaign which General Grant sent to Congressman Washburne to lay before the President. If he were allowed to carry it out, it would break the back of the Confederacy; but now I suppose it all goes for nothing. It was a great plan."†

*General Sherman, in his Memoirs (vol. 1, p. 220) says that in a conversation he had with General Halleck in January, 1862, in St. Louis, Halleck asked, "Where is the rebel line?" Cullum, his chief of staff, drew a pencil line through Bowling Green, Forts Donelson, Henry, and Columbus. "That is their line," said Halleck. "Now, where is the place to break it?" Cullum or I answered, "*Naturally* in the center." Halleck then drew a line at right angles near the center, which corresponded nearly with the general course of the Tennessee River, and added, "That is the true line of operations." I have always given Halleck credit for that movement, which was skillful and extremely rich in military results. It was the first real success in our Civil War.

When Sherman wrote this, in 1874, he did not know that Grant had formulated these plans in August, 1861, months before Halleck came to the Western Department *nearly six months before Halleck's conversation with Sherman* in St. Louis! Nor did Sherman then know that those plans of Grant had been sent to Washington in *August, 1861*, and were approved by the President, and that Grant was ordered back to the command of the district of Southeast Missouri for the very purpose of carrying them out. Indeed, as the plans were deemed important by President Lincoln, it is more than likely that he mentioned them to Halleck in sending that officer to assume command of the Western Department; so that what Halleck said to Sherman and Cullum, in January 1862, was no more than what he had learned from the President of Grant's plan. And we know with what persistency Grant adhered to his plans when once determined upon and were not changed by superior authority.

†I think it was Lieutenant Steele of the Twenty-first Illinois Infantry, and afterwards Adjutant.

General Grant left Ironton greatly depressed and disappointed. He felt that Frémont was doing him great injustice, and the service an injury. He had made rapid progress in preparation, and was actually advancing on the enemy when he was relieved.

Col. John M. Thayer of the First Nebraska Regiment, (later General, and, after the war, Governor of Nebraska, and United States Senator from that state,) who was a personal and intimate friend of Grant, and who had reached Ironton with his regiment only a few days before, accompanied Grant to St. Louis to interview Frémont, and if possible, have Grant restored to his command at Ironton.

In writing of the events of August, 1861, General Thayer says: "Why Grant was thus summarily displaced by another he could not divine. Nothing had occurred to mar the friendly relations between him and Frémont. He felt severely the humiliation of being thus recalled from his command, for which there was no apparent justification; and he was thoroughly cast down and dejected by the wholly unexpected change in his military position

" . . . While preparing to move against Hardee and drive him out of that section or capture him, he was also preparing, when he had disposed of Hardee, to move across to the Mississippi, and establish himself at Cairo, thus making that the base of future operations. I learned that at the very time of which I am writing, Grant had in his mind the plans of campaigns on the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers, and down the Mississippi to Vicksburg, which he subsequently carried through. The fact of his being taken away from that theater of war added largely to his chagrin and disappointment.

"We went to St. Louis that night, and Grant was silent nearly the whole of the way. Next morning he called upon General Frémont, who proposed to send him to Jefferson City. On his return to me at the Planters' House,

he said, 'I do not want to go to Jefferson City. I do not want to go any further into Missouri. But of course I must obey orders.' Reflecting a few minutes he added: 'I wish I could get leave of absence to visit Galena.' I advised him to apply for leave. He did so and it was granted. His family lived in Galena. But little did I realize the vast consequence to him and to his country of that visit. Foreseeing that the great events of the war must inevitably take place east of the Mississippi River, he knew if he went further into Missouri he might be sidetracked for six months or a year and thus lose the important opportunity of his life. He would be taken away from the great theater of war; he would be absent from the fields where vast conflicts were to take place and brilliant victories were to be won, and would have no part or lot in them."

"He returned from Galena and went to Jefferson City.

"His trip to Galena had produced results. In about ten days after arriving at Jefferson City, he received orders to repair to St. Louis without delay to receive special instructions. Reaching that city, he found his special instructions were to proceed to Ironton and assume command of the district of Southeast Missouri, enlarged to embrace Southern Illinois and Western Kentucky.

"Grant was thus restored to his old command from which he had been so abruptly removed a few weeks before. He now found himself on the right road to Cairo, a point he had been so anxious to reach and which was to be the starting point of the grand campaign *which he had already planned* and was so soon to inaugurate. . . . .

"I found that his real purpose in going to Galena was to secure the influence of Mr. Washburne in helping him on the way to Cairo, and he did not ask in vain; for in a brief space of time the order went from Washington to Fremont to place Grant in command of the district of Southeast Missouri, which included Cairo.

"Sometime after the war I heard the following statement from Montgomery Blair, who was Postmaster-General under Mr. Lincoln: 'One day in Cabinet meeting, Lincoln turned to the Secretary of War and said: 'Did we not receive a communication from a man by the name of Grant laying out a plan of campaign down the Mississippi?' The Secretary said he believed such a paper had been received. The paper was produced and read in Cabinet meeting. It made a strong impression on all the members, Lincoln remarking that it had, at the time it was received, impressed him favorably, but in the multiplicity of cares it had been forgotten until now he had just received a communication from Congressman Washburne, of Illinois, calling his attention to it and to General Grant and suggesting that he be sent to Cairo. Lincoln then said, 'Mr. Secretary, send an order to General Fremont to put Grant in command of the district of Southeast Missouri.'

"The desire of Grant's heart was now accomplished. He was in the position to commence that series of campaigns, which, as they were unfolded, attracted the attention and admiration of the civilized world."*

Governor Thayer's high standing places the truth of this corroborative statement above all cavil or doubt.

*Grant at Pilot Knob, by General Thayer, in McClure's, October, 1895.

(To be continued.)

MRS. JAMES LONGSTREET.

SOME LADIES OF THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.—I.

By Juliette M. Babbitt.

THE recent change of administration brought a large number of accomplished and attractive ladies to Washington. Some of them were new to the place, but many had already spent more or less time in the Capital city.

The wife of Mr. John Addison Porter, the President's secretary, was Miss Amy Betts, a granddaughter of Judge Samuel F. Betts, of New York, who sat upon the bench forty consecutive years. She is a charming woman with prematurely gray hair and fair complexion. She is well educated and a fine linguist. She is warm hearted and energetic in good works. Several years ago Mr. and Mrs. Porter lived at the Capital for a time. They were great social favorites then, as they are now. Many old friends welcomed them on their return last March. They have a pleasant home on K street, between Sixteenth and Seventeenth, which is

brightened by the presence of two lovely little girls. The eldest, Agnes, is between six and seven years of age; Josephine is about five.

MRS J. A. PORTER.

Gen. Oliver L. Spaulding, of Michigan, First Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, is filling that position for the second time and has represented his State in Congress, so that he and his amiable wife are not strangers to Washington. Mrs. Spaulding was Mary Cecelia Swegles, born at Painted Post, N. Y., and reared in Michigan, of which State her father, Hon. John Swegles, was Auditor-General. She was carefully educated and is an unusually clever artist, her book illustrations being especially fine. She is of

MRS. PERRY S. HEATH.

medium height with a bright, earnest face crowned with dark, curly hair, which is streaked with gray. There are three sons; two of them graduated, with honor, at Ann Arbor; the youngest, a lad of fifteen is in the Washington High school. The only daughter, Edna Cecelia, after graduating from Wellesley, taught for two years in New York and in Texas. She is enthusiastically fond of her work, but has given it up to be with her parents, this winter, at their home on Fourteenth street.

An exceedingly well favored couple, decided acquisitions to society, are Col. and Mrs. Theodore A. Bingham. Colonel Bingham has charge of the public buildings and grounds, and to him falls the task of presenting several thousand persons to the President at each of the formal receptions. Mrs. Bingham was Miss Lucille Rutherford, a St. Louis belle and beauty, whom the handsome young officer won from all competitors. The first few years of their married life were spent in the far west. Then Colonel Bingham was sent, as military attaché, to Berlin and afterward to Rome. He returned to this country not long ago. Mrs. Bingham is of medium height and fine figure, and has dark, wavy hair and dark eyes. She is highly accomplished; is a fine conversationalist and a most agreeable hostess, presiding, gracefully, over a handsome house in a historic neighborhood. She is the devoted mother of a bright boy about thirteen years old.

MRS. BINGER HERMAN.

The appointment of Mr. Perry S. Heath to the position of First Assistant Postmaster-General was especially pleasing to a large circle of friends, made in Washington by Mr. Heath and his charming wife when he was one of the most prominent and popular of our newspaper correspondents. Mrs. Heath was Miss Ella Conway, of Louisville. Her family are among the best in the State. She is a little woman with a daintily rounded, girlish figure, fair complexion, light hair and merry, gray-blue eyes. She is well educated, especially in music and is an ideal hostess, entertaining delightfully, in her beautiful home at the head of Connecticut avenue.

Mrs. Bristow, wife of Hon. Joseph L. Bristow, Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, is also a Kentucky woman. She went, as a bride, to Kansas, and helped her husband to make a home in that new country. She is slender and quiet, with a sweet face and dark hair. Her tastes are very domestic and she is a devoted wife and mother. Mr. and Mrs. Bristow have a home on Columbia Heights and have three sons, lively, wide-awake boys who greatly enjoy Washington life.

The First Assistant Secretary of the Interior, Hon. Thomas Ryan, and his amiable wife are also from Kansas, which State Mr. Ryan represented in Congress, from 1876 to 1889. They too are well known and very popular in Washington. Mr. Ryan was Minister to Mexico during the Harrison administration, and many souvenirs of their pleasant stay in that country adorn their home on Columbia Heights. Mrs. Ryan was born and reared in Towanda

Pa. She is of medium height and fair complexion; is well read and has very pleasing manners. Soon after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Ryan went to Topeka, Kansas, where they now have an elegant home which is quite famous for the delightful entertainments given in it.

MRS. THEODORE BINGHAM.

Judge Willis Vandevanter. Assistant Attorney-General for the Interior Department, is a talented Indianian who was lucky enough to find his fair young bride in Michigan. She went with him to Cheyenne, Wyoming, where they have a charming home. Mrs. Vandevanter was Miss Dolly Burhans, of Ionia, of good old colonial stock on both sides of her family. Her father, Winslow Page Burhans, very prominent in Michigan affairs, was a descendant of Jacob Burhans who came over in the good ship Bonte Koe (spotted cow), in 1664. She is slight and rather delicate looking, with a bright, expressive face, frank, straightforward, gray eyes and dark brown hair. Dimples come and go in her cheeks as she talks most entertainingly. Music is one of her chief accomplishments. She is not a very ardent suffragist, naturally; but, as women do vote in her adopted State, she thinks that the best of them should make a point of going to the polls on election day, which, in her city, is one of the quietest days in the year. Judge and Mrs. Vandevanter keep house on Wyoming avenue, Kalorama Heights. They have two sons; the eldest, about twelve years old; the youngest, eighteen months.

MRS. VANDEVANTER.

MRS. THOMAS RYAN.

The Commissioner of the General Land Office, Hon. Binger Hermann, of Oregon, and his wife had many friends in Washington when he was appointed to his present position, he having represented his State in Congress, for six terms. Mrs. Hermann was Miss Flora Tibbetts, born at Law-

MARY CECELIA SPAULDING.

renceburg, Indiana, of good old New England stock. She was educated and married in Oregon. She is slender, of medium height, has brown hair and eyes, is a fine musician and well up in the best literature of the day. Commissioner and Mrs. Hermann have four children. The eldest son and daughter, both married, are still in Oregon. They have with them a lovely young daughter, Miss Mabel, who was educated in Washington. She inherits her mother's love and talent for music and speaks several languages. A handsome lad, about thirteen, completes the family.

The fair young bride of Gen. James Longstreet, the new Commissioner of Railroads and the hero of two wars, was Miss Ellen Dortch, of Georgia. Her family is an old and famous one in North Carolina and Georgia. Her father, Hon. James S. Dortch, deceased, was one of the most distinguished lawyers and best liked men in Georgia. His daughter was educated at Notre Dame, Baltimore. She is slight, fair and girlish in appearance, about twenty-six years of age but looking even younger. She has an exquisite complexion, golden hair and blue eyes. Her manner is quiet and gentle, her voice, soft and low. No one would take her for an enterprising newspaper woman. When she was only fifteen she took charge of a newspaper and conducted it with success. At the time of her marriage she was Assistant State Librarian, the

MRS J. L. BRISTOW.

first woman to hold a salaried position under the State. It was due to her efforts that a bill passed the last Georgia Legislature making women eligible to the office of librarian. The wedding occurred September 8th, in Atlanta, at the residence of Governor Atkinson, on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Molino del Rey, where the groom—then Colonel—led his regiment in the brilliant charge which won him promotion. General and Mrs. Longstreet are at a quiet boarding house for the winter.

MAGGIE.

MAY all the flowers that in the spring
Their sweetest odors throw,
And all the birds that on the wing
Their brightest plumage show,
Give me the art to tell my love
As I it fain would tell;
Give me the art to speak the love
That from my heartsprings well.
In every leaf of every flower
And every song of bird
Enduring love will perfume shower,
Enduring love be heard.

Ottumwa.

GHIRLANDAJO'S "LA VISITATION."

THREE SINGERS.

WALT WHITMAN.

AS VULCAN forged the thunderbolts of Jove
From brands half-molten, seething, breathing fire—
Mid spark-lit nebulæ of fierce desire—
So he, we called the Good Gray Poet, rove
His virile verse of ardent words and free,
The fearless songs of bold Democracy.

His melody the clash of arms, the storm
Of warring elements; and through it all
A strain of music weird, yet sweet withal;
No stilted measure marred, nor narrow form
Controlled his song, nor metrical display;
He saw with Nature's eyes and said his say.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Simple as song-bird's lay and sweet
The song of our gracious Friend;
Childlike he sat at Nature's feet.
A wildwood weed, a beard of wheat,
A theme to his muse could lend.

Joyous he sang of Hope and Peace,
He wept for the fettered slave;
He prayed for a time when war should cease,
When Man through Love should win release
From sin and the cruel grave.

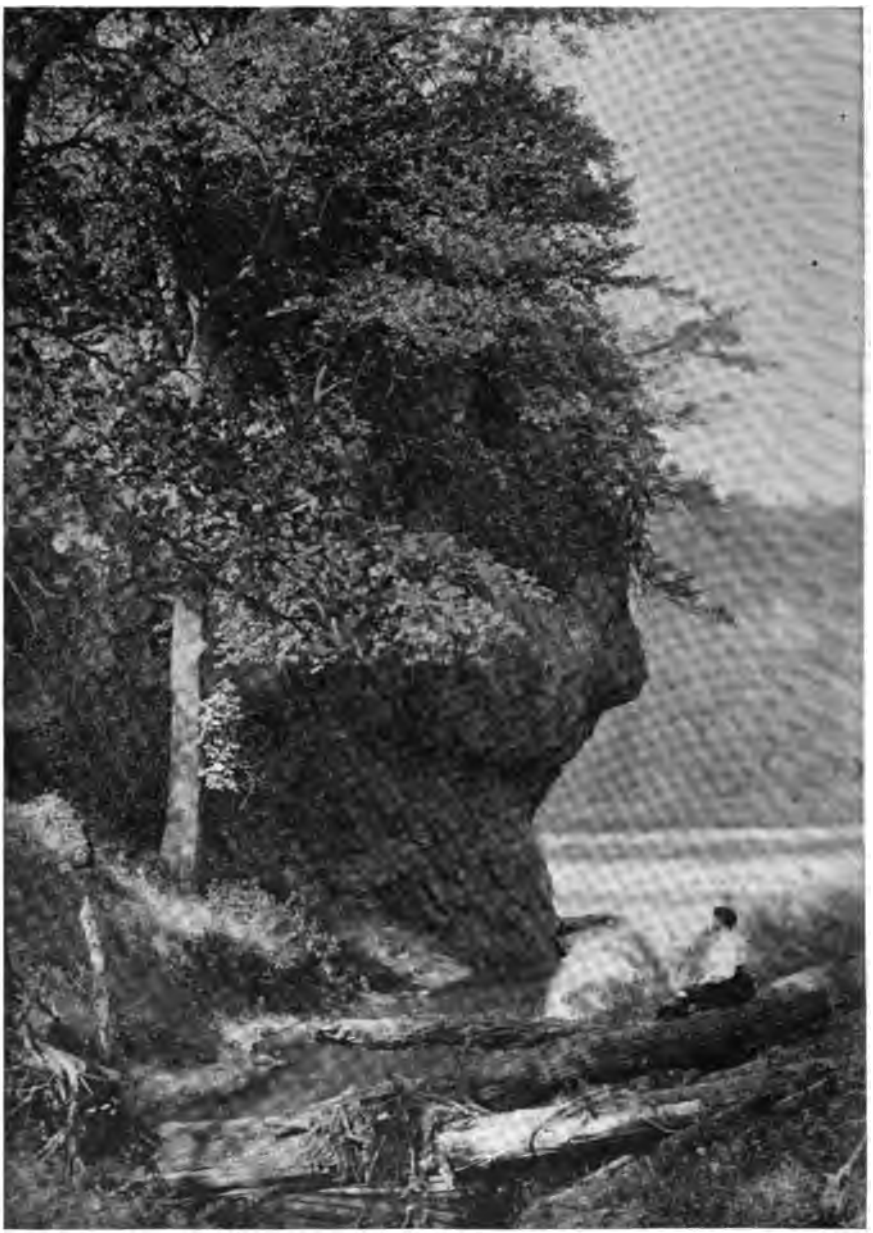
A strand of gold in warp and weft
Through his web of song is seen,
In and out and from right to left
He wove his soul, with pious deft,
For the gentle Nazarene.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

O songster laurel-crowned, whose lightest word
Enthralled the Anglo-Saxon mind where'er
The English tongue is heard, and far and near
Won meed of praise; oft depth of malice stirred
In some mean soul who could not help but grieve
For fame he envied but could not achieve.

A threnodist who melted human hearts;
A polisher of gems, whose adept hand
Made grand thoughts simple and the simple grand;
A master-workman, skilled in cunning arts,
Who spurred men to great deeds, or waked their love,
Or raised them, with his song, to heaven above;
Laid bare their souls, their better nature hymned,
And all their vagrant moods and passions limned.

Frank I. Clarke.



THE PALISADES.
A View on the Cedar River, near Mt. Vernon, Iowa.

ECHO CAVE, PALISADES, NEAR MOUNT VERNON.

CORNELL COLLEGE, MOUNT VERNON, IOWA.

BY BESSIE JULIET CRARY.

I.

NEARLY fifty years ago—so runs the tradition—shortly after the first pioneers crossed the Mississippi, and when Iowa was still a wilderness and overrun by wild game and inhabited by Indians, Rev. George B. Bowman, a sturdy, resolute and devout itinerant preacher of the early days of Methodism, while riding on horseback over his extended circuit, came upon a beautiful tree-crowned hill, rising perhaps a hundred feet above the surrounding country. This hill is situated about sixteen miles east of the city of Cedar Rapids. As Elder Bowman looked at the beautiful eminence, it seemed to his literal faith to have been designed by the Creator in the very beginning as the site of a Christian college. He dismounted from his horse and knelt in prayer, consecrating the hill to God, and himself to the building of a college thereon. Then rising from his knees he at once went to work to accomplish his purpose.

How Elder Bowman brought to a realization his dream of a college, even those who helped in the fulfillment hardly know. No man but such as he—strong in persuasion, of indomitable will and unswerving faith—could have brought it about. The pioneers were poor, prices were low and money was scarce. But the Elder made an assessment on everyone he met, and considered no one too poor to give something. He took lands, houses. horses, cattle, hogs—anything, everything. One minister tells how Elder Bowman, finding that the young preacher had neither money nor property convertible into money,

attempted to persuade him to donate his old silver watch to the cause.

In the autumn of 1852, school was opened under one teacher, in the Methodist church at Mt. Vernon. Meantime a seminary building was in process of erection on the hill. All the pine lumber, hardware and other material for this were hauled on wagons from the Mississippi, sixty miles away, for Iowa had no railroads in those days. Everyone gave something toward the building. Those who were unable to give money or material, gave of their time and personal services. Some did teaming; many students carried the hod.

In 1853, on the completion of the seminary building, the school was formally opened under the supervision of the Iowa conference as "Iowa Conference Seminary." The principal was Rev. S. M. Fellows, A. M., formerly principal of Rock River Seminary, Illinois. The new school had a large attendance, many of the students coming from a considerable distance. The same year that the seminary was founded saw also the founding of the Amphictyon Literary Society, the oldest college literary society in Iowa.

It is said that Elder Bowman, though assenting to the official title, "Iowa Conference Seminary," always spoke of the school as "the college," and finally others also adopted this prophetic name. Nor did Elder Bowman rest until the school was a college in fact as well as in name.

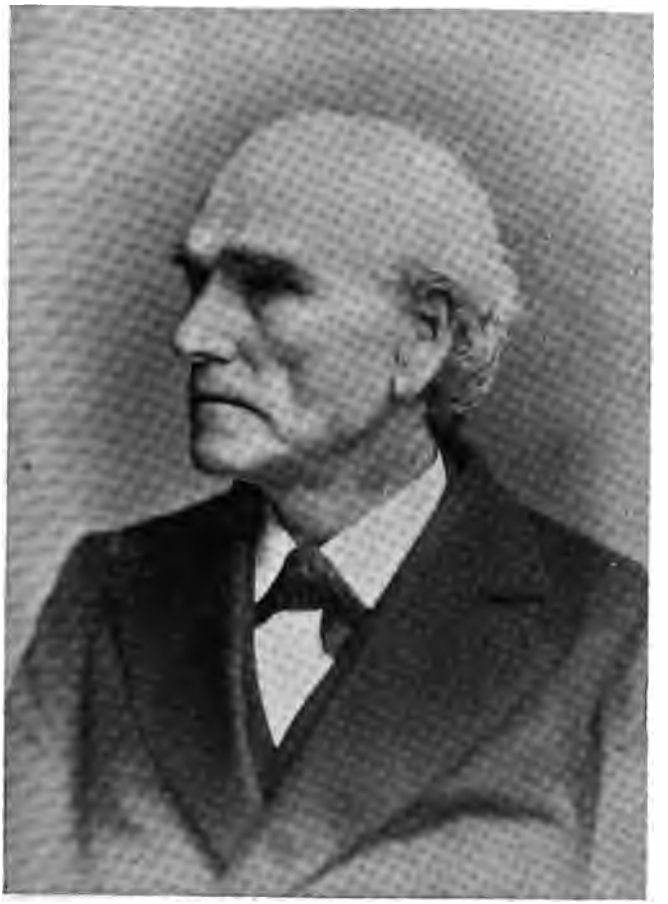
BOWMAN HALL.

In 1857 the original charter was so amended as to make the school of collegiate rank. The college opened with a faculty composed of president, preceptress, three professors, and three lady teachers. The college was named after William W. Cornell, Esq., of New York, one of its generous benefactors.

From the first, Cornell College has admitted both men and women upon the same conditions, has given equal honors to women, and is said to have been the

first college in the country to give to women teachers equal rank and equal salaries with men.

In those days there were neither preparatory nor high schools and but few common schools, so that Cornell was compelled to take many students at the very beginning of their education and work them up to collegiate grade. To meet these conditions, there was a Primary Department, a Common English, a College Preparatory, a Normal and a College Department. The catalogue of '57-'58 shows 55 students in the primary department, 218 in the preparatory department and 21 in the collegiate, total, 294. The ages of the students ranged from ten years upwards, the majority being in their teens. Those students of the fifties — the boys in their coarse, shabby clothing, the girls peeping out from their sunbonnets — would make strange figures in the college halls of to-day. Nor would a student of the present be content to lead such a quiet, monotonous life as the students then led, the only relaxations being an occasional picnic, and a promenade once a month. The college rules of those days form interesting and rather amusing reading. In the catalogue of '57 these by-laws, among others, appear:



REV. GEORGE B. BOWMAN, D. D.

1. Students are expected to rise at 5 A. M. and to retire at 10 P. M.

15. Young ladies and gentlemen will not associate together in walking or riding, nor stand conversing together in the halls or public rooms of the buildings, but when necessary they can see the persons they desire by permission.

In the catalogue of '63 the following rule appears. It is probably the original "Rule 12"—that mythical edict of which all Cornell students have heard so much, although probably few of them even know how it was worded:

12. The escorting of young ladies by young gentlemen is not allowed.

These primitive rules gradually disappeared.

In the collegiate department at that time was but one course of study, namely, the Classical. Among the "Ornamental Branches" were "Grecian Painting," a kind of transfer painting; Ornamented Hair Work, and Wax Flowers. These branches were soon pruned away, and may be reckoned among the "lost arts" of education. The first class was graduated in '58, and consisted of the President's sister and the man she afterward married.

man made an address setting forth the growing needs of the infant college, and appealing to the generosity of the multitudes gathered to witness what had already been accomplished. Every year a large sum of money was raised for the school on that day. One of the bishops of the Methodist church aptly designated the early Cornell commencement as a "cross between a Fourth of July and a Methodist camp-meeting." So the College went on in its quiet and unpretentious ways until 1861.

The first shot fired on Fort Sumter

STREET FACING CAMPUS.

Thus at the very beginning was set the example of marriages between Cornell students—an example since faithfully followed by many, rarely to the disadvantage of any.

The early commencements, or "Exhibition Days," as they were called—for others besides the members of the graduating class took part—were great occasions. Commencement was the grand yearly holiday for the people of Linn and adjoining counties. Hundreds of wagons and carriages thronged the streets of the little town that day. On each exhibition day, Elder Bow-

showed of what stuff those plain country boys were made. Before the war was over Cornell had sent almost every one of its able-bodied men to the front in defense of the Nation's flag.

At the first call for 75,000 men Iowa sent one regiment to the field, Linn county furnishing one company, one-quarter of which was composed of Cornell students. From April 20 to October 1, 1861, at least seventy-five students enlisted, and during the years '62, '63 and '64, many more. The exact number is not known. The war record of Cornell students is one of "conspicuous

gallantry and devotion." Of the large number of commissioned officers, those known are: Ten captains, six adjutants, ten lieutenants, one quartermaster.

Cornell, both faculty and students, was in its sympathies enthusiastically Union. So strong was the feeling that, unless incapacitated, it really took more courage for a young man not to enlist than to do so. The patriotic feeling was as intense among the people of Mt. Vernon and vicinity as in the college itself.

REV. WILLIAM FLETCHER KING, D. D., LL.D.,
President of Cornell College.

A good, illustration of this extreme loyalty of sentiment is found in the "Copperhead-Pin Riot" of '63. This riot was caused by one girl visitor at the commencement exercises of '63 attempting to take from another girl visitor the "copperhead-pin" she was wearing, upon which a scrimmage ensued. The "copperhead-pin" was a pin made from the head stamped on a large copper cent, and was a badge of the Southern sympathizers. So great was the excitement aroused by the riot that for some time afterward the college buildings were watched at night for fear they might be burned by "Copperheads." From 1861 to 1864 Cornell presented much the aspect of a female seminary with a masculine annex. In '63 the total number in college classes was forty, of whom only twelve were men. At one commencement there were but two males on the program, one a delicate youth unfit for war, the other a boy of sixteen.

When the news of the fall of Richmond reached Mt. Vernon the wildest excitement ensued. The girls rang the college bell for an hour and a half; people went out on the street and rang sleigh-bells, cow-bells — anything; one girl expressed her joy by madly waving a table-cloth; boys turned their coats wrong side out and performed other equally logical acts. A funeral service was held on the campus over the effigy of "Jeff" Davis, and a regular funeral oration was pronounced.

Ten days later the general exultation of feeling was changed into sorrow and mourning by the news of the assassination of Lincoln.

After the war the student-soldiers returned to college, bringing with them many of their comrades, who had been attracted by the Cornell boys' glowing praises of their alma mater, and who had longed to place themselves under a training which produced such manly and gallant men.

Since the war Cornell has offered free tuition to all disabled soldiers, and to all orphans of soldiers, and for much of the time has supplied needy members of these two classes with books, and paid for them their board bills also.

Through all the forty years since it was founded, Cornell has been steadily growing and improving. It stands to-day in the very front rank of Iowa colleges in respect to requirements for admission, courses of study, standard of work, extent of equipments and ability of professors.

COLLEGE HALL.

II.

Standing to-day on the same verdant mount upon which Elder Bowman knelt in consecration, and looking away over the scene which met his eye, we do not wonder that he considered this a

spot especially lit by the smile of God. That wide outlook over a peacefully smiling landscape, northward to where the rolling prairies met the sky, southward to the Cedar River hills with their ever changing lights and shadows, is one which never grows old. It is a constant inspiration and benediction. Visitors cannot say enough in praise of the beauty of the outlook from the hill. Bishop Thompson said that it reminded him of the scenery around Oxford University, England. Bishop Foster remarked that he had seen but two colleges as beautifully located as Cornell, one of these being near Constantinople, overlooking the Bosphorus.

Since the College was founded, the Chicago & North-Western railroad has stretched its arms across the State, and the main line passes through Mt. Vernon. Thus the College has been made easy of access from all directions. Something of the success of the school must be attributed to the fact that it is located in a suburban town of the chief railroad center of Eastern Iowa, Cedar Rapids, and is only a few hours ride from the most distant frontiers of the State.

Cornell has at present four collegiate courses of study—the Classical, the Philosophical, the Scientific, and the Civil Engineering. Freedom of election is allowed within each of the College courses. High grade schools in art, oratory and music are well sustained. Several excellent courses are ofered in the science and art of teaching.

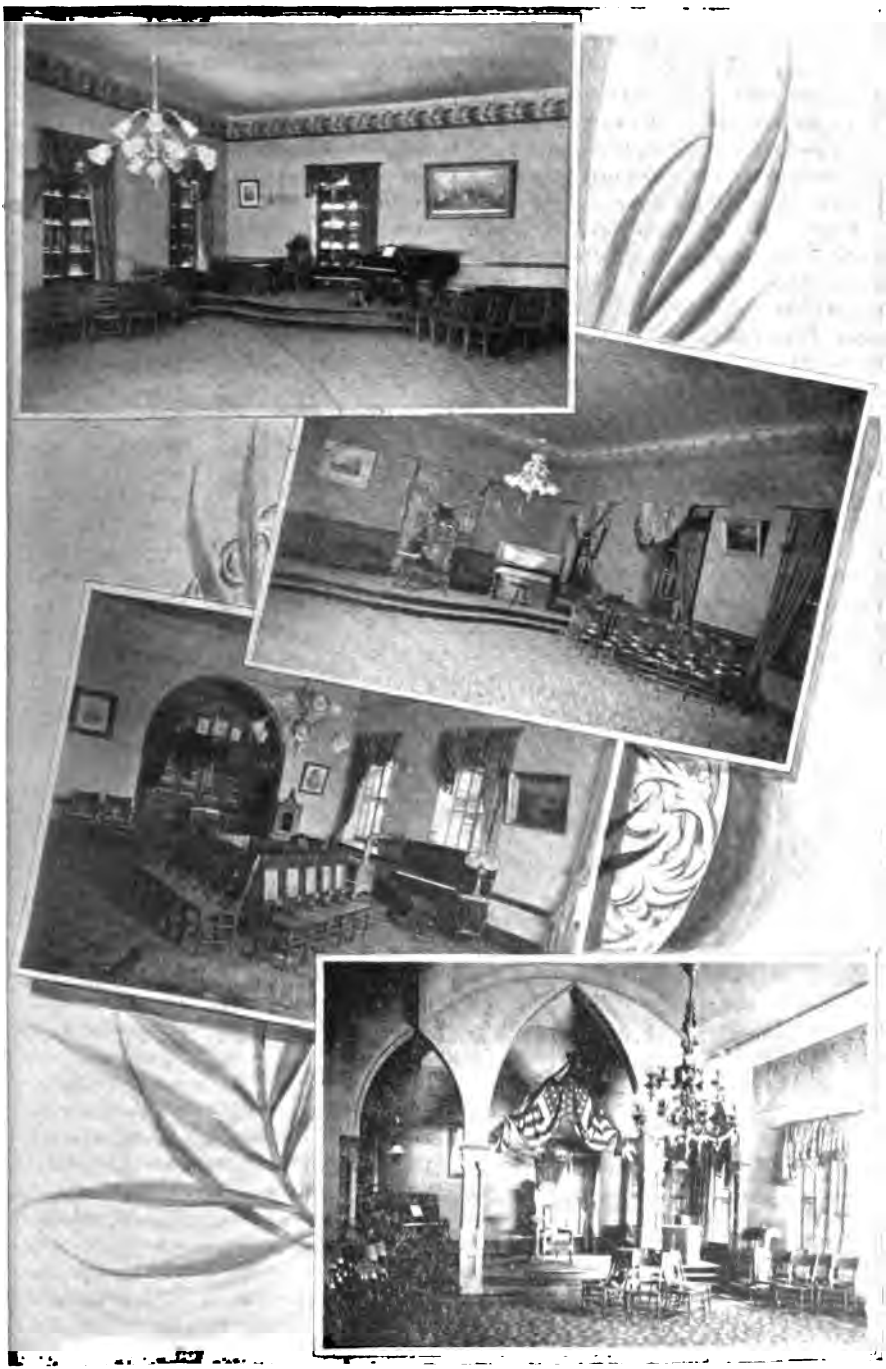
PRESIDENT'S HOUSE—SIDE VIEW.

The military department at Cornell is under the instruction of an officer of the regular army, appointed by the Secretary of War. The battalion is composed of infantry and artillery companies and a signal corps, besides the band. The arms and equipments are provided by the Government. In connection with the College proper there is an Academy having a three years' course, and presided over by an exceedingly able principal. The student body now numbers about 550, a little

CAMPUS DELL.

less than half of these being young women; and there are thirty-one members in the Faculty. The College has five buildings, among which the finest are Bowman Hall, the women's boarding hall, and the Chapel.

The Hall accommodates 100 young women, and is a pleasant and comfortable building, with steam heat, bath rooms on each floor, pretty, light furniture in the rooms, a large, well-lighted dining room, and a large reception room opening into the conservatory, which is filled with rare and beautiful plants. The Chapel building is said to be the finest structure of its kind in the West. It is constructed of gray limestone in rough blocks. On the first floor are the museum and the day chapel, and on the second floor an auditorium, with a seating capacity of 1,600. On the largest tower of the building is a clock



Philomathean and Miltonian Hall.
Adelphian Hall.

Æsthesian and Star Hall.
Amphictyon Hall.

SOCIETY HALLS.

which strikes the hours and quarter hours on a chime of bells.

Cornell's professors are scholarly and progressive. A number of them have pursued original studies in subjects connected with their departments and have published, in valuable papers, the results of their investigations.

Nearly all of them have pursued graduate studies in the leading universities of this country or Europe. The Professor of Greek spent the last year on leave of absence in residence and in travel in Greece, and in advanced work in the American School of Classical Studies at Athens. The department of Latin has attracted attention on account of the persistent aim to equip the learner with ability to read properly and understand and enjoy the Latin language, and the very early introduction of the Roman pronunciation. A Latin play, "The Twins," by Plautus, was given *en costume*, and in Latin in one of the literary society halls, in the spring of '93. This is believed to be the first classic play ever given in the original tongue by any Western college.

SCIENCE HALL.

The extensive report of the Professor of Geology on artesian wells, embodying the greater part of a recent volume of the Iowa State Geological Survey, has received much favorable comment. The literary societies at Cornell are strong. Of these there are seven societies for collegiate students, four gentlemen's and three ladies', and three preparatory societies. Especial attention is given by the societies to debate. An Inter-Society Debating League has been formed, and each society chooses two representatives in the joint debates. Much time, thought and study are given to preparation for these debates, and the winning society is justly proud of its victory. The Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. of Cornell have each a large membership, and their meetings are well attended and wide-awake. The Ministers' Club of thirty or thirty-five members, and superior courses in Bible study make an excellent preliminary training for students expecting to study theology. Cornell has a Students' Volunteer Mission Band, and a mission study class, for the study of foreign mission fields.

The physical training of the young men is provided for by a gymnasium which has excellent equipments, while the young women gain strength and grace by attendance upon the classes in physical culture.

Athletics is much more general than in most schools. The aim is an all-

around development of the many, rather than excessive development of the few along special lines. Each class has its baseball and track team and a regular schedule of games between the classes is arranged. These games are hotly contested. The Cornell ball ground is one of the best in the State.

But Cornell's pride in this line is tennis. Everyone belongs to a tennis association, and every one plays. The courts are not to be excelled—if they can be equaled — by those of any other Iowa college. In 1896, at the State Tennis Tournament, Cornell won both Gentlemen's Singles and Gentlemen's Doubles, and took Ladies' Doubles by default. In 1897 she won Gentlemen's Doubles and made a fine record in Gentlemen's Singles.

ATHLETIC GROUNDS AT DRILL HOUR.

The expenses at Cornell are surprisingly low. Many students spend not more than $75 a term, and this amount includes clothing, but not many "spreads" nor tickets to entertainments; $300 a year gives the student a good margin of spending money.

Mt. Vernon is an ideal college town. It is a peaceful, pastoral, unworldly sort of place, and the people are cultured and high-minded. No liquor has ever been openly sold in the town. Mt. Vernon has no billiard saloons, no theater, and no halls for dancing — nothing to distract the student's attention from his studies. The bond of sympathy between students and townspeople is very strong. The fact that all the gentlemen students, and many of the ladies, room in private houses in the town, helps to maintain the interest of the town in the college.

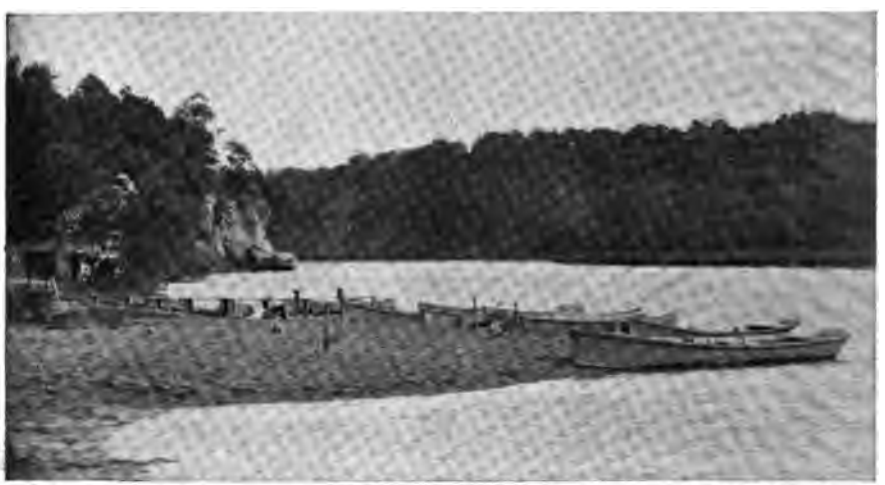
Cornell has the reputation among college students of the State of having hosts of pretty girls. I record this fact, as it may possess an interest to some young man about to make a choice of a college home. Nor are the girls merely pretty. Never elsewhere have I seen such fresh, sweet and innocent girlish faces. The girls are the typical "old fashioned girls," untouched by *fin de siecle* frivolity. Among the young men "toughs" and "sports" are almost unknown. Nearly all are possessed of high ambitions and lofty ideals, and many are paying their own way through college.

There are two rather remarkable things about Cornell College. One is the length of the terms of the members of the faculty. As an illustration, Cornell in all her history has had but three presidents. The present presiding officer, William F. King, D. D., LL. D., has served as president since 1865, and was acting president during '63 and '64. President King has given his life to Cornell, and great beyond telling has been the work which he has accomplished for the college.

The second remarkable characteristic of Cornell is the unusual excellence of the instruction for a college of Cornell's size and for one which pays no larger salaries than does Cornell. The explanation is found in the loving loyalty of the faculty to the college. Every year the professors receive and decline offers of positions in the larger colleges and universities, with large increase in salary and a much better opportunity to rise, and to make their names known to the world.

Nearly all the Cornell professors have had university training, either in this country or abroad.

Garfield once said that a log with Mark Hopkins at one end of it, and himself at the other, would be a university. Cornell has several professors who are to their pupils what Mark Hopkins was to Garfield. If teachers make a school, and the greatness of a school is to be measured by the greatness of its teachers, then is Cornell a grand and glorious institution, for it has not one alone, but several just such ideal teachers as David Starr Jordan describes*, teachers, he says, "to have known whom is of itself a liberal education. . . . A great man never fails to leave a great mark on every youth with whom he comes in contact. . . . The ideal college professor should be the best man in the community. . . . He should be to the student like David Copperfield's Agnes, always pointing the way upward. . . . Above and beyond all learning is the influence of character."



ROCK VIEW LANDING, PALISADES, NEAR MOUNT VERNON.

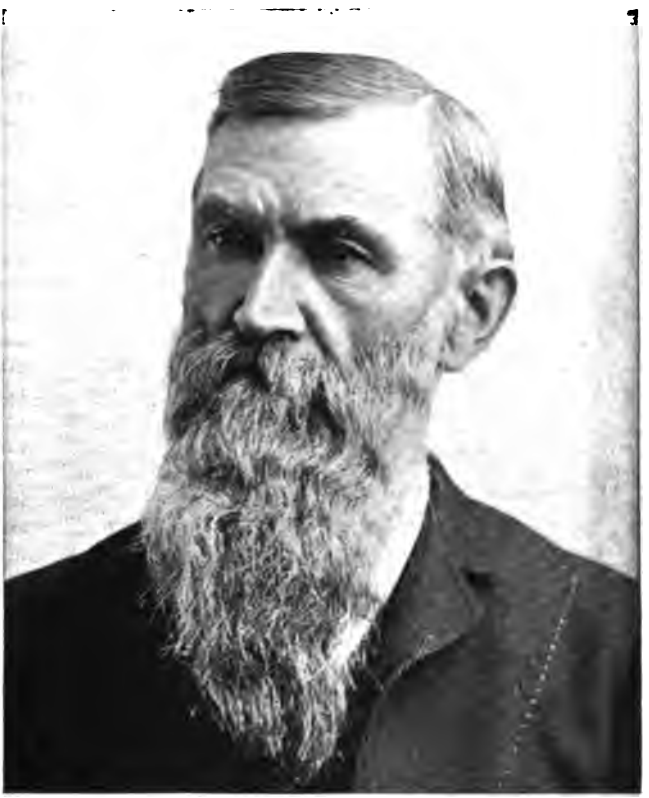
Cornell has an atmosphere and a spirit all its own. Never was a college more democratic. The only aristocracy is that of brains and character; some of the most popular and highly respected students are those who pay part or all of their expenses by doing janitor work,

*David Starr Jordan, "Care and Culture of Men."

acting as steward of a boarding club, or teaching alternate years. Much spending money is not a passport to social favor, nor is a dress suit a necessity for admittance to social functions.

The moral standard is very high, and social sins, such as drinking and gambling, which are condoned by society in many places are frowned upon severely at Cornell.

With it all, there is a certain uplifting influence, a certain indefinable inspiration in the spirit of the place, that is felt by every student. One Cornellite says he will return to Mt. Vernon to finish his course because "Cornell is a good place to grow in." An alumnus, writing of Cornell, asks why it is that, with meagre equipments as compared with the great universities, Cornell is yet able to turn out men who hold their own with the best products of the best universities, and answers his own question thus: "There is a breath of God about the campus, there is a breath of God about the paths of the professors, that makes cowards into men and men into heroes." To one who knows what sort of men and women Cornell's teachers are, and realizes their influence upon the student, and the influence of the spirit of the school, it is no marvel that every Cornell youth of the Sixties was willing to give his life, if necessary, to his country's defense; nor that each year scores of Cornell graduates enter the ministry in order to lead their fellow-men to a higher and purer life; or bidding farewell to home, friends and native land, go as missionaries to foreign fields. The marvel would be if it were otherwise.



HON. WILLIAM F. JOHNSTON,
President of Cornell's Board of Trustees.

Among the students at Cornell there is a general comradeship rare in colleges. The student there is not an isolated and lonely unit. He is a member of the Cornell family. Shut in from the noise and discord of the outer world. Cornell forms a little world by itself, and the bonds of fellowship between the dwellers in this modern Arcadia are drawn very close. An incident which occurred during the Civil War illustrates this fact:

But two Cornell students ever bore

FLAT ROCK, PALISADES, NEAR MOUNT VERNON.

arms against their country. Of these two, one became a lieutenant in a Texas regiment. At one time, learning that one of his prisoners was a Cornell boy and a member of his own literary society, the Lieutenant took the prisoner several miles from camp, gave him a horse and started him for the Union lines.

The strong bond of love to the College and to one another is not broken when Cornell's students leave her halls and go out into the world. In 1873 the alumni, though then numbering but 100, undertook the support of an alumni chair. This is now endowed with nearly $40,000 and the endowment of a second chair is well begun. The alumni are also endowing a library of history in honor of Harriet J. Cooke, A. M., who long and honorably filled the position of Preceptress and the Chair of History.

Many Cornell graduates are as good as so many college agents in sending new students to the College, while every Cornell graduate who has a child to be educated, invariably sends him to his alma mater. In every town where there are a few alumni, a Cornell College Association is formed. The Chicago Association is composed of nearly 250 members, a large per cent of whom are regular alumni.

Of Cornell's 685 alumni, 657 are accounted for in the quinquennial catalogue of '96 and '97. This catalogue gives the distribution of the graduates among the different professions as follows: Teachers, 130; lawyers, 84; ministers, 81; business men, 44; physicians, 22; engineers, 25; farmers, 17; editors, journalists and publishers, 14; missionaries, 10; miscellaneous,* 183; deceased, 47.

Cornell has every reason to be proud of her alumni. Her graduates stand among the first in the land, in politics, and in the ministry. Her ministerial students have occupied pulpits in all the large cities of the United States, besides holding the leading churches in Iowa.

The alumni roll of Cornell College shows a large number of well known names. Of these may be mentioned

*Of those included in the class "miscellaneous," 24 were during '96 and '97, graduate students in different colleges and universities of the United States, and 4 were engaged in Y. M. or Y. W. C. A. work.

among the lawyers, Judge Ben McCoy, of Oskaloosa; Judge C. A. Pollock, of Fargo, N. D.; State Senator E. T. Brackett, of Saratoga Springs, N. Y; State Senator W. O. Mitchell, of Corning, ex-Speaker of the Iowa House; Capt. E. B. Soper, attorney for the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern railway, Emmetsburg; R. G. Cousins, member of Congress from the Fifth Iowa District; and L. M. Shaw, Governor of Iowa.

Among the ministers are George Elliott, of Spring Garden St. Methodist Church, Philadelphia; H. E. Warner, Christ Church, Denver; S. G. Smith, People's Church, St. Paul; Dillon Bronson, M. E. Church, Salem, Mass.; and Lewis Curts, Senior Agent of the Methodist Publishing House, Cincinnati. Besides these are a number of the leading pastors of the various conferences.

Space will allow the mention of only a few of Cornell's physicians: W. A. Burr, Denver; W. K. Jaques, and Milton R. Barker, Chicago; Kate Mason-Hogle, Mount Vernon, and D. C. Brockman, Ottumwa.

Among the teachers might be named J. E. Harlan, Vice-President of Cornell College; F. B. Gault, President of the University of Idaho; G. W. White, President University of Southern California; William Wilcox, ex-President Iowa State Teachers' Association, 1896; W. A. Wirtz, Professor in Parsons College; Mary B. Witter, North Denver High School, and J. W. Akers; Superintendent of Public Instruction in Iowa, 1881-87.

E. T. Devine, Secretary of the United Charities Organization, in New York City; E. J. Helms, pastor of an institutional church in Boston; E. C. Shankland, who designed the great arches supporting the roof of the Manufacturers' Building at the Columbian Exposition; Eva Fancher Wishard, identified with Y. W. C. A. work; Grace Adams, Superintendent of the New York City Deaconess Home; Ruth Collins, missionary in India, and W. E. Manley, missionary in China, are among those who have distinguished themselves in diverse departments of the world's work.

If a college, like everything else, is to be judged by products and results, then surely Cornell is worthy to rank among the foremost, not only of Iowa colleges, but of the colleges of the United States.

DISTANT VIEW FROM CHAPEL TOWER.

FRANCES STRIEGEL.

BY MRS. E. D. ADAMS.

FROM this midland country where genius springs fresh from the fields and inspiration is colored by revolving seasons, a new star has arisen. Iowa has given Frances Striegel to the musical world. Her infancy and girlhood were spent in the little village of Harper. When she was a child, the great harmonies of nature seemed to be stirring in her soul, and driving her into rivalry with the birds and the blossoms. She had a spirit that responded even to the silent music of flowers and trees, and she could hear the noiseless melodies that came out of the pictured west at sunset. And so she grew. The breezes from the prairies whispered symphonies in her ears. Her feelings were in touch, too, with all human emotions. While her talents were acquiring versatility and distinction, her sympathetic nature was

scattering sunshine around her. Her genius, which is now attracting general admiration, is not more remarkable than that rare mingling of vivacity and gentleness which endears her to her friends.

A soul so sensitive found early expression in music. She could play the piano almost as soon as she could reach the keys. When a tiny girl in short dresses, she used to win applause at local fairs by her phenomenal performances on that instrument. Everybody seemed to know and love "little Fanny Striegel." Few, if any, however, appreciated the possibilities of her future. I can scarcely remember a time since her childhood when she was not a musical marvel. The honor of discovering her belongs to Dr. Rommell of Mt. Pleasant. His encouragement and assistance led her into higher fields of activity. Her own buoyancy of soul has carried her upward with a rapidity seldom attained by an artist. Before she was out of her teens she had successively taken a course of instruction under Dr. Rommell, completed both the regular and the post graduate course at the Chicago Musical College, and become a member of the faculty of that institution. Subsequently, and especially after playing a Chopin concerto, at the Auditorium, under the baton of Theodore Thomas, her every appearance in Chicago has been an ovation. A year in Vienna followed, where the great Leschetizky directed her playing, as he had previously brought out that other pianistic prodigy —Paderewski. Since her return from abroad she has given recitals in several cities in the Middle-West, and the enthusiasm with which she has been received has seldom been equaled. Musical critics are devoting themselves to a technical study of her playing, and through their published comments those who are learned in the art are coming to understand her rare endowments.

A VISION.

IN DREAMS I saw the world's old sorrow fade;
A cloud of error lifted from man's soul:
The golden idol crashed in dust; the whole
Of pride and envy, hate and fear obeyed
A world-wide will and vanished; unafraid,
Man clasped his brother, in the sweet control
Of Love, who, leading from the gates of dole,
Had given him new sight and perfect aid.
I saw great hosts marshalled on many a plain,
Their banners marked with "Love hath victory;"
Sweet anthems pierced the skies in glorious strain
And echoed on and on most rapturously.
The wonder woke me. With the vision's wane
A voice spake to my ear, "This yet shall be."

William Francis Barnard.

The Midland's Fiction Department.

THE CHRISTENING OF THE MUERTOS.*

By Edwin L. Sabin.

AROUND the Bahama cays hangs, to this hour, the glamour of the cruel times of piracy—those days when grim old freebooters seized by might what was not theirs by right. To reef and rock and dainty bit of palm-crowned sand still cling the appellations given even before Blackbeard's rule, and suggestive of many a deed of fury and rapine two hundred years ago.

Double-headed Shot keys, Rum cay, Gun cay, Spanish cay, Andros island, Turk island, Dead Man rocks, Lobos, the Bimini, the Caicos,—such titles savor of mystery. Their origin challenges the imagination.

But of these the Muertos, or Dead Man rocks, had not received on the chart so hideous a christening, when June 3, 1725, Captain Jacob Small, of Boston, kissed his wife good-by, and set sail for Nassau, after fruits, nuts, shell ornaments—anything by which he might gain a penny.

The skipper was in a genial frame of mind when he ordered up the anchor and the clink of the windlass told of a voyage begun. To be sure the last words of his sweet wife were a prayer for his safe home-coming, a hope that he would be unharmed by storm or fever or pirate. Yet what had he to fear from storm? Had he not been going to sea since a boy, and had he not weathered hurricane and tempest? In this very schooner, the Lydia, he had endured the fierce gale of the fall before, which carried to a watery grave his wife's only brother. Fever? Well, a stiff glass of rum, a pipe, and a turn on deck, would prove an antidote to any sickness the tropics might breed.

As for pirates, had not the valiant Captain Woods Rogers been sent to New Providence by His Gracious Majesty seven years back, to clean out the foul dens of cut-throats, the terror of the islands? To all accounts the Governor had succeeded in rendering the seas inviting once more.

For a week the voyage was uneventful. Only one sail was sighted within that time—a stately frigate, from whose mast floated the crimson flag with the cross of St. George, the enemy of evil doers. The young lieutenant who stepped briskly aboard the Lydia, and examined her papers, assured the honest Jacob that naught need be apprehended from sea-robbers.

"We have been in these waters a month, sir," said the officer. "Two pirate crafts have we scuttled, with captain and crew either dead in the scuppers or dangling at the yard-arms. The bloody Bob Torbett, whom we have had especial desire to meet, was taken by a Frenchman two weeks ago, we are informed, and now not a nest of the devils is known in the Bahamas. We are going home. But his Majesty, bless him, will still protect his subjects in the West Indies, and you among them, Captain Small."

Thus calming any latent misgivings in the mind of the Boston skipper, and wishing him a pleasant and profitable cruise, the natty lieutenant jumped into his boat and rejoined the frigate.

The Lydia was just entering the Bahama group. Abaco was sighted, with the surf fringing the coral reefs and clutching with white fingers at the palms along the shore. Constant vigilance was necessary, for a shoal might be under the schooner at any moment.

* Awarded the Original Story prize in The Midland's October competition.

The scene was now one of entrancing beauty. The Lydia twisted and turned among a hundred tiny cays. The water was of an exquisite emerald, translucent for fifteen fathoms down, to where the snowy detritus from the coral was spread smoothly over the ocean bed. Gorgeous fishes swam hither and thither, and sea-fans and other growth waved beneath the vessel's keel. The air was balmy. Tropic birds, pure white, perched on the masts, and great man-of-war birds floated far up in the Italian blue. To the right and left were Bahama cays, some named, more nameless, all with the same dazzling sand, the clumps of palms, and the brilliant green of luxuriant and strange vegetation. Or else the cold gray coral cropped out from the sea, bold and sharp, with thousands of gull and tern screaming over it, their bleak habitation.

Ten days out of Boston, and all well.

Towards evening the wind fell, and the sun sank into an unruffled ocean. The western sky was shot with flame, crossed by rays of violet converging at the center of the horizon. Down these wonderful bars rolled the glowing orb, swift and swifter, until it was seemingly half submerged in a sea of gold. Its course flared and quivered in writhing colors. Myriads of birds hastened athwart the reddened background, knowing the panorama was but the precursor of the pall of night. A nautilus rested on the pellucid green, a short distance from the schooner, basking its purple wings in the last beams of light. Suddenly the sun disappeared, leaving the heavens afire. But darkness had pursued its rival close, and was on the field instantly. Stars and bright constellations were hung on high and soft blackness overcame the more vivid hues.

The Lydia drifted idly in the calm. To the northeast a mile or so were a series of rocks, with the surf dashing against their sides. They resembled a flock of sheep, their rounded backs breaking up through the water. One isle had vegetation, and a beach could be distinguished. The well-worn chart furnished the captain no information as to the identity of the group.

The moon rose and gave the skipper an idea.

"Noah! John!" he called, "come aft, will you? Over with the ship's boat," he continued, "and we will have a try for a turtle on yonder beach."

Soon the three were making for the largest key, where the swells rolled musically onto the white sand.

The moon climbed high, and to the watchers, concealed behind a jutting crag, no turtle appeared,—only crabs, or a fish too indiscreet. From the distant schooner eight bells was wafted on the ears of the trio.

"Midnight, lads!" exclaimed the captain. "We had best return to the schooner. We have been absent too long already, and worthy Benijah, careful mate, will be sending out in quest of us."

They skirted for some distance the string of cays, hoping they might yet come upon a turtle. But there was only the gray coral, with the ocean gurgling and lapping through the channels between. The moon deepened the hollows and brought out the more exposed surfaces, until the rocks resembled a lunar landscape.

The sailors were about to head for the vessel, now off their port quarter, when Noah rested on his oar and peered earnestly, with mouth open.

"May I never see old Boston again, cap'n, if that isn't a man lying in yonder cove! Look at him, John, where I'm a-pointing!"

The captain turned in his seat and stared in the direction indicated. The light of the moon was intense. Scarce two hundred yards over the stern of the boat, in a shallow depression in a bit of a cay rising but little above the sea, the outstretched figure of a man was clearly lined. The slope of the hollow had caught some sand, and the fellow was apparently snug.

The sight smote those in the boat as if it had been an apparition.

"Well, whoever heard the like of that!" said the sailor, John. "Mayhap the man is dead, and cast there by the waves. We had better not meddle with corpses."

"Nay," replied the captain, "he may be a castaway. If he is sleeping, he will be crazed by the moon if we do not awaken him. Even if he is dead, we can afford him decent burial, such as we would want should our end come in so untoward a fashion. Pull over there!"

The two hesitated, but dared not refuse. A few sturdy strokes, and the boat's bow, with a grating noise, ran up onto a shelving rock. The recumbent form was in plain view to the skipper standing in the stern. At the sound it assumed a sitting position.

"Ahoy, there," the captain cried.

"Aye, aye. What may you wish now? You see I am still here," came the answer, in a sullen grumble.

"Get up and come down here, if you're able," called Captain Small. "Who are you, anyway?"

"Blast me, but that's no Cap'n Bob," the sailors in the boat heard the man mutter. He painfully arose, and shambled over the sharp coral to the water.

"Hello, messmates," he said, approaching the craft.

He was a tall seaman, with bare feet, trousers slashed at the sides in the Spanish mode, a sash loosely twisted about his waist, and a dark handkerchief, probably red, knotted around his neck, from which his shirt rolled back. He might have been a Spaniard, he might have been a Portuguese, a Lascar, a Frenchman, or a Creole—in those days nationality on the high seas was uncertain. The sailors eyed him curiously. The captain spoke:

"Well, sir, what may you be doing on this cay? We see no boat of any description. Are you a castaway? Where are your companions?"

The man laughed in glee.

"Yes, a castaway, my noble mate. But if you desire to learn more, let me refer you to Captain Bob and his jolly crew. As to companions, I have one indeed, and he now lies sleeping not far from here. But no fear of waking him. Do you know, when your boat grated, I thought that bloody-minded devil had come back to put me to some new torture"

"Fellow, you speak in riddles, or the moon has affected your brain. Who are you and what do you here? Tell us quickly, or we will leave you to your slumbers."

"Not so fast, skipper, not so fast. You shall have it all. I am from the bark La Mascotte, out of Barcelona for Havana. We fell foul of a cursed pirate craft, and myself and another were pressed into service by that fiend of a Bob Torbett—you surely have heard of him. But a week ago we slid down the side of the bloody ship, and in the darkness, feeling every moment the sharks grabbing at our legs, we made shift to this chain of cays. We trusted the godless men we had abandoned either would sail away, not missing us, or would retake us and kill us in their anger. But no. That demon of a captain had a boat lowered, in the morning, and coming to the rocks where he had descried us, bowed to us mockingly and wished us a pleasant life and a long one, promising to visit us again, shortly. Then he and his men made off. We soon were sick of our venture, for the cays are bare, and great sharks and other deadly sea animals infest the water, confining us to the few rocks between which we could wade in low tide. Manuel died within two days, from some shell-fish he had eaten. Since then I have lived on eggs of birds, and crabs, fish, and such other food as can be found. Today I drank the last of my fresh water, secured in a cavity of the coral, from a recent rain. Cooked by the sun during the day, and chilled by the damp at night, almost starved, I have passed a

miserable existence. Every moment have I dreaded the return of Cap'n Bob. But now you have come and I am saved. Would that poor Manuel had survived."

"My man, you may well give thanks that you escaped from your captors just in time. Perhaps it may serve you if I say that Captain Bob Torbett, his crew and ship, were destroyed by a French vessel only a few days ago, probably immediately after you gave them the slip. So you see fortune has favored you. We can offer you passage to Nassau, or to Boston, if you are so minded. We can find work for you aboard the Lydia."

"Cap'n Bob dead, and his bully boys sent the same way? I never would have believed it," exclaimed the sailor. "Then that was the cannonading Manuel and I heard, the day after our arrival here. Probably it is well for you, too, master skipper, to have Cap'n Bob in hell. Walk with me to the middle of this cay, and I will show you a card he left, to be read by our visitors. He was a merry rogue, but ah, so cruel. The crueler the jest, the more he laughed. I would I knew the name of the Frenchman who overpowered him."

"I did not hear. The news came to me through one of His Majesty's officers, who stopped us on our way out."

The sailor looked at Captain Small sharply, and a half smile crept over his face.

"Well, whoever she was," he remarked, "her victory, I dare say, was well earned."

While talking they had progressed toward the center of the isle, and brought up against a ledge of coral, like a wall, the height of a man. Nailed to the face with heavy spikes was a board, about four feet in length, and three in width. It was painted white. Captain Small easily deciphered the following inscription, burned in, as though with a hot iron:

IN THE NAME OF
THE DEVIL
HAVE I TAKEN POSSESSION OF
THESE CAYS
AND COLONIZED THEM;
SO MEDDLE NOT.
BOB TORBETT.

"Truly an insolent hound," said the captain, whose anger rose at the arrogance of the warning. "'Tis a pity if he was not hanged, but was shot or drowned."

"Aye, you may well say so. He was never taken alive, I'll warrant it. And insolent? He himself fastened this board to the rock, and with a terrible look forbade us to disturb it, assuring us he would unexpectedly appear to examine it. He styled these the 'Muertos,' or 'Dead Man Rocks', for, he said, that would be the correct name, soon enough. Jesu, what a devil he was! And now I need fear him no longer! Your news and your coming both are welcome to me, master captain."

"Oh, John, here with an oar, lively," commanded the incensed Jacob.

Three drives with the butt of the heavy ash shivered Captain Bob's sign into fragments.

"So much for the scoundrel's message," said the skipper, with an air of satisfaction. "Now let us back to the schooner, for the mate must well-nigh be crazy."

Awmaju Paul, for so the marooned sailor gave his name, proved to be a handy fellow, and not impaired by his privations By the time Nassau was reached, and the vessel's hold laden with fruit, the incident of the rescue had been forgotten. The Lydia's nose was turned homeward. The captain was serene. He soon would see his wife and children again.

On the third day out of Nassau an appalling calamity occurred.

"Throw this out and get me some fresh water, Zeb," cried the captain to the negro cook, at breakfast. "It is the vilest stuff that ever I tasted."

"Deed, massa cap'n, all water am jes de same. 'Speck sumfin's wrong. No good water in any ob de bar'ls."

"What's that?" asked Captain Small. Alarmed, he arose from his seat and dipped into every barrel. The water in each had a most repulsive odor and a worse flavor.

Although usually a mild-mannered individual, the captain flew into a towering rage. He rushed from the hold, where were stored the extra water casks, back to where the mate stood at the wheel.

"My God, Benijah," he shouted, seizing him by the shoulder, "I trusted you to fill the barrels with pure water, at Nassau, and here," thrusting a pannikin under his face, "put your nose down and sniff this stinking mess! A pretty fix we are in! We shall have murder aboard ere we make a port."

Benijah had withdrawn his nose in a hurry.

"Captain Small," he replied, "the water I got was as good as any vessel needs. You have been drinking it these two days."

"Then what has spoiled it?"

"How do I know? I am not responsible for that. I can only swear the water I procured was good and the barrels fresh."

"A nice condition we are in! No rain in sight and this sun sapping the moisture from us! All we can do is to set our course for Nassau again, as fast as we can, and pray the wind blow stiff and fair. Tell the men not to drink this rotten stuff. It doubtless is full of fever. If anybody has tampered with the barrels I'll throw him over and let him swim to shore, if I catch him."

The crew had been eating in the bows. But now Awmaju Paul left them and came aft. Doffing his little cap, he addressed the captain:

"The cook, sir, says all the water is bad, which is a terrible misfortune, is it not so? And unless I am much mistaken, we shall have a sorry time before we arrive at Nassau again. If the captain please, I know of a cay near here, where is a cistern, and where we can obtain enough water, passably good, to last us to port, even to Boston."

"Can you pilot us there? Where away is the cay?"

The sailor had possessed himself of the binocular lying on the cabin, and was gazing through it off to the north.

"Look directly over the end of the main boom, sir," he said, "and you will make out a cay, with palms in a bunch. That's the place. I remember it well. You will find water there."

The captain took the glass. "How close can we get? What are the roundings?"

"The reefs are dangerous, but give me the wheel and I will bring you to safe anchorage. I know the channel perfectly," responded the sailor.

The captain nodded to the mate, and Awmaju grasped the spokes. The schooner pointed straight for the isle, turning almost at right angle to her former course, changing from close hauled to free.

"I should judge we are in the neighborhood of the Muertos, Awmaju," said Captain Small. "If I err not, those rocks we see are the ones."

"They are, indeed," replied the man.

"And the cay? I never heard of water hereabouts."

"You went after the turtle to the very same, sir. But only a few persons know of the cistern, and besides, it is on the side opposite to where you landed. We shall find the water, I am sure."

The island was dead ahead, and the rocks assumed familiar aspects.

"Let go, sir!" cried the steersman.

"Let go!" called the skipper, and the anchor chain rattled through the hawse-hole.

"Lower the large boat, and sling a couple of barrels into her," ordered the captain. "Awmaju, John, William, you come with me. We shall be back quickly with the water, Benijah, if we are successful. Hurry up, boys."

"Good luck," shouted the mate, watching them pull away.

"If we land in yonder little inlet, cap'n, we shall secure a place for our boat where the waves will not pound her against the coral," volunteered Awmaju, indicating an opening through which entered the sea.

The beach where the captain and men had waited for the turtle was not visible, and may have been around a projecting rookery for fowl, to the east.

"Now, my man, conduct us to the cistern," said Captain Small, when the party disembarked. "I hope it is not far."

"'Tis but to the other side of the cay, sir; only a rod or so," answered Awmaju, taking the lead up over the gray rocks and across the hard, bald surface. The captain followed, with the two sailors bearing each a large cask on his shoulder. Soon a faint, narrow path was discernable, running through bushes and low shrubs. Along this Awmaju stepped confidently, and behind him marched Captain Small and toiled the panting John and William. The gleam of the ocean was seen ahead, and the northernmost side of the cay had suddenly been reached. A dozen paces more, and the captain, treading close on the heels of the guide, forced his way out from the bushes onto an expanse of white sand rimming a dainty little bay.

Awmaju turned with a wave of his hand.

"We are here, Captain Small."

But the captain replied not. The sailors dropped their casks.

Lolling on the beach were a score of black-browed, scowling, foreign-looking seamen, with hangers and pistols and a fine display of gaudy kerchiefs, gold chains and glistening jewels — as pretty a group of bare-armed, bare-legged cutthroats as ever domineered Bahaman waters. Back among the palms was a cask of liquor, and, sitting around it and sprawling on the grass, were more of the band. In the bay, well hidden even to her top-masts by the high cliffs that formed the narrow mouth, rested at anchor a smart brigantine.

Captain Small glanced behind him, the thought of flight flitting through his mind. Five stout buccaneers had cut off escape and blocked the path.

A man advanced from the palms and strode across the sand, regardless of the outstretched limbs over which he stumbled. It was evident, from his attire as well as his recklessness, that he was one in authority. A Spanish hat, looped at the brim with a ruby, shaded his face. The ends of his long mustachios curled upward, and accentuated the sneering, mocking smile he bore. But his jaw was firm and set, and his dark, flashing eyes were masterful. A black velvet jacket, with yellow braid on the edges, was open down the front, and revealed a soft, crimson shirt, probably silk. The wide, flapping tops of his boots, falling over his knees, showed yellow lining. His trousers were slashed with the same color, and a sash of the crimson held a brace of pistols. Sparkling gems on his fingers further increased the richness of his garb. All these details were stamped upon Captain Small's vision, as he stared, almost paralyzed.

"Welcome, my noble captain, welcome," spoke the man. "And you, my men; and you, Awmaju Paul, you scoundrel. Pardon the seeming rudeness of our reception, but the sneaking redcoated spies the great king of yours deigns to send out have forced us into a spell of laziness, and my staunch dogs are sluggish. I trust, however, you all will join me in a glass of old Amontillado. I assure you my wine was selected by a connoisseur. What do you say, gentlemen, shall we be sociable? Awmaju will guarantee me a pleasant companion."

He stood there in front of the startled party, his smile broadening into a laugh exhibiting his splendid teeth, as he witnessed the dismay entailed by his words.

"What, no answer? Maybe an introduction is wanted, although we do not use so much ceremony in these parts. I am Captain Torbett, his Satanic Majesty's special envoy. Possibly my humble name has been mentioned before in your hearing. My many friends call me 'Bob' Torbett, and term me a royal entertainer. Awmaju, there, will vouch for me, I doubt not. He knows me fairly well. Is it not so, my bird?"

But Awmaju only smiled in a ghastly fashion, and turned pale. The remarkable introduction brought a stifled groan from the sailors of the Lydia, and caused the blood to rush to the brain of Captain Small. Torbett, the murderous Bob Torbett, the fiend incarnate, to whom pity and fear alike were dead. Then the French ship had not wiped out the brigantine and her crew, and the rumors were baseless. What was to become of Ann and the children? What was to be the fate of the Lydia and those she carried? Resistance or appeal would be in vain.

"Best humor him, cap'n," whispered Awmaju, in his ear.

Torbett heard.

"Humor me? You skulking cur, you hound, you miserable whelp, do you so say? Why should I not slit *your* throat and throw *you* to the sharks? What devil's scheme induced you to lead these harmless men to our lair? Here," calling to the nearest of his band, "tie this coward between two palms. Spread-eagle him until I shall have occasion to attend to him. And now, master captain, will you drink or will you not? I am not accustomed to having my invitations slighted. I will tell you, as did Awmaju—best humor me."

Captain Small eyed the buccaneer gravely. He thought of his sweet wife Ann, of his children, of his home in far-away Boston town. Would he never had left them? Would he never had seen Awmaju? Would he had a chance for his life, if only aboard his schooner, fighting like a brave sailor?

"Captain Torbett," he said, "what wish you? You have me and my men, but what are our lives to you? What injury have we done to you or yours? My schooner lies yonder in the offing. She is laden with nuts and fruits and shells, and is not such a prize as you, I judge, are seeking? We are peaceful traders, with no gold or women to attract you. Let us depart in quiet, and I will tell my wife and children that Bob Torbett is not so bad as he is painted. I will drink with you, too, on your promise that your invitation is sincere and free of guile. But I will not drink with a man to humor him, when he is going to have my blood afterward. That's flat."

The pirate smiled.

"I have a reckoning to square with you, captain, but by the living heart, if you have not a pretty temper for a sniveling fruit-buyer! Your veins are red. D—— me, if you have not about melted me, already! Now follow."

"Not a step, until I know your intent," firmly responded Captain Small.

"What, another flash! If I had you with me a day, I would make a man of you. Between the two of us we would gather in many a dainty prize. What say you? But hold—first tell me where you made the acquaintance of that cur, Awmaju?"

Captain Small flushed. He saw the drift of the question, and felt his danger was imminent.

"I rescued him from a place of peril, even as I hope to be rescued, when in need."

"Your need is present and pressing. You fool, why should you choose to interfere with my affairs? Who are you, to trespass on my land and destroy what I have seen fit to place there? I tell you, I do not put up those signs to have them torn down by canting Boston traders."

"It was rumored you were dead, Captain Torbett. I had no desire to brave you, though I say to you here, but give me sea-room and my schooner, and I would not exchange a word with

such as I deem you. As for Awmaju Paul, he apparently was an honest sailor, and I aided him. He has proved the traitor, and I repent me of my action. Now do your worst."

"Tut, tut, captain. You are too brave a spirit to die by murder, and scuttle me, if you shall, at my hand. Nail my sign back, where you found it, in proper fashion, and you shall leave this cay, unharmed. The isle is but a musket-shot away, and a few moments will bring you there."

Captain Small was choked with mortification. He could not speak.

"Come, come, sir. You have only one course to take, by which you will ever enter your home port. I ask but a slight favor from you. You mentioned wife and children. Why not see them again?"

"You villain!" muttered Small, hoarsely. "I will fasten up that cursed sign. Accompany me, if you so wish."

"Nay, since you have yielded, we will let the matter pass. I merely played with you. My humor varies. I think now it is better to let my kind friends know through you that I am still alive. Maybe an ear the less would help you to remember any message I give you. Yet I promised you passage hence, unharmed, did I not? So be it. Now will you not drink?"

"I will," said Captain Small, anxious to depart.

They advanced to the palms. A brimming beaker was poured for each.

"Your health," spoke Captain Torbett, bowing; and they drank.

"While your fellows are filling their casks at the well between those rocks, I will talk with Awmaju, there. From Barcelona, he told you? The rogue! He took service with me a year ago, and last week basely knifed my quartermaster. Therefore I marooned him with the body of his victim buried on the same cay. I counted on him starving, but he was too clever."

The pirate conversed with Awmaju, who had been bound out of hearing, for a space of ten minutes. Then, suddenly, with an oath, kicked him brutally, and strolled back to the unwilling guest, leaving the captive alternately reviling and pleading for mercy.

"As I thought," said Torbett. "The white-livered dog spoiled your water, cunningly purposing to deliver you into my hands, and buy pardon with the prize. He risked it I would be here, at the old rendezvous. But of what use to me are nuts and fruit, with never a woman or a piece of gold! My mood has disconcerted him. Leave, if you desire, captain. I will dispatch a man to pilot you, by a short channel, out from the reefs about the schooner. I will lead the way. Into the boats, bully boys! Fare you well, sir. Beware the next time we meet."

The freebooter turned, and hastening down the beach sprang into the stern of one of the boats lying ready. He and his crew moved rapidly to the brigantine, carrying in their midst the unfortunate Awmaju.

When Captain Small's party, with the pilot assigned them by Torbett, had covered half the distance to the Lydia, the pirates were emerging from behind the crags, making out of the bay. Their vessel showed no flag.

Benijah, the mate, was big with questions. The captain stopped him.

"No, not now, Benijah. Let's get out of here. Quick, never mind yon craft. We are homeward bound."

There was no delay. A breeze was fanning across the schooner, and the anchor, which had been used to hold her for the captain's arrival, was barely off the bottom ere the sails were trimmed. The Lydia glided ahead. The crew eyed askant the strange, fierce looking pilot, but he noticed them not. The brigantine kept in advance, until she veered to one side, luffed, and the boom of a gun echoed over the seas. A boat sped from her toward the schooner.

"It is for me, sir," said the man at the wheel, dropping the spokes. "You

have fifty fathoms under you now, and the chart is sufficient. You are clear of shoals."

"Tender my thanks to your captain for his courtesy," responded Captain Small. "I wish him a better life."

"Our life suits us, sir, and we are content," replied the man, gruffly. He slid into the boat, as it arrived, and was off.

The Lydia bore to the east, as though to avoid her dangerous companion. The space separating the vessels increased. The boat attained the brigantine and was hauled onto her deck. A tall form stood on the rail, near the after shrouds, and waved a hand. Once more a gun sounded. From the main, at last, the black flag fell out and streamed on the breeze, flaunting the well known symbols of the Jolly Rodger.

Against the bright sky, up to the yard-arm, rose a wriggling, twitching figure, a jumping-jack, life size—but in truth a man, hanging by the neck.

It was Awmaju.

FERD'S LUCK—A CHARACTER SKETCH.

By Clara H. Holmes.

I.

NESTLED just in the edge of a little clump of cottonwoods stood a small, low log cabin, the heavy dirt roof projecting over the doorway, forming a kind of porch. The open door faced the narrow valley of Grassy—just a little indentation between the hills. On the farther side a steep trail led up the mountain to the mines. Prospect holes pierced the rocky surface everywhere. Here and there a paying mine, with a huge dump in the rear, and a frame shaft house from whose upright pipes the steam spurted in jets, which lazily floated away, looking like a snowy fleece hung aloft to beautify the scene. Everything about the cabin looked tidy. The little pile of wood; the homely bench outside the door; the yellow, clay-covered coat hanging on a peg—all had an air of neatness, unusual in a "bacher's cabin."

Within, the dirt floor was packed hard and smooth; the rude wooden table was scrubbed white; the bedstead, made of poles driven into the logs, was covered with bedding sweet and clean.

A man leaned over a sheet-iron camp stove in the corner of the room cooking his breakfast. There was something pathetic in the clear blue eyes and the droop of the sensitive lips, which was strangely at variance with the tall robust frame. It was as though a woman's soul inhabited that masculine body. With a preoccupied air he fried his thin slices of bacon, and tossed his cakes into the frying-pan, catching them dexterously as they came down.

After eating his breakfast he sauntered to the open door. Finally, with an impatient movement, he muttered: "I'm dog-goned if I know what to do. That claim's petered out. I've plum broke myself on it. That last rock didn't carry a trace, and I was so dead sure I'd struck it!"

He picked up his tools in a slow, hesitating way and walked on down the trail as one who goes per force; not because hope beckons, but because "needs must be." At noon he returned and threw his drills and hammers into a box beside the door with an unspoken protest.

He ate his cold lunch hurriedly, washing it down with a draught of sparkling water from a little rivulet near the door.

"There! I'm going to town; there's no use spending any more time on that hole," as though he felt it necessary to apologize to himself for the course he was taking.

The distance into town was five long miles; but to Ferd they were only a pleasant walk. Swinging off on the down grade with long, steady strides, he covered the ground rapidly.

On the main street in town he stopped at a butcher's shop and bought a steak — the best in the beef — running the few small pieces of silver, given in exchange, over in his fingers before he put them into his pocket. He walked past the single business street over the steep hill to the far side of the town, and knocked at the door of a little frame house.

"Hello, Ferd," called a woman's voice.

"Hello, Toots; is dinner ready?" came Ferd's reply.

She glanced at the clock: "Two o'clock. It is too late for dinner; too early for supper."

"I'll build the fire. By the time you get this steak cooked it'll be just the right time to eat it," said Ferd, still standing in the doorway holding the steak out to her.

"Can't you see I'm busy?" trying to frown.

"Yes," meekly, "I'll build the fire."

"Ferd, you're everlastingly hungry; come in and shut that door so's to keep out the dust," laughingly.

As he had said, he built the fire, and Toots cooked the steak.

"That's a good piece of meat, Ferd," she remarked poising a tempting morsel on her fork.

"It ought to be; I spent more'n half my last dollar for it," with a slow, curious smile.

She laid the fork down abruptly with the morsel untasted. "Are you telling the truth? Why did you get it?"

"It's good, isn't it? You can spend your money but once. I wanted you to cook it for me," without raising his eyes.

She shook her head, a mist gathering in her eyes. "No, you bought it to give *me* pleasure."

"Well, then eat it and give *me* pleasure;" looking up with a sudden smile, which brightened all his face.

They finished the meal in silence. When it was ended, she went to him, and resting her hand on his shoulder, said: "Now Ferd, what's the trouble?"

"O, just the same old thing; there's no luck for me; the vein's petered out. I took some rock down yesterday and it didn't assay anything. I've thrown it up."

"Wouldn't it be better to hold on awhile longer? It seems a pity to lose so much hard labor, and considerable money too."

"All I had," interrupted Ferd sententiously. Then, after a pause, "how can I go on without money enough to buy powder, fuse, or even grub?" looking up with that slow, sad smile; more sad, more expressive of discouragement than most persons' tears.

"I can't see what you'll do," sorrowfully. "You must eat, you can't pick such steaks as that," nodding her head toward the table, "from the cotton woods over in Grassy."

He trimmed his finger nails silently for a few minutes; his hands were one of his few points of beauty, the nails well trimmed and polished, fingers long, slender and immaculately clean,— this in a country where cleanliness of person is almost an impossibility, owing to the fine, oily dust which envelopes and permeates everything.

After a time he looked up again. "There's a fellow offers to put up the grub-stake if I'll batch him, and work another claim I staked off."

"O, Ferd, and lose all the hard work you've done!"

"I can't loose it."

"Why? What do you mean?"

"It's already lost; see?"

Long and earnestly these two, so opposite in looks and temperament, talked, he despondent, hesitating, discouraged;

she, self-reliant, hopeful, pushing, ever trying to infuse into him some of her own sanguine hopeful views, to which he ever returned his one hopeless answer:

"Toots, it's no use trying, it ain't my luck."

"But Ferd, luck has nothing to do with it; there is no such thing as luck. Success or failure is the result of our own mode of action."

"O, come off, Toots; I didn't make that darned claim peter out."

She laughed, "No, but you did not work in the right direction; probably the vein dipped, or took a turn some other way."

"Probably it just pinched out," scornfully.

"Even if it didn't, I'm in pretty good shape to hunt for it," taking the thirty-five cents out of his pocket to jingle it.

"O, forgive me, Ferd; I only wish for your success," she cried remorsefully.

"I'll take your word for it, little woman," his hand closing over her's affectionately.

"Well, I must climb the hill; you see where the sun is, don't you?"

"It's a long walk."

"O, I don't mind it, I feel better now; I get so full, it is like opening a safety valve when I come and tell you," with his slow smile.

II.

Toots saw no more of Ferd for three weeks; then he walked in again, handing her a beefsteak.

"Is dinner ready? I'll build the fire."

Toots laughed, there was such a sense of camraderie between these two.

The steak having been eaten, she said: "Well, what have you been doing?"

"Working the claim, of course; we're down about twenty feet; the rock looks pretty good, but don't know how it'll run."

"Does Joe bach with you?"

"O, yes! But he's so mussy I can't stand it. Why, this morning I found one of his muddy shoes in the sack of flour, and he threw the boot-jack at a chipmuck and knocked the pancake batter all over the stove, and was going to wipe it up with the dish towel! When I jawed he said it was only an old flour sack, anyway; that made me hot and I told him when he wanted to muss them up that way, maybe he'd better buy them."

Toots had been laughing gleefully, but held up her hand there; Ferd had made an inadvertent admission, and she understood him so thoroughly.

"So *you're* putting up the grub-stake, are you?"

"Yes, you see Joe hadn't a nickel and we had to eat."

"I see; I thought you had no money."

"I didn't have any, but I had that claim I owned on Gold Hill. I sold it to a fellow for fifty dollars."

"I thought you considered it good; worth a thousand at least."

"Yes, it was; that was when I didn't want to sell; it was only worth fifty dollars when I was so hungry I had to sell."

"And now you're feeding that old sponge on the money! Ferd, you make me tired."

"He's working the claim with me, and he has to eat."

"Is the claim his property? Are you getting half ownership for putting up the grub?"

"Oh no, it is my claim, but he's working with me."

"Oh!" An indescribable sound of disgust. "You're giving him half of *your* claim and feeding him for nothing."

"Why, no, he's working with me," persistently.

"Ferd! is he working for you, or is he to be the gainer?"

He sat there opening and shutting his pocket-knife thoughtfully. "Well, I s'pose if we strike it, we'll both be gainers; if not, he can't lose anything, and I but precious little."

Little more was said about it, but each felt dissatisfied. Toots was thoroughly provoked with him, and he felt it.

III.

Two months passed. Once more he stood in the open doorway,—this time without the steak, a droll, half melancholy expression on his face.

"Is dinner ready? I'll build the fire."

Toots looked at him and laughed; she uttered but one word, "Broke!"

Ferd laughed in return, "Yep, busted."

"Come in; build a fire, I've got the price of a beef steak to-day."

As on former days, when they had finished their meal, she said, "Now, tell me all about it."

"There's not much to tell. I was sick and had to go down to the springs; didn't have any money, of course, so I hit the trail. I left Joe to work the claim while I was gone. He jumped it, and the day before I got back sold it for a thousand dollars and skipped. He didn't leave me anything to eat except some flour and a little sugar. I've had to pick berries to eat with my bread. I had plenty of drink, the brook is close beside the door." A comical twist of the lips finished the speech.

Toots laughed aloud. "Well, you do take the cake!"

"It was all there was left to take," ruefully.

"What are you going to do, bring suit to recover the claim? It must be turning out well if he sold it for that price."

"O, Toots, she's a daisy, some of the prettiest rock I ever saw; the vein is fully twelve inches, and widening all the way."

"You'll bring suit of course," argued Toots.

"What for? They bought the claim and paid for it."

"But Joe had no right to sell it."

"They didn't know it; they paid a thousand dollars for it."

"But what did you get?"

"Me! O, I got left; that's just my luck."

Toots looked at him in disgust. "Well you do beat anything I ever saw."

"Didn't you ever see Joe? He beat me," with a droll, melancholy laugh.

When he started away she laid her hand on his shoulder. "Don't stay out there and eat that stuff you call bread until you're half-starved; there'll be wood enough to build a fire whenever you come."

He took her hand from his shoulder and held it caressingly. "It isn't what I get to eat when I come; but it tastes so much better when a woman cooks it; better still with some one I like sitting opposite."

Toots laughed in an embarrassed way. "Best of all, I suppose, when you get scolded."

"I s'pose I deserve more'n I get of that stuff," very humbly.

IV.

Many times during the summer and fall he came—without the beef steak.

He tried this claim and that claim, always becoming discouraged and leaving them after a little time, occasionally picking up a few days' work from some of his neighboring miners; barely living, just soul and body held together.

One day he came to town in a high state of excitement—that is, for him. Nothing on earth could have made him hurry or talk much faster.

"Say, Toots, did you hear of the strike on Globe Hill? Thirty thousand dollars to the ton!"

"Yes; it is immense. Are you near it?"

"No, not very near; about half a mile. Toots, do you remember the claim I sold for fifty dollars?"

"Oh, yes; I remember. Somewhere near there, wasn't it?"

"That's the very claim."

Poor Toots had hard work not to say "I told you so;" she only looked at him sorrowfully.

"No use fretting, Toots; it's just my blamed luck, and—we had something to eat with the fifty dollars," philosophically.

"I think Joe got away with the most of the food," answered Toots tartly.

"I got another pard yesterday," said Ferd. "We're going to work a lease together; he's going to 'bach' with me. He haint got any bedding, so I'm going to divide with him. I'm going to dig a ditch for a fellow so's to get grub, and he'll work the lease."

"Do you think he is honest, Ferd?" asked Toots, anxiously.

"I guess so. He's Bohemian; he don't know any more'n I do," placidly.

Toots laughed.

V.

This last program was carried out for three months, then had to be thrown up. Plenty of traces, but no pay dirt. Both were discouraged, so they separated.

Ferd rose in the morning after a restless night; he missed the companionship of his "pard," and he had gone supperless to bed. In the morning he was too discouraged to even go and talk it over with Toots.

He wandered aimlessly up the mountain side, pushing at the grass roots with a stick. A loose bit of rock dislodged and rolled to his feet. He stooped and picked it up, examining it critically with his magnifying glass. In an instant he was down on his knees examining more of the same kind. His face flushed a deep red. The veins on his forehead stood out like purple cord; great drops of perspiration gathered and ran down to his eyes, obscuring the sight. He wiped his forehead with his forefinger, impatiently. He grubbed with his stick and loosened more of the rock. It was too slow—he took both hands and clawed like a dog—so for fifteen minutes—then he rose, his eyes glowing, his lips curving out of their usual melancholy.

"I'll go and get a pick and shovel, so's to be certain; then I'll go and tell Toots."

He brought the tools; a cottonwood stake, and a piece of a soap box. He threw up the dirt; he examined piece after piece of rock, each time with a greater air of satisfaction.

When the sun neared the meridian, he drove his stake, wrote his claim upon the piece of soap box and forced it into the split in the upper end of the stake.

He went to his cabin, washed himself and slipped on another coat. Then he hunted around and found a dry crust or two. The last night before and this morning he could not eat them; now they tasted good. He took them in his hand and munched as he walked. He was in haste to tell Toots.

On the very edge of town, Ferd turned aside into Poverty Gulch and knocked at the door of a tumble-down cabin.

"Hallo, Jim! I believe you owe me a little for that digging about a month ago."

"By hokey! I believe I do owe you five. Fact is, I got on a little tear last night and bucked faro, and I'm mighty nigh busted. I'll try and rake up a dollar."

After fishing round in all his pockets, he managed to produce the promised amount.

Ferd took it with, "All right, old boy," and whistled softly to himself as he went on.

VI

Toots was sewing, the door was standing open; the sunshine was streaming whitely in; a soft breeze just lifted the curtains, making it delightfully cool. He stepped within the open door.

"Here's the steak; I'll build the fire."

The voice was so cheery, the laughter so gleeful, that Toots was on her feet in an instant. "O, what is it, Ferd?" eagerly.

"A beefsteak; I'll build the fire."

"O, you provoking thing!" standing on tiptoe to get hold of his shoulders so as to shake him.

He leaned forward, touching her hair lightly with his lips.

"I've struck it, Toots."

"Truly Ferd? Tell me all about it."

He looked ruefully at the steak in his hand. Toots laughed joyfully. "All right, build the fire; the news will keep, and I suppose you haven't had any dinner?"

"Not for months, Toots;" with great gravity.

Dinner over, the rock was proudly shown and commented upon. Toots was fully as eager, understanding terms and signs as well as he. She pronounced it wonderful. "Right at grass roots, too! Now, Ferd, don't you let some old chump beat you out of it."

"Not much fear; luck did come my way this time."

"You want to hold on tight then, luck is as slippery as a greased pig."

For weeks Ferd shipped his dirt, and pocketed his returns, then the returns began to grow less; then failed to pay for milling.

There had been no vein, just a few tons of float, but Ferd had a couple of thousand dollars in his pocket, and parties were every day trying to buy him out. Thus he pocketed another thousand.

Soon after he sold he said, "Toots, I'm going over into the Santa Maria country."

"What are you going there for? Can't you let well enough alone?"

"I believe that's a better country than this; besides, I've always wanted to see it."

Toots made no further comment.

For the next three weeks Ferd was very busy buying blankets, burros, provision and so on. When all was completed he came to bid Toots good-bye. He stood holding her hand at parting, she looking up with sorrowful eyes.

"Are you going alone, Ferd?"

"No, Joe's going with me."

"Joe!" in a tone of amazed incredulity.

"Yes, he wants to see that country; he's broke, an' I thought I'd take him along for a pard."

Toots felt tempted to "jaw"—no other word can express it. Then, feeling how useless that would be, she felt tempted to cry, but was too indignant. Thus they parted with restraint on both sides.

She watched the laden burros toil over the long hill, the two men, with sticks in hand, plodding on behind.

At the summit Ferd turned and waved his hat, a last good-bye.

VII.

It was well on toward summer, the first of June. In lower altitude the days would be hot, here—like a variable temper—it blew hot and cold. One hour the sun shone radiantly—such a glorious flood of light as is never seen elsewhere—then a chill wind, and mercy! how it would snow or hail! Another hour, a half hour, fifteen minutes, perhaps, and the sun was shining as warmly as though there never fell snow or hail. All through these days Toots worked steadily with sorrowful, brooding eyes.

Meanwhile the camp began to boom.

One of the claims Ferd had thrown up as being worthless, had been restaked, patented and properly worked, and was worth half a million. All the hill in front of his cabin in Grassy was yielding immensely.

Ground which he had pronounced valueless, was worth thousands to the holders, without a stroke of work, just to buy and sell.

Toots cautiously bought a little, and, as is a woman's wont, as cautiously let go for a small profit. But a little sufficed for her small needs; so she was more wealthy than many a man who made much, and coveted more.

At last the rainy season was ended. The hills clothed in their garb of green were lovely beyond description.

After sewing all day, just at sunset, Toots would climb the long hill to the westward, and, sitting on the highest point, would look away to the Sangre de

Cristo range; it was in that direction Ferd had gone.

The sun would slip down into a sea of molten gold and disappear; ships of crimson would float about, turning later to purple with silver trimmings, then to somber grey; and poor, lonely Toots in the shadows of the evening would walk home.

At last, when hope was almost dead, Toots received a letter; her hands trembled so that she could scarcely open it. Ferd told her of the beautiful country and rank vegetation; then he wrote:

"You remember Joe? We camped on an island in the Santa Maria river. It was a lovely place, high and dry we thought, and covered with trees. We waded in the water not half knee deep; we pitched our tent, cooked our supper and turned in; it rained a little in the night, but not enough to wet us, and when we awoke in the morning the birds were singing and the sun was shining brightly.

"After breakfast I took my rifle and went to another camp to look at some rock I'd heard about; when I came back about noon I heard the river roaring long before I reached it; it was away out of banks; the rain of the past night had been very heavy upon the range, and the thousands of streams rushing down the steep mountain sides into the river had raised it until it came down a solid wall of water, carrying everything before it.

"Joe had no warning so as to get out of the way—just time to climb a tree, and there he hung, drenched and shivering; a cold wind was blowing from the range that pierced one through. I tried to throw a line to him, but 'twas no use; two hours later the whole island, trees and poor Joe, were swept down the river.

"One burro swam ashore. Everything else is gone!

"Joe had the money in his pocket, and that is gone, too.

"I don't know what I'm going to do; I haven't a dollar—not even a blanket; but I don't mind that much, it's so warm. The birds wake me in the morning with their singing. Sometimes I wish they wouldn't sing.

"I'm lonesome for Joe!

"They say there's better gold diggings farther south; I think I'll go there—there ain't much in this place anyway.

"I never did have any luck!

"Toots, I'd like to talk it over with you!"

THE LITTLE GRAY COAT.

A STORY OF THE NEBRASKA FAMINE OF 1894–5.

BY S. S. PETERS.

JOHN GLADE sat on the bed in the only room of his sod house and occasionally glanced up at the pistol hanging from the ridge-log, and then at his wife and three children.

His wife was parching corn on the small sheet iron stove to provide supper for the five hungry mouths. There was but a scant bushel of the precious grain left, and this was the last of their food, either for themselves or for the team.

The recent snows had drifted so badly that John had to turn back from an attempt to reach town, twenty miles away, where he learned that a relief train from the south had arrived with provisions for the drought sufferers. The snow, too, had covered the scattered bunches of grass in the draws,

and the fall prairie fires had burned out the buffalo grass on the divides, and with neither grass nor grain for the stock, John's prospects on this gloomy morning of January, 1895, were discouraging indeed.

The last of their flour, meat, and potatoes had been eaten weeks before, and their only recourse lay in such of the meager product of the forty acres of corn as had managed to struggle to maturity through the hot winds of July and August. Ground into coarse meal with the coffee mill, it had afforded nourishment for a while, but was now too precious to cull for meal, so the bad and good grains were parched together and doled out sparingly to prolong their wretchedness.

It was this condition that made John glance up at his pistol with a wild gleam in his eyes. A tramp through the snow during the day failed to discover the slightest trace of rabbit's track. Hopelessness met his every glance. The children were wistfully watching the patient mother parching the corn, eager for their small share to allay their desperate hunger.

John glared at his wife, and then again at the pistol. "It has five shots," mused he, "and just five slight pressures of my finger on the trigger would end this misery. Better that we should all die quickly than suffer a lingering death by starvation."

He rose from the bed and reached for the weapon. Just then his little six-year old daughter came to him saying, "Papa are you going hunting again to get a rabbit? Oh, if you could only get a nice rabbit! We would have soup and Mamma could have all the meat she could eat—and the boys too. Mamma said to-day, 'If Papa could only kill something!' Papa can't you kill something? Mamma cried and said if you didn't soon we'd all starve."

John left the pistol hanging on its nail and clasped the child to his breast, and as the tears streamed down his gaunt cheeks, kissed her passionately. His wife turned and looking at him, frightendly, asked: "What was you going to do with the pistol, John?"

He only bowed his face on his child's shoulder and extending his open palm toward his wife, shook it bitterly and said sobbingly: "I don't know Katie, I don't know."

His wife placed the skillet of corn on the little table; came to her husband and, kneeling down beside him, took one of his hands in her own and kissed it and through her sobs and tears exclaimed, "John, I know your thoughts. But I do not believe God will charge you with murder in your heart for this. You thought we were weak and starving. But we are not. See this corn. It will keep us for a while yet. Do not despair. I feel certain help will come. I have not given up. Why should you? Now John, I have thought this all out to-day. You see I have parched more corn than usual to-night. You must take a portion of it with you and start for town on one of the horses for help. Take some of the corn for the horses. The children and I will pull through. You must go to town. It is moonlight, and by morning you will be there."

Taking a few ears of corn, John went out to the stable and divided them between the horses. One of them was quickly saddled and John was soon ready for the trip.

Kate had tied up a generous portion of the parched corn in a salt sack, and in a flour sack were a few ears for the horse.

John kissed his wife good-bye, and taking his little girl in his arms, whispered to her: "You must take this little sack I give you and give it to your Mamma when I am gone. But don't give it to her until I get away."

Then springing into the saddle and bidding them all good-bye he was soon lost to sight down the draw on the road to town.

Though he had demonstrated that the trip could not be made by wagon, yet the perilous situation of his family

filled him with determination to reach town at every hazard on horseback. If he, single handed, could not reach town, how could relief parties reach him? He urged the horse onward. At times it floundered in deep snow drifts, but fortunately they were not very wide, and by persistent endeavor he made his way through them.

For miles the tiresome journey alternated in this way, and at last the long level stretch of prairie that led to the brakes of the Republican River was reached. The snow was heavier here and he still had before him ten dreary miles. He fed his faithful beast from his cap and gathered up the few remaining grains for his own sustenance.

The distant whistle of an engine from the railway greeted him like a bugle call of hope and stimulated him with renewed energy.

It was nearing daylight when he descended the bluffs that lay just north of the town. A faint light gleamed from the office of the hotel. Failing to awaken the landlord, he did succeed in rousing the sleepy stable boy and obtaining shelter for himself and horse. John helped put the horse away and lay down in the hay mow, tired and chilled, and quickly dropped into a troubled slumber.

It was quite late before the sleepy townfolk began to show signs of life. Meanwhile John had timorously asked the stable boy if there was any prospect for securing relief. He was informed that one carload had been received the day before; but that it did not go far, as there were forty teams of drought sufferers waiting for it. It had been mostly distributed about or near town, and people, unless they had a "pull," didn't stand much show for getting anything anyhow. The landlord told him substantially the same story. John's heart sank within him. He had but half a dollar, and, not daring to squander the price of a meal from it, he went to the store and invested a dime in cheese and crackers. There he learned that the town had all it could do to look after its own poor. The stores refused to give any more credit, but if he would go to the 'Squire he might get an order for a meal and that was all he need expect.

The justice of the peace said he had no right to help anyone outside the precinct, and could only advise John to go up to the county seat, ten miles west, and apply to the commissioners.

The train left at noon, and though the fare took John's last penny, he boarded the train for the county seat. He went direct to the court house, and stated his case with all the eloquence he could command. The commissioners told him the district in which he lived had already been given its full share of help. John knew that not a particle of relief had been sent into his township, and so told the commissioners. They were obdurate, however, and gave John to understand that he could expect nothing from them.

He strolled down toward the depot, desperate, penniless and hungry. The whistle of an approaching train diverted him from his reverie, and he waited its coming. It pulled slowly up to the station, and John saw that several of the cars had big streamers tacked along their sides bearing the words:

THE OVERFLOWING GRANARIES OF THE SOUTHLAND SEND SUBSTANTIAL GREETINGS TO THEIR FAMISHING BROTHERS OF NEBRASKA.

John read the words again and again and wondered if he could be included in that kindly greeting. The train had now stopped and two men stepped out of the caboose and came up the platform toward him. They asked him the condition of the settlers. Did they need corn, meat, clothing or provisions? "You see," said one, "we are in charge of these cars from Georgia and Mississippi. They are filled with good

cheer for such of you as will accept and are in need of such things."

Before John could reply, a big committee of citizens had reached the depot, including the commissioners. The committee informed the agents that they were authorized to take charge of all relief and see to its proper distribution.

"Well," observed one of the agents, "we appreciate your kindness, but we shall also participate in the distribution, and will be glad of your help; but we must do it our own way."

John approached one of the agents and said: "I'm no beggar. I never asked a man for help before, and would not now, but I've ridden thirty miles through cold and snow to get something for my wife and children. They have had nothing to eat but a little parched corn for days, and when I left them last night, they had not enough to last them through to-day. I don't want you to give me a thing for myself, but if you can, spare just a little for them."

The passionate pleading of the man touched the kind hearts of the strangers and one of them took John by the arm and led him back into the caboose, and there made him tell his story. The listener was deeply moved, and he bade John go with him to the hotel and get a meal, and afterwards they would decide what to do.

"No," said John, "while my wife and babies are suffering, I will not eat a morsel of food that can't be shared with them. If you can help me now to get something back to them, it's all I ask."

The Southerner stepped out the car door and called out: "Is there a man here who has a team that can make a thirty mile drive to-night? I will pay for it. I must have a team at once."

A man wearing a Grand Army button on his coat collar responded: "Here's your team, and it can go sixty miles to-night if it is to help some poor sufferer. And it shan't cost you a cent either."

"God bless you," was the Southerner's reply. "Hurry it down here. It must be loaded and started in an hour."

The volunteer soon returned with a stout team, attached to a bob-sled on which was a big wagon box. The sled was driven alongside the cars and was soon laden with a generous supply of coal, corn, flour, miscellaneous provisions and clothing. The Southerner then bade John get aboard of the load with his friend and drive up to the hotel for a lunch before they started. They hurried through with the lunch, and, receiving assurances that his horse would be looked after and sent to him from the town below in good time, and with the admonition to find out everyone who was in need in his vicinity and send word back by the driver, John bade his new friends good-bye and the two started on their long drive over the snow.

. . . . . .

Mrs. Glade returned to the house and her little girl handed her the package of corn her father had given her. The child said papa handed it to her just as he was starting away and they must keep it for themselves.

"Poor, dear John," thought Kate," you were cruel to yourself; you needed it more than we."

The children were given their homely supper and put to bed to keep them warm. Mrs. Glade then put out the fire and lay down on the bed beside them.

Sleep came to her finally, and the bright sun had shone through the little window some time before she awoke. Hopefully she set about preparing another meal for herself and the children. Privation had taught them patience and self-denial, and though their eyes pitifully pleaded for more, they knew she would do all for them that she could.

The day wore on and night approached all too quickly. The children huddled closer to their mother as the howling of the wolves became nearer and more frequent. Kate went to the door and looked out. She was startled by the sight of an animal stealthily moving toward the house on the path from the

barn. She took down the pistol and her trained hand guided her in bringing down the animal at the first shot. The eldest boy ran out and brought it in. It was a large jack rabbit. Though the night was now far advanced Kate determined to remove the pelt and give the children "just a little meat," to quiet their clamors for food, before putting them to bed.

The children were soon asleep, and Kate again lay down beside them for a nap. She was awakened by the shrill neighing of the horse in the stable. Dawn was just breaking and she thought she heard voices of men in the distance. The horse neighed again and it was answered by an equine call down the draw. Kate knew that John was returning and she got up and started the fire for breakfast. She ground some of the parched corn for coffee and set the remains of the rabbit on the stove to stew. A few moments later she heard her husband's voice at the door.

"Katie, Katie darling. Come help us out with these things."

She ran to the door and threw it open. John had her in his arms in an instant.

"And Katie here's the best man that ever lived. On the ride home I found he belonged to father's regiment in the war, and when he found I was his old comrade's son he said he was mighty glad of an opportunity for doing a kindness to Captain Glade's boy. You thank him for me Katie. I can't begin to thank him enough, myself."

Kate did thank him, and when later they were sitting around the table eating breakfast from the generous store given them by their Southern friends, John told her the story of his trip and how he came by all these things.

John and the old veteran made a tour of the neighborhood during the day to see who needed help, and that night the "vet" returned to town with the list. John was to divide his supplies with them until the relief parties should arrive, for it was the intention of the Southerners to remain a week or two,—as other supplies were to follow from other Southern points,—until every family that needed help could be made comfortable for the winter.

After the old veteran had gone, Kate showed John a little coat of gray cloth taken from one of the packages. On it were four brass buttons. Two of them bore the U. S. and two the C. S. A. stamp, and they alternated down the breast. The coat just fitted their eldest boy, and he looked like a little soldier togged out in it. The child put his hand in the pocket and drew therefrom a piece of folded paper and handed it to his father. John took the scrap, and unfolding it, read:

Should this little coat fall into the hands of some Union soldier's family, its donor hopes that it will keep his child as warm as is the heart of the old Confederate soldier who sends it to him. It is made from my old Confederate uniform.

A MEMBER OF THE 6TH GEORGIA.

"Sixth Georgia? Why, Kate, that is the same regiment that father used to talk so much about! When he was taken prisoner the 6th Georgia was guard over him. They treated the prisoners so kindly that father could never talk of the old war days without referring to the 6th Georgia in the kindliest terms. Then, when they had the yellow fever so bad down in Georgia and Mississippi, years ago, father helped gather up great quantities of clothing, food, money and medicines for them, just because some of the 6th Georgia lived in the infected regions."

"John, the Bible says: 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.'"

"And, Katie, we have found it."

META; A STORY OF THE BURNT WOODS OF OREGON.

By Clara Ahminty Nash.

I. The Old Home.

"WHAT answer am I to send to brother Hans' letter?" asked a kind looking German woman to her neighbor in the Black Forest. "He will want to know what you and Meta have to say to his proposal."

"Ah, neighbor, give me time; I have not had the heart to tell my little daughter about it yet. But there stands your brother's picture on the mantel; I should not have recognized him, surely."

"No, but then he is thirty now and he was but ten when he went away from here."

Meta's mother thought the brother did not look as kind as his sister, but she kept the thought to herself. She took the likeness down from the high shelf and was looking intently at it, as though it was a book she was determined to read through and through, her neighbor eyeing her the while a little bit anxiously. Presently she said:

"See, here is Meta coming; get the letter and show it to her like a good one, and let us have the whole business settled. It will depend on you what the girl says, for she is obedient and good; and her mother ought to be the last person in the world to stand in the way of her getting on in life."

"But how can I part with my child and see her go into an uncertainty! It would break my heart if she were unhappy."

"How can you call it an uncertainty, when I have told you all about my brother's position, and what a fine place he has, and how much money he has in the bank and ——,"

But then Meta came in suddenly, having walked up the path quicker than was her wont.

The visitor checked herself in the middle of her narration and said hurriedly and almost under her breath, "Now's a good time; don't be putting it off any more; there's a good woman."

"What shall I do!" was the troubled response, "If husband were only alive."

Meanwhile Meta came in almost breathless, evidently very much worked up about something, her color heightened and her eyes bright. "What do you think I have been hearing, little mother?" said the girl, "That I am going to America to marry a rich man! I suppose somebody dreamed it; or maybe it was some one else they meant."

While the mother looked all consternation, and no words came in reply, her friend answered for her, quick as an arrow:

"Maybe it will come true; less wonderful things than that happen now-a-days. Don't you remember how your old friend Nina went from the next village and how good everything turned out for her? She writes now and again what a good husband she has, and how she is able to have everything she wants. I tell you a young girl is in luck when she gets a good husband, and one who can pay his way in the world, and has a good place in it, too. No matter much in what country the sun shines on him — the sun's the sun and a husband's a husband."

She took the photograph from the mother, who was holding it limply now, saying: "What do you think of him for a man? Don't you think him a good looking gentleman?"

"Is that Nina's husband?" asked Meta.

"No," said Frau Braun, "that's nobody's husband, but I hope he'll be somebody's soon — and a right good one he'd make if he had but the chance. There are no young girls in the part of

the country where he lives, and although he has nice enough friends around him, he finds it lonely in his home with no one but a dog to speak to. He happened to see your photograph, and what's more, he remembers you when you were a little bit of a child like my Marie. He's just fallen clear in love with your photograph; says he's coming right home to see you, and get you to go back with him. That's what the folks meant by their talk."

"Well," said Meta, as the color came and went in her cheeks, "I don't like that sort of nonsense."

"Never mind your calling it nonsense; it's truth all the same." And seeing her little Marie coming toddling up the path, she said: "Go, like a good girl, and take her up; she's tired."

As Meta darted off on this errand, Frau Braun said to her mother: "You leave the affair to me; I know how to work it just right. You would not, I know, be so unjust to Meta as to try to keep her at home here in poverty. She would have to go away to find work in the town, and when she's away she might as well be a thousand miles away as thirty for all the company she'd be to you."

All the time she was speaking her fingers were moving her stocking-pins rapidly, and one could hear the well known click as she rounded off row after row of her knitting.

Drawing her headkerchief closely round her face she bade the widow good night and hurried after Meta. Overtaking her, she said: "When you get back take a good look at the photograph your mother had in her hand. See if you don't think the face handsome; of course the color of the eyes you can't see, but they are gray, and the hair light brown; and see how handsome he's dressed; quite different from the men about here. When I tell you he's as kind as he's handsome, and his clothes are fine because he's rich, you can readily picture to yourself that his wife would be a happy woman."

"But I don't want to go away from little mother," said Meta, as she dropped her eyes from under Frau Braun's gaze.

"Look you here," answered the Frau, "you will have to go away from your mother to earn your livelihood and to help her, now your father is gone. How much easier this way of helping her would be! You would have enough and to spare in that new country, and could send home what you chose to your mother."

And so she worked upon her filial feeling, which she knew to be very strong. "Think it over, Meta, and remember that just as Hans (for it is my brother Hans who wants you) can come over and fetch you, so after a while you will be able to come over and see your mother; perhaps, indeed, take her back with you, and the little ones with her."

"I can wait to think about all this. When your brother comes that will be time enough," answered the girl, with a timid look. So saying, she put little Marie down and ran back to the cot they called home.

The father of the Krause family had been a poor charcoal burner, but without him they were poorer still. There were a good many little mouths to feed and bodies to clothe, and woman's work was scarce in those parts — at least work for wages — and Meta had begun to think that she must try and go to Nüremberg to earn some money before the winter set in, when Fritz ought to go to school, and she would pay the school pence for him. When she got back her mother was busying herself over their frugal supper — black bread and a bit of sausage. The photograph was looking at her from the high shelf. She took the picture down and looked at it curiously and long, without coming to any definite judgment on its merits or defects. She hastily returned it to its place as she heard her mother's foot-fall at the door. For a moment or two she felt angry with it, and felt

half inclined to toss it into the fire, as if that would preserve her from all bother concerning it! Mrs. Braun's conversation seemed to echo in her ears, and the echo worried even her placid spirit. Her mother's look was tender and resigned, as though she had been looking in the face something hard, and had made up her mind to brave it, but dared not trust herself to speak.

A few days after, when going on an errand into the village, Meta met her mother's friend. She wanted to pass her with a friendly nod and go on about her business, but Frau Braun had no idea of being given the go-by so easily.

"Stop, Meta, I've something I want to say to you. See, I have had another letter from my brother Hans," holding out one, which in reality was the first, and which she had just taken out of her pocket. "I want to tell you what he says. It is all about you and your likeness, and how he would like to come home and get you to marry him; but his business is so pressing, he can't possibly get away. If he were to do so he would only be losing all his chances, and perhaps lose all his property—or the most of it."

"Well," said Meta, simply, "there is no particular hurry."

"Oh, but he thinks there is, and it might be two or three years before he could safely get away. So he makes the request that you go out to him instead of his coming to you. It will be the same thing in the end, you know, only the wedding will be there instead of here. To show you that Hans is in earnest, he is sending over three hundred dollars—in his money, twelve hundred Reichsthaler—to pay for your journey and everything you want for it."

"You must be joking, Mrs. Braun," answered Meta. "Fancy going out all by yourself to marry a man you don't know anything about! Thank him kindly for sending so much money, but I think I can earn plenty in Nüremberg this winter to help mother and put little Fritz to school."

Confused at the audacity of the proposition, Meta ran home. Now Mrs. Braun had a genuine wish to serve her brother, but, like a good many other women of will, having started on a certain path, she had no idea of being turned back by some little lions in the way. Meta was but a chit of a girl, and it was her duty to be docile and do what was best for her family. Had not she married her man when he was little better than a stranger? She had met him at a neighboring fair; he did not belong to their vicinity. She had got on well enough, why shouldn't Meta do as well? To carry through this arrangement would make her a woman of some little importance, in her own estimation at least.

Meta was silent on the subject when she reëntered her home. Reserve and maidenly pride kept her tongue tied before her mother, whom she found working hard in the potato field behind the house. The sun was sinking golden below the horizon; the woods on the mountain-side looked dark and gloomy against the brightened sky, except where the charcoal-burners' smoke curled up blue, taking mauve tints against the trees. Meta watched the sun go down, then watched her mother, with bent back and almost staggering feet, as she moved slowly between the rows of early potatoes. She herself was not fond of such field work, and the thought came to her that over in that rich country all such hard toil she would, at all events, escape. Thus entered in the thin end of the wedge.

When night came, and she retired to her hard and narrow bed, she did not sleep, but, instead of looking on into the future, she began to systematically look back—an exercise of mind young persons are not much given to. She hunted back into the chambers of her memory for pictures of this Hans that might be laid away there. His sister had told her what age she was when he

left the country, so she knew in what story to begin her search The only forthcoming picture was not very reassuring. It was one of a light-haired schoolboy, with a large, red, woolen comforter round his neck, who, with a companion of the same type, waylaid her as she was passing on an errand for her mother, and threw a hard and heavy snowball at her, knocking her basket out of her hand, spilling the cream and cookies she was taking to a sick woman. He insisted on her giving them half the cookies, because they helped her gather them together. She tried hard to recall a pleasanter picture of the schoolboy, but they were all of the same coloring, and she got no counsel out of the past wherewith to guide her future.

Mrs. Braun frequently proffered her assistance as guide, to both her mother and herself. She was assiduous in her visits, and in her advice and persuasion. The weak will of the mother at length gave way, which circumstance lent Mrs. Braun a vantage ground from which to lecture Meta into obedience, —for her own good and that of the family. Meta, reared to docility, yielded as a matter of course, and her mother, with a heavy heart and tearful eyes, got ready her little trousseau. Full of business and self-importance, the bustling Mrs. Braun made all other necessary arrangements for Meta's journey to the far West.

II. On the Ocean.

On board the ocean steamer Meta found many compatriots, some from her own Black Forest, among whom she quickly made friends. Hardly daring to look forward (for she was of a timid nature with regard to the unknown), she lived therefore in the present. She chatted with her new companions, comparing notes as to their several homes. She knitted away at her stocking, that was always doing and never done, for she never wearied of watching the big waves tumbling one after another and breaking with fallen crests against the huge sides of the vessel. She still looked the *Bauerin* that she was, with her dark cloth skirt, her white apron and blue kerchief tied over her head, leaving blonde locks to peep out and blow about in the wind, making an aureole to her fair face. Her large gray eyes looked wistfully towards the horizon whence the vessel had sped her from her home, while the others looked anxiously toward the western horizon.

Meta was a prety picture — so thought one of her traveling companions, who had done her little services from sheer gentlemanly good nature. Hearing the English tongue she had thought him English, as no word had passed between them; but one day he addressed her in her own tongue, when both were looking out to sea at the sky overhead. The clouds were of most fantastic shape, and he said, "I seem to see the towers of Nüremberg over there, where the clouds have lifted themselves pinnacle-shaped, into the light beyond. See that one in the center, higher than the others, is the Carillon tower; I can almost hear its chime. Then the ridge below the towers looks like the town itself as it seems on a misty morning; and beneath the ridge the river appears to be flowing; and then comes the ocean that separates us all from home."

The words struck a tender chord in Meta's heart, and for a moment she could not answer; but presently, with a great effort, driving back the tears, she answered shyly, "Nüremberg is near my home. I came from Feucht, and I have several times seen the town from the other side of the river, where the towers stand up like that; but when you are living in the town they look different."

"So you have lived in Nüremberg, my old home, have you?"

"I went to school there for a while," answered the girl, "staying with my uncle, as long as mother could spare me."

Half afraid of venturing on delicate ground, Herr Wolfenberg suggested

that her mother was sparing her daughter now for rather a long spell!

Hardly knowing what to answer, for Meta was quite unacquainted with the subterfuges of the world, after a moment's wavering, and an unwilling "yes," she braced herself up and asked the stranger if he had been in America before.

"Yes," he answered; "America is my home now; I have only been back to see my father and mother. They are getting old and I was afraid I might not see them again. America is a great country for a man to push his way in. There are more openings than in the old country; while, at the same time, there are more difficulties in a way. A man needs more self-reliance, and energy, and a better knowledge of mankind than at home, and, of course, all the other qualities that go to getting on—they are always necessary the world over. Many young men come over who would do pretty well at some humdrum work at home, but who really have less opportunity in America, although there are so many more chances for a good 'rustler.'"

After this Meta looked forward more and looked backward less. Many a pleasant chat, while pacing the deck of the noble vessel, whiled away the time that would have hung heavy on her hands—notwithstanding that eternal stocking! One day he playfully remarked to her, "You had better make themost of one stocking now, for I prophesy that that will be the last you knit."

"The last that I shall knit? Why, Herr Wolfenberg, do you mean to say that people don't wear stockings in America?"

"O yes, they wear them, of course, but they buy them; they have too much to do that pays them better. All the same I like to see your fingers fly round, although you don't seem to progress very fast."

"That is because you don't notice how the stocking grows—you can't very well as I roll it."

"I envy a woman her knitting. It is a safety valve for her. It keeps her cool and placid. Any little irritability and excitement finds a vent by way of her finger tips and goes off through the knitting pins, like lightning by means of a conductor. That is why your brow is smooth and your face so tranquil. It does one good to look at you."

"And all on account of my knitting pins; that is an idea! I had certainly better not give them up."

Herr Wolfenberg looked so long and hard at her that Meta lowered her eyes and clicked the pins faster than before

"To-morrow we land," he said, "and I want you to give me one of your pins, *Zum Andenken.*"

"Then how shall I finish my stocking?" answered she, freeing one of the little implements and holding it out."

"Thank you," said the Herr, pretending to regard the gesture as compliance with his request. He quickly took the pin from her apparently proffered hand, and slipped it into his coat pocket."

The pink in Meta's cheeks gradually suffused itself all over her face up to the aureole of hair that the wind was blowing over her blue kerchief. "I must run away and get another," she said, on recovering herself.

Stung suddenly with maidenly pride and reserve, and calling to mind her mother's tales of the wily ways of man, Meta carefully avoided the deck she had paced so often, although unnoticed she asked whether or not the Herr was pacing his usual rounds. "Oh," she said to herself, as she laid herself down for the last time in her narrow berth—"if Hans Buttel were only like Herr Wolfenberg!"

She had taken out the photograph (which Mrs. Braun had bade her take with many injunctions) and looked at it to see if she could find some likeness; butthere was none, and Meta could only think of the little rough school boy who upset her cream and helped himself to her cookies.

With a determination born partly of timidity and partly of maidenly modesty, she kept herself to herself on arriving in New York, until the most of the passengers had landed.

Wolfenberg had friends to meet him who carried him off without delay.

With one trifling excuse after another Meta kept the family, who were her traveling escort, waiting, until she felt the coast was clear and she could land without again meeting the dark, handsome man, whom she had resolved to avoid

III. The New World.

The end of the long journey across the continent came at last. It was in Oregon, not far from the Pacific Ocean, —the "jumping off end of the earth," as someone has facetiously called it — a little wayside depot alongside the single track, where there was no freight agent and where no one resided; where it was not worth while for the train to call except when there was a signal to stop.

Meta was nervous and excited as she drew near her destination. Anxiety had taken the place of the extreme lonesomeness she had felt as the train whirled her farther and farther westward, over hill and dale, all covered with the burnt wood, except where the settler had carved out his homestead. It had been raining and the burnt timber stood up straight and bare and black, branchless and leafless—ghosts of former selves. Their weird appearance riveted the girl's eyes, and nature's rich and many-hued carpet, spread at their base, escaped her observation. Her thoughts were equally somber The almost unknown tongue of those around her made her feel more alien still. She had picked up a few words and phrases on board ship, and Wolfenberg had taught her some; but still, conversation was but a blank to her; she heard but did not find it worth her while to listen.

One man on the little platform as the train drew up! Could this be Hans? The short twilight had nearly come to an end, and she could not distinguish any likeness to the photograph. The man advanced and pronounced her name, Meta Krause, with the vowels sounded English fashion.

"*Ja, ja*" was all she could utter. The stranger not even saying the usual "so, so," continued his talk in English. His team and wagon stood near and her modest baggage was soon bestowed within it. She had put away her bright blue head-kerchief and the hard, unyielding straw hat that took its place, in itself made her feel like somebody else.

Seated by her companion she occasionally stole furtive glances at his profile. It was decidedly commonplace; the face freckled and fringed with a reddish beard, the hair under the slouch hat, tan. He had given up trying to converse as soon as he discovered his English was wasted, and he spent the time trying to ransack the depths of his brain for little bits of the speech of his childhood; but somehow they would not come to the fore, now that they were wanted. The quick, soft gutturals of Meta's tongue seemed to recall a little to his memory.

The girl felt mystified. Hans' sister spoke German, why should not he? Could he have forgotten his mother tongue from just living in another country? Was he really Hans? She wished she could take the photograph out and compare notes. But it was getting too dark to see anything now. What should she do if he were not the right Hans? What would she not give now to weep out her doubts and fears on her mother's shoulder! A sickening sinking at heart almost overpowered her, when a sudden lurch of the wagon in going over a stump, brought her back to the momentary endeavor to keep her seat as far away from the driver as the width of the wagon permitted.

Presently the man pointed with his whip to a shanty standing under the

lee of a hill in its carved-out clearing, while with the hand holding the reins he touched himself. The movements were significant, that this was to be her future home then, and this her life companion. The wagon passed by the lane evidently leading through high brush down to where the shanty stood, and pursued its course for another half mile or so, till it stood outside another little house very similar to the first, and an eager bustling little woman in a dark calico dress came out full of talk to the arrivals. To the man she spoke in English, but to the girl in some other language. He had introduced her to Meta as Frau Klein, and repeated the word "*Deutsch*" over and over again with great emphasis. For a moment Meta had looked forward to unburdening herself in her native tongue to a kindred spirit; but it was only for a moment, for the woman's "*Deutsch*" hardly sounded familiar to Meta's ears. But the well-known intonations, the raising of the voice at the end of a sentence, and the same guttural sounds, and soft, "sh's" betokened her as belonging to the great Fatherland. The woman could evidently understand Meta, who from having been at school in Nüremberg spoke a purer dialect than the inhabitants of her native village. She was somewhat comforted on making this discovery, and in the manner of her hostess who waited on her with hospitable assiduity. She was quick in discovering the look of disappointment on Hans' face on finding that Frau Klein was evidently incompetent to be the interpreter between them that he had counted on. What Meta said could be interpreted; what *he* said could not be told to Meta; and it was on this that he was particularly counting.

While driving his team, he had been arranging in his own mind what he would get Frau Klein to tell the girl about himself; how he had looked forward to her coming; what his sister had written about her; to inquire what her wishes were respecting many things; the frugal purchases he meant to make for his little house; what her taste would be for this and that; the inquiries he had to make about his sister, about Meta's mother, about her journey, her traveling companions, etc. Instead of all this, it was only a dumb show; and, after sitting down to supper with them, and sitting long after over the stove, he felt he had not made one pace in advance towards wooing the maiden who had come from so far to wed. So he had to content himself with looking unutterables; not that that was much more effective, for Meta, shy and timid by nature, and embarrassed by the very helplessness of the situation, kept her eyes studiously away from his, instinctively shrinking from his gaze, which she felt was fixed upon her. Once, and only once, when he was addressing Mrs. Klein, and so turned partly away from her, did she dare to look his way. Seizing her opportunity, she carefully and deliberately looked him over from head to foot, asking herself the question, whether she was satisfied with her investigation? The involuntary answer she forthwith put away; she would form no hasty judgment.

The long and painful evening came at last to an end, and Hans got up to take his leave. He offered his hand to Meta, while Mrs. Klein (evidently on thoroughly intimate terms with him) gave him a little quiet nudge from behind. He, nothing loth to take the hint, attempted to give Meta another kind of salutation. Hastily drawing her hand away, she retreated a step or two. Concluding that retreat would be the better part of valor, he left her in peace, going out hastily to the patient, tied-up team outside the little gate by the side of the road.

Tired with her journey,—the rumbling of the train in her ears, diverted now and then by the slower trundle of the wagon wheel with its occasional lurch over uneven ground,—Meta fell asleep. Sleep was so good to her that,

half aroused by crowing rooster and lowing cow, Meta tried to return to its embrace. But no: the day must be faced. If only Hans would not come, Meta thought, she would get on very well. The more she heard of Frau Klein's *Deutsch*, the more she found in it that she could understand. Like herself, the woman had at one period of her life spoken pure German, and, hearing it again now, after many years, she was able to furbish up enough of it wherewith to polish her dialect.

Meta spent the day busying herself about the little house and with the children, unpacking and arranging her own things. Toward night she went out beyond the fence gate to reconnoitre the strange country around her.

The sun was shining in all his late-afternoon and autumnal glory. The outlines of the hills, looking up the valley, were softened with a fringe of mauve; gleams of light shot in behind a nearer hill across the distant hills. Beneath the light was another fringe, erect, and a shade darker than the upper one. These were the distant burnt timber lines, the naked forest poles standing up and catching the golden light in a way that can only be seen in the burnt backwoods. The near hills were clad with verdure. A new, young forest was springing up; a forest of spruce and Douglas pine and cedar intermingled, with here and there the tall trees standing from one to three hundred feet in their bare and naked height. Here and there a silvery arm stretched across the blue sky line, a skeleton of its former self, when it was a living, leafy branch. On the slope just across the road was the rich bracken fern just tinging with its autumn tints, and half hidden by its huge fronds, were many and many of these old forest giants lying there full length across the steep hillside,—rich black as a setting to the green fernery, or golden brown, as the surface had become disintegrated by winter rains and winds.

Meta watched the last gleam of light at the head of the valley facing her, and when the burnt timber in the distance had taken on the purple hue of sunset, she turned to go back to the little home so kindly sheltering her in this new country.

(*To be concluded in* THE MIDLAND *for March.*)

THE POOR.

NOT only those who break the bread of toil,—
The dull in brain, of life's hard burden sure;
But they, the rich of earth, who gain the spoil,
Yet no heart love,—these are as the truly poor.

Maude Meredith.

THE WOMAN WHO WANTS TO BE A MAN.

By Annie L. Mearkle.

DURING the whole history of the human race up to the present generation the male has declared unchallenged, "*Homo sum*—I am the human being." Man is the person, woman is the female of the species. Man has achieved civilization, woman has remained unhumanized; has at least remained in the background of the panorama of progress. Are men and women essentially different in mental and moral characteristics, or is the difference one of degree? And are their differences, of kind or of degree, so fundamental that they cannot be lessened by circumstances?

It is easy to invent epigrams upon the distinctions between man and woman. The characters of individuals of either sex are so unlike that in general whatever may be predicted of a number of men, may be denied of a number of women, and *vice versa*. Anything will do for the subject of an epigram. Whether it flatters the one sex or the other depends of course upon the sex of the writer. Yet it is rash, and it seems unscientific, to lay off the line of mental or moral differences upon the line of sex. The two lines cannot be made to coincide. What seems to be a difference in nature may prove on closer inspection to be due to circumstances.

It should be possible by patient application of scientific methods to data in our possession, to ascertain with some degree of certainty whether nature or circumstances determine sex characteristics. At least the whole subject need not be left forever in the fog which now hangs over it. If it be of nature, the difference between male and female should have become ever greater as life advanced. Development means differentiation. If Nature did not endow her son and her daughter with the same potential soul, then the progressive development of each will have opposed them more and more widely in mental and moral characters, habits and interests. If, however, circumstances decided the matter, their characters will have varied relatively, according as their circumstances have been like or unlike. Before civilization began, the circumstances of the two sexes were nearly the same; their loves and fears and interests were also nearly the same. When civilization brought the forum and the harem, the ship and the spinning-wheel, the sword and the skewer, those distinctions of sex arose which look so like the work of nature. With advancing civilization the circumstances under which men and women grow up are theoretically the same, and is not the character of woman (whether better or worse for the change) more like man's than it was under the old régime? It cannot be stated with any assurance that, had the circumstances of male and female been always as nearly alike as they now are woman would not have kept pace with man in the march of mind. However, the question is not what might have been, but what may yet be. We must come at the subject from another point of view.

Women are savages; so are babies, irrespective of sex. Darwin, I believe, observes that children of both sexes are more like women than boys are like men. Those qualities which differentiate men and women are those which men acquire subsequent to the period of childhood. Girls, as they develop into women, retain the characteristics of immature man. Woman's faults are not peculiarly her own, but belong in the same category with those of men; they are qualities she shares with

savages and babies. If women are vain, ignorant, narrow, capricious and cruel, so are boys, so are savages. Men say we are so because we are women, not because we are young; but women do not remain young, and as they grow older they grow stronger and wiser and more controlled, less like babies and more like men. Woman may not unjustly be regarded as an undeveloped man—a human being who has not yet acquired in their full measure those distinctively human qualities which mark the superiority of man over the animals and of civilized man over the savage. Is woman to remain forever in moral infancy? Is she incapable of development?

While men have in general, as women must admit, greater mental power, truer judgment, broader knowledge, keener reason; that women have any, that any woman has any, shows that woman is capable of development, for primeval woman, like primeval man, had none. Women are more like men in these respects than babies are, or than animals. Why? If the mental qualities of the female savage are more like those of the male; if the female animal is more like the male, than the woman of the nineteenth century is like the man, the change has been on the part of the man, not of the woman; he has progressed, not she retrograded. And in whatever measure and respects civilized woman is more like civilized man than the savage woman is, to this measure and in these respects she has progressed. Capacity for development is not limited by sex. Babies possess it; man possessed it in his savage state, even animals possess it. It is not one of those "acquired characters" inherited by the male only, for the biologist tells us these are displayed in the offspring at the period of life when acquired by their progenitor, that is, subsequent to babyhood.

Women are not a distinct species. They are not even separated from men by such lines as make divisions within the human race—color, language, nationality. The solidarity of mankind is such that a man and woman who are like each other are far more alike than two persons of the same sex who are otherwise unlike. Since the beginnings of civilization woman has been in contact with its author and on such terms with him that what she was to be was largely determined by what he wished her to be. She has been affected similarly, though in a less degree, by the forces which have wrought upon him, for sexual selection, as well as natural selection, has aided her development.

Since, then, women have by nature such elements of reason as belong to babies and savages, and are capable of development; and moreover are even now partially civilized through contact with the civilized portion of the race, as babies and savages become civilized; it is surely unjust to tell us that we can *never* be like men in those glorious qualities and achievements peculiar to the human race. One appeals to one's own consciousness. The woman who knows she has a mind is not frightened when told she cannot think. She knows she can, or could if she wanted to and had the time!

But why, if woman is capable of becoming the equal of man, is she not now his equal? If she has a mind capable of development, why hasn't it developed, like man's? What is this distinction of sex, which we women don't believe in, and yet find constantly confronting us to our own discomfiture? It gives proof of the superiority of the race; differentiation means superiority; and it is itself an effect of development. Go back far enough and we find a creature in which there is no specialization of sex. Go back far enough in the history of mankind and you find the race occupied with merely animal interests —nutrition and reproduction. Man and woman were alike then; that might be called the hermaphrodite stage of the soul. Men didn't boast of their superior reason in the neolithic age, and

women didn't want to be men. But even then there were sex-differences: the male was stronger, freer; the female gentler, more subtle. The exigencies of maternity kept the female more isolated, while circumstances placed the males more in competition, brought them into relations, social and hostile. Non-animal qualities presently came to the fore—qualities on which man chiefly depends for success in the struggle for existence against animals and other men. Men developed, changed, acquired new faculties and new desires. Looking for food he found civilization. But woman's specialty, reproduction, did not demand her development except in the line of physical perfections. Let a man imagine if he will how woman might have advanced civilization in her way, as man did upon the basis of his function of nutrition; she has done something for the culture of the beautiful and the amelioration of life; nevertheless the primary object of her existence is what it has ever been, and she is a success exactly in the measure in which she remains a perfect female animal. If she aspires to be anything else, she is required to show first whether she has done her whole duty as a female; when she has, she may be something else—if she wants to and has the time.

Man's original employment in his specialty, nutrition, was hunting, herding, or tilling the soil. He produced or obtained by his own labor the means of subsistence for his family. In process of time and in pursuit of civilization he has departed very far from this program, but he still does his duty as the specialist in nutrition. The preacher does it, as well as the farmer, and the magazine writer, as well as the manufacturer. Woman's function, however, cannot be delegated. Perhaps if she had begun early enough she might have found some means of populating the planet without herself being a mother; but so many preachers and magazine writers are just now making it their chief occupation to convince us that this can't be done, that it seems hardly worth while to have tried. She has patiently plodded on in the wake of man, fulfilling her function in the old primeval way, not aiding the advancement of civilization because unaided by it, not developing mentality in any marked degree because mental development gave her no advantage as a female. The mental qualities she acquired in time were of no such vital importance to her as the same were to man, and played but a subordinate part in her career. Had they served her as they served him the result might have been different. The instinctive life is still more to women than to men. It has been said too often that love is only an episode in man's career but is all of a woman's. That is truer than some of the epigrams,—Man while seeking food found civilization; woman while seeking to populate the planet found love. What civilization is to him love is to her. Man is most man when most civilized; woman is most woman when most loving. Nevertheless, these are differences not of sex but of circumstances. The heart in all its manifestations belongs to humanity. If woman did achieve this treasure she did not keep it, but bequeathed it to her children of both sexes. The mind, too, in all its phenomena belongs to the whole race.

Thus much for the capabilities of woman. Are her aspirations beyond them?

This woman who wants to be a man—what is it that she really wants? And is it really impossible?

If men are in truth wiser, stronger, and otherwise superior to women, then for a woman to wish to be wiser, etc., is to wish to be like a man. Poor, vain creature, says the man, I like you better as you are. Don't try to soar; don't try to be like me. I shall always be an eagle, you will always be a hen. This is what particularly enrages the woman who thinks she can think. She wishes she were a man, not to be more interesting to men, but because she might

then be rid of that most odious incubus, the conventional limitation of sex. She can not see that the chief duty of woman is to be interesting to man. There is indeed no surer means of paralyzing the intellect of woman than to convince her that the phenomena she calls thought are only a fresh artifices of Nature who seeks, while allowing her to think she is growing capable of strong, free and useful mental action, to subject her the more surely to her own purposes by rendering her a little more likely to attract Nature's refractory son, civilized man. When a woman knows that she in fact stands on her own two feet, lives her own life, thinks for the sake of thinking, does things because she wants to do them, has the will and the power to act independently, and some man assumes to pet and praise and be proud of her, or humor or discourage her, just because she is a woman,—she feels that life is a failure and is ready to try prussic acid on the chance of being a man in a future state of existence. Isn't it unjust to this woman who wants to be a man to ridicule her as a *lusus naturæ*—an anomalous creature who, in the closing words of a recent article on the subject, "has thrown aside beauty and not assumed strength, has ceased to be a woman and not learned to be a man"? She is not a hen who wants to be an eagle. She wants to be what she may be and ought to be, a fully developed human being. *Homo* is what she wants to be, not to be a male. It is man who keeps insisting on the distinction of sex,—woman would willingly forget it.

But why, if they know men to be their superiors, as they are, should not women wish to be like men? It is perfectly certain that they can never cease to be women, however superior they may become. If the woman who wants to be a man does not know this it is not because she has not been told. Sex is a fact and an important one. Development brings differentiation. There is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon, and so on. Men tell us for our consolation, when they have convinced us that woman is a woman, and can never, never, never, be a man, that this does not mean that she can do nothing as well as a man; some things she can do better than a man. Equality, they say, does not necessarily imply similarity. But after all, is equality what we want? No. This is a consolation that doesn't console. We want to be like men. We are not so totally unlike them that we can afford not to try to be as like them as possible. We are human as well as they; we want to develop distinctively human qualities as they have done. We can not be like them by imitating them; we may imitate men's manners, but not their manliness. We must place ourselves under the influences that made them what we would be. Perhaps this is what men mean when they tell us woman can never be a man.

The woman who wants to be a man is not satisfied to do what she can do better than a man. She wants to do what he does. She knows, perhaps, that she can't do it as well as he, but that she can do it at all and that she wants to proves that she is like him. Man's dust-storm of opposition to her doing what he wants to do instead of what he wants her to do, binds her to the fact that many of these things she doesn't really want to do for themselves, and she insists more and more that she can and will. Whatever woman wants to do for its own sake and neither to prove her equality nor to dazzle by her versatility, she can be serious and womanly in doing and will do well. But to do work seriously and well is to work like a man. If there is any distinction between a man's way and a woman's way of doing the same thing well, it lies in woman's consciousness that hers is done particularly well. The man does it as well as he has to do it, indifferent whether it is done better than a woman would have done it. Women have become aware of this babyish quality of

heir work, and are impatient with it. It is not enough to be able to think, to think well, even; they want to think unconsciously like men, and to get out of this miserable treadmill of thinking about thinking! To be acknowledged the equals of men?—that is not what our souls crave. We want to know that we are like men, and then do not any more mind not being their equals than the ten thousand men who in the nature of things can never be President, mind knowing they will not be. Similarity does not necessarily imply equality.

A WATCH AT DAWN.

THIS is the window; far away
The hills are faintly touched with light;
As fair a picture, one would say,
As ever lay before the sight.
But pause a moment, pause to see
The dusky shadow of a bier,—
It floats along, full solemnly,
And now is far, and now is near.

It comes when dawn begins to creep
Slowly along the silent slope;
My weary eyes forget to sleep—
It is the burial of my hope.
O soft the tinting of the cloud;
And soft the mist that trembles far;
And filmy draperies enshroud
The hope that was my morning star.

The dawn and I, companions long,
Have watched the solemn obsequies;
The dove complains in mournful song,—
A bier, a dirge, the morning skies.
No more I weep, no more I moan;
Hearts break in silence—that is best;
The dove, the dawn, and I alone.
Hope lives, Hope dies, at God's behest.

Belle E. Smith.

Women's Club Department.

By Harriet C. Towner.*

ARE we too much in earnest in our club work, do we make it too important, and are we over-serious in endeavoring to derive the greatest possible good from it? There are those who insist that this is true, and one writer has gone so far as to suggest a new and serious mission, the mission of being less serious." She adds, speaking of the avowed aims of most women's clubs, "self improvement" and "mutual helpfulness": "Under self improvement are to be included, I suppose, all those ambitions by which ladies read and discuss papers, or listen to endless lectures upon endless subjects; while the helpfulness sums up all those benevolences from cleaning our public highways to cleaning our private morals." This attitude toward the club raises protests from hundreds of women to whom "self improvement" does not mean in any sense the gratifying of "ambitions" in reading and discussing papers, and listening to "endless lectures;" but to each of whom the words "self improvement" means the effort to enlarge and broaden her point of view, obtained through the study of life both in and out of books, that she may better understand the past and present of the world, learn from the experience and conclusions of the greatest thinkers, leading her to a more intelligent understanding of her relationship to her home and society than has been possible heretofore. All knowledge is of value, especially to one whose college days are far behind, or to one who in the club does her first serious mental work since a child. She will learn, through the work undertaken in the club, to think seriously, to follow a line of reasoning with precision. She will learn to say exactly what she means, and comprehend what other people mean. She will understand others better, and in thus learning others be better able to understand her own capacities and limitations. She will be better fitted to influence for good those who come within her influence, to strengthen the weak, encourage the despondent, comfort the despairing. Is not the *fault* rather with her who allows herself to speak lightly of the earnest endeavor to develop the best that is in one? While it is possible that some may "gratify ambitions" through the reading and discussing of papers, many do these things from a real desire to equip themselves for the daily duties of life, and associated effort gives better results than solitary work. The club woman learns to work with others. Petty prejudices are soon swept away by the broader outlook which she gains. She learns to adjust her individuality to that of others. As Olive Thorne Miller well says:

> It [the club] opens one's eyes to the true dignity of womanhood, and informs her what her sisters are doing abroad in the world. The constant interchange of ideas on every subject enlightens her in regard to the books she should read, and in what branch of culture she is deficient. Sharing the matured thought of women who have spent their lives in one work, be it in art, music, literature or philanthropy, helps her to new opinions, and shows her different sides of a subject. She expands mentally from day to day.

"Mutual helpfulness" too, is a very real thing to most clubs, and is much, very much more than "benevolences." Who shall say that the capable, practical women who put into use the power which union gives them are taking their work too seriously! If that be true, all effort to uplift, to make better, to improve existing conditions, is also too "serious." A list of the town libraries successfully and permanently established, the arousing public

Communications intended for The Midland's Club Department should be addressed to Mrs. Harriet C. Towner direct; her address is Corning, Iowa.

opinion in regard to much needed reforms throughout the land, the effort to inaugurate better municipal housekeeping, the work among neglected children and the neglected classes generally, the "helping others to help themselves," prove the value of serious and earnest effort. The altruistic work of such clubs as the New Century Club of Philadelphia, and the Woman's Club of Chicago, has been done in singleness of heart and without thought of personal aggrandizement, believing that the great opportunity of life is service, the greatest blessing, usefulness. The stimulus of sympathy through association in club work is found so helpful that renewed strength is brought to each home task. Education, culture, refinement, or pleasure, are not of themselves the objects of life. They are acquirements necessary to the individual for usefulness, are added capabilities for service.

Since Colorado will soon welcome as her guests the club women of the nation, a word regarding her clubs may be of interest. The State Federation of the Centennial State may justly claim a high place among her sister organizations. Much of the progressive spirit of that State, in education and thought, is due to the stimulating influence of the Federation. To the clubs of the State, and especially to those of her beautiful capital city, may be traced the initiative of hopeful and successful reforms in social and political life. Especially in matters pertaining to education has their influence been felt and their work appreciated. At the third annual meeting of the State Federation, held at Pueblo, last October, widespread interest was manifested in the proceedings. Ninety clubs were represented and many of the varying currents of modern thought were skillfully united in the interesting program presented.

The executive board of the G. F. W. C. cannot fail to be gratified with the prompt response to its recommendation that state federations urge attention to the study of educational methods and reforms, and that clubs adopt as part of their work the consideration of their relation to educational conditions in their respective localities. The Colorado Federation devoted an entire afternoon, at its annual meeting, to the consideration of educational problems. The Pueblo schools were dismissed for the afternoon that teachers and pupils in the high school might attend. The paper of the afternoon was by Mrs. Henry Wright, of Denver, on "Education — Old and New Methods," followed by a discussion of Child Study, Manners and Morals, Kindergartens versus High Schools, Music and Art in the Public Schools, and Modern Fads in the Public Schools. The five-minute talks upon these subjects gave food for serious thought, since the education of her children is the first care of every thinking mother. The Educational Committee of the Colorado Federation is presided over by Mrs. S. S. Platt, President of the Denver Woman's Club. The scope of the work undertaken by this committee made it impossible to complete its labors, and it was decided that the recommendations of the committee and the data collected by them should, when complete, be published in convenient form and distributed. Committees doing the same work in other states will doubtless find the pamphlet helpful and suggestive. Many thoughtful and finely written papers were presented during the two days' session of the convention, one by Mrs. E. C. Stevens, of Trinidad, on "Magazine Literature," being of especial interest. A paper and formal discussion on the subject of Patriotism, and a symposium on the Progress of Women from Pagan Times to the Present, were also interesting features. Several important resolutions were adopted by the Federation. One relating to the conduct of school elections in Colorado; another recommending that club women interest and inform themselves regarding the movement to forward the founding of the University of the United States at Washington, D. C.

January 1st the Federation issued a directory, containing easily accessible data concerning the ninety clubs comprising the Federation. Of these Denver has twenty-four, a number exceeded by few, if any, cities of its size. At the head of Denver clubs stands the widely known Denver Women's Club, with its 750 members. It has seven well organized and finely equipped departments, accomplishing many things which are still the unrealized dream of many department clubs. Pueblo, the home of the President of the Federation, Mrs. Mahlon D. Thatcher, has ten federated clubs, among them a Woman's Club, numbering 250 members, and ten departments.

The meetings of the Colorado Federation are held annually, but officers are elected biennially; thus each executive board has opportunity to mature its plans. The present officers are, Mrs. Mahlon D. Thatcher, Pueblo, President; Mrs. J. S. Gale, Greeley, Vice-President; Mrs. C. A. Eldridge, Colorado Springs, Recording Secretary; Mrs. C. C. Richardson, Pueblo, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. M. M. Sheetz, Canon City, Treasurer; Mrs. C. W. Belser, Boulder, Auditor.

It is conceded by nearly every one who has had occasion to communicate officially with clubs that corresponding secretaries are not, in many instances, chosen with sufficient care, and one is obliged to reluctantly admit the truth of the statement made by the corresponding secretary of one of the state federations that, "corresponding secretaries are, in the main, irresponsible officers." This is not by any means irremediable, since many are very efficient, and by exercising care in choosing a member to serve in this capacity, it is possible to choose one sufficiently conversant with business methods to manage with promptness and ability the correspondence of any club, be it large or small. The office of corresponding secretary is next to that of president in importance; for the standing of the club abroad, especially in the state federation, is in large measure dependent upon the manner in which the correspondence of the club is conducted. Before the organization of clubs into state federations, the office was to some extent a sinecure, an occasional note notifying a new member of her election to membership, or the sending of notices to members was usually her heaviest labor. Now, however, in all federated clubs in touch with other clubs, much that is of importance passes through her hands. A business man acquires the habit of replying at once to all communications, but many corresponding secretaries have yet to learn that promptness is the first requisite for efficient service in that capacity. Communications relating to the federation are sometimes neglected for weeks, until the officer or chairman of the committee sending it will, with infinite labor and patience, dispatch a second personal letter in her endeavor to obtain the desired information. One of the specific benefits of the club is the opportunity it gives for education of all kinds, and the proper handling of the correspondence of any organization is certainly a desirable thing to know. First, then, be prompt; secondly, remember that the date of a letter, though a small matter in itself, is often of importance to its recipient; and lastly do not fail to write your address after your signature, that it may be known in what manner to address you. It has been necessary in several federations to address all communications of importance to the president to insure a prompt reply, thus adding to her duties much that should properly belong to the secretary. It is believed that these conditions will not long exist.

NEBRASKA.....There is an educational committee of the Nebraska Federation, its duty being to advance the interests of education throughout the State. This committee has sent circulars to all clubs in the Federation, asking them to study their schools, acquaint themselves with the teachers and pupils and work with the school boards for all improvements possible. It suggests the experiment of appointing a patroness for each school, to supplement the efforts of the teacher. In fact the patroness might stand as the godmother of the school, and through her a bunch of old magazines, books, pictures, wood cuts and many other things may find their way into the schoolroom, bringing sunshine, beauty and instruction.

At the meeting of the State Teachers' Association, at Lincoln, December 28th, the Federation of Women's Clubs were invited to present an educational program. The audience gathered in the Delian hall of the University, which was filled to overflowing with representative club women from various parts of the State. The Lincoln ladies were present in large numbers, and gave a reception and luncheon. Mrs Schell, of Beatrice, read a paper on What the Woman's Club Can Do for the School from a Physical Point of View. She suggested favoring the best heating and ventilating apparatus, the proper scrubbing and cleaning of all parts of the building, and individual drinking cups, applied directly to the faucet or pump. Mrs. Buckley, of Stromsburg, spoke of what may be done intellectually. She advised club women to share with the high school pupils an evening's study of Shakespeare or any suggested author. She urged mothers to be students and able to answer their children's questions in a more stimulating way than "Mamma does not know." Mrs. Langworthy, of Seward, spoke on

Art and Æsthetics in the Schoolroom; of the development of a love for the beautiful in the child and how refinement and culture are nurtured by the cultivation of simple flowers, and artistic arrangement of foliage in graceful decorations. Mrs. Ford spoke upon Music. How club women could keep the piano in tune; bad taste from growing, and noise from being mistaken for music. Mrs. Stoutenborough, of Plattsmouth, President of the Nebraska Federation, spoke beautifully for the elevation of the moral tone of the school. Her subject was purely ethical. She holds that teacher is the best who carries about her an atmosphere which makes children "feel polite" not one who exhorts, and that clubs can watch the teachers in their towns and stand firmly for this sort of ethical instruction.—*Mrs. D. C. McKillip.*

MINNESOTA.....The Minnesota Federation coöperated with the State Educational Association at the meeting of the latter society, which was held in St. Paul on December 29th. The Federation part of the program was as follows:

First was a paper by Miss Margaret J. Evans, President of the Federation, on the relation between the State Federation and the public schools. It was an eloquent plea for the coöperation of the teachers and the mothers. Next, Mrs. William E. Thompson, of Hamline, spoke of the necessity for specific moral instruction in the public schools. This was followed by Mrs. William N. Ladue, of Minneapolis, on "The Teacher a Moral Force in the Public Schools." She took the ground that the moral work of the teacher lies less in instruction than in influence. The last paper on the program was on "Æsthetic Culture in the Schoolroom," by Mrs. H. C. Burbank, of St. Paul. In the evening a reception was tendered to the visiting teachers by the Federation; the general officers of the Federation, and the presidents of all the clubs, being on the reception committee.—*Mrs. Edith M. Conant.*

MICHIGAN.....An evidence of the growing helpfulness of state federation to club interests throughout the State is seen in the increasing use of the papers prepared for "Reciprocity Day," and placed in charge of the Federation lecture-course committee. Many federated clubs have planned for "Reciprocity Day," selecting themes from the committee's list or inviting some prominent and influential woman from a sister club to be the guest of honor on that day when guests are invited from among the husbands or friends of the club members. An informal luncheon adds to the sociability of the occasion, which spreads the contagion of culture or the longing for it in a most agreeable fashion. The benefits to be derived from such an interruption to the every day, matter-of-fact seriousness of the average club are many and great. The Michigan plan has the merit of simplicity and inexpensiveness. Mrs. Stiles Kennedy of St. Louis, Mich., is acting chairman of the committee which prepared the list, and she would no doubt cheerfully answer the questions of any club wishing to try the scheme.....Two phases of club life appear side by side in Michigan, as perhaps in all states. The exclusive-conservative type, and the progressive-liberal. Without believing that the literary club should be open to every fad or "ism" that may present itself, there is legitimate satisfaction in the liberality which no longer permits two or three or five negative votes to exclude a woman who desires to improve herself, and which welcomes by a majority vote the candidate reported by a carefully chosen membership committee. Privileged to visit recently a club of each of the types indicated, I was impressed as never before with the significance of that large-hearted, hospitable spirit which pervaded one and was absent in the other. The question arose immediately, "What does it profit a club to exclude somebody who chances to be out of 'our set,' and lose any amount of sympathy and sisterly kindness thereby?" Federation and reciprocity are doing wonders for the growth of women in these days, and in nothing more than in the banishment of caste-like exclusiveness. City clubs in Michigan, as elsewhere, may have to look to their laurels or the earnest, progressive women of the newer localities will outstrip them in the attainment of *noblesse oblige*..... Scarcely a federated club in Michigan but has felt the stimulating effect of the recommendations of the G. F. W. C. concerning the study of the science of education. Very many are taking up the matter with the serious energy so characteristic of club women everywhere. Schools are being visited, parents brought into closer sympathy with teachers, school boards recruited with more desirable and efficient material, and yet the end is a long way

off. New life has quickened in many clubs with the entrance of a practical and vital theme to replace the dusty, musty, historical dry bones which have been studied. Few women care enough for long-drawn research to thoroughly enjoy or profit by the study of antiquity, however valuable that may be to students or teachers. At all events, novelty begets interest, and the entrance of a factor so practical and thoroughly alive as the cause of education proves a new birth to many clubs. At least such are the reports coming from all parts of our State. The future alone can show how great a boon to America this awakening interest in education promoted by the G. F. W. C. may prove.—*Irma T. Jones.*

WISCONSIN.....The State Federation is rapidly gaining strength and influence, its November convention having given a decided impetus to its work, and having proved most valuable in promoting the spirit of reciprocity and fraternity so earnestly desired by the able chairman of the Reciprocity Bureau, Mrs. Neville, of Green Bay. The sterling worth of this department is now appreciated and many clubs are availing themselves of the advantages which it offers. The State Federation has set the seal of its approval and recommendation upon the movement for placing pictures in the public schools, and has created an Art Interchange Committee, with Mrs. Estee, of Milwaukee, at its head to stimulate a general interest in the work, which had already been taken up with excellent results by a number of clubs. Miss Tanner, of Stevens Point, is the pioneer in this field of endeavor in Wisconsin. The art committee will also make a collection of reproductions of masterpieces suitable to illustrate courses of art and literary study for the smaller clubs in districts remote from centers of art culture, and it is believed that a widespread appreciation of the best in art may speedily follow the inauguration of this system. The committee hopes to accumulate a choice selection of lantern slides for the use of clubs. The library committee, of which Mrs. Vaughn, of Ashland, is chairman, will secure and catalogue the required books and arrange the courses of study to be illustrated by collections of the art committee. At the State Teachers' Association, held in Milwaukee, December 28, 29 and 30, the value of the state federation as an "outside educational force" was emphasized at two of the section or department meetings, places on the program being arranged for the president, Mrs. Morris, and the chairman of the educational committee, Mrs. Graves, of Milwaukee. The teachers of the State are beginning to realize that they are henceforth to have the active support of a vast army of club women, and some of our strongest clubs have accented this alliance by inviting the teachers of public schools to attend their meetings and participate in the intellectual and social life therein developed.—*Lucy E. Morris.*

The Massachusetts State Federation has adopted the plan of holding meetings four times a year in different parts of the state. It is said that each meeting is so largely attended as to make admission by ticket absolutely necessary. The program of the December meeting was on education and the committee found such an abundance of material in making up the program that it was decided to hold an "extra" meeting January 22d.

A DEAD LOVE.

The autumn stars in splendor shine
From lone, unmeasured heights;
They speak unto this heart of mine
Of summer's dead delights;
Of regal nights when rapture twined
Her roses round my heart,
And love, within my spirit shrined,
Of being formed a part.

I see again the dusk-starred sky—
The glowing sky of June,
I hear again the light winds sigh
To Nature's perfect tune.
And through the silence comes a tone
That thrills my heart with pain—
The voice of one whom I have known,
But ne'er shall know again.

For autumn winds are wailing now
Through bare and leafless trees,
And hope that gilded summer's brow
Has flown on summer's breeze;
And love has passed with that fair night
In fitful June-tide's glow,
While o'er the summer's vain delight
The chilling breezes blow.

Rudolph L. Masiker.

HOME THEMES.

THE WORTHY EXCEPTIONS.

The word Peculiar, is nearly as expansive and hospitable as the terms space and force. It has sheltered all sorts and conditions of men and may be exalted to the position of substitute for genius, or debased until it becomes a medium for that "faint praise" which condemns. When charitably employed, it may cover a multitude of defects by conveying the impression that an individual is right-minded and well-intentioned, while, on the other hand, it has —by its "setting" and some particular trick of emphasis—been instrumental in creating and establishing permanent doubt and lasting injustice. In its general application, it reminds one of the modern ready-made garment, which can be taken in or let out to meet the requirements of the person or occasion.

Eccentricity is an unconscious possession, one which is viewed and judged exteriorly, so to speak. Indeed, it is impossible for us to estimate our own peculiarities; the reason for this being that to the extent in which our characteristics differ from those of our associates, are we to them counted peculiar.

Even the close companionship of marriage fails to eliminate these differences, hence the triteness of the old Quaker's avowal to his wife: "My dear, the whole world is queer, except thee and me." Then reflecting, he adds: "And sometimes thee is a little queer."

The universality of this trait has led to the formulation of a social code, which has been indorsed by society; and this body is rigidly despotic in the enforcement of its dictums, believing that only thus can the highest standard of thought and action be maintained.

According to it, impropriety would be defined as "any want of conformity unto or transgression of the" conventional law.

There are beings, however, in whom the imagination knows no bounds, who wander remotely from the authorized limits of the ideal and, returning, bear upon their brows the imprint of some powerful influence; these, we call "distinct types"—geniuses!

Ah, when shall we learn that real greatness baffles the power of analysis and computation!

As a race, we place too high an estimate upon boundaries and are what Carlyle would term "constitution mongers." According to his theory the elevation of humanity will come through the "raising of men's souls and not through the altering of their conventions."

The so called "trangressors" in every age, have been those who have liberated the soul-bound from the bondage of error and superstition, "the noble army of martyrs" who have fearlessly and triumphantly proclaimed that the spiritual heirs of infinity and eternity could not be crowded into the narrow moulds which had been cast for them by intellectual and moral bigots!

If those who habitually misread character through glasses clouded by the mists of prejudice and immature conclusions, could be made to realize that the "true observer is one who concentrates in observation every power of his mind," the fire of inspiration which—for lack of sympathy—often burns itself out in oblivion might yet warm and illumine their hearts with a vision of the almightiness of the Creator through His works.

The prime requisites to the profitable study of complex individuality are mental hospitality, or that attitude of the mind which is both receptive and sympathetic, a highly suggestive faculty, one which is sufficiently keen and alert to follow the rapid flight of another's fancy, and a disposition to discover and appropriate all that is good; believing that "what the heart thinks great, is great," and that "the soul's emphasis is always right."

Maria Weed.

A ONE-LINE POEM.

Can one condense a poem into a single line? A mother lay watching her newborn babe asleep on her breast. As she pondered on that miracle of grace, and thought of all the presence of the child meant to her,—reshaping her daily life, gladdening her already happy home, adding to, yet strangely lightening, her daily cares, giving new zest to all her joys and a new source of consolation in all her sorrows, binding her and her husband still closer, by a tie so strong as to remove all lingering doubt of the eternity of love, enlarging her sympathies until they already included the whole world of parents and children, and

of childless parents and orphaned children,—a faint suggestion of a smile played across the baby face, and, at the risk of waking her charge, she bent her head and kissed the child—kissed her again and again, and the flood of feeling found expression in the spoken words,—

"Little life 'longside my own!"

For days and weeks thereafter, whenever the miracle of motherhood was re-wrought upon her mind and soul, those words, with all that they suggested, would recur to her; and now years afterward, in that mother's memory, along with the precious words of the poets who have come into her life to stay, that one-line poem of motherhood still maintains its place,—

"Little life 'longside my own."

J. B.

We are each a part of the great machinery which moves the universe—each having a place to fill, and because one is a great wheel and another is only a spoke of that great wheel, it does not signify that the work performed by one whose place is that of spoke is not just as important as that of the great wheel itself. Its power may be less but the use is no less, and the only difference between them is that from the great wheel more is expected.

Jack Higgins.

The philosopher of the Davenport *Outlook*, Charles Eugene Banks, well says: "Home is as often ruined from intemperance of language as from intemperance in drink. Unfortunately there is no gold cure for a silver tongue.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

How much of pathos one reads between the lines of this brief request!

Please discontinue your magazine as my wife, for whom I subscribed, has passed away and I am no longer keeping up my home.

Back from the past comes to mind a touch of sentiment years ago read and re-read in "Barnaby Rudge." Turning to it again, we are tempted to quote it, in defiance of the latter-day critics who find only empty rhetoric in Dickens' sentiment:

The ashes of the commonest fire are melancholy things, for in them there is an image of death and ruin, of something that has been bright, and is now dull, cold and dreary dust—with which our nature forces us to sympathize. How much more sad the crumbling embers of a home; the casting down of that great altar, where the worst among us sometimes perform the worship of the heart, and where the best have offered up such sacrifices and done such deeds of heroism, as chronicled, would put the proudest temples of old Time, with all their vaunted annals, to the dust!

***

PHILETUS SAWYER, of Milwaukee, multi-millionaire and ex-United States Senator, recently celebrated his 81st birthday and on that occasion said: "I have many friends to reward and no enemies to punish." All can see the wisdom of this saying. We use the word "wisdom" in the sense in which Langford uses it in his "Praise of Books." He says: "The only jewel which you can carry beyond the grave is wisdom." Speaking of Christian philosophy, Landor thus develops it in his "Imaginary Conversations": "The perfection of wisdom is to know where lies tranquillity of mind and how to attain it, which Christianity teaches." Strange that, while all commend the Christian philosophy of a rich old man long past his threescore and ten, few of us actually accept and practice it in youth and middle life, and in our custodianship over the little of this world's goods committed to us. Many go on from year to year storing up mean resentments and schemes for petty revenges, when, if they were wise, they would no more give them place than does the farmer store away the thistles he cuts down along the roadside. We go on from year to year dreaming of giving, and yet withholding; planning to do great things—for the friends we love; for the heathen; for the church or the college, or the charity that lacks assistance; all the time scorning or ashamed to do the little unchronicled acts of neighborly kindness, and community benevolences, which are within the power of the "well-to-do," and are not beyond the reach of even the very poor.

IT IS surprising to find how many otherwise sensible people eagerly seek some self-constituted authority and slavishly follow, or make themselves unhappy because they can't follow, the rules they find laid down as substitutes for good sense and inborn and inbred politeness. Take for example this (from Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer): "It is wrong to wear a high gown to a fashionable evening function, as it is not properly considered evening dress." Or this, "It is wrong to serve thinly sliced bread at dinner." Or this, "It is wrong to butter one's bread at dinner," etc. Our young women and young men need to be taught the old-fashioned definition of right and wrong, and old-fashioned ideas of what constitute real womanliness and manliness. Thus trained, we need not be distressed if they remain in ignorance of many of the arbitrary and senseless rules of "good form" laid down in the fashion magazines and in the down to date books on etiquette. Most of these self-constituted authorities on politeness substitute a very thin veneer for the real thing.

***

EXPERIMENTS with free mail delivery in the country are thus far favorable, in the main, to the adoption of the measure. They who are fearful of the cost should consider that our mail service was not instituted and has not been developed as a revenue raiser. Its mission is, as its name implies, *service*. There is no reason why the mail should be carried to the door of the suburban resident and not to the gate of the farmer just beyond and the other farmers still farther out. There is no justice in a service which accommodates those who can go to the post-office if necessary, and withholds like accommodation from those who during a portion of the year are prisoners of fate.

***

WHEN the syndicate book-writer and the professional filler in the employ of the stereotype plate maker runs out of more saleable material, he works over some phase of the old stock subject, the study of character from some one feature of the face, or from the color and quality of the hair, or the lines of the hand, or the gait, or the hang of the head, or the impression made by the foot, or, sillier yet, the sole of the shoe. There would be more mischief in this stuff and nonsense if more really read and believed it, but there is just enough plausibility to the story told to deceive a large class of jumpers at conclusions presented to them in the newspapers. Take a single instance. The ratio of quick-tempered and slow-tempered people in the world is beyond reasonable question unaffected by the color of the hair; and yet one of the pet traditions of these character guessers is that red-haired people are quick-tempered. For centuries, until recently, the stage villain has invariably been black-haired; but, in fact, the villain is quite as likely to be blue-eyed and light-haired. Our Sunday newspaper should give us less and better matter.

***

THE soul behind the poem, "A Dead Love," published on page 182 of this magazine, has passed on beyond the "summer's dead delights," beyond the chilling breezes of autumn, beyond the thrill of pain. When the chilling winds, of which he sang, were wailing—

"Through bare and leafless trees
And hope that gilded summer's brow—"
Had "flown on summer's breeze,"—

the spirit of Rudolph L. Masiker* slipt away from us and passed on to its own. Scarcely more than twenty-one years upon the earth, this poet in his time saw many rare visions and dreamed many noble dreams and bore soul burdens such as few of his years can com-

*Rudolph L. Masiker, of Lansing, Iowa, was born in the fall of 1875 and died in the fall of 1897. As a student in Lansing and at the college at Nora Springs he developed rare gifts, winning first honors in English composition and in oratory. His fine poetic nature coupled with a manly spirit won all hearts to him, and when his death came many mourned

prehend. To the last he was "Nature's Priest,

"And by the vision splendid"
Was "on his way attended."

There is consolation in the thought that though "shades of the prison-house" began "to close

Upon the growing Boy."

he to the last beheld heaven's light and saw it with the joy of youth, passing on beyond before the time of which Wordsworth sadly sings, when Man perceives heaven's light die away,

"And fade into the light of common day."

***

THE *Critic* is indignant because a bill, mothered by the Library Association of Central California and introduced in Congress by Senator Perkins, proposes to so amend the copyright law that six instead of two copies of every book shall be deposited with the Librarian of Congress in order to secure copyright, —one of the four extra volumes to be sent to the Free Public Library at each of the following cities: Chicago, Denver, San Francisco and New Orleans. This *The Critic* calls a proposed robbery of authors. Too strong a term. The six volumes and the copyright fee constitute but small return for the protection afforded the few authors who really need protection, and the copies would help work off the too large editions of the many who need no protection.

***

HENRY CABOT LODGE begins "The Story of the Revolution" in the January *Scribner's*. It is a long and oft' told story, and yet one that will bear frequent retelling. This first installment describes the first step toward independence, the 1774 Congress in Philadelphia, and the first blow for independence at Lexington and Concord in the following year. It is too early to pass judgment on the work as history; but impressions are in order. There seems to be a straining for effect in some passages,—as for example the allusion to the two Georges:

They were beginning to draw very near to each other on that September morning; the King, by accident of birth, and the King who would never wear a crown, but who was appointed to lead men by the divine right of the greatness of mind and will which was in him.

There is at times a studied attempt at picturesqueness which, falling short of the real thing as found in Motley and in Green, comes painfully close to the made-to-order juvenile histories of the period. This rhetorical, unhistorical style—a style which perhaps has its freest course in the so-called historical oration on commencement day—carries its author off his feet in the following passage (referring to the resistance of the colonists at Lexington and Concord): "A wholly new thing this was, indeed, to have people ready to die in battle for their rights," etc. Senator Lodge should re-read old-world history, illustrated as it is with accounts of death-inviting struggles against tyranny.

***

SPACE is well given in this number to the picturesque story of the founding of a Christian college in the Far West of a half-century ago—the Middle-West of our time—and the development of that college from a circuit rider's prayer and purpose to a substantial institution, well housed and equipped and manned by trained educators of high standing and extended influence. Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, well represents a class of institutions that have contributed an important chapter to the history of development in the West. These colleges have been nurseries of giant men—all-accomplishing men. They have done more; they have reversed the narrow, old-time judgment that higher education is for men alone. They have elevated women from the intellectual serfdom which ignorance entails and have enriched the home life of our people, giving men intellectual as well as heart companionship in the home. In proportion to the money spent they have done even more than have our great universities toward the development of manly men and wom-

anly women. They have imparted an all-around education far more valuable than the "little Latin and less Greek" which the farthest advanced curriculum includes.

***

TO THOSE familiar with student life East and West, one of the most marked social differences noticeable is the prominence of the numerous Greek-letter secret societies in the East and the prominence of the fewer and larger literary societies in the West. Enjoyable as are the secret societies with their impressive secret work and their formal and their impromptu convivial occasions, with the close fraternal feeling they engender and the life-long friendships to which they lead; yet, looking back upon them after the lapse of years, the most loyal member cannot but see that the college secret society, as an institution, is open to the objection that it tends to a division of a body of students into a number of rival camps, to an extent artificially controlling the student's associations and depriving him of that larger association which the social side of life in our Western colleges develops. The larger literary societies in our Western colleges develop the social side of college life upon a broader and more democratic basis. They healthfully stimulate the student mind to the effective delivery of its stored-up power. They are the best practice-schools we know in that art of arts, logic, and its attendant, elocution. They give the students the all-around drill in debate, in college politics and in the social amenities which do as much, perhaps, as the curriculum itself to prepare them for contact with the world beyond college walls.

GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

The poem awarded the prize in THE MIDLAND'S January competition is entitled "Ursus," by Beatrice Harlowe, Milwaukee, Wis. Its inspiration was the famous arena scene in *Quo Vadis*. It will be published next month.

Miss Alice French and her Clover Bend friend, Mrs. Allen, have named their new home "Thanford." The name is made from the first syllable of "Thanet" and the second syllable of "Crawford," the name of Mrs. Allen's married daughter.

Colonel Emerson, author of THE MIDLAND Life of Grant, has returned to Ironton, Mo., from an extended tour in the South. To verify his personal recollections and to examine for himself the topography of the country he describes, he revisited the battle-fields of Belmont, Columbus, Donelson and Shiloh. He was shown many courtesies and was materially aided by Colonel Cable and General Boynton, of the National Park Commission, and was fortunate in meeting other members of the Commission, field officers who participated in the Chattanooga campaign.

Zoe Anderson Norris, a Wichita author, frankly tells her experiences in the *Home Magazine* for January. She has been well paid for poor stories and been paid nothing at all for good ones. She spends all her pin money for postage and sometimes wonders whether it is worth the while. Some days she thinks it is, and other days she thinks it isn't. "It all depends upon the postman."

Madame Blanc pronounces Hamlin Garland the poet *par excellence* of the prairie.

Mr. Barrie in "Margaret Ogilvy," happily terms journalism "that grisette of literature who has a smile and a hand for all beginners, welcoming them at the threshold, teaching them so much that is worth knowing, introducing them to the other lady whom they have worshiped from afar, showing them even how to woo her, and then bidding them a bright God-speed—he were an ingrate who, having had her joyous companionship, no longer flings her a kiss as they pass. But though she bears no ill-will when she is jilted, you must serve faithfully while you are hers, and you must seek her out and make much of her, and, until you can rely on her good-nature (note this), not a word about the other lady." And then he adds that when at last she took him in he grew so fond of her that he called her by the other's name; and even now he thinks at times that there is more fun in the little sister.

Barrie's picture of Robert Louis Stevenson is equally felicitous: "He was the spirit of boyhood, tugging at the skirts of this old world of ours and compelling it to come back and play."

A peculiarity of all lovers of Dante is that they have a brotherly regard one for another and a Godlike compassion for the rest of us who either tacitly assent to their claims for their poet or openly confess that Dante does not command them as does Shakespeare, or—at times and in places—Browning. This reflection was invited by a recent allusion in *The Dial* to Theodore W. Koch's "Dante in America" which was the chief feature in the fifteenth annual report of the Dante Society. The Danteans of America have numbered many of our greatest men of letters, notably Longfellow and Lowell; they must, therefore, have found something in "The Inferno" which the rest of us, who depend on translations, have failed to find. The mere bibliography of Dante as attempted by Mr. Koch fills nearly seventy pages. How many and how large the world outside our own little world! The thought would be appalling but for the frank confessions of our Newtons that, with all their learning they feel the same sense of incompleteness.

Rev. Dr. W. W. Gist's paper, "Is it Unconscious Assimilation?" in the March, '97, issue of this magazine, forever set at rest the question as to the authorship of the popular poem, "If I should Die To-night," the real author having been found to be Miss Belle E. Smith, of Tabor, now of Newton, Iowa. Judge Albion W. Tourgee, writing from his home in Mayville, N. Y., says:

MY DEAR GIST: Your hunt after the author of the poem was most commendable. I should have reached your conclusion as to the sex of the author at once. A man might have written it, but he would have had to unsex himself to do it, that is, he would have had to imagine himself a woman; and in that case, the title, or something about the circumstances would have disclosed the mental process. No man contemplating his end—as a man—would ever have had any of the thoughts expressed in those lines, or very few of them. They are essentially feminine—beautifully feminine. A man could not have had them unless he put himself in a woman's nature by an effort of genius rare, indeed, in the history of literature.

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

The Century having happily buried Napoleon, at least for a time, now takes up Washington and the Revolution, giving us interesting reminiscences of the great General of the War for Independence, related by one of the family of General Greene.

Ladies' Home Journal went into the book-selling business and then went out of it.

Scribner's for January has a delightfull picture of "A French Literary Circle," the coterie of Edmond de Goncourt's friends who frequented the famous Goncourt garret in Paris. The paper is enriched with original portraits drawn in the books of their host by the artist friends of the Goncourts.

Andrew Jackson is the historical study in which *Frank Leslie's Monthly* is indulging.

The House Beautiful is a handsomely printed and pictured monthly magazine of art and artisanship, edited by Eugene Klapp and published by Herbert S. Stone and Co., Chicago.

Chicago's *Dramatic Magazine* combined its December and January numbers in a holiday number of 144 pages with scores of handsome portraits and scenes from recent plays.

TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

I enclose herewith the manuscript of a short story. I am fully aware of the fact that it is rather crude, but as it is the first child of my brain I beg that you will deal gently with it. If you find it unfit for publication please return it, and I will endeavor to put it in a more acceptable form.

The mistake this correspondent made was in seeking to put upon others the work she herself should have done; that of putting her MS. in the most acceptable form possible. The editor cannot, and the public will not, make any allowance for first attempts. The editor must, for the public will, judge a piece of literary work solely on its own merits.

I know an editor is too busy to give special criticism; but why do you not like my work?—if you do not—I long to know that I may improve.

You have used the right word for your verse. Work—hard work—may be seen in every line. Work is essential to good poetic form, but when the something called genius is wholly wanting, the work is wasted.

If it is not acceptable, do you think I will be able to write successfully after I have had more practice?

Having only the two pieces of verse to judge by, we find no warrant for encouraging this writer to continue verse-making. Verse may be perfect in rhyme and rythm, and yet be wholly wanting in poetic thought. The verse before us is devoid of poetry and is very faulty in construction.

CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

FAMOUS PAINTERS AND THEIR WORK.

IV. GHIRLANDIO AND HIS "LA VISITATION."

Domenico Ghirlandio, the son of a goldsmith named Begondi, was called Ghirlandio because of his skill in making garlands. He was a contemporary of Leonardo da Vinci, but their work is as unlike as if they were of different centuries and had been separated by land and sea. Ghirlandio painted many fine works in fresco and oil, which are shown at Florence; but the beautiful "Visitation" in the Louvre has never been surpassed by any artist. How lovely is the attitude of the Virgin as she leans towards the elder woman in a manner that receives, yet protests against, the homage which is not for herself! How womanly the expression of Elizabeth's face—benign and beautiful—with the mother-joy that is overshadowing her almost as mysteriously as it surrounds the young Mary?

The men of those elder times seem to have grasped the divinity of motherhood, to have believed in it and to have painted it with enthusiasm and rapture. The simple form of their faith may have passed away, but the sublimity of their sentiment is ever appealing to us and waking all that is highest.

Ghirlandio of Florence is reputed to have been the master of Michael Angelo, if that giant could be said to have had a master.

JOHN BROWN PICTURED.

Twenty years ago I heard the eloquent Col. Richard Realf lecture on John Brown. From that day to this, my interest in the unique and picturesque character he so ably delineated has increased. THE MIDLAND papers by Governor Gue were especially interesting. . . . I am, however, surprised to find no mention by anyone of Brown's life in Pennsylvania. It was there, in Crawford county, where his first wife died, and he married his second. A neighbor of mine who is a relative of this second wife, after reading Governor Gue's and Colonel Shaw's articles, wrote at my request, to an aunt living in the old neighborhood for reminicences she might have of the old man. In answer, she says:

He built the old tannery, and lived on the Cowden farm, where his wife died, and where he married his second, Mary Day. She was a large, portly woman. She visited me a few years before going to California, having three children with her, from about ten to fifteen years of age. I saw Uncle John Brown when I was about thirteen at father's. He was on his way to Kansas, just about the time the Kansas trouble began. I can just see how he looked to me then, tall, well proportioned, rather a spare face, with red hair that stood straight up from his face, which gave him rather a fierce expression. He was a very honest, upright man in all his dealings. Have heard mother say he was very strict with his children. Once when he had whipped his son Frederick quite severely, for an untruth I think it was, he stripped off his coat and vest, and made his son whip him as hard as he could, to show him it was not pleasant for him to punish his child, but did it for his future good.

Thinking this last, a very characteristic incident, I take the liberty of sending you this note.

MRS. M. S. PERCIVAL.

Rugby, Tennessee.

THE MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

F. Marion Crawford is certainly the most finished writer of the sensational school of novelists. Now and then, as in Casa Braccio, he has produced genuine drama, and in tragedy is unequaled by any modern save Zola. In Corleone,* his latest novel, however, there is—to my mind—nothing so much in evidence as the fact that this author needs rest. This story which runs through seven hundred pages, is unconscionably attenuated. The exquisite "spate" of style which alone saved Taquisara from a dead level of dreary monotony, is not maintained in Corleone. There is *pretty* writing—a chapter is devoted to getting people to sit down at dinner, a page to a man's complexion, and the impression created is quite clear.

The same old Romans whom we know so well are drawn again in elaborate portraiture, and with an insistance of detail which should certainly fix their images in memory. And after three hundred and fifty pages of proem the story begins. It is then for a time quite exciting, and a complete reading reveals material for a truly stirring novelette. The wading which must be done to get at a little really good adventure is quite appalling unless, indeed, one have a guide who knows where to enter the swamp. A bit of the commonest kind of horse-play begins the genuine story. Here it is:

"But fate tore a tiny fragment off the peel, a mere corner of one strip, thick, and the shiny side upwards, all slippery with its aromatic oil, and placed it cunningly just on the edge of one of the worn old steps, above her in the dark turning. Then fate went away, and waited quietly to see what should happen, and Gesnalda also went away, down to her kitchen, to begin and prepare the vegetables which she had bought at daybreak of the vendor, a little way down the street. Now fate had reckoned exactly how many paces Basili, the notary, would take from his room to the head of the stairs, in order to know with which foot he would take the first step downwards, and hence to calculate whether the bit of peel should be a little to the right or a little to the left; for the left foot, as fate

*Corleone, 2 vol's, by F. Marion Crawford; The Macmillan Company, N. Y. $2.

is aware, is the unlucky foot, except for left handed people. Basili was a right-handed man; and as he came downstairs in his great flapping slippers he put the smoothest part of the old sole exactly upon the slimy bit of peel. All of which shows the astonishing accuracy which fate can bring to bear at important moments. That was the beginning of the end of this history."

Preceding this cheap announcement of fatalism, Mr. Crawford has devoted a number of pages to the sober task of enlightening his readers in regard to conditions which have produced the Mafia in Sicily, and to telling as near as may be what the Mafia is, in order that they—his readers—shall find nothing inexplicable or unreasonable in what he shall have to tell them. If there is intended humor in this situation it is the humor of a satyr. But no humor is intended, and we have merely the result of overproduction—serious blunders which mar the consistency of intention. Two girls are made to talk in French with the preface that neither of them knew more than enough of the tongue to get herself laughed at in France, and Mr. Crawford's translation of what they say is strangely inconsistent with their limited acquirements. One of them, too, is a young girl just out of a convent school, and has declared at a dinner party shortly before, that she knows nothing of the world or of society. But now she says, sagely, in a language the rudiments of which she scarcely understands: "There are all sorts of customs and traditions in society that have not very much sense, perhaps, but we are all used to them, and should feel uncomfortable without them." And she is posed as a truthful and consistent little person!

Again, Don Ippolito is a priest of the noble Saracinesca family. He haunts a church in Sicily where his brother has charge of a newly acquired property and where all concerned (Romans) are in danger from brigands, and from the mysterious Mafia who resent their coming. It happens that a noble Sicilian chases his brother—a rival in love—into the church and kills him at the altar while Don Ippolito plays an accompaniment on the organ. The murderer and the priest come face to face and the Sicilian promptly falls upon his knees and makes confession in due form. The priest is thus compelled to observe silence, to promise it in fact, while he does not offer absolution. This, perhaps, from the strained point of view of a devout churchman, is consistent. But the murderer immediately retires and publicly accuses the priest of his brother's murder, procures his arrest and appears as witness against him in an examination before officers of justice. And the noble Roman gentleman refuses to open his mouth in defense—to say anything, in fact, —and would have gone into penal servitude without a murmur sooner than violate the confidence of a confession thus fearfully annulled. If there truly are such Romans in the category which Mr. Crawford loves, it would be well to hide their imbecilities from the general public.

The *raison d'etre* of Mrs. Burnett's "His Grace of Osmonde," is not far to seek. The author of this sentimental book had to write it—nothing short of the chains of Prometheus could have held her hand. The tale reads as though its distinguished author had missed her romance in real life and sought to retrieve the loss in a whirl of imaginative ecstasy. At any rate, Clorinda Wildairs, her robust loves and hates, her possibilities in dramatic action, had captured her creator's imagination and the erratic creature's story had to be retold

His Grace of Osmonde* is a rehash of nearly every incident related in A Lady of Quality,* and the story is told again with an amount of gush which would have sufficed Amelie Rives in her 'teens.

There is one excellent new scene, however, which deserves to live—the starlight duel upon the heath. There are several shades of realism wanting to this, but realism has little to do with the perfections of the Duke of Osmonde, or with other matters of account in the tale. But this duel scene, in which two men, by the design of one, fight without witnesses, is a masterpiece of ideal drama. The exquisite sense of honor and fitness which impels a gentleman, and a perfect swordsman, to challenge the rake who has spoken evil of his kinswoman, to combat without witnesses, and upon the ground to defeat his adversary —beat him groveling to earth—without a scratch to tell of the encounter, is one of the fine and noble things in fiction. The duel, and all its incidents, are presented in that intense dramatic manner in which Mrs. Burnett shows at her best.

FRANK W. CALKINS.

A pretty little souvenir book entitled "In the Footsteps of the Franciscans"† has numerous fine engravings of the old missions of California, with accompanying descriptions from contributions made by J. Torrey Connor to *Demorests*, *Munsey's*, *Land of Sunshine*, *The Chautauquan*, *The Overland* and THE MIDLAND.

Charlotte E. Richmond, a Madison, Wisconsin, poet, in a modest booklet entitled "Rhymes and Jingles," has several baby poems that have real live babies behind them, for instance, "Hide and Seek," which ends with—

And he says, "Why mamma, you must put your sewing down
And not do anozer sing till that dear childrens found!"
And he says, "Dear ganny, where can little Fwancis be?"
But my ganny sits as still—as still as still can be.
Ganny never goes about to find me wiv the west,
'Cause you see it wouldn't do—I'm hided in her dwess.

The latest of Elbert Hubbard's Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Women (Putnam's Sons, New York,) is "Mary W. Shelley." The brightness of Mr. Hubbard's wit, the keenness of his satire and the wisdom of his judgments hold out marvelously in this series.

"The American College in American Life,"‡ by Charles Franklin Thwing, D. D., LL. D., President of the Western Reserve University, is a strong and

* Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
†Lang-Birely Co., Los Angeles, Calif.
‡ G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

candid presentation of the power, influence, present conditions, present difficulties and glorious possibilities of the American college. Its author's high aim is to bring the American College into closer relationship with American life and to bring American life into a more vital touch with the American college.

Dr. Thwing notes certain significant tendencies, notably, the westward course of the higher education, "and," he adds, "it grows wider, apparently, the further it goes west." Massachusetts has 9 colleges, Missouri has 29, Maine 4, Kansas 16; Connecticut 3, Nebraska 10; New York 22, Iowa 22. In the North Atlantic states there is one college for every quarter-million people; in the Western States there is one for less than 70,000. While the American college is sectarian, the denominational element and character has a very narrow and slight place. The common remark that small and poor colleges must soon die out is not borne out by recent history. In the last century 1 college was founded; in the first decade of this century were founded 4, in the second 8, in the third 12, in the fourth 29, in the fifth 34, in the sixth 75, in the seventh 82, and since 1870, 450. Instead of becoming less numerous, colleges will probably increase in number. This probability should convince practical people of the necessity of a proper endowment. The wisdom of New York and Pennsylvania in withholding a charter from any college until it has a half-million endowment must commend itself to other States. The duty of Americans in the newer States is clear: To promote the growth of existing institutions rather than the founding of new ones; to promote the growth of such existing institutions as have the greatest promise, and to promote the consolidation of institutions working for the same end and covering the same territory.

"Death Valley in '49,"* by William Lewis Manly, tells in unaffected and unconventional language a tale of experiences among the mountains and in the valleys during the great exodus to the California gold fields. Its value lies in the truthfulness of the account and the strength of the impression it leaves. To us of to-day it seems madness — that rush of men, women and children across arid plains, through dangerous mountain passes and through valleys where death hovered; but we are likely to see the phenomenon repeated, and intensified before the present year is closed. The story of Death Valley takes on new interest, in view of the new excitement over finds of gold in the Upper Yukon region. Crude as is the workmanship of this book, we would not alter a single one of its grammatical inaccuracies or rough phrases. It tells its tale with a simplicity which compels the reader to forgive an old man's inclination toward prolixity. It tells a simple, healthful tale of man's humanity to man, which gives the optimistic reader his opportunity to smile at the insistence that altruism is only a poet's dream. Take an illustation. The party had lost itself in Death Valley. Water was scarce and the lean meat, blood and entrails of famished oxen, slain for food, afforded their only sustenance. The wagons could go no farther. To push on beyond the spring was to brave the peril of death by thirst; to remain was to die of starvation. After much consultation one Bennett proposed that two of the younger men start on ahead in search of relief. He said he knew one man well enough to know that he would come back if alive, and that he would push through if anybody could. The two young men chosen (the author one of the two) started forth. The hardships and dangers of that journey were great. Finally, bruised, lame, and nearly famished, they looked down upon a fertile valley where plenty reigned. Thus situated, the self contented coward would have reasoned, "They're dead by this time; my first duty is to myself." But these men could scarcely wait to regain their lost strength, so eager were they to rescue the men, women and children who had put their lives in their hands. After twenty-six days' absence the rescuers appeared, bringing with them food and other necessaries. The embraces with which these heroes were received may be imagined by those who know aught of the agony of long suspense and the tortures of hunger.

*The Pacific Tree and Vine Company, San Jose, Cal.

Admirers and lovers of "Amber" (the late Mrs. Martha E. Holden) will be glad to learn that a second volume of "Amber Glints" has been issued,* the proceeds from the sale of which are to be devoted (as the first volume was) to the education of the author's only son Hoyt Holden, a promising lad. The

*Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. $1.

book itself is so full of bright thought and stirring suggestion that one might well afford to buy it on its merits. The book is well printed and artistically covered.

It is nearly as hard for a popular author to escape from the tyranny of his first successful book as it is for a popular actor to satisfy the public with any other rôle than that in which he won his fame. When, for example, a new book of short stories by Hamlin Garland comes to his hand, the reviewer recalls "Main Traveled Roads" as the measure of what one should expect from that source, and, forgetting the influence of the intervening years upon the author's art, bewails the departure of the author from the ways which early led him to the critic's favor and to popularity. "Main Traveled Roads" is great in its rugged strength and uncompromising honesty, and in the intensity of the passion and action therein pictured. But its author did not sound all the depths and shoals of passion, nor did he more than touch here and there a phase of Western life. Because its author artistically presented a few phases of Western life a quarter-century ago, shall we hold him to the work of reproducing that same life with mere changes of combination? The question answers itself.

"Wayside Courtships,"* or so much of Hamlin Garland's latest book as is actually covered by the title, includes less of the fierce intensity and somewhat more of the comedy of country life in the West. It includes several characters and situations that belong to the last decade of the century. And yet the virile touch that made Hamlin Garland famous is there—but refined by years of severe art study and unsparing self-criticism.

The author is at his best in "A Preacher's Love Story." Some have felt that Mr. Garland lacked sympathy with the religious side of life. There have been preachers many in recent fiction, but none more consecrated than Wallace Stacey. The young teacher turned evangelist is so aglow with love for his fellowmen that the coldest reader must feel the warmth and be blessed thereby. The robust, helpful womanhood of Martha Allen is an increasing delight as the simple story develops her reserves of character. The enthusiasm of the reunited community in their work of rehabilitating the long neglected church, as a surprise for their convalescing pastor, is so contagious that one scarcely knows whether to laugh or to cry over the scene. The minor charecters are all clear-cut and strong.

"A Meeting in the Foothills," tells a charming tale of young love and developing womanhood and American manhood.

"A Stop-over at Tyre" is a sad story of a great love that gladdened a young woman's life and turned a young man aside from the career he had chosen. "Upon Impulse" has a commencement day setting. The lovers are mature, yet none the less interesting. Miss Powell and Mr. Ware have impulses they have learned to rely upon and their sudden love is supremely sensible. One feels a soul uplift when in response to his suggestion that they go to the mountains, she responds, "Very well, to the clouds if you will."

* D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.25.

RECEIVED.

Idle Songs and Idle Sonnets, by Harrison Conrard. The Editor Publishing Company, Cincinnati. $1.

Trialogues, by William Griffith. The Hudson-Kimberly Publishing Company, Kansas City, Mo.

A Book of True Lovers, by Octave Thanet (second edition). Way & Williams, Chicago.

Pippins and Cheese, by Elia W. Peattie. Way & Williams, Chicago.

The Story of Ab, a Tale of the Time of the Cave Man, by Stanley Waterloo. Way & Williams, Chicago.

A Sod House (poem), by Elihu Bowles, Emporia, Kan.

Musings of a Youth, by Thomas Daniel Bentonville, Ark.

The Blue Ridge Mystery, a Novel, by Caroline Martin. Robert Lewis Weed Co., 63 Fifth avenue, New York.

Complete Poetical Works of Joaquin Miller, The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco. $2.50.

The Road to Prosperity, a treatise on Political Economy, by T. W. Wood. Charles H. Kerr & Co. 25 cents.

Documentary Material Relating to the History of Iowa. Edited by Benjamin F. Shambaugh, A. M., Ph. D., State University of Iowa.

The Protestant Faith, or Salvation by Belief, by Dwight Hinckley Olmsted. Third edition, with an introduction on the Limitations of Thought. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Puritan Faith, rather than French Atheism, the Parent of American Liberties. An address before the State Association of Congregational Churches, at Algona, Iowa, by Prof. Leonard F. Parker. Ray & MacDonald, Grinnell, Iowa.

The Union Label, by Starr, Hoyt & Nichols. North American Review, New York.

Reincarnation and Mental Science, by Paul Lyner. The Temple Series, Denver, Colo.

Vivian—Waltz Song, words by May Phillips Tatro; music by Alice Francella Henshaw; 40 cents.

"THE ENTOMBMENT," BY TITIAN.

Contributors' Department.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

VOLUME IX. MARCH, 1898. NUMBER 3.

OLD ST. LOUIS CEMETERY, NEW ORLEANS.

IMPRESSIONS--PHOTOGRAPHIC AND OTHERWISE.

I. NEW ORLEANS.

BY E. S. GARDNER.

IN THE quaint old city of New Orleans there is an endless variety of picturesque subjects at which to point a camera. The older section north of Canal street is inhabited by the French and Creoles, and near the northern limits are the poorer classes of negroes. South of Canal street is the new city—the American section—and the abode of the wealthy and aristocratic.

St. Charles avenue is notably the best residence thoroughfare of the city, and extends from "Lee Circle" to Carrollton, a distance of about five miles. Jackson avenue also has many costly residences. Magazine, Coliseum, Camp and Prytania streets are occupied more generally by the "middle" class. Much that is neat and in good taste is manifest in the flowers, shrubs and trees decorating the lawns and dwellings. Climbing roses, balms and magnolias are everywhere. The Chinese umbrella tree also makes a useful and ornamental shade. So dense is the foliage of this tree that no ray of sunlight can penetrate it. Ivy covered walls are common. The ivy shown on Trinity church is of only five years' growth. Christ Church Cathedral on St. Charles avenue is another example. As we pass on toward Carrollton, we find the finest mansions of the city.

One thing mars their beauty in the eye of a northern resident; the forbidding wall or a high, sharp-pointed iron paling with locked gates. The "door-bell" is at the gate and is usually a large gong about like that used on our fire wagons. When you ring it, the

[The entire contents of this number copyrighted by Johnson Brigham, 1898. All rights reserved.]

sound penetrates not only to the inside of the house to which you wish to gain entrance, but for a block or two in all directions. Occasionally the modern electric button has been substituted. In answer to your ring a servant comes to the gate and takes your card and allows you to enter as far as the door, where you wait the pleasure of the "madame." When once inside one of these barricaded dwellings, and your respectability is recognized, you are usually received with a generous hospitality that does much to soothe the humiliation experienced in being forced to wait at the outer gate. These walls and palings are said to be necessary to protect the flower beds and lawn decorations from pillage.

I remember seeing in the French quarter on Esplanade avenue, a vine-covered wall next to the sidewalk, so high that only the roof and chimneys of the house could be seen from the street. Yet a look through the key-hole of the gate revealed a fine flower garden and residence beyond. It looks as though there might be a trace of social exclusiveness associated with the necessity of keeping out pillagers.

These wealthy residents of "The Avenue" take great pride in their property and spare neither pains nor expense to make both house and grounds as imposing and attractive as possible.

It was my privilege to enter some of these elegant dwellings. The interiors show even more lavish display of wealth than the exteriors. Rich and elegant rugs, carpets, and draperies, costly mirrors, statuary, paintings, and *bric-a-brac*—all are blended in harmony until it would seem that nothing could be added to render the effect more pleasing.

ST. ROCH'S CEMETERY AND CHAPEL.

I recall one parlor in particular. It was decorated in white enamel and gold; the furniture and draperies all in light harmonious tints; beautiful glass chandeliers with prismatic ornaments; in the center of the room a four-sided divan. Look where you would, a variety of rare and costly pieces of art and *bric-a-brac* met the eye—yet not so much as to offend good taste.

The grounds of this mansion are capacious, in which are two large conservatories containing rare and choice plants of the tropical world. In hot-beds at the rear of the house were

strawberries and vegetables matured and ready for use. This was in March. The head gardener seemed to take great pleasure in showing these results of his handiwork. Here and there a noble palm arose from the lawn, lending beauty and dignity to the scene. Beds of pansies, foliage plants, flowering vines and shrubs completed the picture.

A feature which contributes much to adorn St. Charles avenue is the park-level ground making it possible to run regularly and at high speed. If there is any fault to be found with the management it is that too high a rate of speed is allowed.

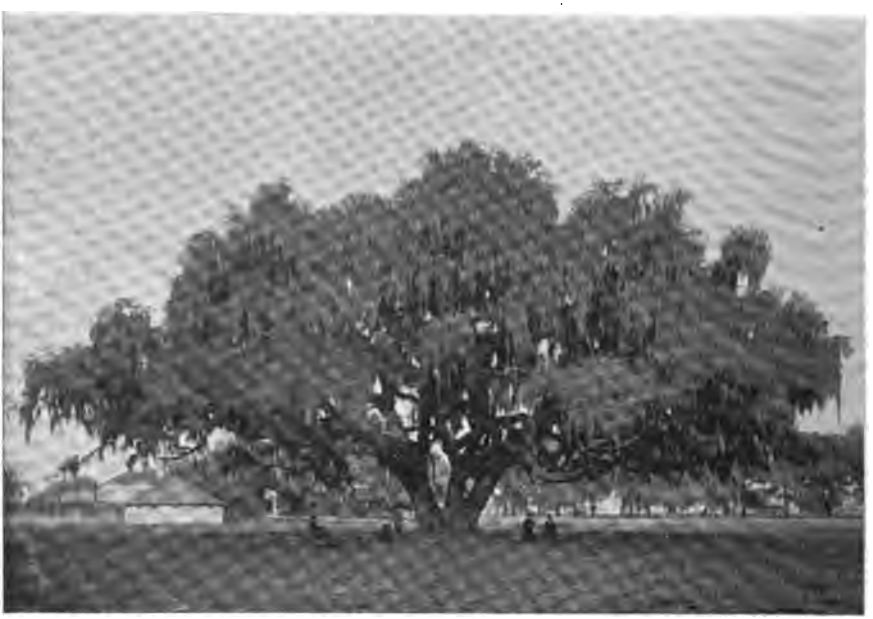
One of the beautiful spots of the old city is Audubon Park, with its groves of live oaks and its large conservatory. The conservatory building is a remnant of the International Cotton Exposition, held there years ago. It is said to be one of the largest conservatories

AVENUE OF LIVE OAKS, AUDUBON PARK.

ing between and either side of the double track of the electric street railway. Trees are set near the tracks on either side and in many places they are large enough to form an arch of shade under which the cars pass. The grass saves both the passengers and residents much annoyance from dust, which would otherwise be raised in clouds, as the cars run very rapidly on these double tracks. It is a noticeable fact that the street railway system of New Orleans is one of the best in this country—the in the world. On either side of the gracefully curving walks are rare palms and tropical plants. Under the central dome of the building is a large pool of water, surrounded with curious specimens of rock.

The grounds adjacent to the conservatory are ornamented with a variety of flowering shrubs and trees and the low, spreading, moss-draped live oaks, of which this park has some of the finest specimens in the South. At the southwest corner of the park is an

avenue of these oaks, whose intertwining leafy tops form almost a complete archway of shade for a block or more. From their branches hang long festoons of the beautiful southern moss, which in itself is a curiosity—living entirely on the air, it will grow when hung on a telegraph wire, as well as on a tree. The gnarled roots and large trunks of these oaks show them to be very old—many a strange tale is told of lovers' vows and duels fought in the earlier days beneath their protecting branches.



ONE OF THE GRAND OLD MOSS-DRAPED OAKS, AUDUBON PARK.

A few blocks east, on the Tchoupitoulas street car brings us to one of the largest rose gardens in the South. In the center of this sea of fragance is the home of its owner, Mrs. Louis Schwarz. The style of architecture is peculiarly Southern, with broad verandas and dormer windows.

Although this garden is the most famous and extensive—and is almost exclusively roses—this region of New Orleans is noted for its beautiful gardens. Even the poorest laborer's cottage has its climbing roses—flowering vines and shrubs.

The whole atmosphere seems permeated with a delightful fragrance. The magnolias contribute much of this perfume. Imagine a tall, straight tree with generous top of large, deep green, waxy leaves, covered with large white blossoms like the water lily, and you see a magnolia in bloom.

Among the interesting features of New Orleans are her cemeteries, with their tombs and vaults all above ground, this being necessary on account of the low level on which the city is built. Water immediately fills any excavation a foot or more below the surface.

Metairie cemetery excels all others in elaborate and costly tombs. The avenues are beautifully laid out, and adorned with an abundance of shade trees, and well kept lawns. Near the entrance is the Moriarty monument, costing $75,000, a wealthy Catholic's memorial to his deceased wife.

The old St. Louis cemetery is unique

in some respects. Here the tombs are crowded together with no definite plan or regularity in the laying out of the grounds, and it is difficult to find one's way through the tortuous alleys. In our illustration may be seen the vaults or 'ovens" in the side-wall where the poorer classes are allowed to deposit their dead.

The sexton is hermetically sealing the vault where a Chinaman was laid the day before. I learned that the fee for burial in one of these cells in the side-wall is $5. On the right, in the foreground may be seen evidences of a recent burial in one of the marble tombs, where the floral offerings still remain. Most of the tombs in this cemetery belong to the old Creole families and the inscriptions are in French, Spanish and Italian. Over in the southwest corner is an inclosure—"consecrated ground"—fenced off from the main field. Here is located the Jesuit tomb where priests only are laid to rest. Extra care is bestowed on this corner, where there is plenty of room, and ornamental trees and shrubs adorn the the place. Curious memorial offerings are hung on many of the tombs. These are mostly frames of wire and bead work, with a glass cell in the center containing a silver crucifix, or bunch of wax flowers. Vases with natural flowers are also used, and not infrequently a veiled mourner may be seen renewing these floral offerings to the memory of her departed dead.

LOADING A SHIP WITH COTTON.
A Familiar Scene Along the Levee.

Another old cemetery, in which perhaps there is more interest taken than any other is "St. Roch's"—in the northern part of the city. At the end of its main avenue stands a quaint old vine-covered chapel where worshipers may be found any hour of the day offering prayers before the shrine, at the base of which is a life-size image of the crucified Savior in a reclining position.

Candles are kept burning before the altar. These are purchased from the sexton at the entrance gate, and vary in size and price according to the patron saint to whom they are offered. It is claimed that many well authenticated miracles have occurred here; I was informed by the sexton that a small wagon load of crutches and canes has been left there by those who have been thus healed. And if any visitors are skeptical on this point he can produce the canes and crutches.

A NEW ORLEANS INTERIOR VIEW.

Beginning at the northeast corner of Jackson Square and extending four blocks north next to the levee is what is known as the "French Market." The people in charge, as well as their

patrons, seem to be gathered from all nations, — Americans, Spaniards, French, Italians, Greeks, negroes of all shades, Indians and Chinamen, all mingled in a good-natured rivalry—

A NEW ORLEANS INTERIOR VIEW.

offering their wares at the closest possible bargains. Unfortunately, the buildings are so low and dark that it is impracticable to secure good pictures of these interesting scenes. Many of the stalls have to depend on lamp-light to see in the daytime, and the unwary "Knight of the Kodak" who attempts to make snap shots in these dark places will learn to his cost that the effort has been fruitless—even though his subject may have been a banana stand. The crowds that are always present during market hours add another difficulty for the photographer.

Opposite the French market, on the river front is the "Lugger" landing, where are usually gathered a large number of these boats—their huge square sails folded and tied down to the long boom, or else idly flapping in the breeze where they have been raised to dry. Their motley crews of Italians, Greeks, French, negroes, etc., are unloading cargoes of oysters, vegetables, fruit or fish, with a noisy, jostling, yet generally good-natured rivalry. At the time some of the boats are preparing to depart, and are hurriedly taking on the last of a miscellaneous cargo. The "roustabouts" in single file are carrying boxes, packages, furniture, etc., across the narrow staging that reaches from boat to levee. Above the general din of rattling drays and shouting drivers may be heard the crack of the herdsman's whip as amid a cloud of dust a lot of mules come galloping up, following a horse ridden by the advance

LUGGER LANDING.
A Familiar Scene Along the Levee.

other times in the middle of the day or at dusk they may be seen lounging about their boats in picturesque groups, or cooking their meals over queer little furnaces with a charcoal fire.

The levee affords an endless variety of scenes. At the foot of Canal street, the main business thoroughfare of the city, is the landing place of the large river steamers. Every evening, and especially Wednesdays and Saturdays, about four or five o'clock, the levee here presents a busy scene; for this is herdsman. These mules are to take passage on the boat for some up-river point, and in single file they cautiously follow the horse which is led across the narrow staging. It is a peculiar fact that a mule will follow a horse over this narrow bridge over which no amount of coaxing or driving could make the animal go alone.

When the freight is nearly loaded, the tolling of the bell is the signal for all passengers to get aboard, and all others not going, to get off. The heavy

ropes are cast off and with noisy puffing the derrick engine hoists the staging high in air, and with a long blast of the whistle the boat backs rapidly out into the stream, where it soon turns and starts on its long journey up-river. The largest steamer now in the river service bears the historic name "Natchez," the original "Natchez" having taken part years ago in a famous race on the Mississippi by moonlight with the "Robt. E. Lee."

In the busy season monster freight steamers come plowing up the river with cargoes from foreign lands. It is interesting to watch these large boats loading and discharging cargo. This is mostly done by steam derricks, which lift the heavy bales and boxes as a child would a toy. I there saw the largest freight steamer that ever entered this port, the "Milwaukee," of Liverpool, England. The dimensions of this boat are: length, 483 feet; width, 56 feet; depth, 42½ feet. She has nine hatches and eighteen steam derricks, and stands third among the largest freight steamers of the world. Some of these larger boats are said to carry 20,000 bales of cotton. Since the advent of the railroads the passenger traffic by water at New Orleans has not been very heavy. The "Cromwell Line," between New York and this port, and the "Morgan Line" to Tampa, Key West and Havana, afford delightful trips, however, to the water loving tourist.

There are many other points of interest about New Orleans to which justice cannot be done in this article. Among the more prominent being Jackson Square, with its historic cathedral and court buildings, and the bronze equestrian statue of General Andrew Jackson, "The Savior of New Orleans." Lafayette Square, in front of the City Hall, is also a beautiful breathing spot in the heart of the great city.

The summer resorts, "West End," "Spanish Fort," and "Milneberg," are all worthy of a visit.

Port Chalmette, with its great cotton shipping interests, and the National Cemetery, battle field and monument bearing the same name, are all located below the city, yet may be conveniently reached by steam or electric cars. Last but not least I will mention the U. S. Custom house and postoffice building, and the U. S. Mint, both of which are sure to afford the visitor entertainment well worth the effort.

In all, there is much to see and enjoy in the cosmopolitan old city, and I shall not soon forget, nor regret, my sojourn there.

RIVER STEAMERS AT THE FOOT OF CANAL STREET—THE NATCHEZ IN THE CENTER.

SNOW-SHOE BRIGADE.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SNOW-SHOEING.

BY Z. FULLER.

I.

AT MANY points in the Rocky Mountains the discovery of gold and silver has developed small mining towns, or "camps", at high, storm-beaten places, many of them at altitudes ranging from eight to eleven thousand feet, about two miles, above the level of the sea. Winter usually comes to these communities in October and does not leave until June. The snowfall, especially on the western slope of the main range, is very great, frequently having an average depth of eight to ten feet, seldom less than four. A record of the snowfall one winter at a camp at an altitude of about ten thousand feet, gave a total of nearly sixty feet.

The prevailing weather during winter is stormy, but there are many days of bright, warm sunshine, causing the settling of the snow and giving a firmness which makes snow-shoeing possible. There are times when the weather is very cold, sometimes forty degrees or more below zero; but these occurrences are not often; and the extreme cold is not felt as much as a far less degree of cold at sea-level, because of the dryness of the air. The summers are very short but very pleasant in their freedom from uncomfortable heat.

During winter the only possible means of travel is with snow-shoes. In getting about town, in fact whenever one has occasion to go out of doors, snow-shoes must be used. Women and children, everybody, must use them, and it is surprising to see how skillful all become in the use of what at first seems so awkward and unwieldy.

Norwegian shoes are generally preferred, for, while they are more difficult to make ascents with, the time gained and the ease, not to mention the pleasure, in making descents, is much greater than with any other kind.

They are made of wood,—preferably of ash or hickory but often of pine because of its lightness,—eight to ten feet long,—three to four inches wide and about an inch thick. The front end, for twelve to eighteen inches, is made thin, and is steamed and then turned up like a sled runner. At about the center of the shoe on top, a cleat is nailed across which fits beneath the foot in front of the heel, and a broad strap of leather in front of this under which the toes fit and by which

the shoes are moved and guided. The bottoms are made very smooth and waxed to make them glide easily over the snow. A pole seven or eight feet long is usually carried for balancing and climbing. The motion is a gliding walk. The toes under the straps pull the shoes forward. The heel, not being fastened, rises from the shoe as the step is taken. At the end of each step a slight forward impulse is given to the shoes so that it is estimated the distance of about one step is gained in every seven or eight. The weight of the shoes is not much felt if the bottoms are smooth and waxed and the snow is not sticky.

The speed attained in down-hill travel on steep grades is very great, and the sensation is very exhilarating and delightful to one who has sufficient experience and skill to give confidence and a sense of security. The speed is so great at times that the feeling is akin to that of dropping through space, the perfectly smooth shoes in the yielding snow giving no feeling of support beneath. Such speed is not dangerous unless undertaken where there are trees or other obstructions, because the great depth of snow everywhere makes a soft place on which to fall, and the shoes, fastened to the feet only with a loose strap loop which the toes easily slip out of, are always disengaged in falling. Reckless snow-shoeing, in timber especially, is very dangerous; the safe way in steep timbered places being to sit astride the pole, pressing the end into the snow and thus controlling the speed; or if very steep, to sit on the shoes held close together and press the heels into the snow. The greatest danger is from the breaking or loss of a shoe when alone and far from help; a shoe sometimes becoming a runaway by accidently slipping from the foot when, of course, it continues to slide until there is no longer any down grade, sometimes miles from where it started. Or else it is broken by striking an obstruction; the traveler is then as helpless as though he were at sea in a boat without oars. Such accidents often become very serious affairs, ending in untold suffering and death from hunger, exhaustion and cold.

Supplies for the mines, often located still higher than the camps, sometimes far above "timber-line" and difficult to reach, are in summer packed on the backs of the hardy little Mexican jacks or "burros"; in winter, on the shoulders of no less hardy men with the aid of snow-shoes. Seventy-five to a hundred pounds' weight constitutes a load for a man.

Regular daily mail service is kept up throughout the winter in most of these snow-bound camps, a carrier making the round trip of fifteen to twenty miles every day, or but rarely failing when unusual storms prevail. The faithfulness to duty, the hardihood and dash of daring which these men show, when in the midst of a terrific mountain storm they strap the mail bag on their shoulders and start out, vanishing in the whirling, blinding snow; or come staggering in at night after a day's battle with the storm, beard and hair a mass of frozen snow and ice, compels admiration, and the mail carrier is usually one of the most popular men in the camps.

Snow-shoeing is the principal amusement of these mining camps during the winter, and the long months of isolation and comparative idleness are made shorter and more bearable – and sometimes even enjoyable—when everybody, —men, women and children,—on pleasant days get out on a long "run" or series of hills and enjoy the exhilaration of flying over the snow. At such times there are also many laugh-provoking episodes.

Contests are sometimes held on specially steep, difficult, or long runs, the most skillful snow-shoers from several neighboring camps coming together to contest for the prizes given for speed and skill. These are very entertaining and even exciting. It is quite wonderful to see how easily these experts climb

ascents which, to a "tenderfoot," would be impossible. With shoes waxed until the bottoms are smooth as glass; "tacking" back and forth across the face of a mountain side when the way is very steep, reaching the top he turns and poises himself, holding his pole like a rope-walker, every muscle alert to maintain his balance, he glides smoothly away and soon is flying over the snow at astonishing speed, his balance as perfect and secure as that of a bird in its flight. Sometimes he flies to the bottom without the pole, his arms held out with a delicacy of poise which I never saw excelled in any other feat.

Fearful stories are told, of suffering resultant from a broken or lost snow-shoe. Some of these are told by the mute eloquence of bleaching bones found months afterward when the snow is gone from mountain and gulch.

A tale of adventure was told one night while a company were gathered before a roaring fire in a snug cabin, a storm raging outside, the snow-laden wind howling over the peaks and down the gulches and canyons with a dull, heavy roar, intensified to a wild fury at times when the snow was driven against the one little window of our shelter as though angered at not being able to get at us.

"Hear 'er howl! A bad night for a feller to be out," exclaimed one of the men as an unusual blast swept around us.

"Well, I'll tell you, boys, I put in a night once that would hold its own with this, without any shelter but a hole in the snow, no blankets and mighty little fire," said an old mountaineer who had done duty for twenty years at about every kind of mountain work which needed hardihood and involved danger.

"It was in the winter of '79 and I was bringing the mail up from Gunnison, when in making a run over some low hills comin' down into the valley, I went over a bank where the snow had combed, which I didn't see till I was right onto it and couldn't stop, and I dropped down through space about twenty feet, and when I fetched up at the bottom one of my shoes broke just ahead of the strap. I was ten miles from camp; it was late in the afternoon and looked like a storm—a pretty bad fix to be in. I tried to fix my shoe but couldn't do much with it; took the strap off and tried to fasten it on further back, but couldn't get it very solid, and when I tried to use it I found the thing so short it wouldn't keep me on top of the snow. It was a pretty interestin' question to me then what I was goin' to do; nearly night and there wasn't even a sage-brush or scrub pine for shelter nearer than a mile. I was tired and hungry, for I had been out all day with nothin' to eat but a little bacon and a couple of biscuits. There was no mistake about a storm comin' on either. My only chance was to get to some scrub pines across the valley, about a mile away, but that was a big job with four foot of soft snow and a busted shoe. There was nothing else for it though, and I made it at last, but it took me nearly three hours; and I tell you, boys, it was the biggest mile I ever traveled.

"The storm had set in before I got there and it was gettin' worse all the time. I hustled all the wood I could, which was precious little,—just the dead limbs from the few scrub pines; dug a hole in the snow down to the ground and started a fire.

"Over the top of one side of the hole in the snow, I laid pine boughs, which made a little shelter for me. All I had to do then was to keep myself from freezin', but that was no soft job. I didn't dare to make more fire than just enough to keep my hands and feet from freezin' by holdin' 'em close, for fear of gettin' short on wood. It was awful cold and gettin' colder all the time; snowin' like blazes and the wind howlin' down the valley like it had a grudge ag'in me; and every little bit it would swoop down on me, whirlin' the snow 'till I'd have to double up in my den to get my breath. Sometimes it would perty near put out my fire.

"It soon got awful cold. Keepin' my hands and feet warm wouldn't do. My teeth rattled together and I shook like I had an ager fit. I stood up and thrashed my arms around me but I couldn't get warm. I began to get kind o' sleepy too, and I knew that wouldn't do; I must rustle or freeze. I was all-fired tired but there was nothin' for it but to keep on the move. So I climbed out of the hole and went to wadin' snow, round and round the fire. I might have put in the time goin' to-'ards camp, but it was a good ten miles and I never could make it; then it was stormin' so I wasn't dead sure which way camp was. So I just walked round and round the fire.

"I kep' that business up all night—and a mighty long night it was, too. And maybe I wasn't tired! The storm howled just like she's doin' now, all night long. When one of them gusts would come I'd just turn tail like a steer in a storm and let 'er howl. I had an idee it would let up after daylight, but it didn't do it; kep' right on bad as ever, but the cold eased up a little.

"I was so tired and used up, I had to rest if I froze for it, so I put all the wood I had on the fire and got down close to it while I got a little rest. It was takin' chances to use up all my wood but I knew the boys would be out on a hunt for me soon as the storm would let up enough, so they dare start, so I just took the chances.

"I soon got awful sleepy by the fire, but I done my level best to keep awake; cut my initials on my six shooter so they'd know whose bones they were if I should go up the flume. My fire didn't last long. Then I was so cold I had to rustle again. But the rest done me good and I went at it in perty good shape. I had a good trail on the snow round the fire, and round and round I tramped, thrashin' my arms till I'd get a little warmed up and awful tired, and then I'd get down in the hole and rest 'till I'd get cold again. I was gettin' perty well used up and it took more sand than you might think to keep up that lick, but it braces a feller to think it's that or freeze. I'm not particularly afraid to take my trip over the range* 'most any time, but I'm in no hurry about it either. I begun to think that day though, when the storm kep' on, that maybe I was done for.

"There's no tellin' how long these storms will last when they get to goin', and if it lasted long enough it would wear me out, sure. So I hung the mail bag high up on one of the scrub pines, out of reach of hungry coyotes, for you know they get hungry enough to eat leather sometimes. If I turned up my toes, in their hunt for me, buried under the snow, the boys would stand a perty good chance to see the bag and take it through, for there were some money packages in it, the mail bein' in them days the only way of gettin' the like in from the outside.

"All the time I was watchin' mighty anxious for any sign of her lettin' up; but still she howled and most of the time I couldn't see twenty feet away.

"'Long towards noon, though, I thought it lulled a little; I watched close, and perty soon, sure 'nough, there was quite a change for the better. But about the time I got to feelin' good, down she come ag'in, worse than ever for the rest. But it didn't discourage me, for I've a good many times seen 'em let up that way, then commence ag'in; after while let up ag'in, and so on as if it didn't like to quit but finally had to because there wasn't any more left. I kep' a close watch to see if it wasn't goin' to do that way now, and after a while she let up ag'in and then I felt perty good. It kep' on that way, gradually losin' its grip, so by about two o'clock it wasn't snowin' at all and the wind had about stopped, and it looked like the sun might show up 'fore long. I knew I was all right then, for the boys would soon be after me.

*"Over the range" in this sense is a local expression meaning death.

"I rustled a few more dry twigs so I could make a little fire and a big smoke with green pine boughs to help the boys to locate me when they'd come down the valley. A couple of hours more and I heard a shout up the valley, and perty soon here they come round a hill not more'n a mile away. I answered 'em best I could and swung my cap and, you bet, they whooped 'er up then and come a-flyin'. It didn't take 'em long to get to me, and it's hard to tell who felt the best, the boys to find me or myself to get out of the scrape.

"They had brought a hand sled and plenty of blankets and grub, and a pair of extra snowshoes, in case I could use 'em. They wanted to take me in on the sled, but I respectfully declined and told 'em to let me have some grub and hot coffee and a little while to rest, and I could make it all right. But goin' in they *would* pull me up all the hills on the sled."

CROSSING ALPINE PASS.

RENUNCIATION.

BENEATH the shelter I love best
You wander, waiting for my sake;
I know the tenderness, the rest,
Your touch would bring to throb and ache.

They deem me maddened when I spurn
The silence for the weary road;
Ah God! if they knew why I turn
To bear again the staff and load!

Selden L. Whitcomb.

Much Talked About People.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE HAWAIIAN REPUBLIC.

PRESIDENT SANFORD B. DOLE, of the Hawaiian Republic, has come and gone, and has left an excellent impression on our people. In demeanor he is modest, yet sufficiently self-assertive to leave no question as to his ability to rule and guide. He was born in Hawaii about fifty-two years ago. His parents were Americans. His father was president of Oahu College. In addition to his home training, he spent four years in Williams College and two years in the study of law in Boston. His subsequent career has been passed in Hawaii. He is a man of high character, and he commands the respect of foreigners and natives alike. The success of the Republic during the past five years of agitation and intrigue is mainly due to the level-headed business conservatism of the "still strong man" at the head. His commanding presence is happily united with a gentle, approachable manner, and a genuinely democratic spirit and habit of life. In all his labors and cares he is enthusiastically seconded by his charming and talented wife, who accompanied him on his visit to this country. His social and official utterances and acts while in the States were marked by modesty and good breeding. In no one respect did he give the opponents of annexation an

SANFORD B. DOLE.

opportunity to use him against his cause. And that cause! The pilgrimage of President Dole is unique in these times of self-seeking and fast holding. In striking contrast with the all-grasping Barrios of Gautemala, who, not content with the term of office to which he was elected, and with an enormous fortune obtained from the sale of monopolies, proclaimed himself Dictator, and thus invited the assassin's bullet, the Hawaiian President, in the plenitude of his power, with no question as to his ability to succeed himself, came to the United States to assure our President in person that the interests of his island republic and of our greater republic are identical, and that he stands ready at any time to turn over the government of Hawaii to the United States.

A RELATIVELY GREAT BENEFACTION.

BY R. H. FAIRBAIRN.

OUR attention has been called to the donation of five hundred dollars made by a gentleman of Hawkeye, Fayette county, Iowa, to found a free public library in that village. The donor is Mr. Charles W. Bopp, President of the State Bank of Hawkeye. He was born in Iowa less than thirty years ago, and has made his own way in the world by dint of industry and close application to business. He has for nine years been connected with the Carey Safe Company of Buffalo, N. Y.

The provisions of the statutes of Iowa relative to the establishment of free public libraries is certainly wise when considered in view of the great importance of such depots of information for the people.

It is trite to speak of the necessity of promoting, to the highest degree, the intelligence of the people in order to secure the blessings of free government in the broadest and best sense of the term; but in a government "of the people, by the people, for the people," the intelligence of the masses must be the security upon which rests the whole system. The importance of this fact, if lost sight of, may bring ruin upon the country which is now our pride and boast.

Patriotism is not confined to times of war and great national peril, as many seem to think it is; but "piping times of peace," no less than when home and country are menaced by an armed foe, demand the cultivation of this principle and its exercise so generally and enthusiastically, so intelligently and carefully, that at all times our borders may be invulnerable, and our firesides and homes offer a bulwark against foreign or domestic foes.

In order to secure this lofty patriotism, the lessons of the past, as illustrated in the lives of the men and women of history, must be learned in youth in the libraries and schools of the present.

The greatest library of modern times is that of the British Museum with one million three hundred thousand volumes accessible on easy terms to every student over twenty-one years of age. Such a library presents a wonderful aggregation, and opens before the happy student who can avail himself of its privileges such helps as will make mind a veritable store-house of facts and information. But of what use is this great library to the young men and women of Yorkshire? We have thirty-four great libraries in this country, easy of access to the few whom fate or fortune has favored with a home or residence near them. But how can the boys and girls of the more remote districts in the states where they are located avail themselves of the advantages of these sources of information?

We seem to have, as yet, but few patriots, or philanthropists, who, having acquainted themselves with the real wants of the country, are applying their surplus revenues and benevolent energies to the betterment of the condition of our growing population in the smaller cities, villages, and towns.

Colleges have been built and endowed in many places in this country, great libraries have been donated to cities or colleges from time to time; for the rich seem to have forgotten that a very small per cent of the boys and girls, isolated as they are, can avail themselves of the aid of either one or the other. It is a fact that of the youth of this country less than five per cent ever attend any institution of learning other than the common school, yet we cling to the idea that he is a wise philanthropist who devotes millions to the education of the hundreds ignoring the needs of the millions.

CHARLES W. BOPP,
Founder of the Hawkeye Library.

The present instance is a happy departure from the old ways, and the fact is worthy of attention. But there is a group of facts here which not only claim attention, but challenge admiration. The first we have mentioned, the

second is the youth of the donor and the further fact that this money was not inherited, but earned in the regular business of life.

If there is not a grave error in the statement that "of the youth of this country less than five per cent ever attend any institution of learning other than the common school," then indeed, we may well turn our attention as citizens, patriots and philanthropists, from the great institutions of learning to the common schools, the "work shops" where the great mass of the people obtain the formative principles, a knowledge of the duties and privileges of American citizenship.

Dull indeed, must be that mind, cold the sympathy of that nature, that brought face to face with the facts, does not feel a throb of interest for the young men and women of this country thus deprived of the means of obtaining a better equipment for the responsibilities soon to be thrust upon them.

Here is a field for philanthropic activity, for real work with human lives, which will yield readily to the efforts for its development and give a return of more than a hundred fold.

The library for the village is not only a pleasure to the people, but a necessity in the proper training of mind. It is a moral lever to raise the thought of the young, and we have no right to inveigh against the taste of the boys and girls for the pestilent yellow-covered trash now used, until we have spread before them such a mental *menu* as will be not only abundant and interesting, but nourishing and delightful.

The keys to the mysteries of the universe hang at the girdle of trained mind; he who by his wealth, or by speech, or by example, touches a human life for good, sets in operation forces which stir the sea of thought and action and produce waves which will reach distant shores of time crested with the white crown of purity and bearing vessels loaded with blessings to the human race.

THE DE LOMES.

A PRESS dispatch on the 14th of February referring to the recent sensation in diplomatic circles, the publication of a private letter reflecting on President McKinley, written by Spanish Minister de Lome to Señor Canalejas, thus refers to the Spanish Minister and his wife:

"Mr. de Lome's resignation is really considered here [in Havana] a severe blow to Spain. The Cubans are jubilant. They say that Spain has no other diplomat with equal brains, industry, private fortune and brilliant, diplomatic wife. They think there will be fewer 'senators from Spain' now."

There is no question in Washington but that Madame de Lome is herself an able and trained diplomat and a woman of great intellectual and social power. Senor and Madame Depuy de Lome came to Washington for the second time in May, 1895. Madame de Lome and the Duchess of Veragua represented the Queen Regent of Spain at our World's Fair.

Married at 17, Madame de Lome's mature life has been passed wholly in an atmosphere of diplomacy. She has resided in Berlin, Brussels, Paris, London, and Washington. She speaks French, German, and English almost as fluently as Spanish. Her fine taste in dress, and her charming and generous hospitality are proverbial in Washington. Possessed of large wealth, the de Lomes have made their beautiful home on Connecticut Avenue a center of social and political influence. Much of the special pleading for cruel, blundering old Spain which has been voiced

MADAME DE LOME.

in the press and on the floor of the Senate found its inspiration in the mansion of the Spanish minister. The de Lomes have two sons who are already trained linguists and give promise of careers in diplomacy.

TITIAN'S "LA FLORA."

MISS FLORA WILSON,
Daughter of the Secretary of Agriculture.

SOME LADIES OF THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.—II.

BY JULIETTE M. BABBITT.

NOT for many years—if ever—has there been a Cabinet circle in which were so many charming young ladies as the present one, and Iowa people may well be proud of their representative, Miss Flora Hazel Wilson, only daughter of the Hon. James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture. Miss Wilson is of medium height with slender figure, fair complexion, blue-gray eyes and pale brown hair forming a well shaped forehead. Her manner is quiet and unaffected and she is very interesting in conversation. She graduated with high honors from the Iowa State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts about four years and a half ago, and became librarian of that institution from the time of her graduation until she joined her father in Washington to take her place as mistress of his home, a position which she has ably filled ever since her mother's death some five years ago.

Secretary Wilson and his family—two of his sons are with him now—are comfortably settled in a pretty, new house on S street, near the head of Connecticut avenue. The furniture was brought from their Iowa home. Among the pictures on the walls are a number of remarkably well executed paintings by Miss Wilson, who is, also, a fine musician. Her sweet, well trained voice has been heard with pleasure several times at the White House by the President and his gentle wife, who are very fond of music and of the society of young people.

Of interest to the people of the middle-west, and especially of Iowa, is the fair young wife of Hon. Hugh R.

MISS ALGER,
Daughter of the Secretary of War.

Belknap, Representative in Congress from Chicago. Mr. Belknap, a son of the late Gen. W. W. Belknap, Secretary of War during the last Grant administration, was born in Iowa. Mrs. Belknap was Miss Marietta V. Steele, daughter of Representative and Mrs. George W. Steele of Marion, Ind., where she was united to the brilliant young Congressman September 22, 1897. The wedding was one of the most beautiful and delightful affairs of that city. Mrs. Belknap is tall, well formed and very fair, with charming manners and many accomplishments. She has been carefully educated, is a fine musician and a very clever artist in water colors. Her father has been in Congress for many years, and even as a school-girl Mrs. Belknap was very popular in Washington society and a great favorite of Mrs. Cleveland, who often invited her to the White House. Mr. and Mrs. Belknap live in a pretty apartment at the Portland.

Miss Frances Alger, youngest and only unmarried daughter of the Secretary of War, is one of the most charming young ladies of a very charming

MRS. HUGH BELKNAP,
Bride of the Chicago Congressman.

MRS. JOSEPH H. BRIGHAM,
Wife of the Assistant Secretary of Agriculture.

Cabinet circle. She is tall, slender and graceful; has black hair and eyes, rose-tinted cheeks and a bright and pleasing expression which a photograph does not catch. She is accomplished; has excellent taste in dress; talks well, and is an able assistant of her handsome and exceedingly popular mother.

Mrs. Brigham, wife of Hon. Joseph H. Brigham, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, was Miss Edna Allman, a native of Ohio, where most of her busy and useful life has been spent. She met Colonel Brigham during the war and, after a brief courtship, became his wife in December, 1863. Soon after the close of the war Colonel and Mrs. Brigham went to live on a farm near Delta, Ohio, which has been their home ever since. Mrs. Brigham is a gentle, fair-faced woman, devoted to her family, and hardly strong enough, this winter, to take an active part in social gayeties. Of her six children three are married and living in Ohio. Of the three in Washington, two are attractive girls who are still pursuing their studies.

GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

(A HISTORY.)

BY COL. JOHN W. EMERSON.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)
(Begun in the October, 1896, MIDLAND MONTHLY.)

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XV.

A FEW years after the close of the war, the writer, having heard the same facts,—related by General Thayer,*—(and himself having personal knowledge of most of the events at the time they transpired in 1861,) desired nevertheless to learn what knowledge others might possess of the fact that Grant had formed his great plans during the first days of his official career as General; with this purpose, and knowing that Gen. Frank P. Blair had a most intimate knowledge of all matters military then relating to Missouri, I inquired of him whether he had ever heard his brother Montgomery Blair, — Lincoln's Postmaster-General — or Mr. Lincoln himself, speak of Grant's early plans. General Blair replied:

"I do not think I ever had occasion to speak with the President about Grant's plans, as to when they were formed; but I had occasion to vindicate Grant several times when his enemies were trying to ruin him after Donelson and Shiloh. The d——d whelps would have destroyed the fair fame of even their Savior! But Mr. Lincoln had too much good sense to be influenced by them. He believed in Grant, because Grant would fight.

"But I heard Montgomery [meaning his brother] speak several times about Grant's early plans. After Grant had broken through the rebel lines at Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, and Shiloh, Montgomery remarked to me frequently, and always with surprise and admiration, as to how precisely Grant's operations were conforming to the plan he had sent to the President through Mr. Washburn. Every time Grant would fight and gain a point, Montgomery was sure to say to me: 'That fellow Grant is sticking to his text; that's exactly according to his plan I heard read last summer.' I know the plans were sent from Ironton for the campaign.

"No, sir, there is no doubt about the plans, and that Grant formed them as soon as he became Brigadier-General, almost precisely as he afterwards executed them. What surprised me when I first heard of it was that the fellow had the audacity and the foresight to conceive such plans at a time when we, in Missouri, were hustling to keep the rebels from overrunning our state and Southern Illinois. But he did, though, and carried them out, too."

Hon. E. B. Washburn had long been an eminent member of congress from the Galena district, and had gained commanding influence and the sobriquet, "the Father of the House." He had recommended the appointment of Grant as Brigadier-General. As American Minister to France during the Franco-German war he also added lustre to the American name by his wise statesmanship, and prudent diplomacy.

He had become possessed of an oil painting of the Hon. Edward Hempstead, the first representative in congress from the territory of Missouri,

*"Grant at Pilot Knob," by General Thayer, in McClures October, 1895.

and he had signified a desire to present the historic painting to the State of Missouri. Arrangements were made to receive the eminent gentleman at the state capitol of Missouri, February 3, 1881, during the session of the legislature, where the presentation was formally made in the hall of the house of representatives. A reception followed at the Governor's mansion. During a conversation with Mr. Washburn on that occasion, the writer, desirous of obtaining that gentleman's knowledge touching Grant's plans for future military operations when he became Brigadier-General, asked Mr. Washburn for his recollection of them. He answered that he remembered very distinctly Grant sending him plans of a campaign immediately after he was appointed Brigadier-General, to be laid before the President; also about intervening, soon after, to have Grant given authority to execute the plans. And, there not being favorable opportunity at the public function to recall and discuss the historical facts, he promised that soon after returning home he would write me briefly his memory as to what occurred. A few days later he wrote me as follows:

GALENA, Ills., February 7, 1881.

MY DEAR JUDGE EMERSON:—Referring to our conversation at Jefferson City recently on the subject of General Grant's plan of campaign in August, 1861, I can say that within a few days,—not more than a week,—after he was appointed Brigadier-General, I received from him a plan of campaign to be submitted to the President. I did so at once, with words of commendation, for it impressed me greatly as the conception of a daring soldier of comprehensive views.

Without stating particulars, the plan proposed breaking the Confederate lines on the rivers and advancing through Kentucky and Tennessee.

The boldness of the project gave me still greater confidence in Grant, and I was indignant to learn from him two weeks later that General Fremont had removed him from that district and sent him to Jefferson City. I protested to the President, and urged Grant's restoration, and that he be instructed to pursue his previous plan. Mr. Lincoln remembered the plan and approved it, remarking that he was glad to find a man who was ready to fight.

That evening the President directed Cameron, Secretary of War, to request General Fremont, who commanded the Department

GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS IN CAPE GIRARDEAU, MO., IN 1861.
The court-house on the hill to the right was the Provost-Marshall's office.

From an old portrait.

PRESIDENT AND MRS. GRANT, AND THEIR ELDEST SON, FREDERICK D. GRANT.

of the West, headquarters at St. Louis, to restore Grant to the district of southeast Missouri, as it was then called. I do not think any order was made by Mr. Lincoln. He preferred to make the request, and have Fremont make the order. Thereupon General Grant was immediately recalled from Jefferson City and sent south.

Yours truly, E. B. WASHBURN.

CHAPTER XVI.

GRANT TAKES COMMAND AT JEFFERSON CITY.

On August 22d General Grant assumed command at the state capital; his district embraced a large portion of the central and western parts of the State. General Price and other confederates were threatening the large towns in Central Missouri. When General Grant reached his new command he found conditions immeasurably worse than they had been at Mexico and at Ironton. There were a few thousand troops, but in a state of great demoralization. They were commanded by volunteer officers without military experience,

and were scattered in small fragmentary detachments without military discipline or coherency. Many were fresh volunteers, and without uniforms or arms. The country adjacent to Jefferson City was overrun with rebel "bushwhackers" and guerrillas, who robbed and killed Unionists; and the latter were fleeing from their homes to the towns held by the Union Army, with such clothing and household goods as could be hastily carried off; with their families in wagons, on horseback, and on foot. All were glad to escape to a haven of safety; many of them were in want and destitution.

Grant found the city filled with these people, who aided to increase the general terror and chaotic condition.

To reduce all these elements to order, provide for the suffering and starving Union refugees, and to bring into regular and effective organization all the mixed and semi-military force (composed of regular three years' volunteers, six months' men to serve in Missouri, home guards, state militia, and the like), to effectively discipline, arm, clothe and drill it into a compact military machine, was a task well performed, if accomplished in months. But it did not take Grant months; it did not take him weeks. He put men and officers actively at work; systematized everything; incited emulation amongst the officers as to who could produce the best drilled and best disciplined force, and dissipated all discontent amongst the men, resulting from lack of military order. In less than a week Jefferson City was transformed into a model of order. Every approach to the city was guarded by watchful and well drilled forces, and Grant had a disciplined little army ready for offensive operations against the enemy. No longer were the citizens and soldiers in terror of an attack by Price or the other Confederate forces, but all faces were turned with confidence to this new commander who could so soon transform a disorganized semi-mob of earnest men into a compact army, and they expected him to lead it out and attack the enemies of the State and of the Union.

How this quiet, calm, unassuming man could so speedily bring about this marvelous transformation was a phenomenon which the most observant onlookers were never quite able to understand. They only knew that the feat was performed before their eyes, as it had been done by him at Mexico and at Ironton a few weeks before.

As soon as this was accomplished he was ready to put his force in motion. Large sums of money were in the banks at Boonville, Lexington and Chillicothe, and the transfer of this to St. Louis could only be safely entrusted to a strong miltitary force. Besides this, there were rebel forces, regular and irregular, to be attacked and dispersed in that direction. To accomplish both objects, Grant, one week after his advent, put the force which he had so speedily organized in motion westward.

Frémont had been urgent as to the construction of fortifications. Grant's theory was to attack the enemy instead of acting on the defensive. The second dispatch which he sent to General Frémont, on the next day after his arrival, states that "Drill and discipline are more necessary for the men than fortifications. Another difficulty in the way of fortifying is that I have no engineer officer to direct it; no time to attend to it myself, and very little disposition to gain a 'Pillow notoriety' for a branch of the service that I have forgotten all about."*

It was not his theory of suppressing the rebellion, to spend millions in fortifying interior points and *defending* them; but to organize an effective army and fight the enemy wherever he could be found.

Washburn's protest had been successful; Frémont complied with the request of the President, and, on August 28th, as General Grant was ready to start on his

*War Records.

campaigns to the west (part of his force had already started), Col. Jefferson C. Davis appeared with an order from Frémont directing Grant to report forthwith at department headquarters in St. Louis for special orders.

His work of organization at Jefferson City, and the movements set in motion by him, soon after resulted in the capture by the union troops near Lexington, of more than two thousand recruits who were on their way to join Price in Southern Missouri, and more than a thousand horses, several hundred wagons, and a large quantity of army supplies; and in the general dispersion of other bodies of confederates being recruited in Northern Missouri.

CHAPTER XVII.

GRANT RETURNS TO SOUTHEAST MISSOURI.

The same evening on which he was relieved, General Grant reported to General Frémont in St. Louis, and was restored to his old command of the district of Southeast Missouri. At the same time, Frémont, in an order issued to General Prentiss at Ironton, said:

> "When you were ordered to go to Ironton and take the place of General Grant, who was transferred to Jefferson City, it was under the impression that his appointment was of a later date than your own. By the official list it appears, however, that he is your senior in rank. He will therefore, upon effecting a junction with your troops, take command of the whole expedition."*

Grant hastened to Ironton by rail, expedited the movement of troops toward Jackson and Greenville and Bloomfield, returned to St. Louis the same night and took steamer for Cape Girardeau where we find him in command on August 30th, organizing an expedition, the several detachments of which were to move from Ironton, Jackson, and Cape Girardeau, and concentrate in the interior and attack Jeff. Thompson's forces reported to be at Bloomfield or Sikeston.

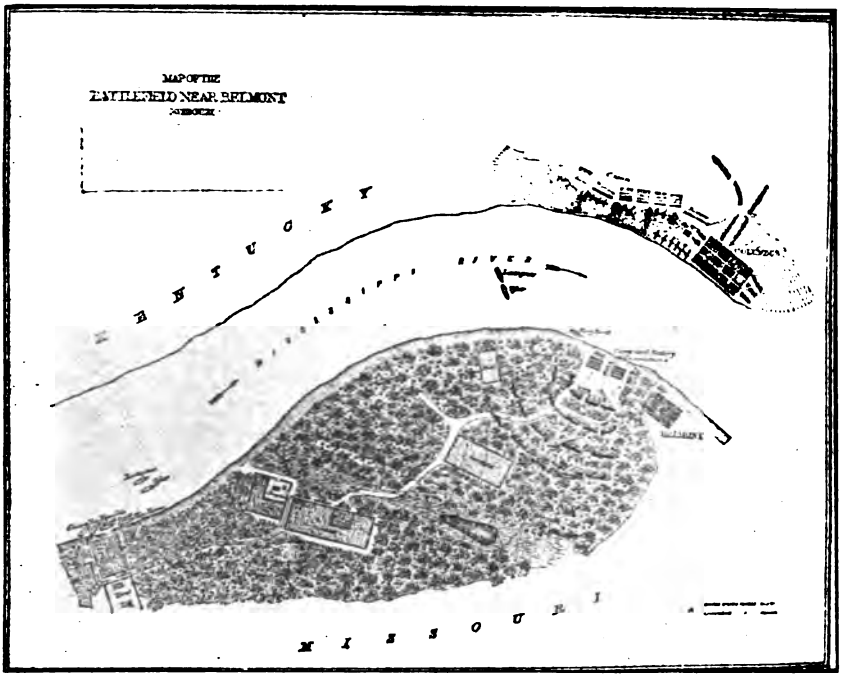
On Sepemtber 1st, he issued an order placing Col. M. L. Smith, Eighth Missouri volunteers, in command of the post

From an old drawing.

GRANT EMBARKING AFTER THE BATTLE OF BELMONT—THE LAST MAN ON BOARD.

*War Records.

THE BATTLE OF BELMONT—GRANT'S FIRST BATTLE, NOVEMBER 7, 1861. CAPTURE AND BURNING OF THE CONFEDERATE CAMP.



of Cape Girardeau, inspected the fortifications then under construction, and the forces there assembled; corrected many irregularities; set the troops drilling, hurried forward supplies and ammunition to Jackson, where the troops from Ironton were to assemble under Prentiss, and sent off a dispatch to General McClernand at Cairo, informing him that he had just learned that Hardee was in Arkansas, and that the enemy had retreated from Benton and Commerce with their artillery; ordering Colonel Wallace to push out from Bird's Point to Charleston, Mo., and informing him also that he would, as soon as General Prentiss' column reached Jackson, "assume command of all the troops cooperating from this point to Cairo, and" would "move down the river at once." He added that "If Colonel Waagner's instructions are not different from mine, Belmont should have been taken possession of and held."

On September 2d, General Prentiss arrived. Grant immediately ordered him to hasten forward with his force to Commerce and Benton, and thence to Sikeston, but Prentiss refused to obey, insisting that he was Grant's senior. Grant was unyielding, knowing that he ranked Prentiss; and, declining to arrest Prentiss, the latter placed himself under arrest and started for St. Louis.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GRANT REACHES CAIRO.

Grant at once placed Colonel Cook in command of Prentiss' brigade, issued the necessary orders to govern his movements, sent 30,000 rations to Jackson, and hastened to Cairo, where we find him, at four o'clock on the same day, reporting to General Frémont a brief history of his action!

On the 3d, Frémont notified Grant that the enemy was at Sikeston 16,000 strong with artillery and cavalry; and Grant, after inspecting the works under construction, and the scattered forces in and around Cairo (not waiting to make an order assuming command),

issued his first order from his new headquarters at Cairo, with his face and his thoughts southward.

H'DQ'RS DIST. OF SOUTHEASTERN MISSOURI,
CAIRO, September 3, 1861.

COL. G. WAAGNER: The movements from Jackson having been detained, you will retain possession of Belmont until otherwise directed. The movement upon Charleston being deferred, you may make such reconnoissance as is safe, and report to me at this place.

U. S. GRANT,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

He reported to General Frémont the military conditions in his district, and on the morning of September 4th he issued his order assuming command at Cairo. The event being of the highest historical importance, I give the order in full:

H'D'QRS DISTRICT SOUTHEAST MISSOURI,
CAIRO, Ill., September 4, 1861.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 3. By virtue of directions from headquarters, Department of the West, Cairo will be included in the Southeast Missouri district, and the undersigned therefore assumes command.

Brig. Gen. J. A. McClernand, United States volunteers, being senior officer of the post of Cairo, is assigned to duty as commander, and will assume his duties as soon as practicable.

Bird's Point and Mound City will be considered as parts of the command at Cairo.

Headquarters of the military district of Southeast Missouri will be at this place until otherwise directed.

U. S. GRANT,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

On the same evening, after gathering all possible information as to the position and intended movements of the enemy in Kentucky and Southeast Missouri, he reported to General Frémont that:

On the strength of reconnoissances made by Colonel Waagner I telegraphed this evening that troops artillery, cavalry, and infantry --can be spared from here by sending those from Jackson promptly to *take possession of Columbus heights*, and New Madrid will fall within five days after. *This should be done to-morrow night.* . . .

Respectfully, Your Obedient Servant,
U. S. GRANT,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

The italics are my own, as the words show how quick Grant was to perceive the strong and important points, immediately upon taking command at this vital new center of operations.

Amidst the events that were pressing upon him; the organization of forces, the planting of batteries, the movement of gunboats, the expeditions into the swamp regions west of the river against Jeff Thompson, the procuring of supplies, and receiving the reports of spies, scouts and refugees, Grant found time to prepare for offensive movements.

On the 5th of September he wrote to the Speaker of the Kentucky Legislature as follows:

CAIRO, Ill., September 5, 1861.

I regret to inform you that confederate forces in considerable numbers have invaded the territory of Kentucky. and are occupying and fortifying strong positions at Hickman and Chalk Bluffs.

U. S. GRANT.
Brigadier-General U. S. Army.

SPEAKER HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
Frankfort, Ky.

CHAPTER XIX.

GRANT CAPTURES PADUCAH.

The ink was scarcely dry on this communication when his thoughts turned again to aggressive military movements. He wrote to General Frémont:

All information to-day has been telegraphed fully. *I am now nearly ready for Paducah, should not telegram arrive from you preventing the movement* on the strength of the information telegraphed.

In a few hours from that writing his force was on board steamboats, whose destination no man but himself,—not even the captains of the boats,—then knew, and at 6 o'clock next morning he landed his force and entered Paducah, as the advance force of the enemy (who were moving in to occupy it) retreated hastily before his army.

It is here worthy of note that Grant's first order issued at Ironton on assuming command August 9, 1861, was signed by "M. S. Hasie, Post Adjutant;" and the next one of his orders signed by an aide or an adjutant was issued on September 5th, directing the destruction of small boats on the Kentucky shore. This was signed by "Wm. S. Hillyer, A. D. C. and A. A. G., by order of Brigadier-General Grant."

All of the many scores of orders, reports, messages, and communications from him between August 9th and September 5th, and during all these operations, were written and signed by Grant.

Surely this shows as remarkable industry, as it does most unusual attention to details in a General in command, and furnishes an insight into the rapidity with which Grant worked when responsibility rested upon him. And it will also help to account for many things which have hitherto surprised us in his later brilliant career.

In an industrious search in the War Records, the writer has not found any parallel to this in the career of any other General in the army.

The author has thought it profitable to detail with some minuteness the events which occurred during the first three weeks of Grant's command of a district. Here was the first opportunity he had ever enjoyed of independent command; of exercising or exhibiting any genius for war. However much Grant's critics may affect to think that in his great achievements during later campaigns he was influenced and aided by the able Generals around him, he certainly was not thus far aided or influenced by any of the totally untrained officers of his command. Thus far he had been surrounded by unskilled, undisciplined material. All this had to be moulded into order, instructed, and converted into a fighting machine; and it had to be done quickly. How did he accomplish this task?

In studying Grant during these, to him, most trying and important weeks, what picture does he present to our imagination? what impressions do the events make upon our minds as to his ability? Do we discover *indicia* of the genius which shone out so luminously a few months and years later as to gain the applause of the whole world?

Let us summarize briefly. On August 7, 1861, Grant, as Colonel, was in command at Mexico, Mo. On that day he was ordered to the command of the district at Ironton. Within thirty hours he moved his regiment, with all its equipage, 200 miles, over two railroads, with a break of several miles to be marched between connections, and before evening on August 8th, he was marching his regiment through Ironton to its encampment.

On the 7th he was nominated Brigadier-General, and confirmed and commissioned on the 9th.

He reorganized his force, disciplined and drilled it; reduced a condition of chaos to perfect order; had out expeditions scouting the country; watched the movements of the enemy in all parts of his large district; organized his force to attack Hardee and Jeff. Thompson, and began his advance, forcing Hardee from the state. He had conceived, formulated and sent on to Washington his great plan of campaign for opening the Mississippi River and breaking through the confederate lines. All this within *nine days*,—between August 9th and the 18th,—when he was relieved and ordered to Jefferson City.

On August 22d he was in command at Jefferson City, having in the meantime appealed to Washburn to help him back to Southeast Missouri.

At Jefferson City he instantly changed chaos into order; organized disintegrated elements into a vigorous little army; reached all parts of his district with orders, and started his force westward on a campaign to Lexington, Boonville and Chillicothe—all within six days! Then on August 28th, he was ordered to report to St. Louis.

Within the next three days he had been at St. Louis with Frémont, and at Ironton, to push an expedition into the interior against Thompson; had returned to St. Louis, and had gone to Cape Girardeau; and on August 30th, was in command there, pushing the construction of fortifications, improving discipline, and organizing an expedition against Generals Pillow and Thompson; had disposed of the insubordination of Prentiss, and sent minute reports of all the conditions to General Frémont,—all within three days! and on the afternoon of September 2d, he was forty miles distant without railroad connection in the midst of rapid work at Cairo!

On September 3d, after a busy day of inspections, he met officers from Bird's Point, from Cairo outposts, from the gunboats, from Mound City, questioning them, and instructing them. On the very first day of his activity, and before he had taken time to issue an order assuming command, he issued orders relating to the occupation of Belmont, twenty miles south. On the fourth he assumed formal command; he met scouts and spies, learned the movements of the enemy, reported elaborately to General Frémont; issued orders as to movements on the Missouri side; urged Frémont to take possession of Columbus Heights "to-morrow;" organized an expedition to take possession of Paducah; wrote to the Kentucky Legislature as to the occupancy of their soil by the Confederates, and on that very night,—all within three days from his arrival,—he started with his force to capture, and early next morning did capture, Paducah, the first strategic and important point for him to possess in the prosecution of his great plan of campaign!

And, now, here we find our young General, with all these activities accomplished within a little over *three weeks*, and master of the situation at the great central strategic point of Cairo!

I submit to the student and to the thoughtful reader of history the question whether we have not here, in these three weeks, at the very inception of Grant's career as General, the hope and the promise of all his subsequent military achievements?

General Frémont promptly rebuked Grant for informing the Kentucky Legislature that the Confederate army had invaded the State. "Brigade and other commanders," he said, "are not to correspond with State or other high authorities. All such subjects are to be submitted to the Major-General commanding the department."

A few days later Grant sent Gen. C. F. Smith with a portion of his command to occupy Smithland, at the mouth of the Cumberland; thus securing the command of this and the Tennessee,—two rivers navigable quite into the heart of the Confederacy.

In the meantime the Confederates under Major-General Polk, with some twelve thousand men, and heavy artillery, had taken possession of, and was fortifying, Columbus, a formidable height completely commanding the Mississippi River, only twenty miles south of Cairo. On the 4th Grant had urgently suggested to Frémont that this position ought to be occupied "to-morrow." But Frémont would not consent to the move. Again, on the 10th of September, he wrote Frémont that: "If it was discretionary with me, with a little addition to my present force, I would take Columbus." But Frémont took no notice of Grant's importunities; he was kept strictly subordinate and allowed to make no important move,—Frémont apparently fearing to have Grant come in contact with the enemy outside of intrenchments.

Under these severe limitations placed upon his movements and discretion, Grant busied himself in the completion of defensive works about Cairo, Bird's Point, and on the Kentucky shore, and in the thorough organization and discipline of his forces.

The Confederates took advantage of the delays and strongly fortified their lines at Cumberland Gap, Bowling Green, Fort Donelson, Fort Henry, and Columbus. General Buell was making little progress in movements from Louisville southward. His department reached west to the Cumberland River. Frémont's attention seemed largely absorbed in the organization of a formidable expedition into southwest Missouri against Generals Price and McCulloch. He acted as if he feared it would be a dangerous experiment to allow Grant to do any important independent fighting.

Under this restraint and under these limitations upon his freedom of movement, Grant spent two months of valua-

ble time, not striking the enemy a blow, all the time admonished not to attack the enemy south of him. He was to make reconnoissances, feints, and demonstrations, but not to fight.

True, the time was not wholly lost, for he pushed the work of organizing and drilling his men; and at the end of this time he found himself in command of a well disciplined army of nearly 11,000 men But this force was widely scattered over his large district, at Ironton, Cape Girardeau, Bird's Point, Paducah, Smithland, Cairo, etc.*

Grant, always patient and even-tempered, keenly felt the restraint, while a bold and defiant enemy was only twenty miles away. His men, too, had become restless and were anxious to fight. The enemy had converted the heights at Columbus into a citadel, bristling with cannon of long range completely commanding the river, and the low-lying village of Belmont on the west side; the southern press calling it the "Gibraltar of America."

CHAPTER XX.

GRANT PREPARES TO ADVANCE ON BELMONT.

But now a change was at hand. General Frémont having gone from St. Louis into Southwest Missouri, became alarmed at reports that Price and McCulloch were about to be reinforced by Confederate troops from Columbus. It was important that this should be prevented, and to this end Frémont's Assistant Adjutant-General at St. Louis issued the following order:

ST. LOUIS, November 1, 1861.

Gen. Grant, Commanding at Cairo:

You are hereby directed to hold your whole command ready to march at an hour's notice. . . . . You are also directed to make demonstrations with your troops along both sides of the river toward Charleston, Norfolk and Blandville, and to keep your columns constanty moving back and against these places, without, however, attacking the enemy. Very respectfully, etc.,

CHAUNCEY MCKEEVER,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

*Grant's returns to the War Department on October 31, 1861, show the aggregate force in his entire district to be 11,161 of all arms.

On the next day, November 2, 1861, General Frémont was relieved of the command of the Western Department, and General Hunter placed in command. Hunter was with the army at Springfield, Mo., and in the confusion which resulted from the change and the very anomalous conditions existing under the Frémont régime, Grant had a few days to breathe with more freedom from restraint. It would be strange if, with the order to "make demonstrations on both sides of the river," he could not run against the enemy, by chance as it were, and have a fight even though his orders were "not to attack the enemy!"

At the same time General Smith was ordered to make demonstrations from Paducah against Columbus, but not to approach it.

On November 2d, another order came to Grant from Frémont's Adjutant at St. Louis, to send a force to drive out Jeff. Thompson, who was reported to be in Missouri with 3,000 men. On the 3d, Grant dispatched Colonel Oglesby with three regiments and a section of artillery to catch, if he could, that foxy, lightfooted vagrant of the swamps. If he could not find Thompson, he was to demonstrate toward New Madrid.

On November 6th, he sent Col. W. H. L. Wallace, with his regiment, to support Colonel Oglesby, having heard that Polk was sending forces across to Belmont, presumably to march into the interior and cut off Oglesby's command.

Grant hastened, therefore, to concentrate such force as he could, and move down the river toward Columbus. Detachments from the brigades of General McClernand and Colonel Dougherty, two companies of cavalry, and a battery of light artillery; a total force of 3,114 men and officers, embarked on steamers, convoyed by two gunboats; and, on the evening of the 6th, dropped down the river toward Columbus, near enough to apprise the enemy of the demonstration and thus stop the further movement of troops to the west.

The expedition tied up to the Kentucky shore during the night, and a reconnoisance was made on land toward Columbus, until the enemy's pickets were touched.

This, with a like demonstration by Smith, from Paducah towards the rear of Columbus, satisfied General Polk that a direct attack on that place was meditated.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE BATTLE OF BELMONT.

At 2 o'clock in the morning of November 7th, it was reported to Grant, on board the steamer, that Polk had sent additional forces across to the Missouri or Belmont side of the river, and Grant promptly determined to convert his demonstration into an attack on the forces thus detached by Polk, and he issued what we may term his first order of battle, as follows:

ON BOARD STEAMER BELLE MEMPHIS, November 7, 1861, 2 o'clock A. M.

SPECIAL ORDER. The troops composing the present expedition will move promptly at six o'clock this morning from this place. The gunboats will take the advance and be followed by the First Brigade, under command of Brig.-Gen. John A. McClernand composed of the troops from Cairo and Fort Holt. The Second Brigade, comprising the remainder of the troops of the expedition, commanded by Col. Henry Dougherty, will follow. The entire force will debark at the lowest point on the Missouri shore where a landing can be effected in security from the rebel batteries. The point of debarkation will be designated by Captain Walkie, commanding the naval forces.

JOHN A. RAWLINS,*
Assistant Adjutant-General.
By order of Brig.-Gen. U. S. Grant.

Promptly at six o'clock the flotilla, (composed of two gunboats and three transports), moved down, and the force debarked at Hunter's Point on the Missouri side about four miles above, and just out of range of the heavy guns at, Columbus.

Grant promptly formed his little army. He posted a battalion of 600 men in a dry slough near the boats to protect and cover the landing, and with the remaining 2,500 brave men anxious to meet the enemy, moved toward Belmont. Throwing out two companies from each regiment as skirmishers well in advance, they came in sharp collison with the enemy a mile from the place of debarkation, and the entire force were soon engaging the enemy.

The topography of the battlefield was a Mississippi River bottom, subject to overflow at high water, and was cut up with a number of sloughs, bayous, washouts and ponds. Excepting two or three small cornfields, the whole country was densely timbered with huge sycamore, swamp oak, and other lowland timber. Grape and other vines grew over the bottoms, hung down from the trees, and with fallen timber and masses of drift-wood, made an entanglement difficult for an army to penetrate, and a most advantageous position for the occupying force to defend. There was but one narrow wagon road, with two trails winding their tortuous ways through this forest, to the Confederate encampment directly under the guns of Columbus Heights.

It was on this vantage ground of his own choosing that the Confederates elected to meet Grant and demonstrate (what one heard so often during the early days of the war in the South) that "one Southerner could lick half a dozen Yankees."

Pillow, a political General, who had seen service in the Mexican War, a man of immense pretensions, was in immediate command of the Confederate forces confronting Grant, consisting of about 3,500 men, a battalion of cavalry and a splendid battery of artillery, during the early part of the engagement. Against this formidable force, backed up by more than 10,000 additional men and powerful batteries of artillery across the river, Grant led his little army of 2,500!

If we consider the natural advantages of the position occupied by the enemy, and the many obstacles which Grant's force had to encounter and overcome, it would have been an unequal contest if Grant had been able to attack with as

*This is the first order I have found in the War Department issued by Grant to which the name of his famous Chief of Staff, Rawlins, is attached.

large a force as Pillow commanded, but when we see him moving upon an enemy numerically much greater than his own, and attacking him in so favorable a position for defense, and this, too, at a time when other Generals seemed to be afraid to get too close to the enemy, induces one to stop and say, "Well, it was strange! and yet not surprising, because it was Grant." Nor should we forget that this enemy was as courageous and brave as any in the world.

From the time Grant's force came in collision with the advance of the enemy, on the morning of that memorable 7th of November, they pressed on, keeping up a steady fire along the line, routing the enemy from one cover after another, pressing close upon him through slough and field, and vines and thickets, over fallen timber and driftwood; on, steadily on, until the slashed timber and sharpened abattis surrounding the Confederate encampment were encountered. Everywhere along the lines Grant rode in the thickest of the storm of bullets, giving directions and encouraging his men and officers.

A battle in a forest of this kind is a very exciting and trying ordeal. The crash of arms reverberating through the forest; swift puffs of smoke darting savagely out from trees and bushes as far as the eye can see; the groans of wounded men mingled with the courageous commands of officers and the cheers of men charging on the enemy; the bullets striking the trees with quick, sullen thud; the bark and twigs filling the air, and the smoke slowly rising and half hiding the specter objects, dead and living everywhere! In the midst of the rush, the passion. the crash of arms. the artillery at a little distance, and wherever an opening could be found, sending its shot and shell screeching and exploding in the tops of trees, cutting off branches, tearing trunks into splinters, and raining down upon the heads of the men who are thus creeping, fighting, and charging through the forest, a ceaseless storm of falling tree-tops, threatening to crush the reckless soldiers who defy all dangers, and fight madly on!

Grant's horse was shot under him. General McClernand, second in command, lost three horses. Nearly every other field officer was dismounted in the same way The fighting was close, persistent, desperate; but there was no slacking, no wavering, no hesitation on the part of Grant's little army. They had come to "clean out the rebel encampment at Belmont."

When they reached the abattis around the Confederate encampment, the fighting became still more fierce and desperate. All the Confederate artillery was brought into action, and an additional regiment of infantry that was sent by Polk to reinforce Pillow, came upon the scene of conflict, and the battle raged with desperate fury. Grant's forces steadily pushed on and on, and poured a stream of fire upon the enemy and forced him to steadily recoil,—little by little at first, then more rapidly,—until, after four hours of continuous and terrific fighting, Grant charged through all obstructions, and sent Pillow's broken and thoroughly demoralized and beaten force pell-mell through his camp, and down over the river bank, where it hid for protection from the bullets of Grant's triumphant pursuers.

In this final charge, Grant captured all Pillow's artillery; all his camp and camp supplies, and burned them as he had no means of carrying them off. The captured battery of artillery was taken some distance, but most of the artillery horses had been killed, and only two of the guns could be carried off as trophies to Cairo.

The water in the river was very low at the time, leaving the banks twenty to thirty feet high, and when the retreating Confederates went over the bank in a general rout, they completely disappeared, and there was not a live enemy visible to the victors on the west side of the river.

It is not surprising, therefore, that in the flush and excitement of so decided a victory, the victors themselves should, for the moment, give themselves over to some demoralization. Instead of pressing upon the enemy then hiding behind the bank out of sight, and sending the whole of them to the rear as prisoners, the National forces forgot that so valuable a prize was so near, and to be had upon a prompt demand, and gave themselves up to the excitement of victory, to cheering, to speech-making, to plundering and finally burning the camp.

Grant made every effort to induce the excited victors to resume order, and obey orders. These conditions existed for some time, during which the defeated enemy, finding that they were not disturbed, quietly moved along under cover of the bank, several hundred yards, up to the steamboat landing, where Grant discovered that Polk was making an effort to land several steamboat loads of fresh troops from Columbus, and also that the defeated force was reorganizing. This brought the new, as well as the old, reorganized force of the enemy, between Grant and his boats. The alarm was given and this had the desired effect on his men. They instantly resumed their places in the ranks with refilled cartridge boxes, ready to again try conclusions with the fresh contingent of Polk's army.

A member of Grant's staff, from civil life, who had just observed the large reinforcements landing from Columbus, rode up to Grant, and said in much excitement, "We are surrounded!"

"If that is so," answered Grant, "we must cut our way out, as we cut our way in. We have whipped them once, and I think we can whip them again."

This word ran along the lines, the men cheered as they were wheeled into position and moved rapidly upon the enemy that was trying to gain Grant's rear; and after a sharp combat again drove the entire force out of his way, and back to the river bank. This time the Confederate force was led by General Cheatham, who had crossed with three regiments of fresh troops from his division, making about 6,000 under his command, including Pillow's defeated force.

As soon as the Confederate camp was set on fire, and Polk saw that the National forces were in possession, he ordered the field batteries on the Kentucky shore, and all the heavy guns in the forts on Columbus Heights, to open upon Grant, and he in person with two additional regiments, a battery and two companies of cavalry, crossed over to reinforce Cheatham and Pillow. This augmented his force in Belmont to nearly 8,000, including a battalion of cavalry and two field batteries.

As Belmont is on low land, completely under the guns on Columbus Heights, Grant never had any intention of trying to hold it. His object was to chastise the force on the Missouri side, break up the camp, and so menace Columbus as to induce Polk to hold his force and not send any of it to reinforce Price in Southwest Missouri.

As soon, therefore, as this task was accomplished and the guns from Columbus opened upon him, he was ready to retire to his boats, and the second battle was fought to brush the enemy from his line of march back to his landing.

Although the enemy had been so largely reinforced, they were very cautious in coming in collision with Grant a third time, and Grant retired with his command in perfect order, and was not molested for an hour or more during his reëmbarkation.

At the beginning of the battle with General Cheatham in the afternoon, Grant could have had little more than two thousand men in ranks, and it was with this force that he attacked and drove Cheatham's and Pillow's combined forces back to the river, under the guns of their heavy batteries.

General Polk crossed the river with reinforcements,—two regiments, a bat-

tery and cavalry,—after Cheatham and Pillow had the second conflict with Grant, and instead of pursuing Grant as they afterwards asserted they did, their force was as far from Grant as it could possibly get. General Polk, in his official report, says:

On landing I was met by Generals Pillow and Cheatham, whom I directed, with the regiments of Cheatham's command and portions of others [which he had taken over with him] to press the enemy to his boats.

This shows that Pillow and Cheatham were not after Grant duing an hour or more after the last engagement, but were waiting on the bank of the river for further reinforcements under Polk. These did not reah Grant's landing place for an hour or more, and until after he had reëmbarked his force, and was waiting to bring in his wounded and stragglers.

When Polk's fresh reinforcements approached the vicinity of Grant's boats, their fire wounded only two of his troops and one sailor, and killed none. The enemy lost a large number by the fire of the gunboats, the infantry and field battery on the transports.

Captain H. Walke, who commanded the gunboats Tyler and Lexington, which convoyed Grant's three transports, says in his official report, as to the re-embarkation:

After nearly all the troops had re-embarked and were about ready to start, a sudden attack was made upon the transport vessels by an apparently large re-inforcement of the rebels. Our boats being in good position we opened fire with our grape, canister, and five-second shells, and completely routed them—we learn with great slaughter. After silencing the enemy we continued our fire with the broadside guns.

Colonel Preston Smith, Confederate commander of the 154th Tennessee Infantry, who came up o attack Grant after he had embarked, says in his report:

The fire was kept up on both sides with very little cessation for about one hour. [Grant surely was in no haste to get away.] Then the boats moved out under cover of the gunboats, and as the latter ascended the river, their position giving them better range, and they opened with shell, grape, and canister, sweeping the ground occupied by my command, killing one, and wounding twelve others of my command. As they continued to play on us the command was ordered to fall back to a field on the right.*

*Confederate War Lecords.

This was the third time the enemy had precipitately retired from Grant's fire. The other Confederate forces that came within range were forced to retreat with loss.

Thus it will be seen that in this first splendid (but unappreciated) battle of Grant, which began about nine o'clock in the morning, his little army of 2,500 men in action was in hot conflict for nearly four hours in the forenoon; then, after a short respite following the capture of the enemy's encampment, in another hot conflict with General Cheatham's reinforcements and routed them; then again, after reëmbarking, for another hour repelling the Confederate attack at the landing, altogether making fully *six hours* of fighting. In addition, they marched fully ten miles, advancing and retiring through entangled thickets; killed, wounded and captured 641 of the enemy;* captured his entire battery and carried off two of his guns and spiked the others; burned and desuroyed his camp; defeated and utterly routed, first General Pillow's 3,500; second General Cheatham reinforced to about 6,000; and in the third conflict at the landing when General Polk had about 8,000 men on the Belmont side of the river, forced them again to "fall back to a field on the right;" and Grant returned to Cairo by nightfall with his cheering and enthusiastic command, having lost but 85 killed, 301 wounded, and 99 missing,—a total of 485 men and officers!

This was General Grant's first battle, and the first battle of his men. I think I am justified in asking whether there was any braver or finer bit of military work done during the war?

CHAPTER XXII.

LATER CONFEDERATE ADMISSIONS.

The first published Confederate reports of this battle were full of extravagances and pretentious claims of victory because Grant retired from a field which

*"Our loss in killed was 105; wounded 419; missing 117. Total, 641." —General Polk's Report, War Records.

he had no intention of holding. Fortunately for the truth of history, a fierce quarrel ensued soon after, between Generals Polk and Pillow, and out of it came many surprising admissions by both in regard to this battle. This rich find I unexpectedly came upon in delving into the Confederate War records; and so far as I know these facts have not been hitherto published or referred to by any historian of the war. The fact that these documents were not written by Generals Polk and Pillow, or sent to President Davis and the Confederate Secretary of War until many months after their first boastful reports had been published South and North, and not until they were called for by President Davis in explanation of the quarrel, accounts for their sleeping unnoticed, so long.

Brief extracts from these Confederate reports will illustrate the desperate character of the battle of Belmont, and the bravery and energy of Grant's fighting. They also show how completely his claim to victory is sustained by the later and somewhat confidential reports of these two chief Confederate officers and their subordinates.

Some time in January, 1862 (date not given in the war records), General Pillow, owing to this quarrel, sent his resignation to the Confederate Secretary of War. Thereupon Judah P. Benjamin, then War Secretary, requested General Pillow to explain the cause of his resignation. On January 16, 1862, Pillow answered in a long and circumstantial account of his grievances against Polk. On January 30, 1862, Jefferson Davis indorsed on this explanation and supplemental report of General Pillow, as direction to the Confederate Secretary of War:

"To correct errors, both of fact and military discipline, it may be proper to communicate a copy of the paper to General Polk, J. D."

General Polk responded as follows:

HDQS. GRAND DIV. ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI, HUMBOLDT, March 12, 1862.

HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS, President C. S. America: SIR: I have not had an hour I could call my own since I received from the War Department a copy of the very extraordinary letter addressed to it by General Pillow [January 16, 1862], giving what he styles his reasons for resigning his appointment as Brigader; and I have collected from the Colonels under his command at the battle of Belmont written proofs of the most flagrant misstatements of facts and events that could well be imagined; and so of other things. So soon as I can find time from my absorbing public duties to attend to my private, I will present this matter in the shape of a reply to his aspersions.

I have the honor to be,
Your Obedient Servant,
L. POLK,
Major-General commanding.*

General Polk proceeded methodically to collect his proofs to disprove Pillow's charges. He addressed a series of written questions to each of General Pillow's field officers, and also to his own staff officers who had been sent by Polk from Columbus across the river to Belmont during the battle. These questions, with slight variations to the different officers, ran thus:

First.—Were you ordered to charge the enemy with the bayonet during the day of the battle of the 7th of November? If so, did your regiment reach the enemy's position, or did it stop short?

Second.—Were you ordered to make more than one charge?

Third.—Did you get out of ammunition during the battle? If so, were you informed there was ammunition on the river bank at your disposal, and by whom?

Fourth.—How many rounds had you then fired?

Fifth.—Did your regiment cross over to Belmont during the battle to reinforce General Pillow? If so, at what time did it reach him?

There were other questions intended to show how well Pillow was reinforced and supported by General Polk during the battle, but these will suffice.

After accumulating his proofs, General Polk, on July 22, 1862, sent to Hon. G. W. Randolph, Confederate Secretary of War, a very voluminous report, accompanied by the replies of the field and staff officers. In explaining his delay he says:

My answer to this letter of General Pillow should have been sent forward long ago. The occasion of the delay is that it was received just before the evacuation of Columbus and while I was engaged in the duties growing out of that movement. Since then the heavy pressure of succeeding events, following each other so rapidly, has prevented my attending to any duties that might be postponed.

With this explanation of these belated Confederate reports before him, the

*These and all the subsequent extracts are from the Confederate War records.

reader will be interested in perusing extracts from them, and learning what the Confederate leaders could say of this battle when for the time forgetting the enemy and talking about themselves.

General Pillow, in his letter com plaining to the Confederate Secretary of War of Polk's failure to reinforce him at Belmont, says of the battle:

On the 7th of November General Polk ordered me to cross the river with four regiments of my division, to meet the enemy, then landed and advancing upon the position of Colonel Tappan's regiment at Belmont. These, with Captain Beltzhoover's battery, and Lieutenant Colonel Miller's battalion of cavalry were deemed sufficient to resist the column reported to have landed. There was an adequate number of steamers at the landing.

This is an admission that he had five full regiments, one full battery of field artillery, and a battalion of cavalry, when the battle opened.

General Pillow proceeds in his complaint:

After four hours' hard fighting and after a loss of quite one-fourth of the force engaged, to save my command from total destruction I at last ordered the line to fall back to the river bank. There I met with Colonel Walker's regiment, the first support sent me.

This made six regiments of infantry in Pillow's command in the first battle.

Pillow again proceeds:

This bloody battle was within three-fourths of a mile from the main army; the river interposing I could not fall back upon it for support. There was not less than 10,000 well-armed, and well-disciplined men looking on the conflict from the opposite shore, and this force was within a strong and well-constructed line of defensive works. Such a sacrifice cannot be excused by alleged fears of attack on the Columbus side with the force there in hand.

Here, we find an admission of 10,000 men on the Columbus side, and certainly over 5,000 on the Belmont side, only three-fourths of a mile apart, with plenty of steamers to cross their forces at pleasure.

General Pillow, complaining of not being properly supported by General Polk, again says:

Finding it impossible longer to maintain my position without reinforcements, I ordered the whole line to fall back to the river bank. In this movement my line was more or less broken, and my corps mingled together, so that when we reached the river bank it had the appearance of a mass of men rather than an organized corps. I met Colonel Walker's regiment coming to my support, and ordered him to advance his regiment promptly to check the advance of the enemy. He met the enemy in the open field and held him in check until his line of fire and artillery had cut down a large portion of the regiment, when it was forced back under the bank of the river. When the enemy's force reached the bank of the river he was met by the fire of Captain Smith's battery from the opposite side of the river, which, being well directed, together with that of the heavy guns from the works above Columbus, made him recoil from the front.

Here we have the picture drawn by the Confederate commander of a thoroughly routed army. Not only was Pillow's original army of five regiments (his artillery) captured and cavalry driven in a confused mob under the river bank, but the fresh regiment of reinforcements was "cut to pieces and driven back" with the crowd. Not a shot was Pillow's army now firing, so thoroughly was it beaten. It was lying at Grant's feet and at his mercy, until, as Pillow says, "the fire of Captain Smith's battery on the opposite side of the river, together with the heavy guns in the works above Columbus, made him recoil from the front."

General Polk, answering General Pillow's charges, tells the Confederate Secretary of War that Pillow did not handle his forces well, did not make proper disposition of them. He says:

It was not difficult to account for the *speedy and disastrous termination of the fight*, or *the mortifying scenes witnessed on the river bank* at 12 M., as described by Captain Trask.

Captain Trask's account of it, referred to by General Polk, is as follows:*

We crossed the river under a heavy fire from the enemy's cannon, they having at this time driven in our forces, planted their guns on the bank of the river, and they were otherwise engaged in burning our tents and destroying our camp with no one that we could perceive at the time engaging them except the batteries from the Columbus side.

Upon landing at 12 M., on the Belmont side 400 yards above the position occupied by the enemy, *we found the landing obstructed by our disorganized forces*, who endeavored to board and take possession of our boat, and at the same time crying: "Don't land!" "Don't land!" "We are whipped!" "Go back!"

By this time all Pillow's artillery was in Grant's possession, and it looks

* Captain Trask was one of General Polk's staff officers.

very much as if General Pillow, was most thoroughly beaten. But lest I be considered partial I will quote what General Polk says further to the Confederate Secretary of war, as to General Pillow and the battle:

"I am not concerned to reopen the question of the justness of the opinion then expressed," [referring to his first report of the battle,] "*of the disaster itself* I said no more than I thought necessary, willing for the sake of the cause especially as we had triumphed, to throw a veil over all errors committed. *Yet nothing is better known than that General Pillow was badly beaten on that occasion, and that he was rescued from annihilation by the cross-fire of the fixed and field batteries*, and by the timely aid of Colonel Marks and General Cheatham."

Surely this should set at rest forever who was victor at Belmont. But I will add a few sentences from the official report of Major Henry Winslow, aid-de-camp on the staff of General Polk:

About 12 M., I was ordered by you (General Polk) to cross the river and ascertain the progress of the battle. On arriving on the Missouri shore I found our troops retreating in disorder up the river, the enemy having driven them back. I asked an officer the cause of this and he said that the men were out of ammunition. I directed him to supply himself from boxes lying under the bank. I found upon examination of the cartridge boxes, however, that they had a good supply. Finding that the confusion was becoming worse, and the men inclined to rush upon the transports, I endeavored by expostulation and entreaties to halt them, but in vain. I told General Pillow of your (General Polk's) wish to know how the battle was going, to which he replied the men were falling back, and that he wished to make a flank movement upon the enemy. I told him there was plenty of ammunition on the bank of the river, and asked him if the men could not be got to try the cold steel, to which he replied he had tried that, but could not get the men to stand it.

I recrossed the river at 2 o'clock and stated to you that my opinion was that the battle was lost unless more reinforcements were sent across; that the troops were in retreat and appeared to have lost all confidence in their officers, and that I thought your (General Polk's) presence alone would restore order.

This, then, was the demoralized condition of the Confederate force an hour and a half after General Cheatham crossed the river at 12:30 and after Grant had driven him, also, back to the river.

That Grant's victory was complete and brilliant stands thus proven.

If there had been no further reinforcements crossing from Columbus, no batteries on the Columbus heights,—more than thirty guns in all—sweeping the battlefield won by Grant,—if the Confederate Army at Belmont had stood there alone and unsupplanted by the 10,000 men still on the Columbus side, can there be a shadow of doubt but that Grant would have marched back with every man of that Confederate Army prisoners? It was alone the powerful batteries on the Kentucky shore which made it impossible for Grant to pick up and march off the army that had virtually surrendered; had ceased firing and lay panic-stricken under the river bank. He was only prevented carrying off all the enemy's field artillery on the Missouri side by want of horses to handle all the guns to his boats. He had defeated the army of the enemy under the heavy guns of his powerful fortress, and when these guns (which he could not reach), swept the battlefield, he simply withdrew, as completely the victor as if he had encamped upon the field a week or a month; for it was never again occupied by the enemy as a camp.

General Polk further says:

I directed Captain Smith's Mississippi battery to move to the river bank opposite the field of conflict and to open upon the enemy's position, I also directed Maj. A. P. Stewart in command of the heavy guns in the fort, to open upon the same position. This joint fire was so terrific as to dislodge the enemy, silence his battery and cause him to take up his line of march for his boats.

With what desperate energy Grant's light field guns must have been served to produce the impression upon the enemy that he had a heavy battery! And with what fury his 2,500 men must have attacked the enemy to have produced the impression that he had an army of 7,000 or 8,000 men!

In General Polk's defense of himself to the Confederate Secretary of War against General Pillow's complaints we also get at the truth as to the reinforcements sent over to aid Pillow, not so fully stated in his original boastful reports. He again says:

"Between 9 and 10 A. M., I caused the Second Regiment Tennessee, Col. J. Knox Walker commanding to be sent over to Brigadier-General Pillow, commanding the troops in Belmont, and it arrived on the battle-field

between 10 and 11 o'clock. . . . Immediately after this I sent the Fifteenth Regiment Tennessee Volunteers over to Belmont, and it passed over between 10 and 11 o'clock. We have thus a second regiment.

"The Eleventh Louisiana Regiment came up in double quick, and was landed at Belmont between 11:15 and 11:30 o'clock, and engaged the enemy a few minutes before 12. This is the *third* reinforcing regiment. Others, as the 154th Tennessee and Blythe's two Mississippi Regiments, were taken over by myself; a little delay ensued, owing to the fierceness of the fire of the enemy on our transports. . . . The first check experienced by the enemy was produced by a cross-fire of artillery which I had directed from a light battery placed on the river bank opposite his own battery, and from the heavy batteries of the fort. This fire, which was very heavy and destructive, drove him from the field and started him for his boats."

Here we have the emphatic testimony of the commanders of the Confederate forces, never before published so far as the writer is aware, stating in the most unmistakable terms that at least *three* regiments reinforced Pillow's army before 11:30 A. M., making his force *eight* regiments of infantry, besides his cavalry and battery of artillery. The first battle did not close until after 12. And yet these reinforcements were swept away, defeated, routed, by Grant's triumphant onset.

In his first report, dated three days after the battle, General Polk even there admits that, although Grant's forces had withdrawn from the "destructive fire of the heavy batteries" some distance out in the bottoms, yet "General Cheatham thought it prudent to halt his column and bring up his brigade, and he returned to the river bank for that purpose, where he met me, bringing with me Colonel Smith's brigade of fresh troops, who had now arrived, and I ordered the pursuit with the whole force."

Here we have the admission that, with an army reënforced by three fresh regiments before 11:30 A. M., "General Cheatham thought it *prudent* to halt," and return to the river bank and await the arrival of General Polk with three additional regiments, two field batteries, and a battalion of cavalry! It was only then, after Grant was quietly reëmbarking miles away, two hours later, that a "pursuit" was ordered, was deemed "prudent!"

The Confederate Army on the Belmont side of the river did not stop Grant. Nothing stopped him until he reached the river, and until, as General Polk tells us, "The first check experienced by the enemy was produced by a cross-fire of artillery on the opposite bank, and the heavy batteries of the fort."

It is seldom, indeed, that the historian is able to present such testimonials to the skill and bravery of a commander from the pens of his enemies. Great thanks to the quarrel between the principal actors on the Confederate side, whereby the official statements were made which are now brought to light!

In the thick of the fight Grant's second horse got entangled in vines and fell over a log. He was supposed to be shot, but in a moment he was on his feet again. Grant mounted and went dashing down the line, with the brush cut by missiles from the tops of the trees falling around him. On another occasion he was being pulled from his horse by a swinging grapevine, when the vine was cut by a minie ball, the ends falling apart, enabling him to ride on.

Grant was the last man to embark on his boats. He was riding hither and thither to see that all the wounded and stragglers were on board. In an adjacent cornfield he discovered the Confederates moving up not fifty yards distant. He started, at first slowly, then more rapidly to the landing where the boats were just moving off; but when Grant reached the river he was recognized; the vessel stopped; a plank was thrown ashore, and, the bank being very steep and high, his horse put his forefeet over the bank, and with his hindfeet well under him, slid down to the plank, and trotted onto the boat without hesitancy.

By this time the bullets of the enemy were riddling the smoke-stacks of the steamers; but as soon as they swung out in the stream where the men on the decks, the field guns, and the gunboats could bring their fire to bear on

the enemy, the latter were forced to withdraw out of range.

On going aboard the steamer, Grant went at once to the Captain's room on the upper deck, and lay down on a lounge for a few moments' rest. He then arose and went on deck. Be had but just left the lounge when a minie ball passed through the head of the lounge and lodged in the foot exactly where he had been lying.

General Pillow was never cured of his Mexican War extravagances, and in view of the sound thrashing received from Grant at Belmont, Pillow perpetrates a capital joke in his *first* official report made two days after the battle. He says:

"In such a conflict of arms, *illustrating so fully the superior mettle of the Southern soldier*," etc.

Again he says:

"The enemy were a day and a half removing and burying their dead and wounded from their boats in Cairo. . . I think the enemy's loss could not be less than 2,000 men."

The Confederates, at the time, considered Belmont a great battle.

Gen. A. S. Johnston, in general command of the Confederate Western Department, issued general orders at Bowling Green, Ky., in which he said it was "a hard contested field. . . . It was no ordinary shock of arms. It was a long and trying contest."

The Confederate Congress, on receipt of the first report of the battle, passed resolutions on December 6th, laudatory of the courage and skill of Generals Polk, Pillow, and Cheatham, and thanking them for "the glorious victory achieved at Belmont, in the State of Missouri, on the 7th of November, . . . over an enemy greatly superior to their own in numbers and appointments."

President Davis telegraphed General Polk, two days after the battle: "Our countrymen must long remember gratefully to reward the activity, the skill, the courage and devotion of the army at Belmont."

Whether President Davis or the Confederate Congress would have congratulated them a few months later, after the facts were laid before them,—the result of the quarrel between Polk and Pillow,—is more than doubtful.

On the Union side, while the battle of Belmont was not as great, considered from the standpoint of numbers, nor so conclusive in its results as some of Grant's later great battles, yet when we consider the desperate energy and persistence of the fighting; Grant's able plan of attack; the brilliant handling of his force; the complete destruction of everything within his reach; the thorough rout of the enemy; the orderly retirement from the powerful batteries at Columbus under the eyes of an enemy on both sides of the river some fifteen thousand strong, carrying off one hundred and seventy-five prisoners and two guns of the enemy after a conflict of six hours; and this with only two thousand five hundred men engaged against a brave enemy of more than four thousand, six thousand, and eight thousand at different periods of the combat, we must surely class the victory at Belmont with the brilliant achievements in Grant's career.

(To be continued.)

THE ELEMENTS OF A NATIONAL LITERATU E.

By James R. Hanna.*

As a careful study of one's manner and matter of speech will generally discover one's heart also, likewise the nation's heart may be found by a careful study of its literature, which is essentially its speech. Accordingly it is the purpose of this paper to attempt the discovery of any characteristics of American compositions, if there be any, and to find whether we have the elements of a national literature.

First let us consider some of those characteristics that apply to us as a whole people, and that have an expression more or less complete in our literature.

Writers on American literature by common consent divide it into three or four periods, to-wit: (1) Colonial, (2) Revolutionary, including the time of the adoption of the constitution, (3) thence to the time of the Rebellion, (4) and the period since the Civil War. Are these divisions merely arbitrary; or are there innate differences among the literatures of the several periods, growing out of our own conditions and institutions?

I.

America and her institutions are an outgrowth of Puritanism rather than of England. There have been other plants whose pollen has fallen on her blossom and modified her fruit, but the old Puritan's stock remains and still produces. These Puritans came to America for the sake of freedom of conscience; and, although they did not wish this liberty to extend to any but themselves, yet it was but natural for the idea to expand into the nobler conception of a free conscience for all. And this very thing it did in the fore part of the eighteenth century and even earlier.

The great literary character of that age was Jonathan Edwards, and his "Freedom of the Will" is a protest against the narrowness of Puritanism. It is an attempt to make the independent action of the will as complete as possible and yet to hold fast to the fore-ordination and predestination of Calvinism. It broadened the narrow and bigoted conceptions of the Calvinistic theology of a former age and brought it abreast of the ideas of freedom in a more progressive age, so that the average thinking man of the time could be a consistent church member.

The Puritans were, moreover, ascetic and blind to all the beauties of the material world. Edwards' works are, on the contrary, generously sprinkled with passages praising the beauties of external nature, in which he sees the spirit of a God that the Puritans supposed dwelt only in Heaven. Similar qualities pervade the works of Edwards' less illustrious contemporaries.

Into this spirit of expanding freedom, Franklin, the next great literary figure, infuses the quality of humor. Life was too serious to allow of a Puritan's laughing at any of its frailties, the basis of all true humor, and only wit could make him smile.

All this was a progress entirely natural and also quite independent of any very potent or direct influence from abroad. Indeed, both the writers just mentioned were ahead of contemporaneous thought in England, rather than behind it.

II.

The next natural growth was to expand this idea of spiritual freedom to the utmost freedom in political relations. This development, of course, marks the time of the American Revo-

*Professor of English Literature in Highland Park College, Des Moines, Iowa.

lution, and England, so far from contributing to the advance, fought against it with all her armies and the hirelings of Europe. The revolution attained, the next thing was to frame a government embodying the principles for which the people had fought. Of course there could be very little formal literature in such a time, but the feelings of the people came to expression through the tongue of Otis, the Adamses and Henry, and the pens of Madison, Jefferson and Hamilton.

A short period of respite now holds till the war of 1812, a time during which the lighter and more pleasing traits were developed, that gave a somewhat unique phase of our literature. The qualities of all the former ages push themselves forward into the writings of Dwight, Barlow, Humphreys, Trumbull, Freneau and others of the time, yet there is a strong note of patriotism inspired by the new sense of nationality, some of the darker and bloodier feelings brought from the recent fields of carnage, and at the same time something of the security and repose, and the easy grace of fancy and imagination that follows a great and successful struggle. Among works characteristic and illustrative of the literary tendencies of the age are, "Hail Columbia," the "Star Spangled Banner," the writings of Charles Brockden Brown, gloomy and bloody; "Lines to a Wild Honeysuckle" and the "Home of Night" representing the delicate fancy and the imagination of Philip Freneau, and some of the earlier works of Washington Irving.

III.

The next epoch (1812–1865) includes the works of those men that are known to the rank and file of our people as the great figures among American men of letters. Nine of them contributed to literature proper, and three of them to our share in the world's historical compositions. Many influences were at work among them. Irving was working out the easy, joyful spirit that the Dutch have contributed to our American life. Longfellow was giving voice to the ambition and aspiration of our natures. Emerson was the apostle of a startlingly new and free religious belief, the legitimate successor of Edwards as an emancipator from the dogma of old Puritanism. Whitter was singing of the plain pleasures of Quaker life in "Snow-bound," or of the possible aspirations of a Quaker girl under a free government in "Maud Muller" Cooper, Hawthorne, Holmes, Lowell and the historians were each working out some element that enters into our national composition, while Bryant, in his few poems, was at once the most national and the most cosmopolitan of them all. At the same time the patriotism that was sounded as a strong, determined note, in the prior age and grew into the profound and irresistible organ-swell in Webster's splendid peroration, entered largely into all the writings of the time.

But this patriotism was not so much a loyalty to native land as to the great and eternal principles whose fate was conceived to be wrapped in the future of the republic, the mission of which was to emancipate these truths from the tyranny of the past and leave them as a free heritage to the race. The freedom in politics that the Revolutionary fathers had demanded for themselves, the people now demanded for all men, including the black slave, just as in former times a limited freedom of conscience became universal.

But there is represented in the spirit of the American people and the literature before the war, even a more direct development of the germinal idea of a free conscience, with which the Puritans started. We have already traced it from the first narrow and selfish conception, and now, after all this growth, there was yet to come a quickening of the individual and general conscience. "What am I, and what ought I to be?" "What is the full duty of a brother's keeper?" And similar questions

were also asked as regards public policies. The natural outgrowth of a free conscience is an awakened conscience. The dominant element in American life and thought for fifty years before the Rebellion was this intense liveness of the conscience. It will be noted in the great Unitarian controversy, and further in the works of Hawthorne, Channing and Emerson; and in its more practical aspect of human rights in the slave poems of Longfellow, Whittier and others. The great war for the extermination of slavery was waged by this awakened public conscience, which also started prison reform, organized temperance societies, advocated social improvement, and manifested its activity in many parallel lines. But the great culmination of the two ideas of universal liberty and individual responsibility in matters of conscience was the War of the Rebellion and the consequent freeing of the slave; a free and thoroughly conscientious people could not consistently foster serfdom.

IV.

The period since the Civil War is probably too close to allow of a sufficient perspective for the accurate measurement of its literary figures, but from a careful study of its belles-lettres and of its social conditions, we are able to discover at least some of the tendencies of the time. It is the age of the innovators. It is the first time our writers have made a conscious attempt to discover something individual in American social and political conditions to reproduce. This has resulted in discoveries of two classes; first, those conditions applying in but limited areas, and second, those conditions applying quite generally to the whole country. Among those painting local characteristics with the most faithful and artistic brush are George W. Cable, Bret Harte, and Charles Egbert Craddock. In the broader sense, as representing national characteristics, among the greatest innovators are W. D. Howells and Henry James, and the grand Napoleon among innovators in conception and style is Walt Whitman.

Of both these classes of writers it is probably just to say that, as a general thing, they represent the desire of the American people for a yet wider application of the principle of liberty;—that is to say, that while they have attained a universal freedom of a self-examining conscience and a universal political freedom, they are now further demanding a social freedom, and possibly an intellectual freedom, a breaking down of the conventional laws in society and in thought, and certain it is that there has been also a general awakening to individual responsibility in the realm of citizenship.

V.

But to turn from this philosophic basis of our literature which has been the solid, though somewhat narrow, foundation, but which has, nevertheless, given it a trend into an independent direction, let us consider some of the more incidental characteristics of American life and letters.

As opposed to English literature we have, of course, fewer distinctions than as opposed to that of any other land; but certain differences of more or less subtlety may be pointed out. Of these, one of the most notable is the difference in chasteness of tone. In English literature there is always a well-fed robustness, a sense of fleshliness not to be found in the offspring of American authors. English literature ranges all the way from the sensuous to the sensual. There is always a large reflection of the appetites, from the comparatively innocent to the seriously vicious. Ale for the spinster, wine for the colonel, and gout for all the staider characters. Though it may be somewhat softened, and its baldness may now wear a wig, the coarseness of Shakespeare and his contemporaries has by no means disappeared from British compositions of the present day. American literature, on the contrary

has a more spiritual tone, less of the desires of the body and more of the aspirations of the soul. This statement holds quite generally true; for, though there may be notable exceptions on either side, yet no American writer could establish a reputation at home on the same class of literature as that upon which many English writers have built enduring fame without literature, the girth of literary the waistband is not nearly so prodigious, but its eye shines with a clearer and brighter fire.

There are several things in the nature, environment, and social conditions of the two peoples to account for this difference in the tone of their literature. In England class distinctions are determined and fixed. One is born there into an almost hopelessly unchangeable social position, and consequently the average Englishman seeks his ideals in means of physical enjoyment, in things material and objective. But on the other hand America is a nation of aspirers. Every man is dreaming of what he is going to do or be, and everything that helps him to attain his dream, or that helps him to a new dream is eagerly sought. And this almost universal spirit of the American people breathes into the atmosphere of their literature.

The spirit of caste is all pervasive in English literature. The characters in British fiction must all fall into their respective grades of society, the lower with their servile fidelity, deference and weak dependence, the higher with their arrogant demands, proud, patronizing condescension and assumption of superiority as a matter of course. There is no poem without its king; John Ridd must be knighted and Lorna Doone must needs have a noble ancestry discovered for her; and even Thackeray who satirizes this class spirit of the English people by discovering the Montmorencies in the ancestry of Rebecca Sharp, and who recognizes the worth of the common man in Major Dobbin, still leaves all the servants without hope or desire for anything but a good dinner in the kitchen.

In the mind of the British writer almost without exception, nobility of soul, refinement of taste, magnanimity, and even honesty, are qualities of the high-born alone. In all their romances this is of course true and it holds very little less generally with the more realistic fiction. In the "Lilac Sunbonnet," Jess Kissock is the cunning and traitorous serving girl and in "Vanity Fair" Rebecca Sharp is the humble-born and wicked little governess.

In American life and literature the doctrine that "A man's a man for a' that" holds more generally. The plain man stoutly and spiritedly maintains that he is "just as good as any other man." He holds above obsequiousness and refuses to do homage to wealth or to social position. And the society man generally recognizes this equality and meets the common man on the street and does business with him, on a basis of equality, even if he does not invite him to his drawing-room. There could hardly be an English novel with the rank of its characters based so absolutely upon personal worth as they are, for example, in the works of Charles Egbert Craddock.

All this leads to a more unconscious naturalness among the best specimens of our American manhood, than is to be found in any land where there is a hereditary aristocracy. If one can feel that he is to be estimated wholly upon his merit and is satisfied to stand upon it, he will be more at ease than the one who is conscious that he is to be weighed according to some arbitrary standard with which he must seek to comply. America has produced some splendid examples of this type of manhood. A Garfield with the depth of scholarship, and the polish of culture, with the strength and prowess of a Greek hero, with the ease and grace of a Chesterfield, the power, distinction, and position of a nation's ruler, and yet with it all, a

democratic unconsciousness of any inequality among men is our most distinctive national product. There is no doubt that in some portions of our society there is much that does not illustrate this phase of our civilization, but it is abundantly exemplified both in our highest rank and in our most elemental types. The proudest dramatic incident in our American every-day life is the meeting of a Garfield or a Lincoln with the common man, with an absolute unconsciousness on either part of any difference between them, when there is no arrogance or patronizing on the one part and no self-abasement or fawning on the other.

Such a character is discussed in a recent number of *The Bookman*, under the title of "The American Gentleman." The writer points out in this article that our literature contains no adequate picture of the American gentleman and suggests that "The Autocrat" is most nearly after his likeness. Our fiction, however, represents him abundantly in his cruder form and there is a fine portrait of him in Lowell's "Commemoration Ode."

In connection with the thought concerning the American gentleman may be mentioned the adaptability of American women to new stations and positions in life. In his "Literary and Social Silhouettes," Boyeson speaks of the fact that American women step out of our democratic atmosphere into the castles and palaces of Europe and become leaders even in the society of royalty, and that they always acquit themselves with grace and honor. The American woman who has been taught to think upon and to understand everything she does, soon develops the individuality that enables her to master ceremonies or to set them aside and institute something new and fitting in their place, and individuality and genius never need to fear society. Our cheaper sort of novels especially delight in representing this adaptability in the character of American women, and some of the best of our more recent fiction pictures it in the higher and more realistic fashion.

The same thing that enables the American girl of the middle class later to preside gracefully in a brown stone front, also gives her that independence of character that is so noticeable to Europeans.

Many an American girl has shocked the French or German sense of propriety by pursuing her amusement, or satisfying her curiosity, or going shopping in the American manner, all innocent of the fact that a lady is unable to do those things without direction or assistance. American women who read Ibsen and realize the utter dependence of character that is a part of female education and is the basis of all relation between the sexes in Europe, must be thankful for American birth and an American code of social ethics.

This independence of character manifests itself in a general unconventionality, which is nowhere so marked or so characteristic as in American thought. Our manner, especially among the masses of the people, is certainly individual and far from that of any other land. Upon meeting with the common people in this country, even though very casually, one readily discerns that each of them has his individuality and is strongly alive to his own separate personal existence. As he moves upward through the grades of society, he is somewhat remodeled; his rougher corners are knocked off and he is moulded into an approximate conformity with the social types among which he moves, and in consequence much of his originality of manner is lost. But he never gives up his right to independent convictions on all manner of subjects; he grapples with new systems of philosophy, as an expanding horizon brings them within his range of vision and always insists on adopting or rejecting them, as his reason tells him best. And so it is that while in social matters we are content to copy and borrow exten-

sively, the freshness and independence of American thought can nowhere be matched.

But recently a German lady of noble rank, who had come to this country to study the woman question with a view to helping on the progress of her sex in the Fatherland, remarked that, while she did not find American social life so different from that of Europe as she had expected, yet greatly to her surprise, she did find an independence and freedom of thought among our people, and especially among the women here, that was in striking contrast to the condition in the Old World and that rendered the lot of the American woman enviable to her sister across the water. Abundant illustrations of these qualities may be found in the works of Henry James, W. D. Howells, Hamlin Garland, and others.

The quality of humor in our American character and literature is unique and of independent origin. A people so busy and active as ours must have some respite and relaxation and the relief has come in the form of a national humor. Whether it be to our credit or not, certainly no other nation presents such a group of writers as Mark Twain, Artemus Ward, Bill Nye, Bob Burdette, Josh Billings, and Petroleum V. Nasby, shading off into James Whitcomb Riley, Eugene Field, and John G. Saxe,— not to speak of O. W. Holmes and James Russell Lowell. This humor partakes somewhat of intellectual subtlety and hence has probably more of the coloring of wit than does similar composition in England.

A national characteristic which has developed in the face of several foreign wars, a civil war, and our interminable contest with savages, is the absence of a martial spirit,— and this too in spite of all the blood and bluster of pioneer and western mining life, to say nothing of the rifle as a means of support, and the brilliant success of our desperadoes and banditti. It is true that our geographical situation and the lack of the younger sons of a nobility are favorable to peace instead of war. But whatever may be the reasons for it, we are undoubtedly the great peace nation. We have taken the initiative in the arbitration movement of the century, and have in one way or another been connected with by far the greatest number of international arbitrations for a hundred years. President Elliot in a paper that appears in recent numbers of *The Forum* and *The Chautauquan*, discussed this as one of America's great and original contributions to the world's civilization.

The universal industry and activity of American, as opposed to continental life, is another thing that has influenced our literature profoundly. We have no large class of leisure either to write or to be written about. The American novelist must describe his characters at work, and the reader must follow the hero and heroine and the lesser figures about their daily tasks. And while achievement is one of the great watchwords of all these creatures of the mind, yet it is always attained through toil and many discomfitures until the great victory. The men and women do not sit around and talk, attend balls, clubs, and theaters, acting and interacting merely for the novelist's observation. Every man has his business, his professional cares, or his manual labor, and even the writing itself is a serious occupation to the novelist, and probably his livelihood. The chief male character is never suddenly discovered to be a poet just to fit him for winning the high-born lady, but must cultivate his latent powers and develop a real worth.

This phase of the life of the writer and his subjects may be the cause for the realistic turn of American fiction. The basis for romance must after all come from conditions in the life of a people; there must be the aristocracy, the nobility, the feudal splendor, and the knightly spirit. These we do not have, and our writers have been compelled to look to the humbler, and perhaps more healthful, sources of everyday

day life among ordinary human beings for the material of their tales.

So far we have considered American literature as to its theme and general spirit. As to the subtler distinctions of form and manner of conception we have probably very little, and what we have has not been clearly discerned, and certainly has not been in any comprehensive or appreciative manner set forth. An American sees things generally in much the same light as does his English brother, and what he conceives he expresses in the same symbolic Anglo-Saxon style. There may be, and probably are, influences at work fashioning us an individual manner of conceiving and expressing, but these will be a long time in attaining a complete and independent form.

In conclusion, it has been observed by a writer on the history of American letters, that our novelists, except Hawthorne, have not as yet grappled with the great universal problems of life, but have been content with those of local or national application. This criticism is but just, and expresses a condition that might be expected from the age and history of the country. And when we shall have further broadened the scope of our themes, diversified and developed the ones we now possess, and evolved an independent mode of expression, we shall certainly have a characteristic and individual literature, which even thus early in its youth gives promise of a magnificent and majestic maturity. But enough has already been said to justify our claim to at least the elements of a national literature.

FROST PROPHECY.

THE frosted panes are all enwreathed
With fern and vine in silver wrought,
As though a poet there had breathed
His sweetest flower-thought.

Not flower phantoms pale are they;
Not wan, sad ghosts of blossoms slain,
From some dead summer far astray,
That haunt the window pane.

Forerunners, they of things unseen,
Of unborn bloom to shrub and tree,
Pale prophecies in silver sheen
Of life that is to be.

These tangled glades and hill-slopes high,
Frost-wrought, familiar pictures seem,
As they were but the frozen sigh
Of homesick wanderer's dream.

In sealéd censers, far below,
The sweets of future summers swing;
And earth, beneath her robe of snow,
Can feel the heart of Spring.

Mrs. W. F. Carleton.

The Midland's Fiction Department.

THE CURATE.

By Harry Hancock.

"BOSS, if dis yeah hoss had libed wen de Lawd rode into Jeruslem on de mule, de mule would'n ha' been nowah. De Lawd would hab rode in on de Curate fo' suah."

"What makes you think that, Pete?"

"Well sah, de best wan any too good fo' de Lawd, an' if de Curate war dare, he'd been de best in all de lan'. Yas sah, suah, dat am a fack." And Pete patted the glossy neck of the Curate to emphasize his sage belief.

"Never mind, Pete, about the old Jerusalem, that neither you or the Curate will ever see, but look ahead to the New Eldorado, that he may win if he goes right. Go in the stable and get those toe weights; they may help him out."

The Curate was indeed an equine king. A beautiful seal brown, sixteen hands, wide between the eyes, large nostrils, square muzzled, beautiful flowing mane and tail, and above all, what astonished experts most, was the extreme distance from the withers down through the chest, indicating great lung power and endurance. He was an inbred Wilkes, and from conformation and breeding great results were expected from him.

And yet he was a disappointment to Robert, who had him entered in the great Kentucky Futurity for three-year-olds. Try and experiment with every appliance he would, the colt would go so fast, no faster. Robert had raised him there in Lexington, had trained him, developed him, loved him above all but one; had lavished his time and affection on the colt, and still he did not improve!

Robert was born a Kentuckian. He knew that in a country where respectability and standing were gauged to a certain extent by the breeding of successful horses, could he raise a champion in the Curate, a certain position was assured him; but social position—never. He had a few drops of negro blood in his veins. No matter how infinitesimal, it was there. Men respected him, business or street equality was extended, but their social doors were closed. He was educated, gentlemanly, upright, a fine looking Anglo-Saxon. White blood gave his mother value, her son a curse.

At his birth his mother was in service in the family of one of Kentucky's most celebrated statesmen. Robert was educated in the north; the statesman died, leaving to Robert's mother a beautiful cottage and ten acres of land on the outskirts of the city, besides a small annuity, paid quarterly by one of the banks.

Robert had intended to remain north on the completion of his education and carve his way where the "taint" would never be suspected; but the death of his mother, the descent to him of the property and annuity, and the great revival of the development of the horse of which he, like his father, and in common with all Kentuckians, was passionately fond, induced him to return and occupy the old home. There, his old mammy from the statesman's house on the hill kept house for him, and Pete was his chief factotum and body guard.

He had no social friends or confidants. The taint repulsed the class he could adorn, and erected a barrier of cold and

studied reserve that he knew he could never penetrate. His "equals" the negro and "poor white trash" only dared to be familiar at safe distance, and mutter *sotto voce*, "He am no bettah dan we are, if he do look hit."

He was alone in the world. His very intelligence and education only intensified his loneliness and humiliated position. He brooded over it, cursed his fate, and execrated the memory of that statesman, who lay buried nearly within the shadow of that monument that marks the resting place of the "Great Pacificator."

Once, and only once, did an "equal" dare to throw it in his face; and then with all the pent up fury and agony of ages he hurled himself like a thunderbolt against him; with face livid, neck cords knotted, and fingers feeling as though he could crush to powder the limestone rock at his feet, Robert rushed to grab him again, when he noticed his face turn ashy pale, his head lop to one side; that rock had cushioned his spirit to eternity.

He was feeling the full force of the taint.

Were it not for this he never would have been arrested. Men of honor and standing said he did right,—but ah! one tainted had no rights that anyone should respect; he was tried. The district attorney was ambitious, his popularity and reëlection depended on the number of criminals he sent to the penitentiary, and like the Indian fighter, who made a notch on his rifle for every Indian killed, this industrious prosecutor kept tab and notched every poor wretch that came within his web.

Robert was convicted of manslaughter, another notch; the governor, who knew his father, pardoned Robert before sentence. All this was some years ago.

But we digress.

. . . . . .

Peter brought the toe weights and while adjusting them, remarked as a dancing filly went by, "Dere she goes, she recomind me ob a gal I knows, dat am so critical dat she cawn't be happy. Whahebah she goes, if hit be a show or cawncert, or oppra, she just critissize so critical, dat she am axshilly misabel. She cawn't enjoy anyting; she am too finally edecated, suah."

"Don't you think, Pete, it's better to have too much than too little education?"

"I dunno, boss, 'bout dat; too much mix me up. I was down last ebenin' to de revival meetin', an' Pawson Jones he say, 'Brederin', I hab had a rebelalation, and aftah deep an matuah study I hab come to de conclusion dat de Lawd cannot only know what He wants to, but' an' heah Pawson Jones put on a way-down voice, 'but de Lawd can know not to know.' What do you tink of dat, Mars Robert?"

"Well, Pete, that's quite a sage conclusion, and from his standpoint there may be more truth in it than any of us sinners will admit. By the way, Pete, have you gone forward yet?"

"No, sah, I ain't got no time faw 'ligion. I owe too much. Pawson Jones come to where I was lawst night, an' said, 'Petah, you come fawad.' I said I had to work too hard to 'sperance 'ligon, I owed too much. He said, 'Petah, you owe de Lawd all yo hab—de Lawd am youah creditor.' I said dat may be so, Pawson, but de Lawd just now ain't crowden on me de same as my odder cred'tors, an' I guess de Lawd kin wait awhile yet"

"Peter, I think that Parson Jones would have been warranted in chastising you for that remark."

"I guess he did, he rabed, and told Deacon Skimmer to put me out, an' both grabbed me."

"Well, what did you do? Go out?"

"Nawh, I jess gib Deacon Skimmer a touchin' remindah ob my lub foh him, an he roled undah de seat. De meetin' broke up. Dat's de reason I was home so early."

Robert drove out with the Curate to give him his daily jog, and concluded

to let track work go for that day and give the Curate a long journey in the country and ascertain if a change of method might not develop the speed he knew the horse possessed. After journeying for nearly an hour, he turned off the main road for a by-path, that led into the hills and ravines. Coming suddenly around a turn he found himself in a thick growth of timber, and on the side of a steep bluff. The scenery was wild and new to him. Ahead was a bewildering mass of foliage, tree trunks and great rocks. The road became narrow and steep — a great gulch yawned on one side.

He soon discovered the gleam of a stream between the dense foliage, and a sharp turn of the road brought him in full view of it. Clear as crystal it whirled and swirled among the dark rocks, that reminded him of the "dancing and prancing and glancing" as the "water comes down at Ladore." He found himself in a peaceful little valley. A few cattle were quietly grazing, the running water of the brook making a sweet, low accompaniment to the tinkling of their bells. He was shut in on all sides; the world was shut out. He looked down at his horse's feet to see how the boots stood the sharp descent, when "biff," bang, and the sharp report of a rifle rang on the still air.

"Throw up, stranger, I've been watchin' on youun for some time, and when I seed youun bend over, I knowed yer were trackin' on us throw up."

Robert looked up, and saw no one, but he saw a shining rifle barrel through a fissure in the rock about ten feet above him.

Robert threw up his right hand, and with the other tried to control his frightened horse.

"Now go 'head slow, stranger, and doan youun look back till I call yer."

Robert drove on, and heard a scrambling behind, but thought it best not to look back; the road or by-path led around to a little shed built on the side of the rocky acclivity and close against it. He noticed a peculiar smell.

"Halt," said the same nasal voice, and Robert, knowing that there was a deadly rifle aimed at his back, did as commanded.

"Git outer that ere cart."

Robert got out, and a tall individual with a slouch hat, rough hunting-shirt and boots, and face covered with straggling tow-colored whiskers, appeared from behind, and taking the Curate tied him to a tree.

Another man, similarly dressed but somewhat younger, appeared with a cocked rifle directed at Robert, and remarked:

"Don't stir, Mr. Officer; Dad wants to talk to youun."

"Dad" here remarked, "Bill, put the yarn roun' his neck."

Bill handed the rifle to the elder, and came to the small shed. He disappeared, and soon came out with a small rope in his hand. The door swung to as if on weights.

"Bill," said the elder, "put that ere yarn round his neck, and throw it over that same hickory limb we did the other feller."

Robert began to think his last hour had come and was about to expostulate, when Bill came up close, and in putting the rope around his neck whispered, "Do as yer told an' youun'll be safe," and then stepping back threw the other end over the limb of the tree under which they stood.

"Dad" stepped forward and said, "Bill, tighten er up a little more—now, young man, yo' needn't deny—Bill, tighten er up a little more—yo' needn't deny but what yer are one o' them cussed rev'nue officers. Bill pull er"—

Bang bang, zip, zip. The men disappeared in a twinkling. Robert found the "yarn" cut just above his head, and hanging about his neck. Looking up, he saw a thin smoky cloud, and through it a light colored Fedora hat, with a heron's plume, and a face beneath it that said, "Take the Curate and fly, quick," and disappeared.

Robert was dazed, it was all done so suddenly. He mechanically untied the

Curate and quietly drove out from amongst the moonshiners of Growler's Gulch.

. . . . . .

"Pete, you are late this morning; you must have been at the revival again last evening."

"Yes sah, I was down dah again, en de moah I seed Pawson Jones, de moah I am saserfied he am er hippercrit."

"Why, how is that?"

"Well sah, bekaws I doan belebs dat eny pusson can be as wise 's Pawson Jones looks. En he jes put dem giglamps on his nose, rolls dem wolly eyes o'hisn, talk about de mussy an' lub ob de Lawd, an den go home, an' set rat traps in his gawden to ketch his neighbors liddle kittens wid, hump!"

"Never mind moralizing, Peter; hook the Curate up, I wish to take a long drive."

"Down in de Gulch again, boss?" with a sly twinkle in his eye, "but Ise wahn yo' to 'splain one ting; last ebenin Pawson Jones said he was gwine to 'splode de rebolution the-the-therums ob Dahwin—dat he didn't belebe in any 'and organ 'tachment no how, no monkey business foh him; dat we wah jes put togedah by de Lawd as we wah neehid. Dat de Lawd had a lot ob bar'ls and in some wah eyes, en in some wah noses, en in some wah laigs, en in some wah arms, an' so on. An' dah wah two kinds, one foh white pussons, an' one foh black, an' when de Lawd desiahed to make moah pussons, he jes took a laig from one bar'l, an arm from annoder, an' eyes an' noses frohm annoder; put em togeddah, an' dropped um down."

"Well Pete, what's wrong with that view of creation?"

"Wha-what's wrong wid dat? Wy, de creasun part may be all right, but bless my soul, whe'd de Lawd get all dem bar'ls from? Splain dat to me?"

"Too deep to explain now, Peter; but you'll know some day. Get that harness in shape while I'm gone."

Robert drove to the outskirts of the city, famous for its beautiful country homes; with their lawns, stone fences, wide verandas, vine-covered and hospitable. The Curate seemed to know the way without any volition on the part of the driver. He soon reached a well graveled turnpike, one well known to the colt, for he pricked up his ears and increased his gait, as if expecting a brush down the road. On the right, as they approached a gray stone house, nearly vine-clad, with cupola and inviting porches, and nestling some distance from the pike, in a setting of evergreen and oak, Robert observed a fine horse attached to a light rig, held in waiting by a young colored groom.

As Robert drove slowly by, he observed a young lady getting into the rig. She wore a gray Fedora hat with a heron's plume. He was about to raise his hat, but he had gone too far beyond to be seen; then again, what right had he to salute the lady!

He had seen her, oh! so many times; so many times without the courage to look her squarely in the face. And yet she had spoken to him.

He had not driven very far down the pike, which was a favorite jogging place of his, when he heard the clatter of hoofs on the gravel in the rear. He quickly looked round and a great lump rose to his throat; the involuntary twitching of his hands nearly stopped his horse. The horse was running away. Nearer it came, the driver, with reins wound round her hands, heron's plume and disheveled hair streaming in the wind, stood partly up, and bracing herself against the dash-board, was guiding the animal as best she could, and seemed to be collected and cool. It was fortunate the road was wide with a long stretch in front. Robert turned the Curate to the left side of the road, and got him under good headway, in the same direction, as the frightened horse rushed passed him. A life, and perhaps more, was at stake.

Robert brought his whip down with a stinging cut across the Curate's flank.

He had never been struck before; he seemed to be dazed for a moment at the new sensation, and nearly stopped; then, gathering himself together, like a mighty tidal wave, he rushed after the fleeing runaway, at a gait his master never dreamed of. It was an unequal race, the chances greatly against the trotter. Down the road they went, at a furious pace, the trotter gaining on the runaway, who had a light phaeton to pull. Nearing the horse, Robert put both lines and whip in his left hand and reached out over the side of his cart to grab the lines of the runaway, and nearly had them when the rattle of the cart against the hub of the phaeton started the frightened runaway, afresh. Robert's hand fell short and the phaeton drew away. The young lady with the heron's plume never took her eyes off her horse, but resolutely tugged at the lines.

Again Robert brought his whip down with a stinging blow on the Curate's back; and again the colt struck a gait that was a marvel of speed to his owner. But Robert had no time to consider phenomenal speed, in fact hardly appreciated what the noble colt was doing. Again the Curate drew up inch by inch on the unmanageable steed. When again abreast Robert reached out, and, grasping the left line with his right hand, and at the same time steadying the colt, after a few rods he brought the runaway to a standstill.

The young lady alighted while Robert held both horses. He was extremely agitated, and without looking at her said, "I see, Miss Reed, the boy must have shortened the tugs, as your horse was frightened by striking his heels on the cross-bar. If you will drive the Curate back, I will lengthen these tugs out and drive your horse home."

She quietly looked at him a moment, stepped forward, extended her gloved hand and said, "Mr Allerton, I thank you; your horse did nobly. I should like above all things to drive him home, but think I can manage my own now that you have adjusted the tugs, if you will kindly help me in."

Robert drove back behind her, and as she paused a moment at her gate for him to come up, she said, "I did not anticipate your return of the Gulch service so soon. I see you chafe under obligations."

Robert was about to reply when she said, "The Curate will now win," and passed through the gate.

This time Robert raised his hat.

. . . . . .

The Curate, since the time of the runaway, had improved wonderfully. The power manifested for the first time under the spur of the whip had rapidly developed until his master knew he possessed a phenomenon. Few knew it, as Robert had not many confidants, and rarely mixed with the sporting fraternity. The purse, a ten-thousand-dollar one, and the enhanced value of the colt, were the only two speculative factors that interested him. These he felt were legitmate and honorable.

Yet there were many whispers of the phenomenal quarters and trials he had made, and taken on the quiet by the knowing ones; and while he was not a favorite, he was well thought of.

The day of the great Kentucky Futurity arrived. All Lexington was there, besides many from the neighboring states. The grand stand and boxes were full, the bleachers crowded, and the infield and quarter stretch unduly congested.

The colts were called for the great event, a one mile dash; Miss Nancy, the favorite, drove on the track amid a storm of hand-clapping from the grand stand. She was the favorite of the ladies.

The Curate came on with Robert up. There was no particular ovation, but as he moved by the grand stand, his magnificent head and neck, strong and powerful build, and noble carriage, marked him to many as a strong possibility in the race. Robert heard a

solitary clapping of hands; it nerved his arms and gave his soul courage.

As he turned to come back down the stretch, Peter with a large blanket rushed out on the track to him and said, "Heah, Boss, put dese rebit's feet in yo' pocket. I kotched 'em last night at de full of de moon, in de grabe-yawd. Bof hind laigs, yo's shuh to win wid dem in yo'r pocket."

They were off. Miss Nancy, No. 2; the Curate, No. 4.

The Curate had a good start and position. Would he hold his own against the seasoned and champion three-year-old of the year? At the quarter he was holding his own. At the half he had fallen back two lengths but was still going strong. At this point only five were in the race. The Curate was one. At the three-quarter pole only two were in it, and the Curate was one, the rest straggling along a distance behind. So far the speed had been record-breaking. Now the drive commenced, and in a moment there was a subdued murmur as the Curate lapped the wheel of the champion, and inch by inch crawled up to her saddle girths. A loud roar as he collared her. Down the stretch they came, the Curate head and neck above his antagonist. With eyes blazing, and nostrils distended, mane flowing in the wind like a banner, he looked every inch the equine king he was At the distance they were on even terms; the roar of the multitude had subsided to a deathly stillness. Fortunes and reputations were suspended in mid air. Nothing was heard but the quick patter of hoof beats.

Both driver and beast gathered themselves for a last supreme effort. Robert raised the whip; it did not descend; the Curate seemed to recollect, for with a magnificent burst of speed he forged ahead, and it was over.

The Curate was surrounded, the victor's wreath placed around his neck as he was paraded before the grand stand. A voice was heard to say, "I knowed dem rebit's feet would do hit."

Robert had won the greatest turf prize of the year.

He looked at the huzzahing multitude in the grand stand, and saw a dainty handkerchief waving in front of a gray Fedora hat with a heron's plume.

Would he win the greatest prize of life?

Quien sabe?

META; A STORY OF THE BURNT WOODS OF OREGON.*

By Louisa A'hmuty Nash.

IV.

HALF absorbed with the beauty of the evening, Meta almost forgot her mission; but reëntering the dwelling, the presence of Hans reminded her of it with cruel distinctness. He was attired now in a brown canvas suit, the working dress of the country (occasionally exchanged for blue "denims"). He had just placed his gun in the corner and held in his hand a pheasant, which he presented to Meta. With heightened color she brought out a timid "dank you, Sir," and hastily retreated to the kitchen with her present, There she would gladly have remained, but Frau Klein's call brought her unwillingly back. The daylight lent no fresh charm to Hans' appearance, which was now, Meta thought, but different shades of tan, from his hair and the freckles on his face, to the mud on his high boots. A contrast to the picture she herself made with her golden hair still an aureole over her forehead, and braided in a long shiny plait that hung below her waist from the back of her head.

*Begun in the February Midland.

Her fair and rosy complexion was set off by her peasant's dress,—the dark cloth skirt and stomacher, with a long-sleeved white "camissole."

Hans evidently thought the picture pretty, for his small grey eyes gleamed, and a muscular smile broadened, without illumining his homely features. "Purty as a pictur," he said to the woman, who was now able to translate it into language Meta could understand. This only embarrassed her the more, so she turned to the open door. A mist had been creeping up the valley, and the giant stems looked like ship masts in a sea-fog as one and another of the near ones kept visible, the mist hiding all in the distant hill-sides.

"Hans wants you to go over with him in the morning and see his place," said the interpreter.

"Will you come too, pleas ?" was her only answer.

"Yes, if you'll help carry the baby," said the woman.

What the exact thing was that she said to Hans, Meta did not know; but that Mrs. Klein was a "smoother down," she felt sure, for Hans Bittel looked pleased and proud.

"And how do ye like our section of country?" was the next question for the interpreter. Meta felt inclined to descant on the beauty of the burnt timber on the far hill-sides, but instinct told her that the sense of beauty was not a sixth sense with Hans, although he had said she was "purty as a pictur," so she contented herself with remarking on the logs lying close at hand.

"Yes," said Hans, "they are as ugly things as God makes, but I've cleared 'em off my place, I have."

"I see they are made use of for fencing here and there."

"Yes; a man can straddle a 'rip-gut' on the top, when they lie right, and that's about all they are good for; there ain't many as 'ill do for firewood, even, and fewer still for rails. I did manage to get a few hundred lengths out for fence rails, last fall, but the most was rotten."

This information was followed by questions as to Meta's journey, her companions on seaboard, his sister at home, and so forth, for he dare not risk anything more *'interne'* at present, or indeed as long as an interpreter might be required.

The "good-night," Meta feared, would be an ordeal, but she was the kind of girl who could keep a man at bay.

These evening visits were regularly continued, ushered in often with little presents of game or orchard fruit.

Meta regretted the day-light was growing shorter and shorter, and that she could not have lengthened her rambles in the wood, thereby shortening the evenings in the house.

Coming in on one occasion, Hans told her he had been out to look for her (Thank goodness! without success, thought the girl), for there was a cougar prowling about, and a few days ago a bear had been seen, and he did not think it safe for her to walk alone so late. Meta laughed her merry little laugh, saying she was not afraid of bears, nor cougars either—"Not that I know what a cougar is," she added honestly.

Hans proceeded with an elaborate description, and she came to the conclusion it must be the same as a panther she had seen once in a cage at a traveling show in Nüremberg.

From the conversation she was able to have with her hostess, Meta gathered that she had been unable from her manner to Hans to cause him to feel that he was in anywise repugnant to her. "He thinks you are a bit bashful; when he can make you understand English better it will be all right between you."

"No, no! I did wrong in being persuaded by his sister to come over here. How could I expect anything different!" she answered, the tears filling her eyes.

"You're just a bit homesick; you'll soon get accustomed to your new life, and feel at home here," and then she

would sing Hans Bittel's praises as best she knew how.

All this made Meta feel that in their private conversations Mrs. Klein never represented things as they really were. As Mrs. Klein said she must make haste to learn the language—but for a very different purpose from that which her hostess had in mind—that she might herself make Hans comprehend that she could never marry him; that she could never even like him, and that she might ask his pardon for having thus to change her mind,—and then there was his three hundred dollars to think about. She could not go on owing him money—the thought made her wretched. So with a steadfast purpose before her (except when the evening visit came round) Meta was less unhappy than she was at first. She talked to Mrs. Klein over the little house-work with the one thought of learning English She made the woman talk English and translate to her (such English as it was) while she repeated the short sentences. She took the older child out with her on her rambles, making the child her instructor on the name of everything she could see or point to, while she imitated the words pronounced by little Willie till she got them to suit herself. Then in the little book-shelf high up on the kitchen wall she found an English Bible. She had her own Lutheran version and these she studied in her little room till Mrs. Klein wondered what she could find to do so many hours alone. And sometimes she carried the books with her to a favorite seat in the woods behind the house, on an old, moss-covered log, and there she studied them in peace and quiet. No wonder she came out sometimes with curious old-fashioned phrases, seeing she was studying an English more than two centuries and a half old, a study in itself for the English student at our schools and colleges.

"Dost thou never go into the temple on the Lord's day?" asked Meta one day quite naturally; "how far away is your nearest temple; a long journey away?"

Mrs. Klein did not understand the use of synonyms, and was quite a long time finding out what she was driving at, and then she made a bad shot.

"Oh, you are thinking where Hans and you will have to go to get married; you mean church, not temple. In your country, people have to go to church, and a great fuss has to be made; but it's not necessary here. You don't need to have a parson even. A J. P. will do just as well, and you can be married anywhere,—I hope it will be here, and the sooner you say so the better, for poor Hans is getting pretty well worn out with waiting on you?"

Meta, not understanding the whole of this speech, for it was delivered in a voluble fashion, asked for a translation of it. And then she once more told Mrs. Klein she did not feel like marrying Hans, and she wished she would tell him so.

"I tell him, indeed! What do you suppose I am keeping you here all this time for? I don't need your help with my house-work. Why, just for you to get accustomed to him and to our language, and I shall tell Hans that there is no good in his waiting about any longer, that's what I shall tell him. He can fetch the justice and take you home right along with him, and there'll be an end of all this shilly-shally nonsense. A man like Hans don't pay out three hundred dollars just to be fooled with."

This was the first time Mrs. Klein had spoken her mind in this way. Poor Meta burst into tears, and, expecting no sympathy from her hostess, ran away to her room to have her cry out and to think. Perhaps they might put her in prison about the three hundred dollars, she thought. In fact, Mrs. Klein had hinted as much. Well, she felt now she would rather go to prison, for then when her time came to an end she could be her own mistress, and could do as she pleased. Meta secretly hoped that prison might be her fate. With this hope she dried her tears, washed her face, and went downstairs when Mrs. Klein called her to supper.

V. THE OUTCOME OF IT.

Alone with Meta one evening, Hans drew his chair closer to hers and said in as soft a voice as he could command "Miss Hirsch (Meta had taught him to be very polite, addressing him always as Mr. Bittel), you have not yet paid your promised visit to my place. What's the matter that you don't ever come?"

Meta had pursued the plan of making excuses whenever an arrangement was being made for a visit. She felt she could not go through with the odious inspection of the house. In fact she nourished a sort of superstition that if she were betrayed into crossing the threshold, she could no longer fight her fate. By this time she was able to understand all that Hans said to her, but to answer in intelligible English she did not find so very easy. "Because I vill it not," she said.

There was no coquetry in her manner; it was just a matter of fact announcement, that seemed to take the young man off his feet for the moment. "But," he continued, "I want to fix up a bit; I've only been batching all this time; there's been no woman about to have things good and nice, and I want you jest to say as to how you'd like 'em."

"But I have no want to see them," reiterated Meta; "no haste, no quickness," she added, for to gain time was her method.

"But I am in a hurry!—the dickens of a hurry. I want to see you in my bit of a home, I do, and there's no fun in fooling a fellow this 'ere fashion," said Hans with some warmth of manner, the perspiration coming out on his forehead, as he got up from his chair and stood close to Meta, and attempted to take her hand.

But this was more than the little woman could stand, so she rose abruptly and dashed upstairs to her room, slamming the door after her. She threw herself on her bed and longed for some friend who should show her what to do. Oh, why had she not stayed at home, within sight of her own hills and woods! She would have had her mother, and how she did hate Mrs. Braun,—if she could but see her and tell her so,—for persuading her to come to such a country, from that hateful brother of hers. She could have gone to Nüremberg for the winter in one of the toy factories, and made wages enough by living at her uncle's to keep her mother and put little Fritz to school! Oh! why, oh! why, indeed! and the girl cried herself to sleep with the question unanswered on her lips.

Meantime Hans had abruptly left Mrs. Klein's kitchen to ponder in the cool evening air how he could master that pig-headed little German girl with her bright cheeks and long golden hair. But no answer came to him, either! Meta woke early and studied her two bibles before breakfast, and then came down to hunt about for an old newspaper for her next lesson in English. Books were scarce at the Klein's. There was a cook book and a book on etiquette, but the children not being yet of school age, there were not even any school readers lying about. There was a young lady keeping school about a mile off, who boarded with some people she had seen visiting Mrs. Klein, who lived half a mile further off still, and Meta was determined to try and make friends with the teacher. Perhaps she could advise her. She could not stay where she was, now that Mrs. Klein had given her to understand the reason for her keeping her; and who knows as she had had a fine education, perhaps she could speak German, for Meta still found it hard to make herself understood by strangers.

Mrs. Klein was surly, so after helping her about the house, she told her she was going for a long walk and not to wait dinner for her. She could see the little district school-house long before she came to it. It stood at the higher end of the valley, that took its zigzag course whichever way the little creek meandered. It was backed by what

looked like a long tongue of the hill, which rose abruptly behind it. To the left rose a higher hill still, with live timber dotted about among the bare, burnt pine poles, and back of this a more distant hill, and another and another interlapping, till the last faded away into the pearly-grey horizon. The noonday sun shone straight down on the roof of the school-house. It stood on the sheer slope, raised on high logs in front to bring it level with the back. The road made several wide curves before she could reach it, and Meta busied herself planning out the sentences she should say to the young lady.

A group of little ones were playing outside, so she knew she would not be interrupting school. A bright idea struck her, she would ask to be taken in as a scholar, and in this way she would make more rapid progress with the language than she could alone, and she would say nothing about her particular mission to-day.

Ida Thompson was just finishing her lunch when Meta introduced herself in her quaint, original way.

"Thou art de young lady which de school holds?"

After a nod of assent, she added: "I would then wish a school-girl to become."

"Certainly, you wish to read English I suppose. Can you read the English character? Will this be too easy?" showing her the Second Reader.

"Ach no, it is very good, I like it much."

Meta took her place with the children, and in her anxiety to learn she managed to forget her trouble. She had some talk with the teacher after school hours who offered to help her separately, if she liked—and with a promise to come again to-morrow, she returned with a light heart.

It was dark before Meta neared her temporary home. She left the country road, and took an Indian trail—a shorter route. She had not gone far, when she heard footsteps following her, and, turning round, she saw Hans Bittel with a gun on his shoulder, and a brace of pheasants in his hand, which she knew were to be presented as a propitiatory offering to herself.

Overtaking her, Hans abruptly said, "What's the matter that you won't go and see my place now? There's a trail down to it close here, and I'll be proud to show you around."

"Thank you, I vill it not," she answered again.

Hans warmed up to his subject, and exclaiming "The dickens, but I'll make you!" he hastily slung the pheasants over the barrel of his gun, and slipping his arm round her waist, he hurried her along the narrow trail, where there was barely room for one to walk, and where the bushes here and again met across the path.

"I pay my three hundred dollars for nothing, indeed! It was to get a wife I paid it, and I'll have one, or I'll know the reason why!"

Poor Meta could only understand the drift of this, and a good deal more,—it was said so violently, and she could not collect herself sufficiently to remember any of the sentences she had planned for an emergency. She was now thoroughly frightened; her only thought was how she could free herself from his grasp.

Luckily for her, the birds dropped from the gun-barrel, and as he stooped to pick them, and involuntarily slackened his hold, she wriggled herself away from his grasp, and set off running in a contrary direction with all the speed she could command. Meta was little, young, and fleet-footed; while Hans, thick-set, and clumsy, knew in a moment that he could not overtake her. The admiration and the wish to make Meta his wife seemed in this moment of defeat to be suddenly changed to a "dog-in-the-manger" hate, and his first impulse was to level his gun at her head as he saw her flying through the thickets. Baulked in having her himself, he would prevent anyone else from

being more lucky than he had been. Just at this moment another pheasant rose up, and the hunter's instinct in him got the ascendancy over the splenetic, and the golden pheasant received the charge from his rifle.

Meta did not feel safe until she heard the click of the fence gate in front of Mrs. Klein's cottage. On entering, she heard a man's voice. Could Hans have flown by some shorter cut than her's and preceded her? But she remembered that Mrs. Klein had told her her husband was to return on this particular day. He had been off working at a distance; so Meta had yet to make his acquaintance. Would he befriend her in her present trouble? She slipped round by the back way and up to her little room under the roof, which seemed just now like a little sanctuary to her after her escapade.

She needed now some minutes to recover her breath and her self-possession, before meeting the master of the house. To her great joy he addressed her in a German that she could understand, and so she quickly determined, encouraged by his kind manners, to take counsel with him, as to the best steps she could take to rid herself from a persecutor, and to earn $300. She found he took an independent view of the situation, unbiased by anything his wife may have said to him. He promised to write to some people he knew, who would help her, and meantime he would see that she was unmolested. His wife knew better than to go on the other tack; but chagrined by defeat, there was not much friendliness left in her manner or in her speech.

After counting up what money she had by her, while sitting at the table, with both husband and wife by, Meta said, "I should like to give you some money, as if this place were an hotel."

While the husband refused to accept any, the wife muttered under her breath: "Hans' money, I suppose."

This brought the color to the girl's face, and settled her determination to find a place elsewhere. When she could summon up enough courage she bent her steps again to the little schoolhouse, taking a few necessaries with her, and telling her hosts she would stay a few days "in de little schoolhouse on de hill."

(*To be continued.*)

AN ETHEREAL.

PETITE as slender fern against its hill,
She stands against the background of her world,—
As frail as the violet's stem that droops to spill
The honeyed dew from its blue cup impearled.

The delicateness of sublimated grace
Is hers, and clear with Nature's purest leal.
Her eyes, like pools of liquid light, no trace
Of sullen moods of shadow-life reveal.

Barton O. Aylesworth.

DISTANT VIEW OF THE BUILDINGS OF THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI

THE EVENT OF THE YEAR 1898.

By Elsie Reasoner.

I. A SLEIGH RIDE THROUGH THE WHITE CITY.

SLEIGHING in a white city! Can you picture it? Imagine a clear, cold sky overhead, six inches of newly fallen snow beneath, a keen bracing atmosphere, such as you find only in the middle western states, and a second white city, where the snowy covering underfoot is rivaled only in the classic buildings; where the works of both nature and art are exemplified—and you have the present appearance of the grounds of the Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition at Omaha.

Riding north on Sherman avenue, we pass the bluff tract on our right, where the building of Horticulture will stand. The street of foreign buildings will also be situated here. Of the state buildings on the road to completion, Nebraska and Illinois lead the way, while the ground is being prepared for the Wisconsin, Colorado, Missouri and Georgia buildings, with all the other states enthusiastic in regard to their respective exhibits in this direction. The upper half of the bluff tract will be devoted to a gorgeous display of nature's rarest blossoms, the leading florists of Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Boston and Chicago planning growing displays of these fairest of nature's products.

The building of Horticulture promises to be one of the most unique in design. It is reached by a viaduct, which connects the bluff tract with the main Exposition grounds, and forms a verdant, fragrant center around which cluster the different state buildings. All kinds and varieties of novelties in the horticultural field will be placed before an unsuspecting public. The chime of the states will ring out from its belfry every evening at sunset, and each separate bell will represent one of the links in our glorious chain of states, helping to swell the song of peace and liberty—America forever!

Here we turn into the gate on our left and enter the beautiful court where all the main buildings are situated. The plan of the Exposition grounds is an effective one. A tract of land half a mile long and nearly 800 feet wide has in the center a series of lakes or lagoons which extend from the viaduct on the east to the far end of the grounds on the west, where the Government building is situated, forming a most beautiful central decoration for the massive buildings which encircle them. Now the lakes are sheets of crystal, gaily bordered with flags and furnish nature's healthful amusement to hundreds of skaters. An immense toboggan slide has been erected near the Sherman avenue entrance, and together with the merry shouts of the young people, the distant music of the band at the farther end of the lake, with the skaters darting to and fro, the glistening wintry landscape, so oddly in harmony with the snowy types of Grecian architecture surrounding us, what wonder that we reined in the horses and in silence mentally declared the scene one never to be forgotten!

We had paused immediately before the entrance of the Manufacturers' building, which is of most imposing architecture in the Greek-Ionic style. The entrance is placed under a circular dome, 150 feet in circumference, rising to a height of 75 feet. This immense dome is supported by a circular row of fluted columns—the space beneath being the vestibule of the grand entrance.

Just across the lake is the building of Electricity and Machinery. While it is also in keeping with the spirit of

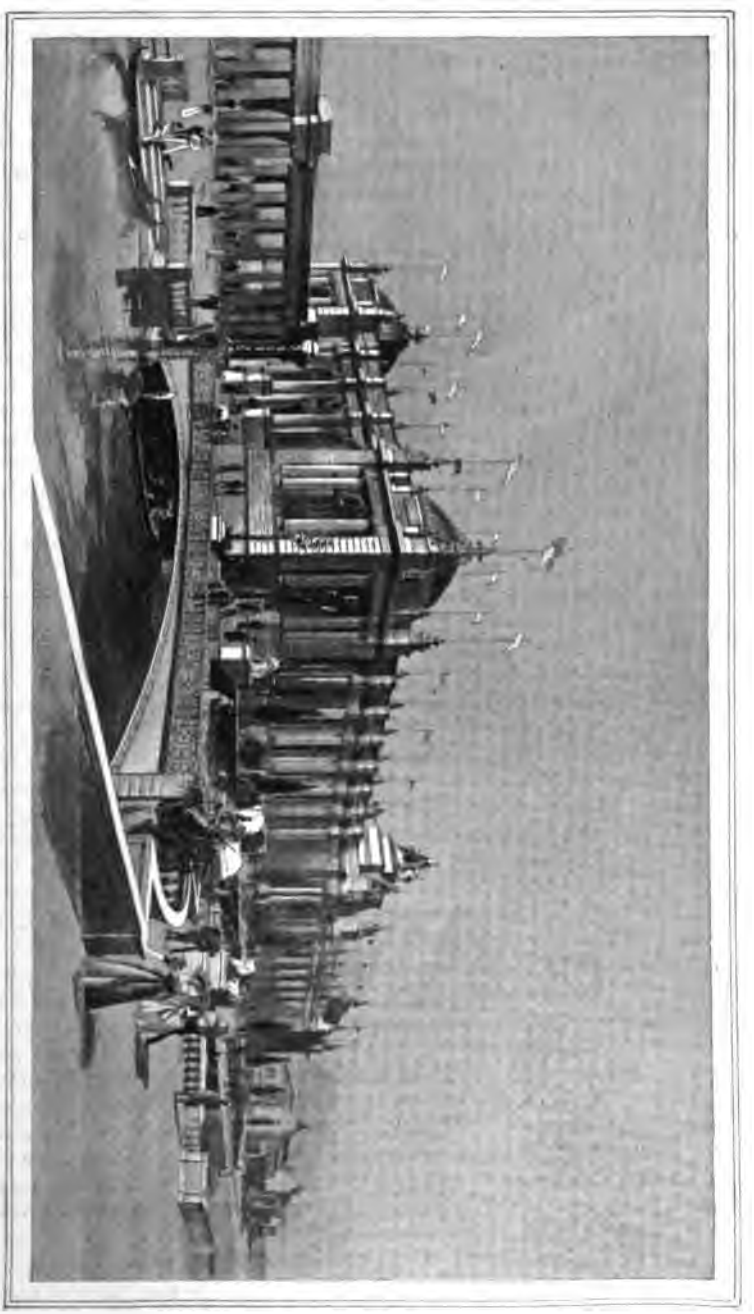
GRAND CANAL COURT—LOOKING WEST.

classic architecture, the decorators show the happy blending of modern decoration. All the cresting, scroll work, ornaments and panels are suggestive of machinery and the science of electricity. Clever designs in cog-wheels are seen about the corners, and a heroic figure-piece of "Man controlling the forces of Nature" is placed above the spacious entrance.

Driving on a little farther, we come to a dream of beauty, embodied in the Art building. This boasts of no modern decoration whatever, but stands as a perfect type of pure Grecian design, and will remain as a monument to the Exposition when the summer of 1898 is a memory of the past. The plan of the building shows two Greek crosses with a court or peristilium between. One of these buildings will be used exclusively for oil paintings, the other for water colors, blacks and whites, prints, etc. The open court is surrounded by a colonade of Ionic pillars, and a great advantage of the unique plan of architecture is that in the spacious galleries which run around the sides, every desirable degree of light and shade can be perfectly obtained. The Art exhibit, we are told, will be of most superior quality. Mr. A. H. Griffith, who is at present abroad arranging for loans from prominent collectors, reports most encouraging results, while the best of all America possesses will be on exhibition. The Zolney fountain, which will occupy the center of the court, will be one of the most magnificent productions of modern sculpture. A magnificent group, sixty feet high, represents the progress of civilization. A figure which will typify Omaha, is seated in an immense chariot, which is drawn by American lions. In the front part of the group are found those who lead the way in civilization, the pioneer, the hunter and the soldier. Following these, as is natural, come the phliosopher and the statesman. Peering out in wondering amazement from the rear, are the original inhabitants, the Indians. Towering above them all, and urging them ever onward, is the spirit of Progress, an heroic figure of colossal size. This group will form a fitting masterpiece of art.

Here we looked across at the Agricultural building, which only presented further evidence of the great beauty of design in the Exposition architecture. It is well designed to form a temple where the best products of this, the storehouse of the world, may be fittingly exhibited. It is finished in ivory tone, but festoons of cereals and garlands of flowers are thrown into strong relief by being finished in all their natural varying shades of color. At the top a magnificent production, representing the figure of "Prosperity," supported on either side by heroic statues of "Labor" and "Integrity."

But we cannot linger here, and after passing the site of the Auditorium, we come to the main south entrance of the grounds, and one that will always remain as the entrance of Kountz Park. It is the Arch of the States, and one of the daintiest bits of architecture on the grounds. It is constructed entirely of stone, each successive layer being from some one of the Trans-Mississippi States, Above the arch appears a series of stone tablets upon which are pictured the coats of arms of the twenty-three states in colored faience. Immediately opposite the Arch of States, rises the slender pinnacle of the Administration Arch, which connects the Agricultural with the Mines and Mining building. This last should be mentioned on account of its impressive dimensions, of which the description will impart a fair idea of the general plan. To the top of the crowning group of statuary, the distance is eighty-five feet. This group is suggestive of the wonderful progress of the mining development in the United States. Twelve magnificent statues surround the ground entrance, and each typifies some different phase of mining life.



MANUFACTURES BUILDING

Here the last of the chain of lakes spreads out into a glistening refoil, well called the Mirror. Facing it, and looking down upon the beautiful arrangement of the entire court, stands the Government building. The main entrance which faces the center of the Mirror will be up a broad flight of stairs and through a colonnade. The main building will be capped by a colossal dome, which will tower far above all other buildings. Surmounting this dome is a heroic figure representing "Liberty Enlightening the World," and the distance to the torch in its hand will be 178 feet.

We had reached the end of the court and, turning back, I let my imagination picture the scene as it will appear when golden summer has replaced the snowy scene with her own glorious splendor. In my mind's eye, I could see the plashing of the fountains, the richness of the verdure, the merry crowds that will fill the streets and entrances; I could see the winding walks, the shaded arbors, and I could hear the songs of the gondoliers and the hum of thousands of voices; I could see a great object lesson taught of the patience and perseverance of the loyal, indefatigable western workers, and over all and crowning all, I saw success.

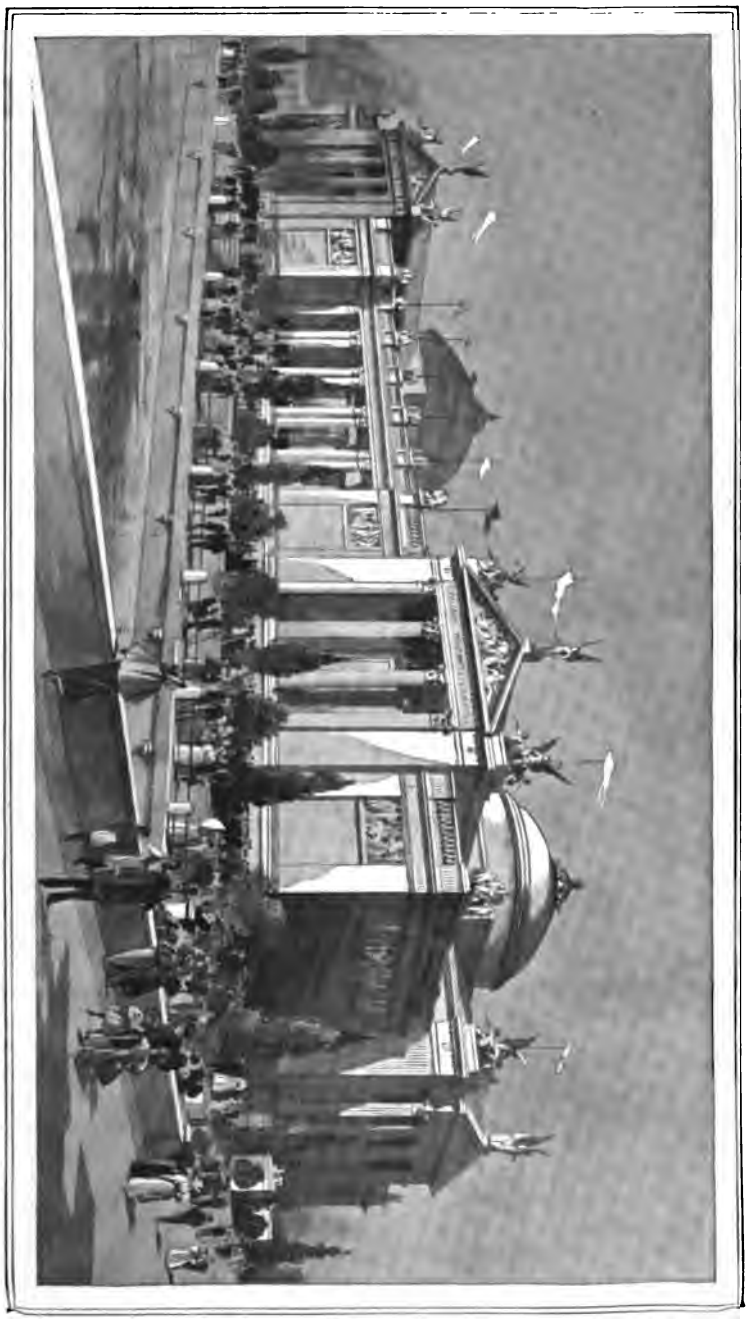
II. THE PROMISE OF GOOD THINGS.

"Parker's Kansas and Nebraska Hand Book, 1857–8. With a new and accurate map." Thus reads the title page of a little brown and weather-beaten volume before me. The pages are yellow and the contents curious, but just forty years ago this little book was quoted authority on the undeveloped country west of the Missouri. The northern boundary of Nebraska extends to British America, while in "Kansas" is included the present State of Colorado. "The Great American Desert" is represented by an immense blank space, and the towns are few and far between.

Contrasting the condition of the country as it was these forty years ago with its wealth and resources to-day, it is easy to comprehend that the earnest people who have accomplished these wonders will bring to ultimate success any plan they may conceive. At present the Trans-Mississippi Exposition at Omaha, to be held from next June to November, is attracting universal attention. While all America will join in making the Exposition a success, it is an essentially western enterprise, and has for its main object the demonstration of the material advantages of the Trans-Mississippi States. This wonderful country with its wealth as yet half discovered, its resources but partially developed, will furnish ample material for the most interesting and unique exposition that has ever been held. "Expositions are flash-light photographs, illustrating the progress of the world," and the Trans-Mississippi States will next summer demonstrate most clearly that when commerce leads the way success is sure to follow.

The marvelous progress that has been made on the buildings during the last few months has effectively dispelled the belief which has been voiced by a few incredulous ones, that the Exposition could not be ready in time. The valuable experience gained from former expositions enables the contractors and workmen to erect and complete the buildings much more rapidly than was possible even five years ago. The task of installing exhibits is a comparatively easy matter, and the Bureau of Transportation has already perfected rates which will bring all foreign exhibitors and exhibitions from any port of the world not only to Omaha, but with a guarantee to deliver them to that particular spot on the Exposition grounds to which they respectively belong.

New exhibits are being reported every day. A new idea of the Indian exhibit has been a plan whereby each prominent tribe will have a few days



FINE ARTS BUILDING.

reunion at the exposition, giving an exhibition of their war-dances, hunting festivities, marriage rites and funeral ceremonies. Special trains will transport at one time two or three thousand of these different tribes, bringing them directly to the exposition grounds and returning them en masse when their festivities are over.

The plans for the manufacture of sugar from the sugar beet, are materializing rapidly, and attracting great interest throughout the country. A complete plant will be constantly in operation and all grades of this staple article will be made in plain sight of the spectators, while the subject of sugar beet growing, from the time the seed is planted until the crop is matured, will be practically exemplified.

The baby-incubator and its workings will be watched by all scientific people, particularly the physicians all over the country. This will be the first baby-incubator that has ever been shown in full working order, all others having been still exhibits, and the tiny lives that inhabit it will be watched by interested thousands.

A curious exhibit, which will aptly illustrate the progress of the ages, will be an electric plow which will work beside one of the ancient wooden type, drawn by a cooley. Other kinds of mechanical devices in all their late perfection, will be shown, and it is claimed that Omaha will have the finest and most complete exhibition of this kind that has ever been shown.

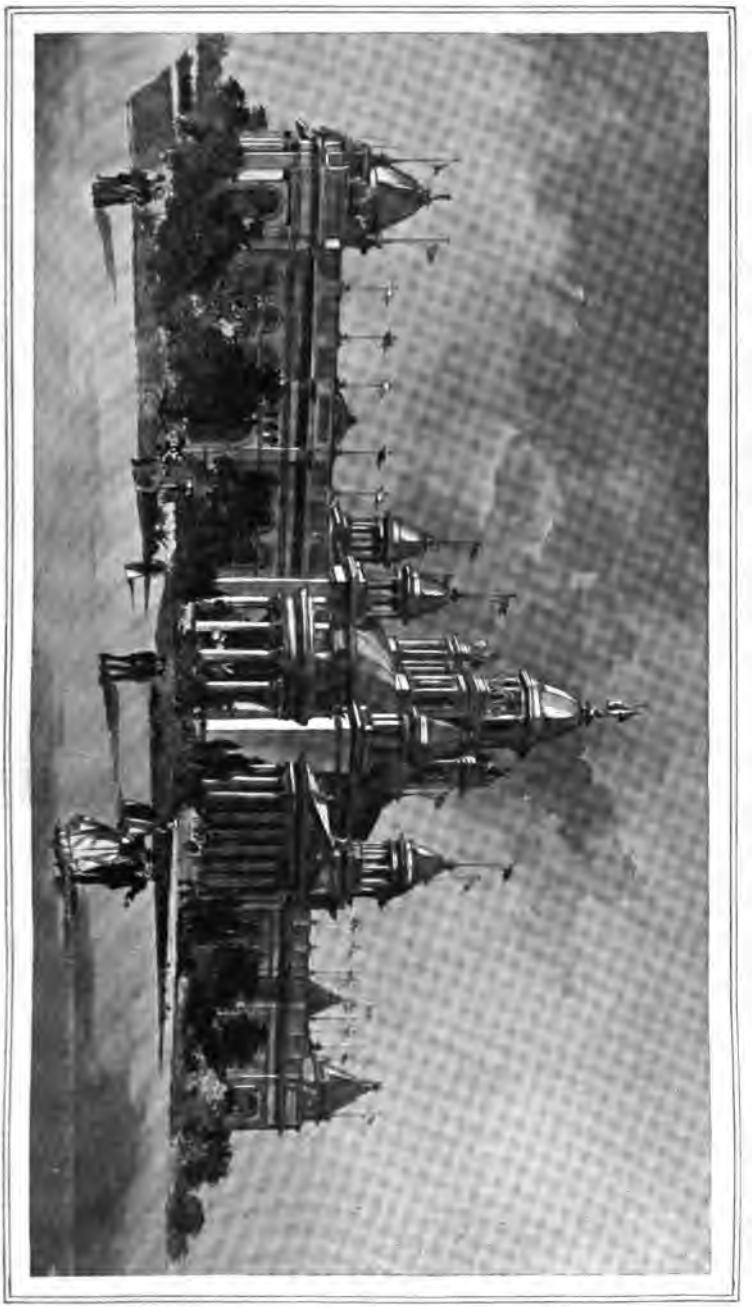
The clever handiwork of the different nations will be practically exhibited. Fifty Chinese artisans will be at work turning ivory, painting and illustrating their mode of manufacture in vorious ways. Celebrated potters will mould on the grounds, while artists in wrought iron work, burnt leather and wood processes, will display their talent.

To the Board of Education, composed exclusively of women, has been assigned the management and control of congresses of philosophic and scientific societies; the educational features of the Exposition, as well as all branches of woman's work. They propose the erection of a building to be devoted to the use of children of the Trans-Mississippi region. It will be called the Girls' and Boys' building, and the designs are most beautiful.

A series of congresses on a great variety of subjects is to be an accompaniment of the Exposition. Religious bodies will be represented by no less than four denominational conventions, while the Liberal Congress of Religions will present the movement toward advanced thought in the churches of every name. The congress will be conducted daily, with morning and evening services, participated in by representatives of Hindooism, the Jain religion, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Judaism and Christianity. The object of the congress, as given in the articles of incorporation, is to unite in a larger fellowship such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, and to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty. The array of pulpit orators, scientists and students of the world's religions will include many of the greatest thinkers and reasoners who are eminently known in this country and in the Orient, for their professional learning.

A Trans-Mississippi Teachers' Congress is being arranged, by a strong committee of educators. The detail of this congress will follow to some extent that usual in the annual meetings of the National Educational Association. Sectional meetings will give opportunity for the discussion of various phases of school life, and general meetings will offer programs which will be occupied by the foremost educators in the land.

An Art Congress will have several sub-divisions, including those of architecture and ceramics. A Congress of



HORTICULTURE BUILDING.

Literature will also follow along several distinct lines and a convention of Western librarians will be a natural sequence of it. Trans-Mississippi History, too, is a topic which will be developed and in this matter the State Historical Societies are expressing great interest.

The Congress of Music is probably as far advanced in the matter of detail as any. The fact that the committee of arrangement embraces such men as Louis Elson, of Boston, Adolph Forester, Pittsburg, and William Sherwood, of Chicago, is a guarantee of what may be expected in the artistic quality of this congress.

III. ART IN THE "WILD WEST."

It is centuries since the Western world was conceived in the mind of man. Scarce four hundred years have rolled away since the voice of civilization awoke the answering echoes of America, and in that little space a country rich in learning, boundless in resource, imperial in domain, has filled the world with admiration for its rapid progress and carved its destiny to leadership in all the arts and sciences of man.

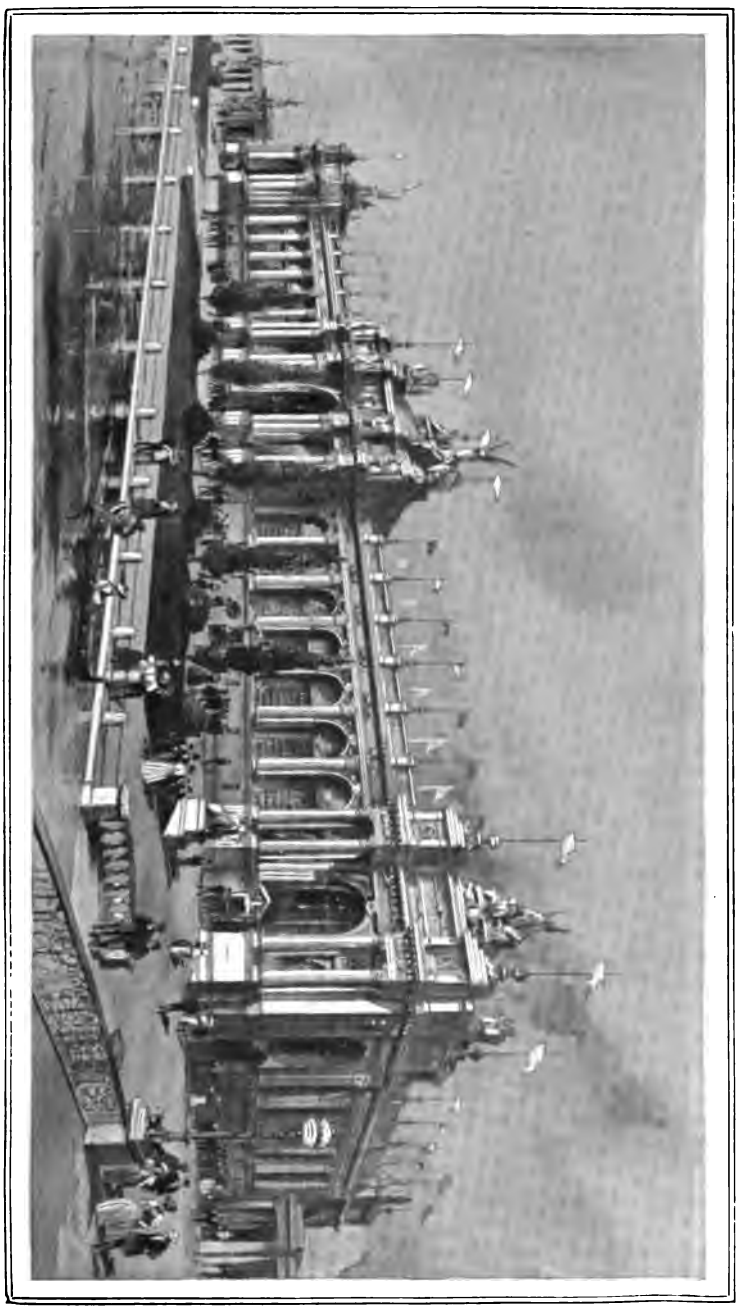
Step by step with every forward stride of power and intellect, the shining star of idealism has risen higher and higher in the realms of art, stirring the soul of genius to a mightier flame, and pointing ever on and on to heights of still loftier beauty.

"Men are but children of an older growth" is a trite old saying, and always was and ever will be true. The boy who, burning with ambition, builds his trifling toy and calls the neighbor children in to see the labor of his hands, evinces no more pride than does the nation, which, amassing all its best of brain and brawn and natural resource, invites the world to see the product of its genius.

The Exposition, aside from the vast exhibit of that wonderful region west of the Mississippi River, with its almost fabulous resources of mechanical, agricultural and mineral wealth, will be a world's display of art in all its varied forms. The buildings will be elaborated on a scale second only to the Chicago effort, in point of outlay and expense, but profiting by the advance in artistic decoration since that time, fully as grand and imposing. A lagoon half a mile in length penetrates the center of the site, and around the edges of this the more important buildings rear their majestic fronts of rich design in one continuous facade. These buildings were described in the December number of this magazine.

In the magnificent collection of paintings already secured by Director A. H. Griffiths, of the Fine Arts department, assisted by Paul Charlton, of the committee of Western Art Association, is the noted painting, "Charles the Terrible at Nessle" by F. Roybet. This is one of the three great pictures that caused a great furore at Munich, Dresden and Antwerp about two years ago. "The Fall of Babylon," representing a seriously imaginative scene of revelry at the court of King Belshazzar, has also been secured. Among the great pictures by foreign artists is that exquisite bit of romanticism, "The Shepherd's Star," by Jules Breton. "Alone in the World," by Joseph Israels, the master of the modern Dutch school. "The Happy Family," by B. J. Bloomer, and several by Albert Neuhuys, both of the same schools and pupils of the famous Israels.

Mr. Griffiths is also promised a valuable loan from the Detroit Museum, of which he is the director. This loan will include two great productions, one by Rubens and one by Murillo, each valued at $30,000. A part of the Museum loan will be a specimen of Japanese carving entitled "The Giant Wrestlers," which is regarded as the finest piece of carving made within the past century, and valued at an enormous price. The public and private galleries in all the principal American cities will contribute from their wealth of paintings,



AGRICULTURE BUILDING.

statuary, and works of fine art. Special selections of pictures have been made from the Parthenon exhibit at Nashville, which was carefully prepared by Mr. Theodore Cooley, for the Tennessee Exposition, after more than eighteen months of careful and diligent search The Colin-Campbell-Cooper collection exhibited at Nashville, and a number of the works of Miss Haydoc, of Cincinnati, will add to the private loans of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition. More than fifty of the choicest paintings of the St. Louis Art Exhibit have been secured. The St. Louis Art Museum will make a large loan of paintings, statuary, and replica of Pompeian bronzes. These latter are of rare and ancient design, few of the kind ever having been found. Every school of painting will be represented, as well as those of sculpture and statuary.

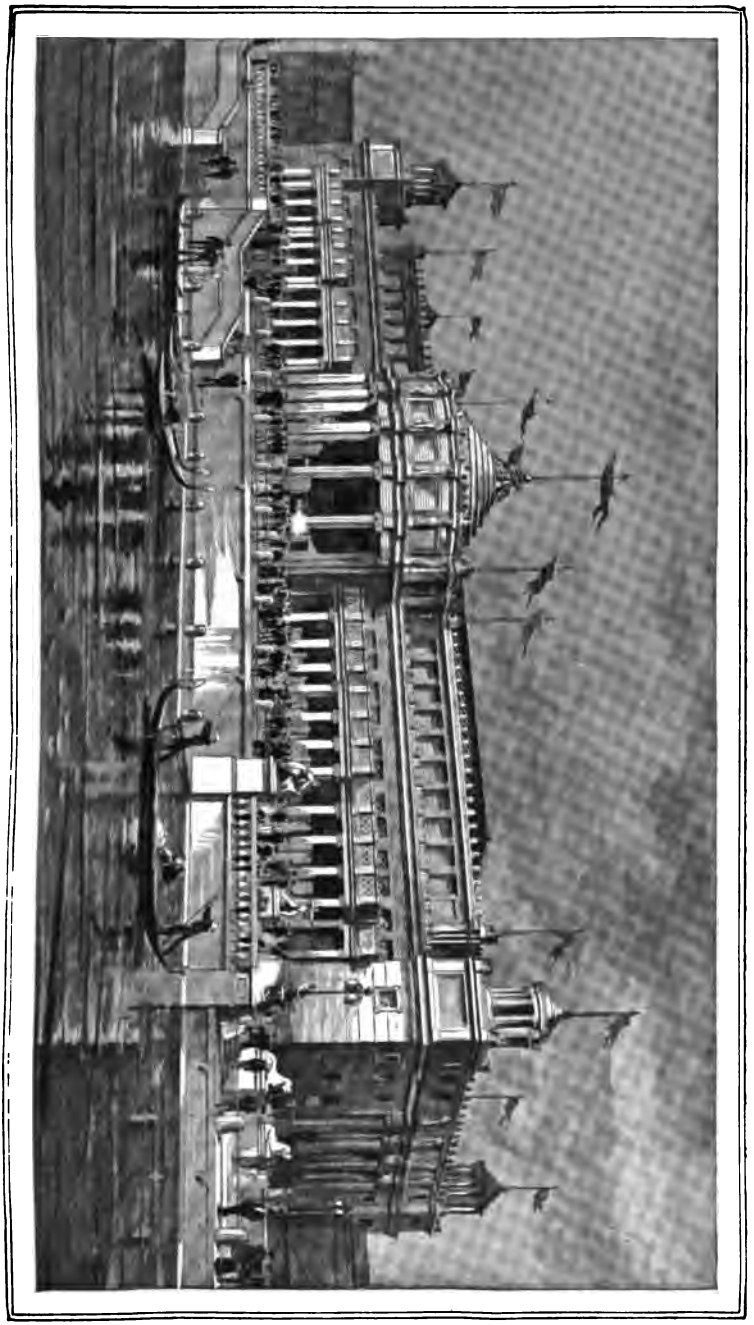
An announcement which is of interest to lovers of art, comes from New York. Lord Linton, of England, who owns considerable real estate in Omaha, informs the authorities that he is greatly interested in the Exposition and will do all in his power to aid it. He has instructed his agent in this country to make arrangements for loaning his valuable art collection, now in New York, to the art department. It is known as the Stuart collection, and includes more than forty works by the old masters, ranging in value from $5,000 to $100,000. In this collection is a statue of Venus of Cnidus, valued at $100,000; a painting of the Duchess of Devonshire, by Gainsborough, 1779, valued at $30,000; the Duchess of Bedford by Van Dyke, 1638, valued at $50,000; a Garden Scene by Watteau, 1717, valued at $25,000; one of Rembrandt's paintings of 1656, valued at $20,000; another of Rubens 1598, valued at $10,000, and forty-two others almost as well known to art students. The announcement that the full Stuart collection will be exhibited at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition is regarded as the best news that has come to the art department.

There is practically no limit to the mineral and geological possibilities of the States lying west of the Mississippi River, and the full and complete representation of their wonderful resources, as planned for the first time at this Exposition, will form a feature of the occasion before which the world will stand in wonder and amaze.

Strenuous efforts are being made to have the marvelous gold fields of Alaska fittingly represented. The glowing reports of fabulous treasure discovered in this remarkable country have fired the hearts of prospectors all over the world and created more inquiry and excitement than the diamond fields of Africa. Every authentic bit of information and a thousand samples of dust, nuggets and ores will find place in the Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition, and a movement is on foot among the influential people of the territory to place on exhibit two costly and magnificent cycloramas of the Klondike region, showing the summer and winter aspect of this wonderful country, which it is said hides gold enough in its bosom to pay the national debt, with enough left over to make every miner in its population a millionaire.

Arizona's exhibit will be a most interesting one. Specimens of ore from the Jersey Lily mine running as high as a thousand dollars to the ton, will be a sight to see. It is estimated that the placer ones around Prescott, yield easily a hundred million dollars per year. Arizona copper deposits are among the richest in the world. Its geological formations are remarkable. The Arizona onyx is the handsomest in the world, and its quantity seems inexhaustible Many beautiful specimens will accompany the Arizona display. Most of it is of a beautiful white color with seams of amber, brown, and gold. There are greens of almost every tone and almost every known shade and color.

Lead, zinc, and iron displays will be made by Arkansas, and Idaho will contribute its specimens of gold and silver.

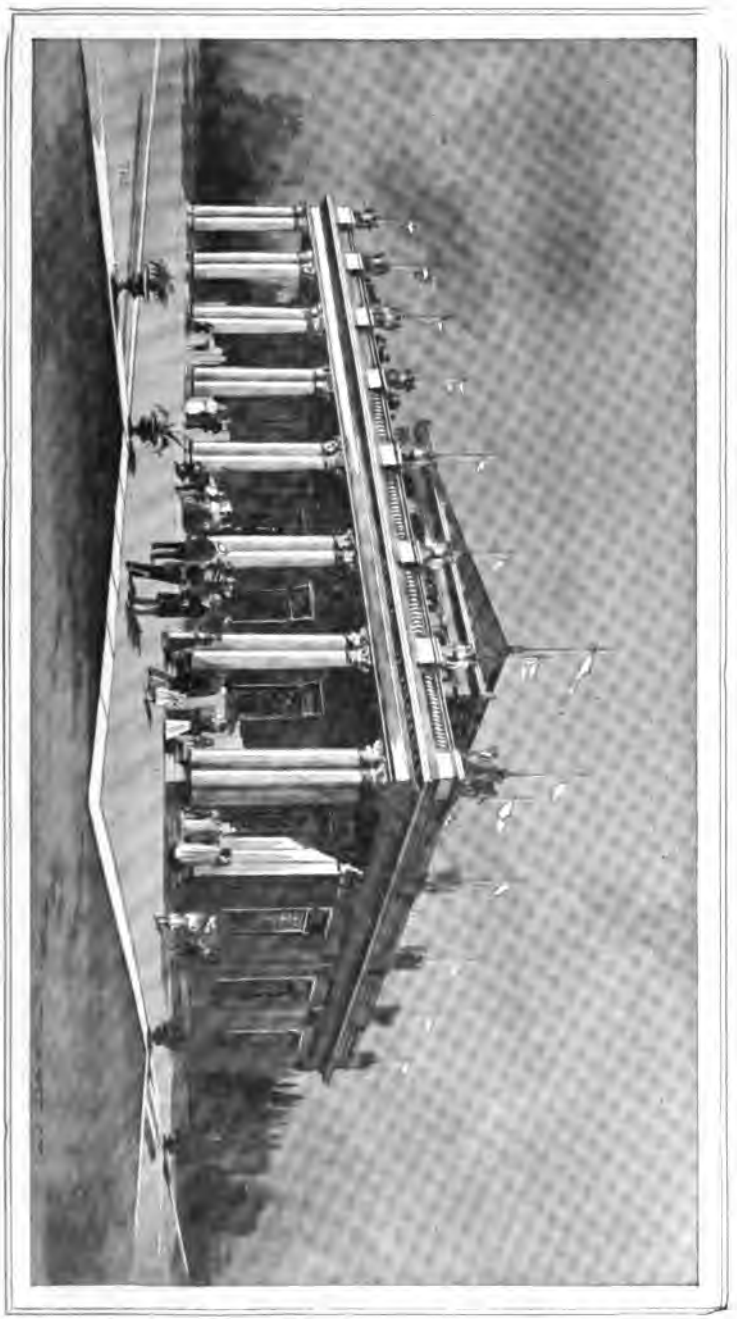


MINES AND MINING BUILDING.

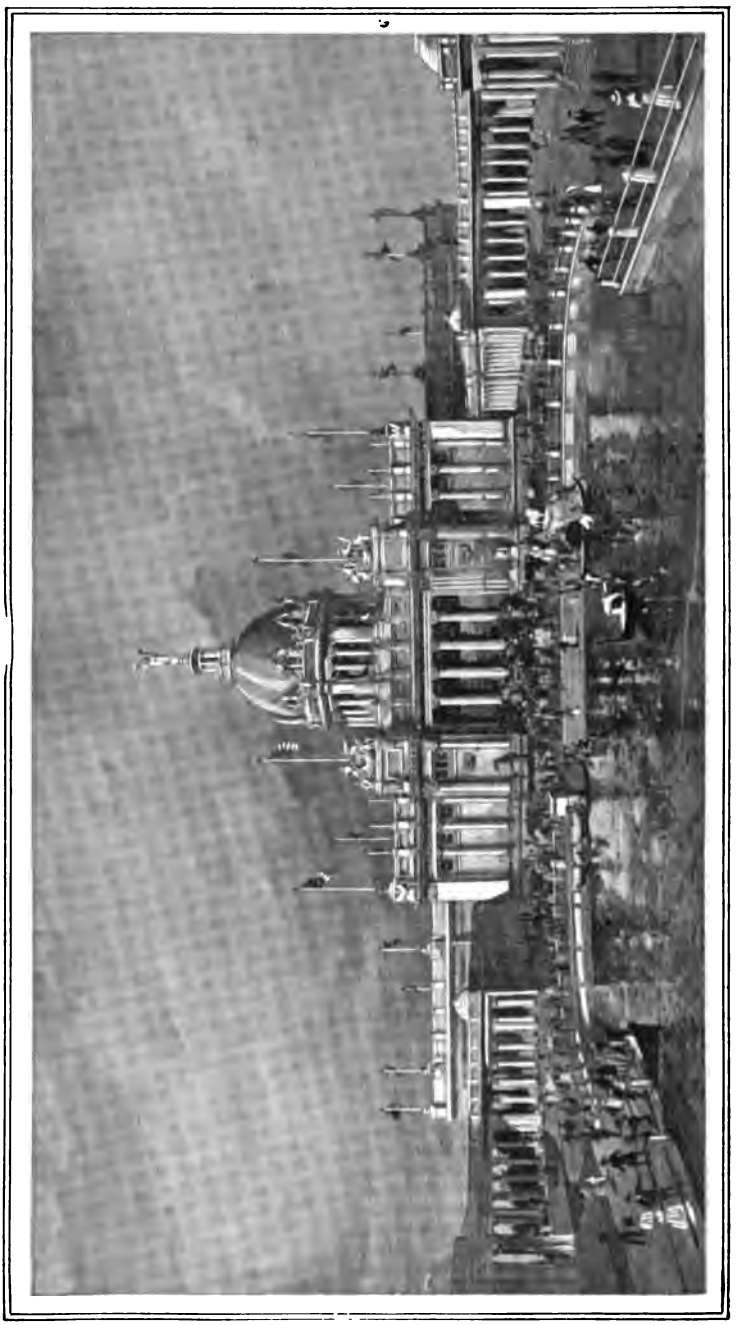
Washington and Wyoming will have representative displays, and Kansas, though deeply absorbed in its agricultural exhibit, will make a mineral display of its enormous lead and zinc resources.

It will be seen from the above, how extensive is the plan of the Exposition managers for the representative display of the mineral resources of the West. Many of these, as well as the common geological formations, have been mined and quarried for years, west of the Mississippi River, and have attracted universal attention, even outside of the lines of trade. The Mines and Mining building is one of the most imposing and expensive building in the magic city north of Omaha. It was made purposely large and commodious in anticipation of an unusual demand for space, and its capacity will be taxed to the utmost. Many national and geological curiosities, in the way of marbles, granites and onyx adapted to the ornamentation and the fine arts, from various States of the West, will be placed before an admiring world, at the great Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition.

Nebraska, the State in which the great fair will be held, is distinctively an agricultural State. From end to end it is a beautiful garden smiling with fruits of the farmer's toil, and the air fragrant with the scent of sweet wild flowers. There is no prettier route through which to pass, and Eastern people and foreigners coming here for the first time to visit the Exposition, will be charmed and delighted with the climate and the country. The State stands first among all the States of America in point of education, its population having the lowest percentage of illiteracy. Omaha, its principal city, at which the Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition is to be held, is a splendid example of Western brains and ambition. It is perched at the gateway to the West on the eastern border of the State, within speaking distance of Iowa on the east and Missouri on the south. It has fourteen lines of railway converging there, and a few cold facts about the size of its business may not be out of place. It covers twenty-four and a half square miles of area. The output of its packing houses alone is valued at $75,000,000 per year. It has the largest smelting works in the United States, with an annual output of $12,000,000 to $20,000,000. The annual output of its manufactories, exclusive of the packing house industries, exceeds $80,000,000. The clearings reported for 1897 amounted to $243,152,000. It has 600 miles of graded streets and 95 miles of electric railway, but it is unnecessary to go further in this connection. It is one of the big go-head cities of the West of which there are many in this progressive country, and it will have three million visitors during the Exposition, which lasts from June to November, and it will entertain them handsomely, and they will go back again to their homes in the North, East, South, or to foreign countries, as the case may be, with a clearer, better, larger understanding of the wonderful country which lies between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Ocean, and some of them may never return at all, but, satisfied like thousands of others, that this is the place, may settle down here and get rich, than which worse things might happen.



BOYS' AND GIRLS' BUILDING.



U. S. GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

DARWIN R. MERRITT.

WE ARE enabled through the kindness of Mr. W. W. Merritt, of Red Oak, Iowa, to present a portrait of Darwin R. Merritt, one of the martyred officers of the battleship Maine. The following dispatch to his father, from General Lee, tells the tragic story:

Merritt was in junior officers' mess room when explosion occurred. He got to hatch and found ladder gone. Officer Boyd climbed through and tried to pull Merritt up. Merritt lost his hold, fell back and was drowned. Body not found; probably in wreck.

So expired one of the brightest, strongest young men Iowa has contributed to the Nation.

Lieutenant Merritt was born at Red Oak, April 12, 1872. He graduated at Annapolis, July 1, 1897, at the head of his class. He was a natural athlete. He is affectionately eulogized by Chief Justice Deemer, Senator Junkin and others as a young man of exalted aims, clean character and upright life. He has given his life for his country, as clearly as any who have died for our Republic. All Iowans join in the feeling of bereavement and sympathy with the worthy parents.

OBSTACLES TO MUNICIPAL REFORM.

BY J. K. MACOMBER.

THE recent election in "Greater New York," which places more than 3,000,000 people under the control of the most corrupt political organization in the world, revives anew the interest in municipal government. In 1894 a New York paper published a list of twenty-eight men who controlled Tammany Hall. Among them was one who had been convicted of murder; three men who had been indicted for murder, felonious assault and bribery; four professional gamblers, five ex-keepers of gambling houses, nine saloon keepers, three sons of saloon-keepers, three ex-pugilists, four simply classified as professional toughs, and six men who once belonged to the William Tweed gang. The chief of this committee that ruled New York City was Croker. He was hurled from power in 1894, by the revelations of the Lexow committee. In 1897 he was again installed as chief member of Tammany, which now controls the destinies of Greater New York.

The problem of municipal government has been considered from almost all possible standpoints in the past few years. "Municipal reform" is the rallying cry of the good citizen who feels outraged at abuses, as well as of the demagogue and hypocrite who desires to seize possession of the municipal machine and its patronage for the aggrandizement of his friends and followers. The writers on this subject are usually theorists and essayists, who have no knowledge whatever of practical politics. Either they are not aware of the practical difficulties in the way of reform, or they intentionally ignore them.

The fearful riots at Pittsburg in 1877 and the strikes in Chicago in 1894, when many million dollars' worth of property was destroyed by mob violence, are proof of the fact that our city governments are not what they should be.

In the past ten years, I have been for two years the prosecuting attorney for Polk county, the most prosperous county in Iowa, and for four years the city solicitor of Des Moines, a city of about 70,000 people This experience in political life has made me somewhat familiar with the methods of doing business in municipal bodies, and with the difficulties in the way of reform. And by reform I mean improvement in all those matters most dear to every good citizen, such as equality of taxation, economy of expenditure, honesty and efficiency in administration, and, above all, the appointment of good men to office.

Our city in the past twenty years has had the usual experiences of other western cities which are growing rapidly and endeavoring to outstrip their rivals in progress. Many years ago the city aldermen forgot that they were trustees for the people who elected them. At that time the law allowed them only fifty dollars per annum as compensation for all duties as aldermen. They organized a conspiracy to loot the treasury for their own benefit. Twenty committees were appointed, many of which were useless and in fact did not meet from January to December. But it was so arranged that each member, including the mayor, should be chairman of two committees, and receive four hundred dollars per annum for each chairmanship, or eight hundred dollars each. In other ways they swelled the unlawful compensation of each alderman to about twelve hundred dollars. Finally the citizens commenced to complain about it and threatened

prosecutions. The legislature increase the lawful compensation to two hundred and fifty dollars, making it a crime to take more. Then these same aldermen resorted to remarkable methods to fill their pockets. In one instance a claim was allowed to a fictitious person, one "James Q. Johnston, for damages for falling into a sewer." A warrant was drawn for that amount. A city employé sold the warrant for cash and divided the money into four equal rolls. He then handed these rolls of money to four aldermen, without taking receipts therefor, or asking any questions. In another instance a bill for lumber in favor of a fictitious lumberman, for $312.50 was duly allowed. An alderman cashed the warrant and pocketed the money, calling it compensation for his valuable services to the city.

These men were indicted, prosecuted and the facts fully proven in court, while I was prosecuting attorney. They were all discharged by order of the trial judge, on the ground that they had committed no crime. Suffice to say, however, that they paid back into the city treasury these ill-gotten funds, and from that time to this, I believe, aldermen have been content with the salary allowed by law.

In 1888 the legislature passed a law giving our city a board of public works, to be appointed by the mayor. The intent of the law was to place the public work of the city in charge of two competent men who were especially versed in public improvements. But it is a matter of history that the place has been used about half the time by mayors of the city as a means of paying political debts. Some of the appointments have been good, and many utterly bad. In one instance it took an act of the legislature to rid the city of one of these objectionable appointments.

It will thus be seen that Des Moines has had its share of troubles in municipal affairs. At each biennial election, there is a struggle of the ins against the outs. The old officials are always charged, by the opposition newspapers, and the new candidates for favor, with all sorts of corruption and wickedness. The new aspirants generally appear in the guise of "reformers," or "people's party" and frequently the reformers are worse than those whom they succeed. In fact, an alleged "reformer" is likely to be a spendthrift in those matters where he is specially interested. Our experience has been similar to that of most other cities of the United States, where the facts have been probed to the bottom. Mayors have been elected on reform tickets, on pledges the most solemn to appoint only the best of officials, and no sooner were they sworn into office than they proceeded to disgust their supporters by filling the city officiary with ex-saloon-keepers, ex-gamblers, and other disreputables, in payment of promises made for support.

It is a notorious fact that for twenty years no man has been twice elected mayor of our city, except in one instance,—and, with perhaps one exception, he was the costliest mayor ever elected. He organized all the tough element, gamblers, courtesans and saloon-keepers of all parties in his behalf and with the help of a few good citizens received the party nomination and was elected. And yet Des Moines has had many good mayors within that period who were worthy of reëlection.

Extravagance in municipal affairs is always condemned in the abstract. But the trouble lies in the fact that the city aldermen are constantly harassed by men who insist upon the reckless expenditure of money to further their particular hobbies. Every council meeting has a crowd of "prominent citizens" on hand demanding that more money be expended than the city has. For one man who appears before the council to urge economy, there are fifty who appear backed by a strong following to demand extravagance in some particular thing dear to them. We have in mind now some excellent gentlemen

always prominent when good municipal government is the topic, who repeatedly appeared before the council to urge a public improvement to cost $25,000, and another to cost $50,000 more, when the city was in debt to the limit of the law and not a spare dollar was in the city treasury. And this is not a solitary instance. We could give many such. How can you blame the aldermen, under such circumstances, if they run the city in debt. Each taxpayer is economical in the abstract, but extravagant in the concrete.

Then, as a rule, the aldermen and their constituents have pet schemes to be put through. One man is elected as an economist, but he is determined to build a new bridge for his locality, to cost, perhaps, $40,000. Another insists upon the construction of a park boulevard to cost $60,000 or more. Still others elected as reformers believe that the city should buy up all the water plants, electric light plants, and street railways. The fact that there is no money in the treasury, and that the city is burdened with taxes, does not startle them in the least. If the suggestion is made that such contracts cannot be legally entered into, they denounce the author of the suggestion as wanting in municipal patriotism, and insist upon going in debt anyhow, and fighting out the legal propositions afterwards. In this manner many cities in the country have gone in debt twice as much as the law permits, and others are paying from six to eight per cent per annum in general taxes and special levies.

The subject of special levies deserves more than passing attention. In each city we have at least five taxing boards, each possessing authority to levy a tax on the same property. There is a state board, a county board, a school board, a city council, a park board; and each one can levy a tax on all the property in the city. While limits are placed on most of these boards as to the amount of taxes they can levy, there is one on which there is no limitation, viz: the school board. Formerly, cities were practically limited to a tax of ten mills for city purposes, on all property within their boundaries. But in an evil hour some enemy of mankind conceived the idea of permitting special tax levies for certain purposes, in addition to the general municipal levy. Certain cities wanted water, whereupon the legislature authorized all cities of the first class to levy a tax of five mills on all property for water rent. This was extended to a special tax for light, another for sewers, another for parks, another for water works, another for judgments, and another for library purposes. In the aggregate, these may amount to as much as ten per cent on the assessed valuation of the property.

While each member of a city council is always favorable to economy in other wards of the city, he insists upon liberal expenditures in his own ward and precinct. His constituents are on hand to watch him in this matter. This leads to "log rolling." A "combine" is formed to vote for no other bills unless all are served alike, and in this way an omnibus bill is passed. Every mayor reads a lecture to the council at least once a year, urging that taxes be reduced and economy practiced. The value of this lecture, however, is neutralized by the fact that he generally insists on increased expenses for the police force (which is under his special patronage), and usually urges appropriations on other fads of his own,—such as municipal ownership, or other expensive luxury. Each man connected with the city government desires to push his own department where he has the patronage to distribute, but he is ready enough to economize on other departments.

It was not my purpose, in this short article, to propose a remedy for these evils. If we can once realize the obstacles in the way of reform, the remedies suggest themselves. As a general thing the city officers are as good as the citizens who elect them. They are extravagant because the people want extrava-

gance. Theoretically and spasmodically the citizens clamor for economy; practically they attend the council meetings only when they want to urge some expenditure of money. One in a hundred wants more grading, more policemen, more bridges, more public works, more extravagance; the other ninety-nine do not want it. The hundredth man, however, gathers up his friends, goes to the city council, and talks loudly of his wants. The ninety-nine stay at home and think hard but say nothing to the council; so that the hundredth man appears as a mighty host in comparison with the ninety-nine who do not besiege the city council with protests.

The ward system is partly to blame. It leads to log-rolling, each ward clamorous to get as large a share of the public funds as possible. But any attempt to change the ward system would certainly fail. The people would not submit to it, and why should they, so long as we pretend to have a republican system of government. Nine-tenths of the people who criticise the methods of our aldermen would not be an improvement if placed in office. The doctrine, "To the victor belongs the spoils," has become ground into our system. Elect a civil service reformer to an office, and he discovers at once that those not of his own ilk are unfit to serve. He will coerce the common workman into promising to support him by threats of discharge. This is claimed to be done in the "interest of harmony," and his supporters will all say, "of course."

In our experience of the last twenty-five years, we have had all kinds of mayors. Some were just plain Republican politicians, and others plain Democrats. Others were plain, ordinary reformers; and still others were Reformers with a big R, making great pretensions to all the virtues. The people are partisans, whether members of a political party or otherwise; they hold fast to their idols after they have once installed them in office as persistently as the most ardent supporters of Tammany.

If we know some of the serious obstacles in the way, it will assist in devising methods of improvement in managing municipalities. That the citizens are largely to blame for extravagance, there is no doubt. The aldermen are lavish in expenditures because the citizens demand of them lavish expenditure. Downright stealing can only be prevented by electing good men to office—*and then watching them.* It is useless to expect economy from the bodies which expend the taxes. Each body will always levy up to the limit of the law, when it gets the patronage coming from the disbursement of the funds. If there were a board of review, which had nothing to say about how the money should be expended and no patronage to distribute, it might perhaps be relied upon to reduce these levies to within reasonable limits.

Perhaps the most serious evil resulting from dishonest or careless officials is the enormous city debts which have accumulated throughout the United States. Most of our Western states have constitutional limitations on the amount of municipal indebtedness which will be permitted, and in addition thereto it is made a crime on the part of officers to issue warrants or make contracts for more than the annual revenues. But these statutes are openly defied by city councils and executive officers. Mr. A. R. Conkling, in his work on "City Government in the United States," gives the debts of the principal cities in the United States, in July, 1894, as follows:

New York City	$ 104,339,634
Brooklyn	47,337,000
Boston	35,000,000
Philadelphia	27,930,000
Cincinnati	26,000,000
St. Louis	21,376,000
Chicago	18,450,000
Baltimore	16,100,000
Pittsburg	9,000,000
San Francisco	650,000
Total	$ 306,182,634

The cities of the West, with few exceptions, are in debt to almost the full limit of the law. And yet I venture to say that a large part of their indebted-

ness has accumulated in direct violation of the statutes of the several states. The following statute has been in force in Iowa for many years:

> Code, Sec. 658-16. In cities of the first class the council shall make the appropriations for all the different expenditures of the city government for each fiscal year at or before the beginning thereof, and it shall be unlawful for it or any officer, agent or employe of the city to issue any warrant, enter into any contract, or appropriate any money in excess of the amount thus appropriated for the different expenses of the city during the year for which said appropriation shall be made. Any such city shall not appropriate, in the aggregate, an amount in excess of its annual legally authorized revenue.

The revised statutes of Illinois, Myers' Ed., Sec. 89, municipal code, provides that an annual appropriation bill must be passed in each city, and no contract made or expense incurred unless an appropriation has been made therefor. Section 208 of the criminal code of Illinois declares:

> Any person holding any public office who shall be guilty of contracting directly or indirectly for the expenditure of a greater sum or amount of money than may have been appropriated or set apart for such purpose, is guilty of wilful and corrupt oppression and may be fined therefore not to exceed $10.000 and removal from office.

The statutes of Iowa make it a crime to violate the law first above cited, which may be punished by a fine of $500 and imprisonment in the county jail not exceeding one year. I do not doubt that most of the states in the Union have similar statutes. Des Moines has a debt of about $800,000, the most of which has been contracted in direct violation of the above statute, and I presume the debts of most Iowa cities have been similarly made. Where does the responsibility for this lie? Who drew the illegal warrants? The auditors. Who contracted the unlawful debts? Members of council, street commissioners, and board of public works. The best mayor and council on earth cannot prevent extravagance if a reckless street commissioner unlawfully continues street work after the money is exhausted. If an auditor draws a warrant after the appropriations are used up, he is a criminal under our statutes, and those of other states. If the other officers of the city, be they members of the street commissioner's department, board of public works, or city council, make contracts or order work after the sums appropriated have been exhausted they are guilty of a crime and should be prosecuted.

The man of most importance to hold all in check is the auditor, or other official, who draws the warrant. If he is a faithful, conscientious official he refuses to issue a warrant on any exhausted fund. The men who have the illegal contracts will present their bills and get nothing until the city aldermen face the deficit.

But city officials become reckless. For many years our auditors drew warrants without reference to the appropriations. The contingent fund, sewer fund, and grading fund were always overdrawn. At one time the auditor, on being advised by the solicitor that it was a crime to draw promises to pay against no funds, closed his books and sternly refused to issue another warrant. Contractors and workmen stormed about the office. The officials who made the unlawful contracts and the councilmen who ordered the work were also advised that they might be prosecuted criminally for continuing to contract debts after they had expended all their money; but such was the outside pressure that the work continued until many thousand dollars' worth of illegal time-checks were floating about to be discounted by brokers who were willing to trust the city to appropriate money to make up the deficit.

The above illustration shows that the election of good mayors and city councils is not all that is required for good municipal government. Other officials who have a wholesome regard for law are equally important. A conscientious auditor is a check on extravagance from all quarters. Suppose, however, that no heed is given by the other departments to his warning of "no funds." The council, the street commissioner, and other officials, continue

to issue illegal time-checks against the wind, backed up by secret promises that they will protect them in the future. *Then is the time for the prosecuting attorney and the grand jury to commence work.* A few criminal indictments against some of these officers will call a halt at once, and even should the officials escape conviction on some specious plea, the lesson will not be forgotten for years. If public officers will not regard the law in such matters, one vigorous criminal prosecution, with the agitation and publicity accompanying it, will do more good than a dozen reform campaigns against corruption and extravagance.

No citizen cares about initiating such proceedings on his own motion, and few public prosecutors have the courage to do so unless sustained by a strong public sentiment. Nevertheless, it is a remedy, which, if applied, would do more to bring about genuine economy in city government than any other movement. It is the practice in most cities where rascality and extravagance have become unbearable to appoint a number of citizens called a "civic federation" or "citizens' committee" to aid in the work of reform. These organizations usually commence by trying to elect a ticket of their own,—and seldom succeed. If such a committee could command the services of a bold, energetic lawyer, who would file information at once against every public official who violated the criminal statutes, it would bring about more real reform than half a dozen attempts to run political campaigns.

If an auditor issues an illegal warrant, prosecute him vigorously at once. It will be the last one drawn in that city for many years. If the aldermen order money paid for an unlawful purpose, make them face the court by swift indictment. If a commissioner of street work issues time-checks or goes on ordering work after notice that there are "no funds," let punishment follow sure and fast. That official and his successors will remember for a long time that the criminal law must be obeyed. There are few serious evils in expending public moneys which could not be checked quickly and effectually by such a resort to the courts. As I have already said, it was not my intention in this paper to attempt to solve this, the greatest problem of the age, and the above is given only as one remedy too frequently forgotten. The officers of our cities are usually honest, well-meaning men; but, because of the demands made by the good people who elect them, they too frequently become negligent to the verge of criminality, and must be constantly under the watchful eye of the taxpayer.

CALM.

WITHIN my heart's recess I hold to-day
A guest so dear, so longed for all these years,
I scarce can now believe his presence here;
I only know when he is gone again.
(To keep him always would be heav'n on earth.)
I'll listen thro' the strife of stormy winds
That surge around my soul, to hear once more
The faint, low whisper, saying "*Peace, be still.*"

Elizabeth K. Reynolds.

Woman's Club Department.

By Harriet C. Towner.*

IT WAS considered an epoch in many of the older states when neighborhood and village libraries began to be common, more than a hundred years ago, and Noah Porter tells us that the establishment of a village library was considered as natural and almost as necessary as the setting up of a grist mill or a town pump. In at least one state, New Hampshire, every town is now required by law to establish and maintain a free public library. For reasons, perhaps easily explained, there were, until recent years, comparatively few libraries in the West outside the well equipped libraries of the larger towns and cities. Now, however, libraries are rapidly coming into existence in the smaller towns and villages, many of them directly through the instrumentality of women's clubs. By coming closely in touch with these libraries, club women are realizing as never before the actual value of even a small collection of well selected and easily accessible books. Even members of clubs which announce their purpose as distinctly literary, without the diversified interests of many of their sisters, are working hard for their village library. The real value of some of these libraries will perhaps not be entirely appreciated in this generation.

When John Harvard bequeathed half his estate and his library to the struggling seminary in the wilderness, no one foresaw the Harvard University of to-day.

In Iowa the library spirit is especially active among women's clubs. Of one hundred and eighty-one clubs belonging to the State Federation, nearly one-half are doing something for libraries. Many of these are village libraries, few of them exceeding a thousand volumes as yet. Several have been established with the assistance of a municipal library tax, which of course, simplifies the question of income; but very many are founded without this aid, and the question of support with "nothing certain a year," becomes of paramount importance. The *free* public library movement is of comparatively recent date, and many still cling to the old subscription plan, but its usefulness is at best limited, and the astonishing growth of the free public library in our day is proof of its value. Assuming that a free public library is to be established in a town where the voters do not yet understand the importance of a library tax, efforts must be made for its support through voluntary contributions, entertainments and other means familiar to those who dwell in small towns. Fortunately these all yield surprising results when it is known that the proceeds are to be returned to the community in the form of good books. The money thus obtained is usually put at once into books and necessary library equipment, and the club women themselves not only supervise the library, but give their services generously in other ways. In village libraries, as in others, the services of a trained librarian should be secured when practicable.

The "knowing how" counts for much in handling books, and where there is even a small assured income, it is in some respects an economy to employ a librarian who has had technical training. However, in many towns and villages the employment of a competent librarian is out of the question, and the detail work is very frequently carried on by a committee from the club, which has a librarian as well as its own members to train. To carry on the work successfully a course in library science must be taken, either self-conducted or otherwise, which includes a study of the best methods, appliances and devices for facilitating work, classifying, shelving, cataloguing, the best charging system and a practical knowledge of the immense amount of detail which lies behind the successful management of a library. Of still greater importance is the learning to exercise judgment and reason in buying books, and to use the proper guides in making selections. All this varied and perplexing work is

*Communications intended for The Midland's Club Department should be addressed to Mrs. Harriet C. Towner direct; her address is Corning, Iowa.

done with patience and self-denial, and in many villages libraries are put upon a satisfactory basis in a surprisingly short time.

It would be strange indeed if mistakes were not sometimes made. Sufficient care is not always exercised in the selection of books, cumbersome methods are sometimes adopted and time is wasted in learning how; but with an earnest desire to learn the best methods, these errors may be corrected and the labor is counted as nothing in comparison with the results. One small library in an Iowa town, consisting of little more than a handful of books in comparison with a well equipped library, has over six hundred and twenty regular patrons. Among these are boys and girls who having few books at home obtain here their first glimpse of the world's great literature, young men and young women who have heretofore enjoyed a mental pabulum of sensational and inane stories, find here wholesome, helpful stories, which are read at first, it may be, for the sake of something to read, but soon for their own sake. Men and boys, who before the days of the library spent their evenings on the street, are constant visitors. People living in the country are cordially welcomed to this library, and come each week in large numbers for books, which the long winter evenings give them leisure to read. The Iowa Traveling Library is proving extremely helpful to these small libraries. To a small village library without visible income the use of fifty additional books every three months means much. The traveling library is a valuable means of bringing good books to the people, and has been successful wherever tried.

The circulation of good books means good reading, inspiring good thoughts, prompting right action. It means, too, the broadening of sympathy, the elevation and refinement of taste, and the awakening of new and higher aspirations.

COLORADO . . . Three years ago Mrs. T. H. Moore, chairman of correspondence with the G. F. W. C. for the state of Colorado, sent out notes to presidents of literary clubs, inviting them to meet in Denver the first week in April to form a State Federation. The invitation was cordially responded to and thirty clubs registered as charter members. In January, 1897, a federation directory was printed showing a membership of fifty-six clubs, while the directory for 1898 shows eighty-nine clubs enrolled, twenty-four being located in Denver, the city where the next G. F. W. C. biennial will be held in June of this year.

As so much interest attaches to this coming event, a few words about the clubs of Denver may not be untimely. Two of these clubs claim the distinction of being the oldest literary organization for women in the Centennial State; organized about the same time, it is difficult to decide whether the Fortnightly or the Monday Literary Club is entitled to claim the priority. The Twins might not be an inappropriate way of designating them, for they are much alike in methods of work, in the broad lines they pursue, and in numbering in their membership some of the most intellectual women of Denver.

Papers and discussions on general subjects form the program, which is so arranged that each member contributes a paper but once in two years.

With the number of clubs Denver boasts, individual tastes may easily be gratified and if study in detail is preferred to miscellaneous work there are such organizations as the Students' Club with its study of English and American literature; the "Reviewers" who are spending the winter months in the "Inferno," but expect to reach "Paradise" by spring; the "Round Table" making a thorough study of the French Revolution; the New Century going back to Roman History; the Fourth Avenue Reading Club and the Scio delving still deeper into antiquity with their work in the History of Egypt and Classics of the Orient. Shakespeare and contemporary history engage the attention of the Four O'clock Club and the Twenty-second Avenue Study Club. American literature holds the Pi Pi Kappas. The Sphinx is traveling but not in Egypt, being thoroughly familiar with that country and from long residence there desiring change of scene. The *raison d'etre* of the Wednesday Current Events Club is announced in its name. The Columbine Reading Club is engaged in pursuing the works of the day which are considered likely to live. If one is musically inclined there are the Tuesday and Athene Musicial Clubs, each including in its membership some fine musicians. If the languages are a hobby, there are many classes for their study—"*Der Nachmittag*" being the only one in the State Federation.

One of the older clubs of Denver is the Clio, which has been most enterprising in forming auxiliaries; the first

to be formed was the Junior Clio, an honorary member of the G. F. W. C. The next was the Young Ladies' Clio, which has now ceased to be an auxiliary and is an independent member of the Colorado Federation. The Monday Evening Clio admits both ladies and gentlemen and many a pleasant evening is spent with papers, discussions, readings and music by way of amusement. In philanthropic work few clubs have accomplished more than the Denver section of the National Council of Jewish Women. With a membership of over 200 it was found advisable to divide the club into several departments, music, literature, history, philanthropy being the branches in which the ladies are most interested. Of the Woman's Club of Denver it is hard to write, for the reason that there is so much that might be said. What 850 earnest, enthusiastic women working together cannot accomplish is hardly worth mentioning. The department of science and philosophy has arranged with the public library of Denver to send books useful in club work to smaller places in the state not blessed with libraries. To give an adequate idea of the good work accomplished by the philanthropic department, in helping the poor to help themselves would require more space than is allowed. Pingree gardening has been in successful operation for two years and it is only one of many philanthropic projects introduced by this department. Reproductions of classic works of art have been placed in the public schools by the art and literature department. Free kindergartens, sewing schools, and mothers' clubs have been established by the educational department. That there are still a few things that might be improved upon in Denver, in Colorado, in the wide world, is not the fault of the women in the club who stand for reform. If the time ever comes when this western state becomes a Utopia the glory will in large measure be due to these untiring workers. The "gentle art" of making home pleasant is by no means neglected by Denver women. The home department being one of the largest, surely the "servant question" should be solved when these good women turn out from year to year graduates from their school of domestic science. The music department has a well-trained chorus of club members and an "extension" for teaching the children of members choral singing.

Following are the officers of this club, one of the largest in the United States:

President.—Mrs. S. S. Platt.
Corresponding Secretary.—Mrs. C. H. Jacobson.
Department Chairmen.—Home, Mrs. Guilford S. Wood, 1335 Josephine street; educational, Mrs. J. R. Hanna, 500 Fourteenth street; art and literature, Mrs. W. H. Kistler, 1430 Franklin street; philanthropy, Mrs. H. J. Hersey, 506 Equitable building; science and philosophy, Mrs. T. H. Moore, 1841 Sherman avenue; reform, Mrs. J. H. Ecob, 1841 Sherman avenue; music, Mrs. C. C. Welch, 1450 Washington.

The North Side Women's Club numbers one hundred and sixty members, and does for the section of the city where it is located much the same work that the larger organization does for Denver proper. The President, Mrs. J. M. Conine, was a member of the Legislature last winter. Her influence was ever for reform and progress.

One other club remains to be mentioned; but though last, it is by no means least. The Denver branch of the National Colored Women's League has done a wonderful work in uplifting its people in the city. Visiting the sick and imprisoned, providing for the destitute, teaching the ignorant, establishing classes for children, are all good works which these women are interested in, besides making a study of history or literature on their own account. Would there were more clubs like it! Many other clubs has the city where the fourth biennial will be held; but as they are not members of either state or general federations they may not be mentioned at this time. However, so rapidly do these organizations grow, the time will soon come when several articles may be devoted to Denver's federated clubs.—*Mrs. C. C. Richardson.*

KANSAS...A new and very pleasant feature of the annual meeting of the State Teachers' Association, held at Topeka, December 28-30, was a Federation Round Table. This was decided upon by the executive council of the State Federation in response to a suggestion sent out by the committee on education of the General Federation, that wherever possible a joint session of teachers and club women should be held sometime during the year.

The executive board of the Teachers' Association assigned a place for this meeting on the official program, and it was held on the afternoon of December 30th at Unity church.

Mrs. John C. McClintock, of Topeka, President of the State Federation, presided, and during her address of welcome she emphasized the desire of the General Federation, and of the various state federations, to assist, by every means in their power, those to whom is

intrusted the education of the children and young people of the nation.

Delightful music was furnished by Topeka artists, and the program was as follows:

Manners and Morals, Mrs. Lillian W. Hale, Kansas City, Kan.
Physical Culture in the Common School, Mrs. H. M. F. Bear, Wellington, Kan.
Art in the Schoolroom, Mrs. Waterman Stone, Lawrence, Kan.
Traveling Libraries, Mrs. W. A. Johnston, Topeka, Kan.

A large and appreciative audience listened to these papers, and the discussions that followed were spirited and to the point.

Prominent educators and club women from all parts of the state were present and the hope was generally expressed that this pleasant innovation may become an established custom.

—*Mrs. Hill P. Wilson.*

IOWA...That there is great interest in the clubs belonging to the Iowa Federation is manifest by the number of programs, calendars, and notices of special meetings sent the journalist. In every state the work of the federated clubs is becoming more and more systematized. It is a great benefit to read the various programs and note progress of work in these clubs. In Iowa the clubs take up every topic under the sun, it appears, for discussion. In looking over the many programs, after reading Henderson's "Social Spirit in America," it almost seems that the question pertaining to the industrial education of our youth, with which the author deals, might with profit be taken up by some club. It has become a serious matter to know what to do with our boys, and girls, too, when out of school. There is no opportunity to learn a complete trade nowadays, it is said; parts may be learned, but not the completed one. There are other things to be learned outside of books, all agree. It would certainly be wise to have some place in school or out of it in which boys could be taught the mechanic arts and not as now be obliged to be sent to a penal institution for such knowledge. Village Improvement is a question of importance for discussion, but there are others which transcend even that. It might be well to urge the establishing of a place wherein boys could gain an industrial training, as well as to devote all energies to establishing a fountain or providing seats for public parks.

But we have digressed From Cedar Rapids, the city of many clubs, is a handsome calendar of the Ladies' Literary Club, which was organized in 1876, and belongs to the State and National federations. The course of study this year is Spain, its history, literature, and the biography of its noted personages. On the first page of the program is this proverb from the Spanish: "A woman's counsel is not much, but he that despises it is a fool." The topics are well arranged and cannot fail to be interesting and instructive. The membership fee of the club is $5, and the annual dues $1. There is a library of nearly 200 volumes belonging to the society. The Friday Club, of Cedar Rapids, has issued an artistic calendar, and the work outlined will be of a most profitable character, Mexico, current events and parliamentary law being the subjects given. Prescott's Conquest of Mexico is used as the text-book. The introduction to Mexico was given by Mr. Parvin. On the program are a number of guest-days, and on these occasions the program is varied. The Magazine Club is small in number, and the members do not take an active part in public enterprises, the Secretary writes.

Nashua, Iowa, has an Isabella Club, devoted to the study of the poets and novelists of different countries. Current literature and parliamentary drills occupy some time on the program. The topics are varied. In one afternoon Cuba, The Lake Poets, and Wordsworth are discussed.

La Coterie of Alta has on its program the study of history, literature, art, and scenery. France occupies the time of several meetings, followed by study of other countries. After the literary work of the day *La Coterie* indulges in eating and drinking, as Article II of the by-laws expressly states that "refreshments shall be served at each regular meeting by the hostess, consisting of not more than four articles, one of drink and three of food."

The Portia Club of Belle Plaine has outlined a course of study, including American composers, American art, anarchy in America, and some of the noted novelists and ministers and noted American women; the Republican and Prohibition parties, and the Democratic and People's parties. There will be an address on political issues by Hon. J. J. Mosnat on the last day of the program.

The calendar from the Monday Club, Postville, is a very attractive booklet

and appears in scarlet covers and gilt lettering. The study is Germany, a two years' course; the first year will be given to history, travel, and miscellaneous topics. March 14th, Woman's Suffrage Spice, the Confederation of the Rhine and Dissolution of the Empire will be considered. The special work of the club has been the care of the public library, assumed last June.

The Ottumwa Tuesday Club has one feature that is to be commended on its program. There are talks to be given by the members,— the longest ten minutes in length and the shortest two minutes, with intermediate talks five minutes in length. France and its history interspersed with current events make up the program. The information is to be presented in the ten, five, and two minute talks already mentioned.

The Lowell Club of Boone will devote several meetings to French history, art and literature and find time for Holland and Lowell, and civil government. The social feature of the club is ten club suppers.

The Boone Monday Club report great interest in the work of village improvement. In this movement the Monday Club was prime mover and instigator and has been nobly seconded by the Lowell Club and the other clubs of the city federation, seven or more in all. Much public good is being accomplished.

From Marshalltown notices of meetings held have been received. The papers of that city give excellent reports of the work done by the various clubs. —*Siddie F. Richards.*

MINNESOTA...The Minnesota State Federation has just issued its new yearbook. The gain in growth during the past year has been very satisfactory; the previous year's record showing sixty clubs; the present one showing eighty-three, and the Secretary reports four more about to be admitted.

This organization will hold its third mid-winter meeting in Minneapolis on March 3d, and a gain in attendance over last year is confidently predicted; at that time five hundred and sixty-five women sat down to breakfast together. —*Edith M. Conant.*

HOME THEMES.

WE STRUGGLE SO HARD JUST TO LIVE.

There's a moan on the land and a sob on the sea—
We struggle so hard just to live;
We barter what is to grasp the to be,
And risk our soul's right to eternity—
We struggle so hard just to live!

We rob happy childhood of half of its glee—
We struggle so hard just to live—
Forgetting the glitter on meadow and lea
For the gold that in ages as nothing shall be—
We struggle so hard just to live!

We sadden our joys and we stifle our grief—
We struggle so hard just to live—
We dash out the life of our blood on the reef
Of a restless desire that knows no relief—
We struggle so hard just to live!

We tire of the world in its ebb and its flow—
We struggle so hard just to live—
Moan the flight of the years as they fruitlessly go,
Forgetting the while that we're making them so—
We struggle so hard just to live!

So daily we nourish the fires that but kill—
We struggle so hard just to live—
With a flame that consumes with a merciless will
The thing that we worship and strive for, until
We die—and in dying we live.

—*Harriet M. Talmadge.*

THE SOUL QUALITY—AN ILLUSTRATION.

I passed my boyhood in the glen and lake region of Central New York. During the summer after Porte Crayon, in *Harper's Magazine*, made Watkins Glen famous, I found my chosen retreat invaded by throngs of curious tourists and excursionists. In the second glen are a number of pools which the action of falling water in some remote past has worn out of the solid rock. Some distance up the stream the water is wearing away another pool which I doubt not will stand centuries hence, as these natural basins in the rock now stand, mute evidence of the ceaseless change which affects everything of earth—even those types of immutability, the rocks and hills. During that first summer season after our Glen awoke and found itself famous, I used to take a boyish pleasure in standing near the largest and most beautiful of these pools and watching the effect produced upon those who for the first time looked into its clear depth. The thoughts which come to men when suddenly con-

fronted by some new experience reveal the depths and shallows of their souls.

One visitor upon whose seamed face "the intensely practical" was plainly written, calling his equally practical wife to his side, exclaimed, "What a grand sheep pond that would make!"

At another time, a solemn-visaged man, to whom the beauty of the Glen seemed almost, if not altogether vanity, said to an equally world-wearied brother: "This easy descent to the water looks to me as though the Almighty had designed this secluded spot as a place for baptism, not for pleasuring."

To troops of boys and youths the pool was only a splendid fishing pond or swimming hole. One day a party of young ladies visited the Glen. They were chaperoned by a beautiful woman whose young face belied the story of years her gray hairs told. She was first to see this beautiful surprise, this natural mirror with its oval frame of polished rock. She first glanced from the mirrored sky below to the blue dome overhead. Her eye then followed the jagged outline of rock up to the overhanging cliff fringed with gnarled and twisted hemlocks. Then, with imagination's aid, she read at a glance the story of centuries which this pool and these rocks told, and, tracing the waterfall that once was here back to the place to which it had retreated farther up the stream, her eye finally rested upon an aureole of glory, a rainbow into which the sun's rays had transformed the mist that rose from the fall; and then, her voice tremulous with emotion, to the young women who meantime had gathered lovingly about her, she reverently said: "In this presence I am overwhelmed with the spirit of prayer."

To others who only saw with the physical eye, the scene was but one of a series of photographs of a noted place called Watkins Glen. But to this rare woman, the upward glancing of whose eye was prayer, whose "imagination bodied forth the forms of things unknown," that gateway between the hills was a veritable gate of heaven. *J. B.*

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE *Railroad Telegrapher* quotes the Italian patriot Mazzini as saying:

> At the present day—and this is the curse of our social economy—capital is the tyrant of labor. The workingman's share consists simply of his wages, determined previous to the execution of his work, and without regard to the greater or less profits of the undertaking.

Whether the condition of which Mazzini complains is a curse or a blessing depends largely upon the times. During the last four or five years of business depression, as a rule the workingman whose share consisted "simply of his wages, determined previous to the execution of his work, and without regard to the greater or less" profits or losses "of the undertaking," was fortunately circumstanced as compared with his employer, who, under existing relations with his employés, was compelled to bear his burden of loss alone.

***

MAJOR HOYT SHERMAN of Des Moines, the youngest brother of the great war hero of the West, William Tecumseh Sherman, is averse to committing himself to paper, but when drawn out his conversation abounds in incidents of our war epoch which, as he relates them, are rich in that character shading which is the chief charm of narration. The Major had a highly prized collection of war papers; relics, and mementoes which were destroyed by fire in 1871, on the day before the great fire in Chicago.

Speaking of relics he tells a story which throws a side-light upon the character and training of his brother, General Sherman. It was the day after the fall of Fort Donelson. The General and Commodore Foote met in Cairo and in company with other officers, himself among the number, they went down the Mississippi to Columbus, a fortified river town. They found the town deserted. The General ordered an inventory taken of all the cannon, ammunition and stores seized, and the

whole shipped to headquarters at Cairo. The younger brother of the General had during the day made a collection of relics of the place and the occasion, a broken shell and the like,—and had laid them down upon the deck of the river steamer. Nothing escaped the eagle eye of the General. He saw the little heap of relics and said, "Hoyt, what's that?"

The young man explained.

The General looked at him with all the assumption of elder-brother superiority, and all the dignity of a superior officer, and said:

"That won't do at all. You've no right to these things; they belong to the government just as much as the cannon do. When we get back to Cairo I shall expect you to turn your relics in with the other captured property."

"That rather put a damper on my ardor as a collector," said the Major with a smile.

Speaking of General Sherman's conscientiousness, the Major tells a story which admirably illustrates his brother's supreme, over-mastering patriotism. Not long after the war took on herculean proportions the brothers met and the younger asked counsel of the elder as to whether he should enter the service or remain at home, and this was the answer he received from the General:

"It is coming to this, that there are only two classes of loyal citizens: those who offer their services to the government and those who stay home and raise potatoes to help feed the army in the field."

The younger brother at once accepted the commission offered him and entered the service.

The April number of this magazine will contain Major Sherman's personal reminiscences of General Grant, giving the major's impressions of the great commander, as he appeared to him before and after the battle of Belmont.

***

THE library movement is not a fad; it is the embodied purpose of serious, broad-minded, high-souled men and women for the more general diffusion of knowledge, for the ennobling of young ambition, and for the elevation of community life. The story that comes from Kansas has its serious as well as amusing side. Five years ago, the seven women's clubs of Kansas City, Kansas, formed a city federation and founded a public library. Three years ago, the demands upon the city library became so numerous that the federation was compelled to appeal to the city for aid. A proposition to levy a small tax was defeated at the polls. In their extremity one of the library committee suggested that there might be money for the library in the uncollected dog tax. After the first laugh at the suggestion, it was decided to investigate. It was found that the money which might be derived from this source could not legally be turned over to the library. The women then asked that one of their number be given the cost of collecting the dog tax. The mayor appointed Mrs. Sarah A. Richart, dog enumerator, allowing her half the sum collected, she to turn the same into the treasury of the library. During the past two years Mrs. Richart has turned $1,600 into the library treasury, and a like sum into the city treasury. The noble purpose of those Kansas City women, and the practical philanthropy of Mrs. Richart command our admiration. But what are we to think of the men of Kansas City, who thus compelled their wives, sisters, mothers and daughters to resort to this humiliating expedient for raising the few hundred dollars needed to meet the demands of their own famlies for books!

GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

The Prize Poem of the January competition was unavoidably crowded over into our April number.

The Descriptive Paper prize in this magazine's January competition has been awarded a paper by Miss Mary A. Kirkup of Ft. Dodge, entitled "Israel

and other Dutch Painters." It will appear in April.

Mr. Allen's "The Choir Invisible," Mr. Davis's "Soldiers of Fortune," and Miss Wilkins's "Jerome," are the only American novels of last year that sold well in England.

The Critic, after convicting the great critical Andrew Lang and the small critical W. H. Johnson of "Slipshod English," quotes a bad sentence from one of its own recent editorial utterances and cries *Peccavi!*

This recalls a question recently asked the editor of the MIDLAND: "Can you recommend Anthony Hope as a master wielder of the English language?" Anthony Hope *is* a master of his medium of expression; but a regardless master. He is the Dumas of English literature. His world is a stage on which the scenes shift and the actors move with such startling rapidity as to compel the reader to hold his breath while he reads. It is a waste of time to hunt for flaws in the English of a writer who can thus make children of us all.

The name of the author of "Meta" was incorrectly given last month, but is correctly given this month. Louisa A'hmuty Nash is a resident of Oregon, as one might almost know, so vividly does this new writer picture the burnt woods region of that State.

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

"The Traveling Library—A boon for American Country Readers" is the theme of an editorial contribution to *The American Monthly* for February. After briefly reviewing the pioneer work done in Massachusetts and New York and the rich returns therefrom, the review takes up the good work now in progress in the Middle-West, notably in Wisconsin, Michigan, Ohio and Iowa. The splendid work done by Wisconsin's Free Library Commission rightfully commands first place in the story; but it will not be long before the other states named, and other states not named—notably Nebraska, thanks to the women's clubs of that state—will be contesting with Wisconsin for first place is the roll of honor. Taking Carlyle's proposition as in a limited sense incontestably true, that "the true university is a collection of books," what a grand mission it is which public spirited citizens of Wisconsin, backed by the state, have so successfully begun, that of extending the advantages of this university to the small towns and the cross-roads! The success of the traveling library in the states we have named so far transcends the most sanguine expectations as to compel the support of reluctant legislators and disarm the opposition of those who insist that "the mountain should go to Mahomet."

CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

FAMOUS PAINTERS AND THEIR WORK.

V. TITIAN (TIZIANO VECELLI.)

It was near the close of the fifteenth century that a boy was brought to Venice by his father, from Cadore and placed under Bellini's instruction. This boy proved a steady, patient worker in the *atelier*, following all the rules and discipline of his master. He first appears as a house painter, but in a most unusual way, making the walls of palaces, and one great German factory especially, blossom into things of beauty, beauty that has vanished with a thousand other glories of that elder time, when beauty was more than utility and when utility was made beautiful by art, not art degraded to serve the purposes of utility.

Artists of that time were in a measure artisans. They painted wardrobes, spinning-wheels, and wedding chests. Titian did not disdain to paint the lovely palid "Christ and the Tribute Money" on a cabinet belonging to a prince, Alfonso of Ferrara. Titian was especially great in portraiture. His was not a brilliant genius at first, taking everything by storm; but slowly his powers matured and ripened until at last he stood the greatest colorist of all time. In his earlier years he was not popular in his own city. He was first recognized by Ferrara and Bologna, at Rome, and with the great Emperor Charles V. This monarch made him Cavalier and Court Palatine, heaping honors upon him.

There is a story told, that once upon a time Titian dropped his brush while painting in the presence of the Emperor. The great Charles stooped and picked it up. Titian protested, "Your

servant is unworthy of such an honor." "A Titian is worthy to be served by Cæsar," replied the great Spaniard.

One of Titian's largest, often called greatest, pictures, the Assumption of the Virgin, is in the gallery at Venice; but nearly all his religious pictures lack true feeling, though wonderful in all else that makes a great painter. The Entombment* is perhaps the most profound and solemn of his representations from the life of Christ. Titian painted all subjects, one day a Venus; the next a votive madonna. In his portraits he presents the men of his time as elegant, serious gentlemen; his women those glorious golden-haired beauties, made for youth and love and the delights of the senses, how they shine on his canvas with an imperishable glory! Titian lived in great luxury, courted, admired by all, quite naturally becoming rather sordid in his old age. He died of the plague in the last quarter of the Sixteenth century, aged 90 years. He continued to paint till the end.

*See frontispiece.

THE MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

Joaquin Miller, the unclassifiable! How may we do even partial justice to this poet, with less than a page at our disposal!* It is many years since the poet of the Sierras caught the ear of the world, with his wild rough notes full of the inspiration which comes to a poet soul in the awful stillness of the mountains. It is many years since the illimitable prairies found their interpreter in him who sang:

> "O heart of the world's heart!
> O sea in a land!"

Since then Joaquin Miller has traveled much, and rested long, and written hundreds, almost thousands, of poems good, bad and indifferent; but he has never struck richer or farther sounding notes than the "Songs of the Sierras" and the "Songs of the Sunlands." The outer key to this half-hermit character and career is supplied at the very outset in "The Arizonian":

> And I have said, and I say it ever,
> As the years go on and the world goes over,
> 'Twere better to be content and clever,
> In the tending of cattle and growing of grain,
> Than a strong man striving for fame or gain;
> Be ever as kine in the red-tipped clover;
> For they lie down and their rests are rests,
> And the days are theirs, come sun, come rain.
> To rest, rise up and repose again.

Walt Whitman's later poem, published in the *Century*, expressive of desire to live with restful animals rather than restless men, embodies the same thought. But farther on, we find the inner key to the nature of the poet of the Sierras is love of nature and of freedom from the conventional life in which Whitman, though protesting, spent his days. Joaquin Miller was strangely moved by the

> "Sad song of the wind in the mountains,
> And the sea-wave of grass on the plains."

By the:

> "Eternal tents
> Of snows that flash o'er battlements
> Of mountains."

As Byron tenderly sang of the sea, "I have loved thee, Ocean!" "I am, as it were, a child of thee!" so Miller, with like familiarity, claims kinship with the Sunland:

> "My land of the sun,
> Am I not true? have I not done
> All things for thine, for thee alone,
> O sun-land, sea-land, thou mine own?
> Be my reward some little place
> To pitch my tent, some tree and vine
> Where I may sit with lifted face
> And drink the sun as drinking wine;
> Where sweeps the Oregon, and where
> White storms caroused on perfumed air."

The reader who thinks of Joaquin Miller only as the young Forty-niner of California or as the old argonaut of 1897–8 will be hardly prepared for the deeply religious spirit that pervades his poetry:

> "God is not far; man is not far
> From Heaven's porch."

The Shelley-like fineness and intensity of his poems of passion, notably "The Ideal and the Real" and other "Songs of the Soul" is also a revelation.

This edition includes all that the poet desires to include in his complete works. It also contains much of an autobiographical and hortatory nature which will command a reading because of its refreshing honesty and outspokenness and its wholesome suggestions.

*The Complete Poetical Works of Joaquin Miller. Illustrated. $2.50. The Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco, publishers.

MRS. HANSBROUGH,
Wife of the Senior Senator from North Dakota.

Some Statesmen's Wives in Washington, page 296.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

VOLUME IX. APRIL, 1898. NUMBER 4.

A BANANA BOAT DISCHARGING ITS CARGO.

IMPRESSIONS—PHOTOGRAPHIC AND OTHERWISE.

A TRIP TO MOBILE AND FAIRHOPE.

BY E. S. GARDNER.

"MARDI GRAS" was over in New Orleans, and the lingering crowds that had come to see the great Carnival were gradually fading away. The old city had put off her gala attire and was seemingly about ready to take her long summer nap.

As I was strolling along the levee, I heard an old resident of the city say, as he was watching one of the river steamers preparing to go out of service for the season, "Well, Mardi Gras is over, and now we will go to sleep till next fall, when the cotton begins to move again." And so it seemed, for business activity was declining daily. There was nothing attractive in this approaching dullness, and the impulse siezed me to take a run over to Mobile and Fairhope. As luck would have it, there was an excursion to Mobile that very evening, and six o'clock found me aboard the Louisville & Nashville train as it pulled slowly out of the Canal Street depot.

In a few moments we were winding through the suburbs and out across the swampy country beyond. All was well until we had crossed about half of this big swamp, when the train switched on to a siding to wait for another train to pass. Darkness was fast approaching. Our coach was crowded and, it being a very warm evening, the windows had all been raised. As the train came to a

[The entire contents of this number copyrighted by Johnson Brigham, 1898. All rights reserved.]

standstill the chatter and outbreaks of laughter from the excursionists began to subside. Each one seemed busily engaged with his own affairs.

A continuous slap-slap in rapid succession could be heard above the low murmur of voices. Suddenly a man in the far end of the car, who seemed to be the first to see the ridiculous side of our situation, jumped up and shouted, "*Hey*, down there, *have y'u seen my mosquito?* I've lost him!" And then such a time! Every body laughed, joked and slapped mosquitoes until the passing train enabled ours to move and so create a breeze sufficient to keep the pests away. I had often heard about the Southern mosquitoes, listening with no little incredulity; but after this brief experience I could testify that the half has never been told.

Our next stop was at Bay St. Louis, the favorite resort of the French from New Orleans, seeking recreation and the cool breezes from the Gulf.

As we sped on our way our train frequently crossed broad stretches of water —inlets from the Gulf—the trestles over which we passed seeming to be a mile in length in some places—and down close to the water. The full moon was rising, and her soft rays, sparkling and dancing in the waves, extended as far as the eye could reach in a sheen of golden splendor. All too brief were these glimpses at pictures in Nature's own art gallery, the speeding train, like a kinetoscope, giving a constant change but only an instant with each. Scattered along at frequent intervals are other summer resorts for the wealth and fashion of New Orleans; and it would be a hard matter to choose which is the most attractive. We made brief stops at Pass Christian, Mississippi City, Biloxi and Ocean Springs, reaching Mobile at 10:30 P. M.

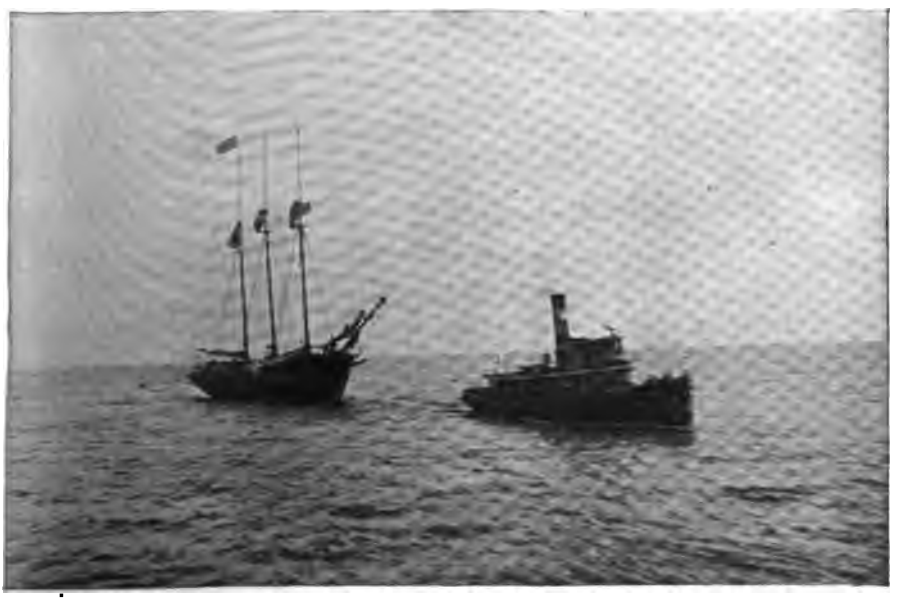
The next morning was clear and bright, and I took a stroll down by the river to see when the steamer would leave for Fairhope on the East Shore of the Bay. Walking along the wharf I came upon an interesting scene—a fruit steamer discharging a cargo of bananas —loading them directly into the cars for shipment north.

VIEW IN MOBILE—GOVERNMENT STREET, LOOKING WEST.

A great deal of lumber is shipped from this port. North and south, from the foot of Government street, may be seen large ships loading at the mills and lumber yards. Quite a business is also done here in oysters.

The business portion of Mobile has much in common with New Orleans, but is on a much smaller scale. Government street is a broad and beautiful thoroughfare, on which are located the finest residences. No attempts at magnificence are noticeable as in New Orleans, but the houses present a neat and home-like appearance. Great care is bestowed on lawns and flower gardens. These are the homes of the wealthy. But in other portions of the city, as in New Orleans, one may find the opposite in all respects. And the truth of the old saying comes home to the observer that "one-half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives."

I returned to the wharf, where I found the steamer "Jas. A. Carney" nearly ready to leave for the east shore. As we passed down the harbor and were entering the bay we met a tug which was towing a large schooner in from the Gulf. There seems to be an irresistible impulse to exchange familiar greetings when one boat passes another, and it was a picture well worth seeing as we passed this schooner. There on the deck stood the old weather-beaten Captain, a Norwegian, his face beaming with pleasure, and his white hair and beard flying to the breeze as he waved and shouted his answering salute. The whole crew seemed to be glad to be in port again. And no wonder, when we think of them out on the ocean for weeks, and sometimes months, before a landing is made.



A NORWEGIAN SCHOONER ENTERING MOBILE HARBOR.

In about an hour we had crossed the bay and were near the little town of Daphne. The east shore line is very picturesque Bluffs rise abruptly from the shore, with here and there a cottage peeping out from among the trees. For those who enjoy a quiet and secluded

retreat, Nature has endowed this region with many attractions.

Our next stop was at Montrose, a few miles further south. These little towns all depend upon the Carney to bring their mail and supplies from Mobile, and the arrival of the steamer seems to be an enjoyable event to those who gather in little groups at the end of the wharf.

Fairhope* was but a short run from Montrose, and I was soon aboard the little tram-car that carries passengers and baggage from the end of the wharf to the shore. I found the Fairhopers very hospitable people, and was soon assigned to pleasant quarters in the house of one of the colonists, there being at that time no regular hotel.

The next morning early I found the clearest and brightest dawn that it had been my privilege to see in the South. The air was bracing and the beads of dew on the grass and foliage reflected the sun's rays with myriad sparkles of diamonds.

The young people were to have a picnic that day, and they were already making preparations to embark on the Colony schooner for "The Oaks," a point near Daphne.

I had planned to use this, the only day I could be there, to secure some pictures of the vicinity. Later in the morning I met a member of the Colony who, seeing my camera, suggested that we take a trip up the shore to "Fly Creek," about a mile and a half distant. It was agreed that we would set out immediately after dinner

Meanwhile I took a walk along the beach and came upon the Colony shipyard—where the hull of a very nice yacht was about completed. The old ship carpenter was an obliging and pleasant gentleman, and seeing a bit of picturesqueness in the general surroundings, I prevailed upon him to let me photograph his residence and workshop.

THE SHORE OF MOBILE BAY, LOOKING SOUTH FROM FAIRHOPE.

The morning soon passed. At the appointed time, we set forth along the beach. The waves were rolling gently on the white sand, and as we walked over the half-buried drift-wood strewn along the shore, we came upon the remains of a schooner, wrecked years before, and now almost buried in the sand.

*THE MIDLAND of December, 1896, has an interesting illustrated paper, by J. Belangee, on Fairhope and the Single Tax Experiment of the Fairhopers.

The once heavy iron bands on the prow were almost rusted away. We wondered what the story would be could these beams and rusty bolts relate their history.

About half way to our destination we came upon a lady and gentleman out on their private wharf, passing a pleasant hour at "crabbing." Fishing for hard-shell crabs is a favorite pastime along the southern shores. The outfit necessary is a common string with a piece of meat on the end and a small dip-net with a long handle. When the meat, with string attached, is thrown into the water Mr. Crab lays hold of it with his claws and proceeds to eat. From time to time the string is pulled up gently and if the crab is there he hangs on and comes up with the meat toward the surface of the water; then he is scooped in by the net before he discovers that he has been victimized.

We paused a few moments to exchange greetings. They were indeed a jolly couple. Up on the bluff was their cottage—a model of neatness and thrift. Wealthy, yet unassuming, they have retired to this quiet spot to enjoy life.

From this point we ascended the bluff which rises fifty to eighty feet above the shore. From this elevation there is a splendid view of the bay, and the breeze is constant and refreshing.

A half-mile farther up the bay we stopped again under shade trees in front of a neat little cottage and took a cooling draught from "The old oaken bucket that hung in the well." As we came in sight of Fly Creek, two colored women asked to be taken across in the boat. While my friend was endeavoring to bail out the boat with an old tomato can with a hole in the bottom, I ventured the remark that Fly Creek looked as though it might be a good place for alligators. The elder of the two women (who was, by the way, a neat looking old auntie) responded with the following bit of information:

MOBILE BAY, FROM THE BLUFFS NORTH OF FAIRHOPE.

"*Alligatahs*—I should say tha' wuz alligatahs in dis crick. In de summah time you kin see 'um layin' in rows 'long de shoah—an' big ones, too. My! I'll nevah fo'git, one Sunday las' summah, a big alligatah came up on de beach in front o' my house, an' me an' my ol' man had such a time a killin'

THE FAIRHOPE SHIPYARD.

'im. Mebbe yo won't b'lieve it, Mistah, but dat alligatah wuz *eighteen-foot long.* My ol' man he shot an' shot 'im, but he was so ol' and *hard* dat it done no good. At las' my ol' man he got de ax an' he chop dat alligatah behind de fo' leg, an' shuah as I live dat alligatah he took dat ax an' he frow it jus' like a man. My! talk 'bout alligatahs—dat wuz a big one shoo 'nuff."

By this time my friend had completed his task. We soon landed our passengers on the opposite shore and were on our way up stream. I thankfully meditated that all those "eighteen-foot long" alligators were still slumbering in the mud waiting for "summah."

The water in Fly Creek, although clear, has a dark brown-color, and where it flows into Mobile Bay a distinct dark line marks its course along the shore. A peculiarity of this stream is the irregularity of its bed. In most places it is too shallow for rowing, so we used a long pole to propel the boat. Frequently we would find a deep hole. The "black hole" bottom was out of reach with the pole, and the water seeming literally black. We moved slowly over the mirror-like surface of the pool—drinking in the beauty of our surroundings. Here we were in the midst of an untamed Southern wilderness of tangled trees, vines, and flowers, How wild—and yet how beautiful! No sound, save the occasional song of a bird or the gentle murmur of the breeze, broke the solemn stillness of the place. At such times a thrill of deepest reverence steals over the soul of the lover of nature who "Holds communion with her visible forms."

"Ah, why
Should we in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised!"

My friend landed me on a sandy portion of the bank to secure a souvenir of our trip. As I adjusted the camera the thought came as it always comes — Oh, for the power to reproduce these perfect natural colors in the finished picture! In these days of scientific research and progress, this is not a hopeless wish.

Having accomplished our mission, we floated slowly down stream, loth to leave so pleasant a spot. There are picturesque bits all along the half-mile

of water traversed. For those who have an eye to the artistic, it is a continual feast.

Our return to Fairhope was marked by no special incident except a short halt on the bluff to make a "snap" out over the Bay, showing a gorge in the foreground where the bluff has been washed away. When we reached the wharf again we were tired and warm, of course, yet on the whole we felt well paid for our journey to Fly Creek.

As to my impressions of Fairhope other than photographic—I think that, for those who have political ideas strictly in accord with the present residents, and have means to sustain them for a few years in establishing a home there, the place has many attractions. The climate is mild and healthful. The elevation above the Bay gives those who live in sight of it a beautiful view. The boating, bathing, and fishing facilities are all that could be desired. But the soil is so poor and the population so sparse that the problem of making a living from the start is difficult to solve. This condition applies not only to the Colony of Fairhope, but to the adjacent coast country as well. When capital shall have developed the natural resources—giving employment to residents—then there will be much more to make a home in this region desirable.

THE BLACK HOLE, FLY CREEK, NEAR FAIRHOPE.

HEROISM.

TO WORK, and wait, with hope deferred,
And utter no complaining word,
While others win a laurel crown,
Unmindful, blind to Fortune's frown.

Clara Spalding Brown.

MRS. FAIRBANKS,
Wife of the Junior Senator from Indiana.

SOME STATESMEN'S WIVES IN WASHINGTON.

By Juliette M. Babbitt.

A GENUINELY romantic love match was that of Senator Henry C. Hansbrough, of North Dakota, and his lovely young wife. The Senator, who himself wields a ready pen, greatly admired the writings of Miss Mary Berri Chapman before he had seen her, and at first sight fell in love with her. His wooing was an ardent one and they were married in New York last August. Mrs. Hansbrough was born in Washington. Her father, Mr. Charles Chapman, of New Haven, was a remarkably fine musician. From him she inherits one of her many talents. Her mother, Mrs. Etta S. Chapman, a fair-faced, delicate looking woman, has been, for some years, one of the most capable and expert examiners in the patent office. Mrs. Hansbrough is tall, slender and fair. She is one of the most talented members of the Art Students' League, and her pictures, whether in colors, in black and white, portraits or still life, command good positions and win the admiration of on-lookers. She has written a number of bright stories for prominent magazines and has published a volume of dainty verse, "Lyrics of Love and Nature," charmingly illustrated by herself. She promises to bring out another volume soon, but the demands of society have so far this season left her little time for work of that kind, though she is determined not to give it up. Senator and Mrs. Hansbrough are near neighbors of Secretary Wilson. The house is a pleasant one,

made beautiful inside by the taste and handiwork of its fair mistress.

Decided acquisitions to Washington society are Senator and Mrs. Charles W. Fairbanks, of Indiana. Mrs. Fairbanks was born in Marysville, Ohio, where her father, Judge P. B. Cole, was prominent in affairs of the State. She is of medium height, with golden-brown hair and eyes; a bright, cheery smile and pleasant, unaffected manners. Her tastes are literary, and she has written quite a number of clever sketches which have given pleasure to intimate friends but she cannot be persuaded to publish them. She is a prominent member of the Daughters of the American Revolution and belongs to several literary clubs in her State. Senator and Mrs. Fairbanks have three handsome boys, the eldest about eighteen. Their only daughter, a very pretty girl, married last spring, just after leaving school. The family home, at Indianapolis, is a beautiful one. The winter home, in Washington, is in a handsome house on Massachuetts avenue, which was occupied for several years by Chief Justice Fuller.

MRS MASON,
Wife of the Junior Senator from Illinois.

Senator and Mrs. William E. Mason, of Illinois, made many friends in Washington when the former was in the lower house. Mrs. Mason was Miss Edith J. White, a daughter of Mr. George White, of Des Moines, where she was educated and was married, her parents having removed to that city from Boston, when she was a small girl. She is a trim, neat, wide-awake little woman with fair hair and complexion and frank, unaffected manners. She is devoted to her family, but does not neglect her many social duties. There are seven children. The eldest son is about twenty, and two pretty daughters, just out of school, are enjoying their first season in society. The family is a musical one and full of life and fun. They have a pleasant winter home on Columbia Heights.

The very attractive wife of Senator Pritchard, of North Carolina, was Miss Melissa Bowman, born in Bakersville, North Carolina; her father, a prominent lawyer who has filled many positions of trust in his State. She is of medium height with fair complexion and fair, curly hair. She is well read; is a good talker and takes great interest in all public questions in which her husband is interested. While by no means scorning the "giddy round of society," she is chiefly devoted to her family and home. She has seven children, the only daughter still at school; the youngest son, a cunning little fellow, three or four years old, is named

for President McKinley, whom Senator Pritchard has long admired. Their home, at Marshall, in the lovely "Land of the Sky," is a beautiful one. In Washington, their winter home overlooks Thomas Circle and its statue.

The popular wife of the popular and powerful Speaker of the House, Hon. Thomas B. Reed, was Miss Susan Merrill, a daughter of a prominent Congregational clergyman, of Portland, Maine, where she was born, reared and married, and where her home is still for the short time Congress allows her to be at home. She is a plump little woman with fair complexion, light brown hair and merry hazel-brown eyes. Such poor pictures of Mrs. Reed have been printed, from time to time, that I am glad to be able to offer THE MIDLAND a good portrait taken not long ago. Speaker and Mrs. Reed live at the Shoreham when in Washington, where Mrs. Reed holds large receptions on Wednesdays during the season, having a charming assistant in her only child, Miss Kittie, a fair, decidedly clever young lady who is a great social favorite.

MRS. PRITCHARD,
Wife of the Junior Senator from South Carolina.

The charming wife of Senator George Turner, of the new State of Washington, who took his seat last spring, was Miss Bertha Dreker, of Montgomery, Ala. Her family was a prominent one and she received every educational advantage, graduating with honor from

the convent of the Sisters of The South. She married soon after her graduation, and a few years later went to Washington Territory with her husband, who was appointed Territorial Judge by President Arthur. Spokane, now a beautiful city, was then a small village, and she feels that she has quite grown up with the place. Her home, a superb Queen Anne mansion, overlooking the city, is in the midst of large, well laid out grounds, the rose garden being particularly beautiful. Mrs. Turner is an enthusiastic worker for charity, and her home, with its art treasures, is often thrown open for some good object. Socially, she has won many friends at the Capital. She is tall, well formed and very fair, with light curly hair and blue-gray eyes which look black by gaslight. Her manner is very pleasing and she talks well. The Washington home of Senator and Mrs. Turner is at the Portland.

It was not "just to please his wife"—as has been said of several men who have come to Congress—that Hon. Joseph L. Rawlins, of Utah, consented to become Senator from his State, for few women ever cared less for Washington's social whirl than she when her husband's duties as delegate kept her here several seasons ago. She longed all the time for her beautiful home in Salt

MRS. REED,
Wife of the Speaker of the House.

Lake City, which commands a magnificent view of the city, the mountains which half encircle it, and the great lake sparkling in the distance, and she declared that nothing would tempt her to leave it again. Being a devoted wife she is in Washington again, and may learn to like it as the vast majority of women do. Mrs. Rawlins was Miss Julia A. Davis, born in Wales and taken to Utah, by her parents, when a small child. She is a black-haired, brown-eyed little woman, very charming to those who have penetrated her armor of shyness. She has five children; the eldest, a pretty girl about seventeen, still in school; the youngest, a boy of five years. In their pleasant apartments at the Portland, Senator and Mrs. Rawlins have with them, Mrs. Rawlins' mother, Mrs. Davis.

MRS. TURNER,
Wife of Senator George Turner, of Washington.

MRS. RAWLINS.
Wife of the Senator and former Delegate from Utah.

THE BLIND ARCHER.

BEAUTIES, guess ye where he bides?
In some flowery hedge he hides,
Folding close each filmy van;
From his mother's side he ran,
Wanton, wilful, naked, blind,
If the boy ye chance to find,
Fly the spot or yet his dart
Quivers in your stricken heart.

Evermore he bends his ear,
Listening for a footstep near,
Lurking till some hapless maid
Nigh his rosy lair hath strayed;
To the cord a winged shaft
Sets he then with cruel craft;
Hark ye! sightless though he is,
Rarely doth this archer miss.

James B. Kenyon.

From a painting by H. W. Mesdag. ZONSONDERGANG.

ISRAELS AND THE DUTCH PAINTERS.

BY MARY A. KIRKUP.

SOMEONE has said, to make a true estimate of any man's character one should begin with his grandfather. To understand modern Dutch art it is necessary to remember its pedigree, its remarkable inheritance. Unlike Italian art. which seems to have exhausted its genius in one perfect era of production, the Holland painters of the Nineteeth century are true descendants of the great men of the Sixteenth. They are not copyists or imitators, but all that can be communicated from the genius of the elder artists has been so completely assimulated by the Dutch painters, has been so taken into their artistic fiber, that truth to nature, breadth and variety in the interpretation of that truth, deep sympathy with common life, the joys and sorrows of common folk, are as surely the distinguishing marks of the school which names Israels as its head, as they were of Rembrandt and his contemporaries in their time.

To mention modern Dutch art is to bring into immediate prominence the name of Josef Israels. Born at Groningen, on the 27th of January, 1824, calling himself a pupil of Jan Adam Kruseman (a man whose greatest fame is to be written teacher to such a learner), Israels' work has stood for the past twenty-five years as the highest expression of the art of Holland, as also of the art of the Nineteenth century. True art touches and moves the hearts of all men. Whatever its nationality, wherever it finds a soul capable of understanding that most subtile of languages, to that soul it speaks.

It is extremely interesting and instructive to compare the earlier work of such an artist, before he has found

*Awarded the Descriptive Paper Prize in THE MIDLAND'S January Competition.

From a painting by Josef Israels.

SEULE AU MONDE.

himself, and by so doing found greatness, with his finest and latest productions,—for Israels fails not yet, although he has passed the seventieth mile-stone by three years. In the Stedelijk museum of modern painting at Amsterdam are two of those early works, the "Children of the Sea" and "The Good Brother." There is the same love for homely subjects but the treatment is mannered and sentimental, the color reminding one of the pink wax school of some English academicians The drawing is strong and good, the pictures are much more pleasing as reproductions in black and white than in colors. But who could have seen in these pretty pictures, full of the self-consciousness of the student, the promise of that massive technique which appears almost without method, that strong feeling and utter absence of pose in the artist, which marks his later work, such as "Alone in the World," and the "Woman at the Window."

From a painting by J. Bosboom.
GROOTE KIRK TE'S, GRAVENHAGE.

A contemporary of Israels, though seven years his elder, was Johannas Bosboom. This painter especially loved warm, rich Spanish effects, such as church interiors. Great breadth of treatment is combined with a radiance of color, which is not found in any other Dutch artist of this century. He also painted the peasant life, but not with the insight and tenderness which has been so marked a feature in the work of several other artists of his time The pictorial beauty of Dutch life was what most strongly touched Bosboom. The old barns, with huge beams, where are stored the yellow-brown flax, the rich-hued garden and kitchen utensils, the blue blouses and wooden shoes of the workers, the white caps and golden head ornaments of the women, all appeal to the artist and tempt him to be content to picture the outside only, rather than through this to reveal the quiet, somber life of the people.

One who shares with Israels the honor of making the world feel for and work with his poor is Albert Neuheys, born at Ultrick in 1844. It is the happy side he loves best. Now it is a homely interior, when a father just from the fields and smelling of the soil, is holding his little daughter in his lap to show her a rosy-cheeked apple, while the good "hausvrouw" looks complacently on. Next it may be a sweet young woman placidly sewing while a

tiny girl stands intently watching, learning to be the neat housekeeper that she must be, if she would receive honor in Holland. Again, we see a rustic lover leaning in at a window and speaking the universal language to a shy maiden in whose smiling eyes there is still that shade of pensiveness one sees on even the loveliest faces in that brave little land. Common subjects all, but treated in so masterly a way that they hold and keep our sympathies as perhaps the actual subject could not, for it is the gift of the artist to so paint the things of life which we call common, that we may catch glimpses of the greatness beneath all life, even the most ordinary.

From a painting by Jozef Israels.
CEN ZOOM VAN BET OUDE VOLK.

Dividing equal honors are the brothers William and Jacob Maris — William, the painter of Dutch cattle, Jacob of Holland's landscape. All the silvery gray charm, the sense of being a bit of earth between sea and sky, is most faithfully rendered by the latter; while in the former lovers of "lowing kine and fragrant breathed calves" will find a satisfaction given by few painters of animals.

Mauve's sheep are well known in all

From a painting by Anton Mauve. SCHAPEN IN DE DUINEN.

our galleries. Though sometimes in gazing on his silvery willows, his charming landscape, we almost wish that the sheep had been allowed to remain behind the willow hedge and out of sight, yet the perfection of his rendering of this favorite subject makes up for the almost constant repetition.

Another great old man is Paul Joseph Gabriel. He is a painter of the landscape of his beloved Holland, that country so hardly won from the enemy within and without,—so quaint, so beautiful, so pensive.

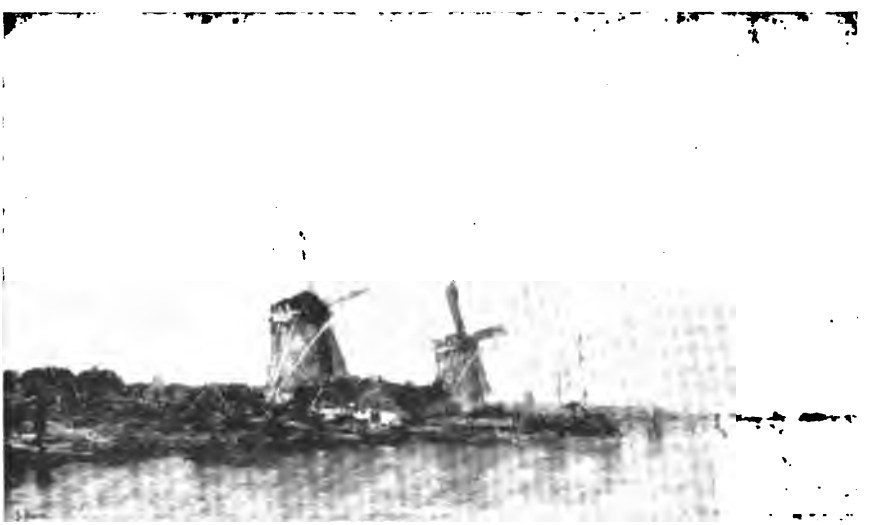
Perhaps the most widely known on this side of the water, is N. W. Mesday, a painter of the sea, golden in sunset, green in noonday splendor, gray and subtile in mist and mystery. Mesday is sixty-five, but a man of great strength and fine physique. He was a pupil of Alma Tadema, but on finding his specialty, he has never swerved from its interpretation. He comes from a family of rich bankers. He did not study to be an artist until he was a man of mature years. He has a beautiful home at The Hague which is open every Sunday to all the world who will present a card. His collection of the paintings of this century is not surpassed in any private gallery in Europe. He receives in person and follows his visitors from room to room, evidently pleased at their delight. Some of the finest Courbets in existence hang on his walls.

I stood before a study of apples by this master when Mr. Mesday approached me. He has a rough, peculiar voice and a limited vocabulary in English.

"You paint?"

"A little," I stammered, "flowers and sometimes fruit."

"Well, paint like dat," and a slight smile curled the corners of his heavy moustache.



From a painting by Jacob Maris. DE TWEE MOLENS.

One rainy day at The Hague, I had the pleasure of being received by Josef Israels. I was with a small company of American friends, headed by a young artist who is now making his name prominent in New York art circles. We arrived on time, and as our cab drew up before the door a gray head vanished from a front window. Hardly had the first comers removed their wraps and disposed of umbrellas when a bright voice was heard at the door of the salon cordially welcoming

us. We stood in the presence of a small man with sparkling eyes and the manner and step of a boy. When seated he appears older than when standing or moving about. He began conversation at once, putting us all at ease by his gracious smile. He spoke in good English. After a few general remarks on the Paris Salon, he asked Mr. R—— what he thought of his (Isreals') picture. "The Woman at the Window," Isreals added. "I thought I had done a good thing, but the critics have been very divided as to its merits, some lauding it to the skies, others tearing it to pieces."

Mr. R—— could say from his heart "I consider it by far the finest picture of this salon."

The old artist looked his delight at these enthusiastic words, and his face glowed as he sprang up quickly, saying, "You would like to see my studio?"

His house is not so magnificent as Mesday's, but one has in it that feeling of comfort and extreme cleanliness which characterizes all Dutch homes. We passed through a long hall hung with sketches and studies, strong, rich, or subtile in color, and full of atmosphere. In many of these the paint would be so loaded upon the canvas that the figures appeared built up in the pigment,—hundreds of such, any one a most desirable possession, so it seemed to the enraptured students who followed with faces reflecting the welcome of their host.

We entered a large room containing fine old tapestries. A grate with the family photographs on the mantel, a writing desk, a plain round table covered with coarse ware, such as the peasants use, and some large easels completed the furnishing.

In one corner behind a screen was arranged a typical Dutch interior of the poorest people. "One should paint by heart, but from the life," he said.

A closet hung with many costumes from different parts of the country showed how much of a realist Isreals is, though ever impressing us with his possession of the higher faculty, the ideal.

A portfolio of etchings was greeted with exclamations of delight. One asked eagerly, "O, where can we get these?"

"I never sell them; I make them to give to my friends."

"Fortunate friends," we murmur, whereupon he hands an etching to Mr. R——. Then, presenting another to Madame, he turns to the others saying, "You may each choose one."

Overcome with delight we gladly take

From a painting by Jozef Israels.
KINDEREN DER ZEE.

From a painting by Albert Neuheys. LA GALANTERIE.

the first offered and each thought hers prettiest and best. Then follows an hour of talk, so absorbing that it seems but a few moments.

He saw me intently studying his palette which was remarkably clean. "Yes, that is my palette always."

I give the list for the benefit of those specially interested: Yellow ochre, light red, brown ochre, Naples yellow, dark madder lake, burnt sienna, cobalt blue and black, sometimes a little cadmium or chrome and sometimes a bit of Prussian blue.

"But you must look out for Prussian blue; it is a devilish color." he laughingly added, as he mixed some tones for us, talking most delightfully all the time. He spoke of Daubigny and Corot; to his mind Daubigny was the greater landscape painter because he needed no figures to make his motives interesting, while Corot always added them, and Corot's painting would not be so charming without these figures.

He spoke of the appreciation he had received in England so different from his reception in Paris, where admiration was rather compelled than accorded gladly.

Several times we endeavored to make our adieux, but his cordial manner and the constant stream of bright talk kept us. Finally, as we descended the studio steps, Mrs. R—— said: "I just will ask him to sign these etchings."

"Why, certainly. I wondered why that request was not forthcoming at once," the artist responded, with an amused smile.

Another half hour had passed before we could tear ourselves away.

This white-haired man has the simplicity of greatness, and true greatness is always simple and sincere; it may sometimes be exclusive and seemingly arrogant to the unknown, curious world; but to the chosen circle of friends, and students,—to any who are "admitted" it is always the same—child-like and

From a painting by Willem Maris. ZOMERWEELDE.

simple, as they must be who would enter into the kingdoms of God.

American art has especially felt the influence of Israels' and the Dutch painters during the past ten years; before it was Parisian ideas which dominated our young art. This spirit is dangerous; its motto is "Art for art's sake." The rendering of any subject, however coarse and revolting, if it is only well rendered — technically excellent — they will quote you two or three of the old Dutch masters who seemed to paint in this spirit. Our later men, not always the young men, have gone back to the great Frenchman, the Barbizon school, whose spirit is identical with that of the greatest Dutchmen, ancient and modern,—the spirit which says: Art is the rendering of beauty in nature, however lowly, so that it appeals to the highest in man. Our artists are now painting with a sincerity, a simple directness of method, a forgetfulness of self, which, added to years of technical study, the foundation of all excellence in execution, is producing great artists, where before we had only clever painters.

From a painting by J. Bosboom. GELDERSCHE DEEL.

SELF-DENIAL.

"FOOLS rush in where angels dare not tread."
These words as sad as those that Dante read
Above the gateway of eternal doom —
I see, and turn away. Full well I know,
The sentence, self-pronounced me, will be, "Go.
And for the less presumptuous make you room."

Alonzo Leora Rice.

THE WAY OF THE PALMS.

Allelujah! Allelujah!
Glory to our Lord the king!
Shout ye hills and vales of Juda—
Youths and maidens sing!
Strike the lyre and shout Hozanna!
Christ is come today.
To the Lord of Light and Glory
Holy homage pay.
Through the ringing Hallelujahs
Thrills an undertone,
"Crucify him!"
"Crucify him!"
Wild the night winds moan—

. . . . . .

Allelujah! Saint and Savior!
To his own our King returns.
France is free, with fire of gladness
Faithful bosom burns.
Honor to the spotless maiden!
How they praise and bless!
Lowly bowing down before her,
Lips her armor press.

Ah, the pearly flesh so holy!
Ah, the cruel flame!
France hath crowned thy head with ashes;
Thine a deathless name!

Hail to thee, O hardy Pilot!
Safe the ship of state at last.
Drop the anchor, furl the rigging,
Dangers all are past.
To our great and glorious leader
Highest honors be;
Ended now the strife so cruel,
Glad hearts turn to thee.
Lo! the form of the assassin
Glides across the floor;
E'er the morning dawns in sorrow,
Martyr evermore!

Of the world's applause and glory,
Wouldst thou, youth, drink deep and long,
Hearing midst the swinging palm boughs
Oft thy name in song?
Loud may ring the sharp Hozannas;
Crowns of thorns for thee.
Bear within thy heart the shadow
Of dark Calvary.
Let the flaming court of honor
Keep thy spirit low.
For the way of deathless glory
Is the way of woe!

Mary A. Kirkup.

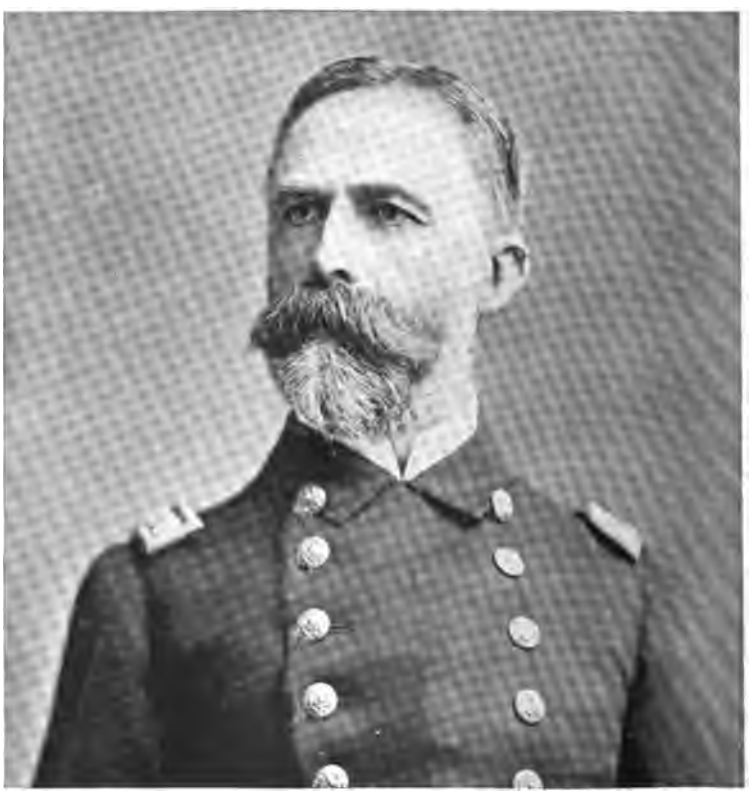
Much Talked About People.

CAPTAIN SAMPSON,

PRESIDENT OF THE MAINE COURT OF INQUIRY.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM THOMPSON SAMPSON, president of the court of inquiry, upon which has been put the great responsibility of determining the cause of the Maine disaster, is the man of the hour. Upon the finding of the court over which he presides depend the gravest consequences, se iously affecting the future of this Western Continent—and the Old World as well. That Captain Sampson is equal to the emergency none who know the man can seriously question. Possessed of a judicial mind, not swayed by clamor nor by resentment: calm, firm, keenly intelligent, trained to the highest limit of training in naval warfare, whose judgment can we trust if not his?

Captain Sampson graduated from Annapolis in 1860 and entered service on the frigate Potomac. A year later, he was made master; in another year,



CAPTAIN SAMPSON, U. S. N.

lieutenant. After a year's service on the practice ship John Adams, he joined the South Atlantic squadron as lieutenant on the ironclad Patapsco. When the Patapsco was destroyed in Charleston Harbor, in January, 1865, he escaped without serious injury. After the war he was made lieutenant commander and served on the flagship Colorado. He was transferred to the naval academy in 1867, and remained at Annapolis three years. He was next assigned to the Congress, and served most of the time aboard until 1874, when he was commissioned as commander, and placed in command of the Alert. In 1875 he was placed in command of the Swatara. His later career includes service again at Annapolis, at the observatory, at the Torpedo Station and in the Ordnance Bureau at Washington, of which he was chief. From the Bureau he recently went into active service again, as captain of the Sea-going Battleship No. 1, christened the Iowa. From Minna Irving's paper entitled "The Queen of the Navy," in the August MIDLAND MONTHLY, we quote this gratifying tribute to the now world-famous captain of the Iowa, whose official utterances Spain and the United States, and "all the rest of mankind" await with intensest interest:

"In the days of Admiral Farragut, and of the immortal Lawrence, it was to personal bravery that a naval officer must look for promotion, but in these 'piping times of peace' it is brain that wins the laurel. People at Annapolis, where Captain Sampson was for many years Superintendent of the Naval Academy, remember the Captain as a student, a grave and thoughtful man, the type you would instinctively trust in time of danger, clear-headed and cool, foreseeing emergencies, and fully prepared to meet them."

THE LATE COLONEL HATRY.

READERS of this magazine will recall the several interesting contributions of Colonel A. G. Hatry, notably his account of the Battle of Chickamauga, published in September, 1895, and his description of the Battle of Franklin, in September, 1896. The Colonel died recently at his home, Pittsburg, Pa., aged 57 years. Early in the war the deceased was an officer in the 18th Kentucky Infantry, and later he commanded the 183d Ohio Infantry. He was under General Thomas in the Battle of Chickamauga, his position being at the front of the arc of defense. He also performed a prominent part in the Battle of Franklin. His health was seriously impaired by the hardships of the war, and for a number of years he had not been at his best physically, but his friends did not dream the end was so near.

COLONEL A. G. HATRY.

Colonel Hatry was a brave soldier, a public-spirited citizen, and a warm-hearted friend.

FRANCES E. WILLARD

Born near Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 28, 1839. Died in New York City, Feb. 18. 1898.

NO WOMAN living in America today would be as widely and sincerely mourned in death as is the late President of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union. For more than a quarter-century this soulfully

strong woman, with all her mistakes, has held her place at the head of the greatest organization of women in the world. More than that, she has done more than all the rest to make that organization great and to extend its influence to the uttermost parts of the earth. The supreme test of her strength was her ability to keep the W. C. T. U. organization together after her seemingly fatal mistake in committing it to partisan action in national politics. That course lost to the W. C. T. U. many of its ablest, bravest and best supporters, and for a time it seemed inevitable that it must recede or die. It did neither. But experience and a wider range of observation taught President Willard that there could be no immediate success through alliance with a national prohibition party, and latterly the tie that holds the National W. C. T. U. to the National Prohibition party has been a very loose one. The Union has found other avenues of usefulness, promising more immediate results.

IF I HAD KNOWN.

IF I had known that mine own hand
Would shut the gate of Love's fair land!
I did but think to look around, out there,
At other things the world holds good and fair;
But when I would re-enter, then, behold!
All barred and bolted was the gate of gold;
Where evermore on high did stand
The sentry with the flaming hand,
Waving me backward to the desert old.

I did not mean to slight Love's smile,
But thought the lad would wait awhile.
I only tarried for a little space,
Until I gained a name, and fame, and place,
A little wealth, to lighten Love's delight,
A little wit, to guide the boy aright;
But found, too soon, that Love had flown,
And left a warm heart turned to stone,
That missed the one sweet thing that makes life bright.

D. Milton Riley.

GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

(A HISTORY.)

BY COL. JOHN W. EMERSON.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)
(Begun in the October, 1896, MIDLAND MONTHLY.)

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ANOMALOUS CONDITIONS IN THE WESTERN DEPARTMENT.

GENERAL FREMONT had held Grant in check with a firm and imperious hand. While the Government at Washington was taking cautious steps to remove Frémont and install his successor, and restraint was somewhat slack for a few days, Grant took advantage of the conditions to strike the blow at Belmont.

General Frémont had administered the affairs of the Western Department very much as if he were President. He made contracts, appointed and commissioned officers without much reference to the authorities at Washington; and President Lincoln, General Scott, and the War Department became greatly alarmed. Frémont was appointed to the command July 3, 1861, assumed command July 25th, and on October 1st he sent Hon. John A. Gurley to Washington to urge the President to send funds. In the written application Mr. Gurley says:

"To the question, 'how much money shall I ask for in Washington?' Colonel Woods answered, 'twelve million dollars.'"

Colonel Woods was Quartermaster under Frémont.

The cliques and clans by which Frémont was soon surrounded, and the political cabals in which he allowed himself to become involved soon wrought his ruin. The Blairs, who had been his most zealous adherents, lost confidence in his ability and his management, and they were not noted in those days for their reticence. The President's nights were made sleepless with the burden of complaints In his own forceful way Mr. Lincoln spoke thus of his troubles:

> I thought well of Frémont. Even now I think well of his impulses. I only think he is the prey of wicked and designing men, and I think he has absolutely no military capacity. . . . At last, at my suggestion, Montgomery Blair went to Missouri to look, and talk, over matters. He went as a friend of Frémont. He passed, on the way, Mrs Frémont coming to see me. She sought an audience with me at midnight, and tasked me so violently with many things that I had to exercise all the awkward tact I have to avoid quarreling with her. She surprised me by asking why their enemy, Montgomery Blair, had been sent to Missouri. She more than once intimated that if General Frémont should decide to try conclusions with me, he could set up for himself.*

So violent had become the complaints to the War Department as to the chaotic conditions existing at St. Louis, that Mr. Lincoln directed General Scott to issue the following order:

> HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
> WASHINGTON, October 24, 1861.
>
> GENERAL ORDERS NO. 18: Major-General Frémont, of the United States Army, the present Commander of the Western Department of the same, will, on receipt of this order, call Major General Hunter, of the United States Volunteers, to relieve him temporarily in that command, when he (Major-General Frémont) will report to General Headquarters, by letter, for further orders.
>
> WINFIELD SCOTT.
>
> By command:
> E. D. TOWNSEND,
> Assistant Adjutant-General.

The President, Generals Scott and McClellan (the latter now Commander-in-chief), became so much alarmed that

*Nicolay and Hay: Life of Lincoln.

the following order was sent by telegraph:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
November, 6, 1861.

BRIG.-GEN. S. R. CURTIS; The General-in-Chief directs that you take at once the control of affairs in and around Saint Louis. Look to the safety of the Arsenal. Take charge of the telegraph station. Act promptly under these orders till you receive orders from General Hunter. Report frequently.

E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

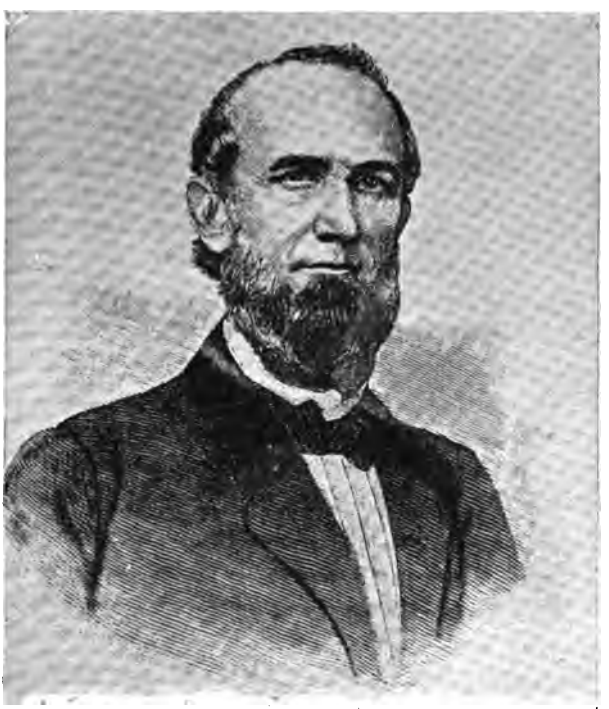
So anomalous were the conditions in General Frémont's Department that the President and War Department had fears there might be trouble in removing him This fear caused them to use caution in framing the order and making it read that General Hunter would "relieve him temporarily," which expression, it was supposed, would somewhat soften the tone of the mandate to the retiring General.

This order was delivered to Frémont November 3d, near Springfield, in the interior of Missouri; and on the same day General Hunter, who was near, assumed command. The army was then advancing to drive Price and McCulloch from the State.

It was not until November 7th, the day on which Grant fought the battle of Belmont, that Frémont emerged from the interior, and General Hunter got his first message through to Rolla, happily all too late to interfere with Grant's fight. But it would seem that General Curtis, who was put in command at St. Louis until General Hunter should arrive from the interior, was rather alarmed at Grant's battle, for he telegraphed the War Department on November 9th, two days after, saying:

Yesterday Colonel Fiala sent report of General Grant's movement on Belmont, as ordered by Frémont. Captain McKeever telegraphs from Cincinnati to General Frémont that General Grant had no orders from Frémont to attack Belmont or Columbus.

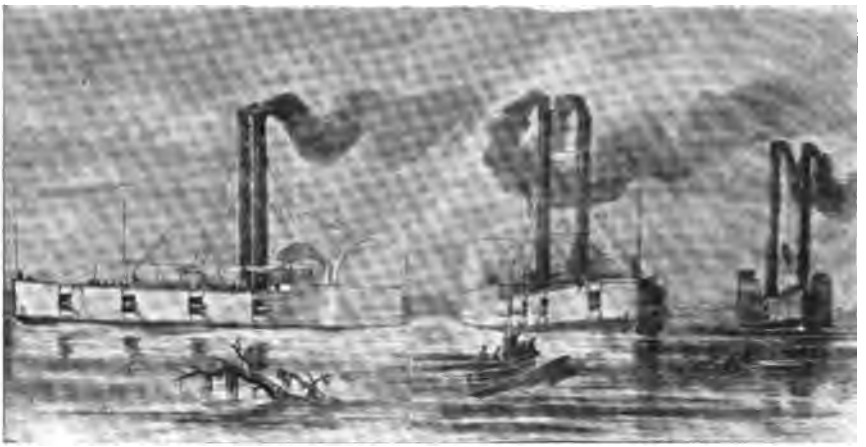
While Grant was not reprimanded, he was given to understand that he was not expected to do any more fighting without orders from his superiors.



Jas. B. Eads

Designer and builder of the new ironclad Mississippi River fleet, 1861.

Generals Scott and McClellan had a very high estimate of the ability of Major-General Halleck, who had been some time near Headquarters at Washington, and decided Mr. Lincoln to appoint him to the command of the Western Department.



FIRST TYPE OF GUNBOATS ON THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RIVERS, 1861.
Tyler, Lexington, and Conestaga, equipped at Cincinnati, and commanded by Captain Rodgers, U. S N.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, November 9, 1861.
GENERAL ORDERS No. 97:

. . . . . .

3. The Department of the Missouri, to include the States of Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Arkansas, and that portion of Kentucky west of the Cumberland River, to be commanded by Major-General H. W. Halleck, United States Army.

By order:

. . . . . .

JULIUS P. GARESCHE,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

CAPTAIN PORTER, U. S. N.,
Under whose direction the first three gunboats, Lexington, Canestaga and Tyler, were fitted out and armed at Cincinnati in 1861, and by him run down to Cairo. He co-operated with Grant at the Battle of Belmont, and until Captain Foote appeared in 1862 with his new fleet of ironclads.

After a delay of ten days, when haste was of pressing importance, General Halleck arrived at St. Louis and assumed command on November 19th.

On appointing General Halleck, McClellan wrote him, among other things, the following:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, D.C., November 11, 1861.

MAJ.-GEN. H. W. HALLECK, U. S. A., Commanding Department of the Missouri: *General*—In assigning you to the command of the Department of the Missiouri, it is probably unnecessary for me to state that I have intrusted to you a duty which requires the utmost tact and decision. You have not merely the ordinary duties of a military commander to perform, but the far more difficult task of reducing chaos to order . . . . and of reducing to a point of economy, consistent with the interests and necessities of the State, a system of reckless expenditure and fraud, perhaps unheard of before in the history of the world.

You will find in your Department many general and

staff officers holding illegal commissions not recognized or approved by the President or Secretary of War. You will at once notify these gentlemen of the nullity of their appointments. . . . . If any of them give the slightest trouble you will at once arrest them and send them, under guard, out of the limits of your Department. . . . . You will please cause competent and reliable staff officers to examine all existing contracts immediately, and suspend all payments upon them until you receive the report in each case. . . . . .

GEO. B. MCCLELLAN,
Major-General, commanding U. S. Army.

That the coming of so exacting and imperious a character as Halleck should cause consternation among the army contractors who had profited by the loose methods of the Frémont *regime*, may be readily conjectured.

But if the President and the War Department at Washington had been in anxious trouble before, they were not long allowed to indulge in repose; for, before General Halleck had the affairs of his department well in hand, he began to frighten them by keeping the wires hot with frantic appeals for help,—help in every conceivable thing from a tent pin to enlarged armies and armaments. A study of the War Records for the next few months gives the student the impression that Halleck was strangely nervous, excitable, in fact an alarmist.

Amidst all this, it is refreshing to run to the quiet, self-composure, and confidence of Grant, who never "lost his head," and never was excited or deceived by exaggerated reports as to the strength of the enemy. While Halleck in Missouri, and Buell in Kentucky were pleading for help, for more time, for better organization and stronger armies, Grant was always ready to *fight*. He knew that the enemy was in greater need of time than were the National forces.

Halleck and Buell seemed to act on the theory that it was not safe to advance without a perfectly drilled and disciplined army, equipped to perfection; apparently not reflecting that the delay also brought the enemy into the same improved condition.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NAVAL PREPARATIONS ON THE WESTERN WATERS.

Early in the summer of 1861, when it became manifest that there would be serious war, Attorney-General Bates of the administration, a citizen of St. Louis, wrote Captain James B. Eads, also of St. Louis, asking his opinion as to the feasibility of using gunboats on the Western rivers. Eads at once replied affirmatively. He had long been connected with the removal of obstructions in the rivers, and was one of the most skillful and eminent engineers in the country. Captain John Rodgers of the Navy, was detailed from the East to come to St. Louis and superintend the work of creating a navy on the rivers.

In June he came to Cincinnati, and there purchased and converted three light-draft steamers into gunboats,—viz.: the Conestoga, the Tyler, and the Lexington. These were not "iron-clads," but simply protected by oak bulwarks against musketry. The change was accomplished in a few weeks, and the boats were armed with guns of the heaviest caliber, and were primarily intended for use on the Ohio when in the early days of the revolt the Confederates seemed determined to make the Ohio river the dividing line.

In July, Captain Eads conceived the idea of iron-clads, and so favorably were his plans received in Washington that on August 7th a contract was awarded him by the War Department to construct seven new iron-clad gunboats, after plans which he had designed and Captain Rodgers approved.

The contract provided that these boats were to be completed and delivered at Cairo by October 5th, under a forfeiture of $200 a day on each boat for all delay after that date.

Nothing like this was probably ever before attempted in the history of naval warfare. To manufacture and bring together from distant points, iron

plating, ponderous and powerful machinery, all the timbers, and the multitude of other naval materials, to build and equip seven powerful vessels and iron-clad them, and have them under steam in less than *sixty days*, was a bold and courageous undertaking. Such vessels were "something new under the sun," about which no one had ever had any any knowledge or experience.

They were formidable vessels, 175 feet long and 51 feet beam. They could run ten to fifteen miles an hour, and each boat carried thirteen nine and ten-inch rifled guns.

The "Benton," a still more powerful vessel, nearly 200 feet long and 75 feet beam, followed the others somewhat later, and this became Commodore Foote's flag-ship. It carried eighteen heavy guns. The cuts show the designs and the contrast between the earlier and the later gun-boats. These, and others that were built later, became a part of the history of every battle fought near the rivers in the West from Belmont to Vicksburg. They were omnipresent on every river where they could float, and the daring sailors, with their great guns throwing shells for miles, were a terror to the enemy throughout the war.

CHAPTER XXV.

DELAYS, ALARMS AND SLOW MOVEMENTS OF HALLECK AND BUELL. GRANT RESTRAINED AND INSULTED. PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S WRATH.

On November 13th, four days after Halleck was assigned to his command, General Sherman was relieved of command in Kentucky, and General D. C. Buell succeeded him in command of the Department of the Ohio, including Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky east of the Cumberland River, with headquarters at Louisville. Sherman was ordered to St. Louis, and the lying stories set afloat as to his being insane (because he told Secretary Cameron that it would require two hundred thousand men to crush the rebellion in the West) kept him idle for months. Time proved that the others were the crazy ones, for more than twice two hundred thousand men were ultimately required in the West, and three times that number in the East.

Price and McCulloch had been driven out of Missouri by Frémont and Hunter, and the army of the southwest had retired to Rolla, Sedalia and Jefferson City for the winter when Halleck arrived late in November. He had fully fifty thousand men in Missouri, one-third of whom could have been spared to reinforce Grant at Cairo, and with that additional force and permission he could have captured Columbus any time in November or December.

But Halleck was not ready, he had no men, no arms, no material (!) so to speak, and he urged delay. Grant must wait; and the golden days and weeks and months went by, until President Lincoln's patience was exhausted. In extenuation it must be remembered that Halleck met conditions in Missouri well calculated to irritate him and delay forward movements. Up to the end of December Grant's returns in the War Department show that he had but 14,374 men at Cairo, Bird's Point, Mound City, Fort Holt, Shawneetown and Cape Girardeau. Halleck was making alarming appeals for more men and more material, frightened lest Price should drive him out of the State, while in truth a column of 15,000 to 20,000 men could at any time have defeated him.

General Buell was organizing a great army in Kentucky, to move on to Nashville and East Tennessee. He, too, was not ready. Although at the end of 1861 he had more than 50,000 men, he could not advance. He was short of transportation, of artillery, of arms, and of men! The enemy was in front with 60,000 to 80,000 men, he said. In truth the enemy had less than 30,000 in his front and these were no better prepared for battle than were his own army.

On November 25th General McClellan wrote Buell, saying:

> I am still firmly impressed with the great necessity of making the movement on Eastern Tennessee with the least possible delay.

No reply coming from General Buell, McClellan sent him the following dispatch:

> NOVEMBER 27, 1861.
>
> *Brig.-Gen. D. C. Buell:*
>
> What is the reason for concentration of troops at Louisville? I urge movement at once on Eastern Tennessee. . . . .
>
> GEO. B. MCCLELLAN,
> Major-General Commanding.

On the same day General Buell answered McClellan, but he made no allusion to a forward movement.

November 29th McClellan wrote him:

> It seems to me from the little local knowledge I possess, that you might make two movements, one on Eastern Tennessee, say with fifteen thousand men, and a strong attack on Nashville with, say, fifty thousand men.

December 3, 1861, McClellan again wrote:

> I must still urge the occupation of Eastern Tennessee as an immediate duty. . . . . I have ordered one regular, and one excellent volunteer battery to join you. To-day I ordered ten thousand excellent arms to be sent to you. I have directed all your requisitions to be filled at once.

General Buell wrote eloquently to McClellan, suggesting plausible plans, but was not ready to execute them. On December 10th he closed a long letter by saying:

> It may seem rather wordy for me to say that early action is of the greatest importance when I am myself unable to appoint a day.

On December 23d General Buell reported to the Adjutant-General at Washington, saying:

> Our returns show an aggregate of some seventy thousand — about fifty-seven thousand ready for duty.

December 26th, General Grant wrote General Buell:

> I enclose you herewith an order defining the limits of my command. The object is that you may know its extent, and to express to you a desire to coöperate with you as far as practicable.

His district at this date, in addition to Southeast Missouri, included all of Kentucky west of the Cumberland River.

Still Buell, whose district joined Grant on the east, did not move, nor did he answer Grant's communication.

On December 29th, he wrote McClellan, saying:

> It startles me to think how much time has elapsed since my arrival, and to find myself still in Louisville.

Although Grant was anxious to move, and restless under restraints imposed by General Halleck, he kept his temper and his small force well under control. While thus waiting he sent, late in December, his Adjutant to St. Louis to personally inform General Halleck of the importance of early movements. A few seconds' interview sent the Adjutant out of Halleck's presence, frightened at his own temerity in making so daring a venture, and bearing back to his anxious and waiting chief the admonition that it was their "business at Cairo to wait for orders, and not to make suggestions."

The end of the year approached, and the commanders of the armies seemed paralyzed, from the Potomac to Missouri. McClellan was sick. The country was impatient that five hundred thousand men should remain idle in camp and strike no blow.

President Lincoln was overwhelmed with the agitation. The Union men of East Tennessee were madly clamorous for the advance of the National forces.

At last the long-suffering and patient Lincoln interfered. He began thus:

> WASHINGTON, D. C., December 31, 1861.
>
> *General Halleck, St. Louis, Mo.:*
>
> General McClellan sick. Are General Buell and yourself in concert? When he moves on Bowling Green, what hinders it being reinforced from Columbus? A simultaneous movement by you on Columbus might prevent it.
>
> A. LINCOLN,
>
> Similar dispatch to Buell same date.

Again, to Halleck:

> WASHINGTON CITY, January 1, 1862.
>
> *Major-General Halleck, St Louis, Mo:*
>
> General McClellan should not yet be disturbed with business. I think General Buell and yourself should be in communication and concert at once. I write you to-night and also telegraph and write him.
>
> A. LINCOLN.

Buell answered:

> LOUISVILLE, January 1, 1862.
>
> *President Lincoln:*
>
> I have already telegraphed General Halleck with a view of arranging a concert of action

between us, and am momentarily expecting his answer.

D. C. BUELL,
Brigadier-General.

Halleck to the President:

ST. LOUIS, Mo., January 1, 1862.
To his Excellency, Abraham Lincoln, President.
I have never received a word from General Buell. I am not ready to coöperate with him. Hope to do so in a few weeks. Have written fully on this subject to Major-General McClellan. Too much haste will ruin everything.
H. W. HALLECK,
Major-General.

During the last days of December the waiting became oppressive to General Grant and Flag Officer Foote, who were always in cordial accord as to plans and purposes. They had many private consultations as to future operations. They were both impressed with the conviction that if Halleck would send a few of the regiments that were idle in Missouri, a bold stroke would sweep the enemy from Columbus, and from the banks of the Cumberland and the Tennessee. An officer, a confidant of Grant and Foote, on his way to Washington, but spending a few days on business at Cairo, was admitted to two of these conferences held at late hours, and he was so impressed with Grant's suggestions as to what might be done by prompt movements, that he lost no time in hurrying to General McClellan and explaining the views and wishes of Grant and Foote. Without a moment's delay General McClellan sent the following message to Halleck:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, January 3, 1862.
Maj.-Gen. H. W. Halleck:
GENERAL—It is of the greatest importance that the rebel troops in Western Kentucky be prevented from moving to the support of the force in front of General Buell. To accomplish this an expedition should be sent up the Cumberland River to act in concert with General Buell's command. . . . . .
GEO. B. MCCLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding.

Then the President took a hand at urging Buell again:

WASHINGTON, January 4, 1862.
General Buell:
Have arms gone forward for East Tennessee? Please tell me the progress and condition of the movement in that direction.
Answer. A. LINCOLN.

To this General Buell answered on the 5th: "Arms can only go forward for East Tennessee under the protection of our army(?) . . . Our transportation and other preparations are still incomplete. . . . As earnestly as I wish to accomplish it, my judgment has been from the first decidedly against it."

This telegram was at once taken by the President to General McClellan, who was still ill, and read to him with such earnest and anxious comments as showed how deeply he was pained at the delay. General McClellan sent Buell the following:

WASHINGTON, January 6, 1862.
Brig.-Gen. D. C. Buell, Louisville, Ky.:
MY DEAR GENERAL— . . . Two hundred wagons from Philadelphia have been ordered to you. . . .
I was extremely sorry to learn from your telegram to the President that you had *from the beginning attached little or no importance* to a movement into East Tennessee. I had not so understood your views, and it develops a radical difference between your views and my own, which I deeply regret.
. . . Halleck, from his own account, will not soon be in a condition to support properly a movement up the Cumberland. Why not make the movement independently of, and without waiting for, him?
I regret that I have not the strength to write a fuller or more intelligent letter.
GEO. B. MCCLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding.

And the President also wrote:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, January 6, 1862.
Brigadier-General Buell:
DEAR SIR—Your dispatch of yesterday has been received, and it disappoints and distresses me. I have shown it to General McClellan, who says he will write you to-day.
. . . A. LINCOLN.

While General McClellan was writing from Washington to General Buell, General Halleck was writing from St. Louis to the President as follows:

HEADQUARTERS' DEP'T OF THE MISSOURI,
ST. LOUIS, January 6, 1862.
To His Excellency the President:
. . . . . .
I know nothing of General Buell's intended operations, never having received any information in regard to the general plan of campaign. If it be intended that his column shall move on Bowling Green, while another moves from Cairo or Paducah on Columbus or Camp Beauregard, it will be a repetition of the same strategic error which produced the disaster at Bull Run. . . . .
H. W. HALLECK,
Major-General.

On the back of which the President made the following despairing endorsement:

The within is a copy of a letter just received from General Halleck. It is exceedingly discouraging. As everywhere else, nothing can be done. A. LINCOLN.
January 10, 1862.

On the same 6th of January, Halleck wrote Buell, telling him that Grant did not have more than 15,000 men in his entire district; that it required 5,000 to garrison the forts about Cairo, leaving not over 10,000 men for offensive operations, "while the enemy has over 22,000 men at Columbus." . . . "Under these circumstances it would be madness for me to attempt any serious operations." . . . "It seems to me that if you deem such co-operation necessary to your success your movement on Bowling Green should be delayed."

Is it wonder that the patient Lincoln should endorse in a regretful and sorrowful vein,—"as everywhere else, nothing can be done?"

(*To be continued.*)

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL GRANT.

BY MAJOR HOYT SHERMAN.*

MY TIME and opportunity for gaining knowledge of the private life of General Grant were limited to a few months in the early period of the War—before he demonstrated his wonderful power in handling great bodies of men, and securing victories over adversaries that have become famous in the great battles of history—even before he had attained a local reputation as a miltary commander. Years before, he had abandoned military life to take up civil pursuits, and, with a persistence characteristic of the man, had tried one after another occupation, his principal ambition then being only the support of his family, and failed in all. Such experience with most men would have resulted in a soured disposition and a feeling of disappointment tending to discourage all future effort. Not so with General Grant. On the first indication of the rebellion in the Southern States, with the education and experience of the past to commend him, he offered his services to the War Department, only to be ignored. He then went to Springfield and tendered his services to the Governor of Illinois. Fortunately, just at that time his knowledge of military organization and instruction was greatly needed. He first aided in details of formation of companies and regiments, and was soon given command of a regiment, the Twenty-first Illinois. Immediately following that, with a large list of leading military and public men, he was appointed a Brigadier-General, and given command of the Military District of Cairo, composed of Southern Illinois, Southeastern Missouri and Western Kentucky, the charge of which he assumed at once.

In the fall of 1861, the town of Cairo, Illinois, was the center of a great military camp of rendezvous and instruction. In the town proper were the camps of three regiments of infantry and several companies of artillery, and a battalion of cavalry. Across the Missouri River, at Bird's Point, were four regiments of infantry. Across the Ohio River, at Camp Holt, was one regiment of infantry, and at Paducah, a short distance up the Ohio River, were three regiments of infantry and a small force of cavalry. All of this force of men were under command of General Grant, with headquarters at Cairo. All were comparatively new to the military service, and all were receiving that efficient instruction under his immediate direction, that enabled him in the following months to perform the wonderful marches, endure the great fatigues and gain the splendid victories that come only to well trained and disciplined troops under competent command. It was a great military school, under personal control and inspection of one man, who alone knew fully the work they would be compelled to perform, and the great physical fatigue they would have to endure.

* Youngest brother of Gen. W. T. Sherman.

I reached Cairo on the first of November, 1861, assigned, with another paymaster, to pay troops under General Grant's command, and at his direction. I reported on arrival to him, and found his headquarters in an old disused banking house, situated on the levee, occupying the first floor. His staff consisted only of Captain Rawlins, Adjutant-General, two aids-de-camp, and a sergeant. The two upper floors were used by his family, who were with him at Cairo.

Without waiting for a quartermaster, whose duty it was to find an office for me, Grant at once directed that his headquarters be removed to the front room on the second floor, and gave me and my colleague the banking office with its vault and counters, for use in the safe keeping and disbursement of the large sums of public money in our hands. That action, of little importance in itself, was characteristic of the man and his old-time military education, showing a desire that all branches of the government work within his immediate command should have every convenience needed for discharge of duty, as well as enforcing economy in saving rent.

My business took me up into headquarters frequently, and I always found it a place of business, and free from all "the pomp and circumstance" of war. Rawlins and his orderly, acting as clerk, were busy examining and tabulating reports, making out requisitions and performing other duties, while General Grant, sitting at one of the windows overlooking the flotilla of gun-boats in the river, and the Kentucky shore beyond, with cigar in mouth, was always absorbed in meditation, probably blocking out in his own mind, the grand movements of the campaign, which afterward culminated in great victories. When interrupted to decide questions or give instructions, he never seemed annoyed, but often joined in conversation about little details of military affairs around him, and thus showed how well informed he was as to events, great and small, happening in camp and barracks, on which he might be called at any time to act.

It was about this time that I noticed one great distinguishing trait of character in his simplicity of dress and life. While some others around, at camp and barracks, indulged in all the finery that military regulations allowed, General Grant was always dressed simply and plainly—a common blue army blouse, no belt or sword, no chapeau or plumed hat, nothing to indicate rank and authority but the simple regulation shoulder-straps, and surrounded by no retinue of aids and sergeants to add to his military importance, and make it difficult for persons having business with him to reach his presence.

From my office, situated as it was immediately below his home as well as office quarters, I had occasional glimpes of his domestic life, and could not help being impressed with the affectionate care manifested by him toward his family, and the fondness and solicitude displayed by them in return. As in everything else he was not demonstrative, but there was a homelike simplicity in his domestic affairs that appealed strongly to one's feelings. I well remember the lonesome Sundays spent in the quiet of my office, hearing the old-fashioned Sunday-school airs, sung by his children, coming down from his quarters above, stirring up thoughts and memories of home far away.

Early on the morning of November 7, 1861, taking five regiments, he embarked on transports, preceded by the gun-boats Tyler and Lexington, dropped down the river a few miles above and opposite to Columbus, Kentucky, a well fortified point in command of Bishop Polk, and disembarked his troops at Belmont, a small hamlet in Missouri, a short distance from which was an encampment of irregular Confederate hard riders, whose principal business was to loot from farm houses and shoot down pickets on the outer line of camp at Bird's Point. Grant's forces dropped down on that camp like a thunder-bolt, wiping it out of existence in a few moments. Most of the troopers took to the woods, so familiar to them, while a few were taken pris-

oners. The Federal troops then stopped to rest awhile.

Meantime Polk, with his heavy guns, had opened on the two gun-boats, and sent an occasional shot to the place where our soldiers were supposed to be, never harming anyone, the real purpose of his artillery work being to cover the crossing of the river (in a small ferry) by Confederate infantry, and to intercept the return of our troops to the transports. When our forces reached their lines there was a sharp skirmish, and they were brushed aside with a loss of about 100 killed to each of the opposing forces.

While this battle was of little importance in itself, it demonstrated the fact that such fortifications as that at Columbus could be best taken by movements on the rear. Only three months afterward. when Forts Henry and Donelson fell, Columbus was secured to the Union without the loss of a life or firing of a gun. It demonstrated to new and raw troops, for the first time under fire, that they had for a commander a man cool and collected, ready for any emergency, who, with his inevitable cigar, was to be found where danger was thickest, giving orders in conversational tone, and without the semblance of excitement at any time. It also demonstrated to the force under him that he looked closely after their welfare and the especial comfort of the wounded. One of the first official orders after the return to Cairo was that every attention be given by the medical officers to the wounded, and that the paymasters should see that their pay was ready, even if the regiments to which they belonged were not then paid.

During that day's battle the report of every heavy gun was heard as well at Cairo as at Columbus, and great anxiety was felt by all. The family of the General all day within sound of the guns, knew that he would be in the front, and the thickest of the fight, subject to all the dangers of shot and shell; yet their confidence in him must have been perfect and complete, for during all that terrible time there was no indication by any member of that family circle of the trying ordeal of anxiety and care through which it passed on that November day.

After Belmont there was a long pause in active operations, waiting, as it afterward developed, for the completion of Commodore Foote's fleet of ironclads. For three long winter months no aggressive move was made. The morning report and the daily drill, never delayed because of bad weather, demonstrated that when the time came for action, soldiers could be so instructed as to become veterans, even without active service against an enemy. It was General Grant's military education that brought about this steady drill and its consequent benefits.

Briefly stated, my observation of General Grant, made in those three months before he acquired any military fame whatever, satisfied me that his coolness, self-poise and confidence in himself, in the quiet routine of headquarters work, or amidst the rush and danger of battle, were such that he could study out movements and problems under the most trying of positions. He always looked after the welfare of all under his immediate command, from private to general, and in that way secured the esteem and love of all. His affection for his family, which showed itself in so many ways, won for him the respect and admiration of all with whom he came in contact. Without political ambition, or any of the petty efforts for promotion that injured the standing of so many of our leading generals, he exhibited a character that fitted him well to command, during the trying period following his first battle, and he never permitted personal ambition to interfere with his duty to his country.

The one great virtue that marked General Grant's character as superior to others, was that in proportion to his increased responsibility and care came increased ability to act—increased power to meet the emergency, whatever it might be, whether as a soldier or a statesman, and always ending with victory and success for the country he loved so well.

THE LIFE ELEMENT IN AMERICAN FICTION.

By Kate Corkhill.

IN STUDYING art, as a whole or in its particular departments and provinces, there are three propositions, or rather, axioms, which must never be forgotten, and in the light of which every work claiming recognition in the art-world must be studied. They are these: "Not the particular incidents of human life, but its undying content, produces the results for the poet." "Artist" might as truly have been written as "poet." "A work of art must have truth, beauty and lifelikeness." "A work of art must have depth; it must invite study."

Of the authorship of these propositions, I am uncertain,—so uncertain that I ascribe none, but gladly accord the honor to whom it is due.

All true-hearted students will agree that a novel should be as much a work of art as a poem, a painting, a musical composition, or a piece of sculpture. The rules which govern the mechanical work of the novelist are, of course, widely different from those governing other artists—indeed, in this particular the departments of art bear little resemblance to one another,—but in the motives, the ruling conceptions, they are identical, and these three axioms rule the world of the novelist as they do that of any other artist.

Before taking up the study of our American fiction of to-day as a part of our art, let us look for a moment at Art in general, to see what demands and requirements it makes of its subjects and followers. Really there is but one law in the art-world; for how many soever we may formulate, their germ and idea is contained in this one. Every work to be a work of art, must be expressive of the truth. To express the truth is to express the ideal; to realize the truth is to realize the ideal, using that word in its broad and legitimate sense. Only truth will live; falsity and error are the agents of their own destruction. So in the art-world, only those works which express the truth will live, and those which express it most clearly and fully will have the highest and best life. Those great works which draw us to them, it may be, with half the world between, and still the beating of our hearts an instant, as we come into their presence, express their phase of the truth more clearly and completely than any others have done, and hence their greatness, their life—centuries long. Truth is an attribute of the God, and only those things in this world which are Godlike, which are the expression of a desire to be at one with God, will live, even in the memory of mortals.

But from the opponents of this theory, or better belief—and they are not a few—there comes this in reply: "Truth is infinite, man is finite. Your theory demands that the finite shall express the infinite—a clear impossibility." What shall be done, then? Acknowledge our inability to express the true, and set about proclaiming the false,—in other words annihilate art? By no means! Nearly three centuries ago Henry Vaughn forever refuted this argument and all others built upon similar ideas, when he exclaimed:

> "There shines amid our earthly dress
> Bright shoots of everlastingness."

Man is finite, but not wholly so. The "bright shoots" are eternal, as eternal as Truth itself, and by their presence proclaim our kinship with the Author of the universe—the Infinite. To give fuller expression to these gleams of the infinite, art may take as her mission, and so hold her place as the exponent of, Truth. To direct the attention of

the busy world to these "bright shoots," to widen the rifts which they make in our "earthly dress," to watch and depict the struggle by which finite man climbs up toward the Infinite and merges his "nothing-perfect" in God's "all-complete"—to point him a way and, if possible, guide him in it, by which he may "lose himself in light," become one with himself and God, and drink deep of eternity—this is the mission of Art.

To express the Truth, then, is the one great law which governs the Art-world. All others which can be formulated are but corollaries—provincial phrasings of this one. We will notice but two of them: Every work, to be a work of art, must give evidence in itself that it is one of inspiration; and, every work, to be a work of art, must express life, and must be the outcome of life. Even a mention of these laws seems unnecessary, so manifestly are they contained in the one great canon; and they so encroach, one upon the grounds of the other, that it is very often difficult to distinguish them.

As reasonably might an artisan, working by rule and chart, expect the figures which he models or hews out to complete the architect's design, to step out of their niches and bow to him as their creator, as an art-aspirant, working without inspiration, might expect his works, executed with absolute perfection though they be, to live and make him live. It is the inspiration which gives the life. Existence is not sufficient; there must be the movement and pulsation of intelligent life. Nor will the galvanized movements of automatons deceive us; their mechanism is too apparent, and has in it not one hint or suggestion of the real life. Nor can mere physical life be taken for a substitute—that is animal. It must be the truest and the best—the life of man with its undying content. Browning's David, in the fullness of his heart, exclaims:

"How good is man's life—the mere living!"

But before our daily life can take on this glory, there must come a great purifying and uplifting of the soul, and it comes only with inspiration—it may, in itself, be the inspiration. Saul, in all his kingly glory, and while yet the evil spirit had not touched him, never saw in his life the awful beauty which was everywhere visible to the shepherd-boy, alone upon the hills. It is the vision of David, not of Saul, which the artist must have; he must see the glory there is in life and must make it live again in his work. Every work of art must express this glorified life, and it must also prove that it is the work, the outcome of a life which has been touched by the glory—which has absorbed in itself some measure of the light revealed by inspiration. It must tell of a mind understanding and realizing something of the "undying content"; of a heart, warm and benevolent, in touch with the world, yet ever struggling above it to the heights where it can catch glimpses of the boundless glories of eternity. Life cannot come out of the absence of life. The creative mind and heart must be alive and throbbing with inspiration, and must impart its pulse-beats to its creatures, if it would have them live.

Truth, inspiration, and life, are three heights which every worker must claim and hold, before he can produce a work of art.

Literature is a part of art; fiction is a part of literature. Now let us look at our American fiction of to-day, and see what right it has to a place in the art of the world. It is possible for fiction to express the truth more fully and clearly than any other branch of art; when an artist, an inspired soul, guides the pen it becomes the most powerful and far-reaching form of art. Its absolute freedom from all mechanical restraint gives it a wider field than any of its sister arts, and in its own nature it unites all the best possibilities of its kinsmen. The visions of the sculptor, the dream of the painter, the loftiest

conceptions and most delicate imagery of the poet, the inspiring utterances of the orator, the tender whispers and sobbing breath of the musician, may all be expressed by this medium.

But does our American fiction of to-day, judged fairly and without prejudice, realize its possibilities? The amount of fiction which our American press turns out each year is appalling, and when we consider the number of years that have had a similar literary output, it becomes still more appalling. If even a small per cent of this literary product expresses faithfully some phase of the one great Truth, the permanence of our literature is abundantly secured. But will a just investigation of our present fiction reveal to us this element of permanence? Honesty demands that the answer be in the negative. Keeping ever in mind the one great aim of art — to express the Truth (and this Truth must not be confounded with mere veracity; it is the Truth which is eternal and belongs to God); remembering that art to be art, must express this Truth, and that this involves the necessity of each work possessing life, a soul, and giving evidence in itself of being a work of inspiration, let us look at our own fiction and see how nearly it meets these demands.

It is hard to say what element of our fiction would most strongly impress itself upon one, were it possible to view it entirely and instantaneously; but it is not at all unlikely that it would be its superficiality. Lord Byron says that "Truth is a gem that loves the deep"; and if we would incorporate the truth in any work, that work must have some measure of the depth which is the native element of the Truth. The third of the axioms with which we began this discussion is: A work of art must have depth; it must invite study. How many novels, written in America within the last two decades, invite study? How many permit it? Go to the library and read as many American novels, published within the last twenty years, as your mental digestion will allow. How many of them invite a second reading? Almost none. Compared with the number of novels written, the number of those which conform to this requirement is practically a cipher. Viewed from this standpoint our fiction presents a most pitiable appearance. Of our intellectual attainments, as a people, there can be no question; but it would seem that they were acquired in something of a parrot fashion when we look at the character of the fiction which is written and read. We have much intellectual mechanism, much intellectual gymnastics, but too little — far too little — intellectual life; the average novel of the present day has no intellectual depth; it is all upon the surface, and can be grasped both in conception and characterization at a single reading. Not one novel out of every hundred that are put out annually is a work that grows upon you, that thrusts itself up in your mind and invites, or rather commands, you to a second reading; not one in a hundred inspires thought or even holds a place in memory. And can a literature made up of such works live? Has it even a shadow of permanence?

Another feature which would impress itself upon a student of our fiction is that each volume was written by an author; the writer is too prominent in his work. He does not stamp it with his own individuality, which would be perfectly legitimate and right, but overshadows it with his presence. Instead of losing himself in his characters, making them stand out as living beings, acting and speaking voluntarily and with the spontaneity of life, he uses them merely as masks, and assuming, now one and then another, speaks from behind them, himself unchanged in manner, voice, and thought. He gives us, not a mosaic of characters and opinions, beautifully designed and dexterously executed, but one stone only, laid now in one position, now in another, but still the same hard flint, dull and

unlovely as ever; or if in the beginning it was really beautiful, it has wearied us with its repeated presentation of its conscious and never-varying comeliness. What would be thought of a painter or a musician who would follow such a plan of work? The third presentation of his idea would fix his place in oblivion. But novelists go on year after year, repeating the same idea, and not only the same idea but the same phase of it, and the public has not the courage to leave the last attempt unnoticed. Now, a novel should be as much a work of art as a piece of sculpture or a musical composition. This does not imply the necessity of high finish of detail, but it does imply the necessity of a grasp of the Truth, an expression of a living and inspired soul, climbing steadily upward. There is no one who knows anything of the history of fiction, who cannot recall certain works which are rough and almost crude in their execution, which yet have in them that which is of far more worth — a soul. Andrea del Sarto, according to Browning, corrected Raphael's drawing as he would that of a pupil; but when he looked at Raphael's painting, his conceptions, he was no longer the critic, but throwing down his pencil, we can almost believe, in despair, exclaimed: "Ay, but the soul!" It was the lack of soul that made his own work lifeless. It is soul which our American fiction needs.

What is the general character of the novels of to-day? Do they strive after a clear and adequate expression of the Truth? Are they little worlds in themselves, well developed, yet hinting of mints of resources not yet revealed, peopled by living beings, living a real and not a fictitious life? Can we read in them something of the eternal content of life, or only the bare incidents separated from the grand motive which gives them their life and interest? Are they not rather attempts at expressing personal idiosyncrasies, unhealthy imaginations, intellectual or political views, or the customs and manners of the time?

In the next fifty lines may be told the history of the writing of fully one-half the novels that are put forth yearly. A certain person awakes to the fact that his income is uncomfortably limited. He works his common sense and imagination into a raging fever, combines the visions of their delirium, throws about them a glamour of rhetoric, and sends forth a novel. His income may or may not be increased; the novel, however, has been written and will exert an influence in the fixing of our literary standing. Another person is ambitious to appear in print, to see his name upon the advertising pages of magazines, in book and, perchance, in library catalogues; and in accordance with this desire a novel is written, thrown to the public, and takes its place in our literature. Then there is another class of writers who have graciously taken upon themselves the entertainment of the public, and have devoted their talents to the writing of novels whose sole aim is the pleasure of the moment. The works which, so far, have been presented to us are all the comment necessary upon both the theory and its exponents. It will not do to say that novels written under such influences as these are but floating trash, and are really no part of our literature. As well might we say that the tenement-house and street population of our country are really no part of the population. They are a part and an all too important part. The educated and wealthy classes may take to themselves the honor of being the people, and regard with pitying condescension those less fortunate and less enlightened who still bear the image of the same Creator. But let any crisis in public affairs arise, and the question is answered as to who are the people. The despised poor put forth and make good their claim to an equal rank in the state. So in our literature,—we cannot say that these common and nameless waifs are no part of it. They are a part and must be recognized as such, for their share in fixing our literary

status is, by no means, an unimportant one.

Another person becomes impressed with an idea,—it may be some newly developed trait, or some former one sinking into disuse; it may be some foible of the mind, a peculiarity of opinion or custom; or it may be some moral or intellectual theory. It may be anything, in fact, which has impressed itself on this mind. And thinking the novel the clearest and most readily handled form of literature, one is accordingly produced which exemplifies this idea. Of the motives of such writers there can be nothing said which will not be commendatory; it is to them and to them alone, that we must look for works that will secure the permanence of our fiction. But too often their judgment is in error, and leads to the production of works which are lifeless and worthless. While they may have been so strongly impressed with this pet idea, and may have studied it so seriously as to be able to set it forth better, it may be, than anyone else, they do not possess the power of portraying real, speaking life; their characters are but lay-figures, automatons, and their incidents and events the merest mechanism. Such writers, notwithstanding the integrity of their motives, can never produce a novel of permanent value. The essay, which is one of the strongest forms of literature and which may be made both entertaining and attractive is their proper field. A vigorous, well-written essay upon any subject worth consideration, is a work of merit, and will never want eager readers. But the matter for an essay, placed in an uninspired novel, is dull and uninteresting in the extreme, and repels the reader from the very beginning.

And what shall we say of that legion of volumes, fiends in the world of fiction, those so-called "books of the day," "mirrors of the times"—that most abused and libelled expression? We stand aghast at their number, and marvel at what a time ours must be if it can throw so many and diverse reflections. In considering them it will be well to remember that the condition of the reflecting surface has much to do with the character of the reflection thrown, for it will go far toward keeping us from losing faith in humanity and hope for our day, which we surely should do were we to judge them solely from the reflections held up to us. In these novels our times are presented, not as they are, but as they are colored by the author's views and prejudices, and with small thought of the great truth which lies back of them. And even those which are true representations too often have their subjects chosen from, and their scenes laid in, the lowest and most degraded portion of the life of our day. Those events are selected which have in them the least possible manifestation of the foundation truth, and this deficiency is glorified rather than deplored, and is the fountain-head from which spring these so-called realistic novels. The spiritual element in our fiction is at a low ebb, and the intellectual and apparently real is worshipped to the neglect of the spiritual and ideal, which should be the truly real. A critic of a few years ago speaks of the "demon of realism," and this is not a too emphatic characterization of this one element in our literature which has strengthened itself by weakening all others. One of the first and greatest weaknesses of the novelists of the present day is that instead of setting up an ideal and trying to realize and express it in their works, they bend all their energies toward idealizing the real,—not idealizing it in the sense of purifying and ennobling it, but taking it as it is, with all its glaring faults and deformities, and setting it up as their ideal, and so mutilating the truth as to make it conform to its unlovely and unsymmetrical shape, instead of burying its imperfection deep in the perfection of the eternal Truth.

And yet the writers of these much read and advertised works, take great glory to themselves as ranking beside

our legitimate historians. "The fiction of a people is a vital part of its history," they say triumphantly. "Were the history of the nations blotted out, we could read it again in their literature, and fiction is no mean part of literature. The novelists of the day are really historians, and they must leave to history a true image of their times." To all of which we must assent. But let us emphasize the necessity of the image being a true one; let us not leave to history the record of a people who were intellectual dwarfs or monstrosities, who had little or no idea of the truth, and made little or no effort to bring themselves into harmony with it. Let not coming generations read in our fiction the history of a people who were content with, and even worshipped, their daily physical life, who never felt or gave evidence of the "everlastingness" within them, struggling to be free,— a people who lived the life of ephemera, died the death of ephemera, and left the world no better either for their life or for their death.

In no other department of art is there such a manifest lack of a high ideal. Sculptors and painters make it the business of their lives to study that which the history of their art has proven to be the best and truest, and to make their works conform as closely as possible to their principles and requirements. But the average novelist of the day has scarcely an acquaintance with what history has proven to be the best in his art. I do not think it is an extravagant assertion to say that not one in ten of the writers who rush into print yearly have read even once the great works which have influenced, and in a certain sense formed, our literature. Not only this, but they have no clear and practical conception of the great laws of life, not even understanding the difference between life and physical existence. Yet I would not be understood to argue that it is necessary to pursue a systematic study of psychology and philosophy, and an exhaustive course of reading in ancient literature, before one is qualified to write a novel, be it brief or voluminous. Nor would I seem to despise and belittle the honest efforts that have been made in these later years to raise up to our people works that shall insure us an honored existence with coming generations. Yet where there is one such honest effort put forth, there is a myriad with no other motive than the gratification of a desire to appear in print or, perchance, to enlarge an income.

Another fault and source of weakness in our fiction—which is really but a result of those already stated—is that a certain element which may best be called a division of labor, is creeping into it, if, indeed, it has not already firmly established itself therein. This element, some authors are pleased to call a tendency to philosophize, but if it were systematized, it would present a perfect system of division of labor. The authors become so deeply impressed with the predominant traits of their characters, and so strain their energies to express them clearly and forcibly, that they forget to make the character itself a personal being; and when the work is completed its chief actor is a person of one idea, and in all other respects a weakling. Not one in ten of the characters which have been born into the world of fiction within the last two decades, approaches, even remotely, symmetrical development. They are one-ideaed; they have their hobbies, which is in itself admissible, but they have nursed and cherished them until they have grown out of all proportion and absorb in themselves the strength and interest which should be divided among all. It is very rare, nowadays, to find in fiction a nature which is a little world in itself, as are the characters of Homer, which are as real to-day as when he sang of them, or those of our own Shakespeare which become more vivid and real to us with each reading, —a nature harmoniously and symmetrically developed, and not having some

trait of an unhealthy and unnatural growth with others dwarfed beyond recognition. It is necessary to read half a dozen novels to find enough sufficiently developed traits to make a fairly symmetrical character; but yet, when they are found, they are the creations of authors varying so widely in mental views and habits that it is impossible to harmonize them. If there was some system about this production of single characteristics, we might hope for great things from our novelists; but as there is not, and each author produces his part of a character without assuring himself that the rest will be made and made to fit, our fiction presents a state of chaos — an endless number of qualities and characteristics well conceived and executed with skill, but rarely a living character.

All that has been said of the weakness of our present fiction may be summed up in three words—it lacks inspiration. It has no heart, but is the result of purely intellectual effort. There is scarcely a throb of honest, healthy love on the part of either creature or creator; there is passion—much of it,—passion amounting almost to frenzy, but that is not love—that is not the heart-life. The authors do not set about the portrayal of their characters involuntarily, because they are driven to it by the life struggling in their hearts which must be expressed, but solely for the gratification of personal desires; and when they are completed, they feel an intellectual pride in them, but scarcely a throb of love; their hearts beat neither faster nor slower because of their existence. And can creations arising from such a source live? All the works of art that have come down to us from former generations answer an emphatic, No. They appeal with their strongest influence directly to the heart. They interest our intellectual faculties of course,—it could not be otherwise,—but their strongest appeal is to that element within us which we hold in common with the rest of humanity, and which is the mark of our brotherhood and kinship in one God. It was the inability to express this which caused poor Andrea to exclaim, "Ay, but the soul!" Soul! That is the need of our fiction, and it can be supplied only by inspiration; no mere mental effort can call it into existence. If some of the intellectual efforts which have been put forth within this generation had been backed, filled, overflowing with living soul, this generation would have equaled any period in the history of literature. But without this inspiration, and the work itself performed in a half-hearted way, is it any marvel that so much of our fiction is lifeless and ephemeral? Is it any matter for surprise that we read novel after novel and derive therefrom only a sensation of satiety, and not one feeling of mental vigor or inspiration; or that when once the desire for novelty is satisfied, we turn to the earlier writers for healthy and healthful entertainment?

But let it not be understood from this discussion that our fiction is looked upon as being in a hopelessly lifeless condition, or that our claim, as a generation, to literary remembrance is irretrievably lost. I fancy that in coming years there will be books worn and showing use, with copious marks and interlinings, and perchance a tear stain here and there, whose authors are living, struggling, it may be, with heavy hearts, at this very day and hour. There are writers working now, who have given us books that are a benediction, who have brought into the world of fiction characters so pure, so lovable, so noble, that they are as real to us as are the members of our own households, and we love them with a genuine love, warm and tender. There is a goodly number of dream people of comparatively late birth, without whom the world would seem cheerless and empty, and it is they and their creators who redeem the hopelessness of our fiction. But they stand amidst the

falsity of the rest of the fiction population as did Noah or Abraham amidst the godlessness of their times. They will live, live as long as people read, and coming generations will remember us by them; but I fancy they will marvel that an age which produced so many volumes produced so few books.

If the limits of this paper would permit a study of some of these works, much of importance might be discovered concerning the life-element in American fiction. But this is not possible, now; however, we can draw from this discussion, even at this length, some hints which will be of service to aspiring authors.

First and most important of all, do nothing without inspiration All else is really comprised in this; if there be real inspiration all other requirements of a successful work can be attained by honest, earnest study. Never attempt to write until you feel upon your mind and heart a burden of thought which must be expressed. And seek the inspiration. There are those to whom the inspiring breath comes suddenly and unexpectedly, and there are those with whom it is the accumulation of years; but in either case, it is inspiration. If it comes not to you in the sudden revelation, seek it with all your heart. If it is for you, you will find it, and your ability to express it will be all the better for your long pursuit. Nature is coy at the same time that she is generous, and gives shyly and coquettishly into the keeping of her humble, whole-hearted lover, secrets which the more brilliant but fickle seekers would give their all to possess.

Study God's world. There is a vast difference between God's world and man's world, and the great mass of our present novelists seek to portray man's to the neglect of God's. A large number of the novelists of to-day—perhaps the majority—struggle to reach the large cities, and an enormous per cent of our present fiction has its scene laid there. Now these large cities are man's world, and from them and their life the novelist can draw no true inspiration. In them there is scarcely a throb of God-life, and scarcely an atom of God's truth. They are the field for the essayist, preacher, reformer, but for the novelist they should be but a memory. As well might a sculptor seek inspiration in deformity, or a painter in false lights and shades, as a novelist in the false, half-hearted, too often vicious life of our cities. A noble and commendable novel may have its scene laid in the life of a great city. It would be idle to assert the falsity of this, for the history of fiction would instantly prove its truth. But mark this;—the novels which deal with the life of the great cities, have their vital, their most important and most powerful scenes laid in God's world; or if they are in the cities, which is rare, there is ever a breath, a dream, a memory hovering about them of this other world. I have in mind, now, three novels which in many respects, are the most powerful that have been written in this century. Two come from England, one from Germany. These three novels deal very largely with city life. But if I were asked to point out the most important scenes in them, the scenes that are decisive, turning points in the history,—in one, I would take you to Lincolnshire, to an old baronial estate, and out into a wood where only a far away glimpse of a castle reminds you of man's world; and in this wood are two women, alone, and their interview is the turning point in the novel. In another, I would take you again to an English wood; and one dark, stormy night, two men are being driven swiftly through it; and in the double darkness of the night and the storm, one strikes the other dead, and the catastrophe of the entire work follows swiftly upon the blow. In the third, I would take you to a mountain-peak in Germany; and there is a young girl there, standing alone, with a white bandage upon her forehead. The

bandage drops away, of itself, and she writes in her book of a wanderer: "I have tasted eternity!"

These three novels are the children of minds whose right to the title "master minds" is undisputed. And these masters, when the crucial moment of their works came, took their characters out of the scenes of their busy life, away into the fastnesses of God's world and left them there alone. The very life of these novels is a memory of nature; the sea, the river, the woods, the mountains, the fields blushing with the sunrise, the hills crowned with the sunset glory, the winds heavy with the perfume of blossoms of ripening fruit, or crisp and invigorating with the frosts of the north, villages straggling along in the moonlight through fertile valleys or up the hillsides,—these it is, and their life and story which give strength and permanence to these novels, and which are necessary to the life of any novel. These the novelist must study, and study so closely and carefully that they become a part of his very being. Then he can go and live in the midst of the mass of humanity that seethes and writhes in the city, and perhaps write a novel that will be worth the reading.

This command to study God's world is imperative to the would-be novelist. And think much upon God,—not the God of any particular sect or denomination — but the Infinite, the Creator, the Preserver. Study life, and search for hints of His purposes; see how they are achieved by the laws which govern the universe; seek the maximum limit He has set for the development of His creatures; study how man's life approaches this limit; how nearly it accomplishes the purpose for which it was sent into the world, or how widely it misses it. Seize and treasure carefully in your heart of hearts those traits and qualities of man which seem the truest and noblest, build them with whatever foils you may think necessary, into one symmetrical whole, and you will have before you the perfect form waiting for the breath of life. Can you impart it? If you can, then are you inspired, an artist, a creative spirit. If you are in doubt, go out into God's world, where you can come closest to the Infinite, and seek it. Nestle down in the fresh, cool grass, put your face close to the earth, look into the shadowy depths of the streams, read the faces of the flowers, put your ear close to the tree-trunks and listen to the tales they will tell you, go down to the sea and let the winds and waves speak to you, climb the mountains and find what revelation they have in store for you; or look up into the sky, ablaze with its morning or sunset glory, or when it is gleaming with its million stars, and when it seems that it must throw back its doors and its inhabitants swell the excelsis which all the world is trying to speak — "Glory to God" — to the God — the one God — the God of the universe — the Infinite. Do this, and then go back to the presence of your symmetrical form. If you feel impelled to it, speak through it whatever may be in your heart; express it as clearly and adequately as you can, and it will live.

The Midland's Fiction Department.

THE MOSSBACK'S PERIL.

A WOLF STORY.

By Frank W. Calkins.

THE great gray wolves of the Manitoba plains and to westward are often no end of a nuisance and not infrequently a real menace to the lone "mossback" as they prowl and howl about his "poverty cabin" during the long winter nights. When pressed by hunger the creatures will sit and howl under the eaves or prance about upon the dirt roof of a gunless shack and, despite the flicker of a tallow dip within, will sometimes thrust their red muzzles against its window panes and glare at the occupant hungrily.

The isolated "mossback"—bachelor homesteader—who has taken his claim in advance of general settlement will often tell of standing siege against the "big howlers." Such a tale was told me by a farmer, whose veracity was amply vouched for by good citizens of Regina, in 1885.

Billy McPherson, the farmer, a hardy Scotch Canuck, was blizzard-stayed with me for two days at a little hotel in the town near which he lived. He had ventured into that region far in advance of "End of Track." He built his "poverty cabin"—a shack of rough boards, with roof of poles and hay, "sodded over"—in the uninhabited valley of Pile of Bones creek. Fort Qu-'appelle, nearly fifty miles to eastward, was the nearest civilized settlement. At Pile of Bones creek—so named because of the heaps of buffalo bones lying about its mire holes—Billy reigned as squatter sovereign, until the wolves came.

It was too late to begin farming for that year when he settled upon his claim, so he builded, in addition to his shack, a stout sod shed for his steers, and made an early cut of winter hay. Then he set to work cutting cord wood at a small grove of ash, elm, and cottonwood near the center of his claim. He had the only timber in sight, and it would sell at high prices when the railroad should reach him.

For a time the settler's only company was the antelope which came to drink at the creek and often stood and "whistled" at him within easy gunshot range. As a rule, Billy—an honest, hard worker—despised guns as the very emblems of shiftlessness, but at Pile of Bones creek he would have liked to own one and to have been a good shot, too. When cold weather came the antelope disappeared and coyotes and gray wolves became his dismal neighbors. These animals haunted his timber and the grass lands of the creek bottom continually, and finding their biped neighbor a harmless sort of creature they soon became over-bold and saucy.

One morning after the first light fall of snow, as Billy entered his grove to begin chopping, three wolves sat upon the rick of cord wood until he came within a few steps of them. They snarled at him with savage impudence and only jumped off the wood and ran when he threatened them with his ax.

For their saucy defiance in this instance, however, he discovered immediate cause in a plump "cotton tail" wedged in, at half arms length, between two sticks at the base of the rick. That evening at supper he thanked the

wolves for the first fresh meat he had tasted in months. The animals repaid his foraging in kind a little later.

It was a day or two after this adventure that there came a fierce blizzard which lasted three days—and the weather turned bitterly cold. On the first still night after the storm the lone settler had such a serenade as is granted to few persons ever to hear, and nowadays heard nowhere save on the plains of Canada or the Russian steppes.

Wolves in unknown numbers gathered about his premises and howled and yapped in hideous chorus. They came early in the evening while Billy was cooking supper. Possibly attracted by the odor of beans and bacon, numbers of them climbed upon the roof of his drifted-in shack and yelped eagerly as they tore at the frozen sods. Others scratched at the doorway or showed their ugly muzzles at the window where he had cut away the drift. Billy began soon to feel that he was not secure from danger even inside his stout cabin. He filled his box stove with wood, threw its front door wide open and lighted an extra tallow dip in his lantern. He hoped that the light of fire and candles would prevent the wolves from descending, should they succeed in tearing through the sods. And this might, indeed, have happened, half famished as the creatures were, but luckily for the settler the first freeze of winter had come upon the heels of a storm of rain and sleet and his roof was pretty well cased in ice, and the sods had frozen together.

But the siege was exciting enough. For two hours and more the swarm of clambering, yelping brutes kept Billy in a state of nervous expectancy. He sat before his stove feeding the fire, and with a hickory ax-helve in hand, watching alternately his window and his roof. Now and then as the brutes raged a pair of glowing eyes and a flash of white fangs at the window gave him a shiver of dread—projecting a picture into his mental vision from which he recoiled in horror.

Then as suddenly as they had come his unwelcome visitors fled away across the valley. Billy listened until the sound of their yelpings was lost in the distance, and then, heartily relieved to be rid of them so easily, he went to bed, leaving his lantern burning.

About four o'clock in the morning he was awakened by the muffled noise of bellowings and of snarling and fighting at his cattle shed. The wolves had come back and had broken in among his steers! Alarmed and almost frantic at the thought of losing his cattle, he sprang out of bed, jerked on his clothes, seized his lantern and ax-handle and rushed out to the shed, reckless, for the moment, of consequences. A couple of wolves ran snapping out of his way as he approached the entrance.

As he jerked a slide-bar and threw open the heavy puncheon door, his ears were assailed by a horrible din of savage snarls and yelpings, accompanied by bawlings of mingled rage and affright. The sight was fearful as he cast his light within. Instantly he took in the array of shining eyes and bloody jaws uplifted at one end, and a huddled group of steers standing faced about, with broken tie-ropes and lowered horns, at the other. A lank wolf, fatally gored, kicked against the manger, and the mangled carcass of one of the steers lay in the midst of the glaring pack.

More than a dozen gorged wolves stared at him for one instant, their eyes gleaming in a vicious surprise, and then as he stepped backward, shouting to frighten them out, the nearer ones made a fierce rush for the door. Billy held his lantern high in one hand, hopped about to avoid the snapping jaws, and struck right and left with his ax-helve. As the last wolf sprang past him he knocked the creature off its feet with a swinging blow upon the jaw. And then a kind of rage seized upon him; he fell upon the stricken brute

and hammered its head to a pulp. When he had worked off this momentary heat, he straightened up to find his light gone out and the snarling, snapping pack arrayed along the drift on three sides of him.

The bolder ones were about to attack when, in a terror quite as violent as his recent fit of rage, Billy broke through the ring, striking wildly in self-defense, and ran for his cabin door. He reached it none too soon, for the whole pack followed at his heels. He got inside his shack, however, without a scratch, and there he stayed, compelled to leave his cattle to their fate.

He flung himself upon his bunk, sick, disheartened and with face downward stopped his ears against the sounds outside.

Greatly to his surprise and joy the next morning he found three whole steers feeding quietly at the hayricks near their shed. The wolves had been content to gorge themselves upon the dead one. A number of the animals were lying upon the snow under a rise of ground east of his cabin, and there they still lay and watched him as he drove in the steers and carried in hay for their day's feed. In doing this Billy discovered that the creatures had dug away the sods where a huge drift joined the shed roof. They had then torn through at least a foot of packed hay, and forced their way in, one by one, between two poles.

That day the settler cased his shed-roof with poles from his abundant wood pile, lacing a solid covering by means of wooden pins. The walls of the shed were of solid sod, eighteen inches thick, and frozen hard as brick. The animals never got in again.

But they made his nights hideous and even cooped him up of days uncertain of his life in venturing out The whole pack came back, of course, when hunger prompted, and baffled in their attempts to get at the cattle, laid a howling seige to the premises at large. They hung about the cabin, shed and hay ricks almost continually for more than a week. Billy was compelled to watch his chance, during the middle of the short day, to get in wood, and to feed and water his steers. Usually, about noon, most of the wolves ran off upon the creek bottoms. It was then they were most likely to catch rabbits asleep in their grass burrows.

Billy was compelled to melt snow from the drifts for watering the steers and for his own use. Never once during the days of his siege did he go about this necessary work without one or more gaunt, hungry brutes squatted upon the snow, at no great distance, eagerly watching his movements, and now and then ominously licking their chops.

The big brutes were of differing sizes and shades of color, resembling a pack of Indian dogs in that respect. Billy came to know individuals among them by their markings. One lank, old dog wolf of a brindle gray had but three legs, one foot having been removed, gnawed off doubtless, in a steel trap. This one hung about the stacks and shed most persistently. Doubtless he was a poor hunter, and the smell of the frozen beef yet remaining in the shed tempted the hungry creature hauntingly. Another wolf was nearly white a wild, yapping creature that would set upon the rise to eastward and howl dismally even at noonday.

The sense of being continuously watched and waited for by these uncanny, slouching, evil-eyed brutes, began at length to wear upon Billy's nerves. The sense of their presence sat with him, in his cabin, like a haunting nightmare, even when they were silent without. After some ten days of almost sleepless nights, and of watching and dodging out to work in daylight, the settler found himself without appetite, weak, almost prostrate, and with a queer "strained feeling" in his head. He believed he would have soon gone crazy—and no wonder!

But one evening, just at sunset, when

he was trying for the second time that day to force himself to eat, relief, sudden and joyous, burst upon him. The wolf pack had already gathered and were prowling about the cabin when there was a sudden popping of guns, followed by a mad scamper among the animals.

Billy ran to the door and outside to find a stricken wolf kicking upon the snow, and two shouting, hilarious young Englishmen from Fort Qu'appelle coming over the rise a few rods away. The men were on snow-shoes with packs on their backs and guns in hand. He instantly recognized them as two brothers whom he had met at the fort, waiting for business chances when the railroad should come on next year. They had located his claim upon their map and had declared their intention to pay him a visit—a promise of so little expectation that he had forgotten it.

He welcomed them joyously. A couple of hounds which they had with them rushed upon the dead wolf and worried the carcass savagely.

The young fellows had come all the way by racquette, and had slept the night before at an Indian village on the Saskatchewan. And so Billy's weary siege was broken. In fact it came to an end the next morning in an adventure almost breathlessly funny.

When the trio got up a little before sunrise, the persistent old three-legged wolf was lying out as usual in the shelter of a hay rick. The new comers' dogs, let out at the first opening of the cabin door, immdiately gave chase. The two Englishmen snatched their guns and followed, whooping.

The hounds speedily overtook the lame wolf, but old three-legs was full of fight, and vicious. He pounced upon his pursuers, licked one of them in a trice, then flung the other down in the snow and literally began to eat the canine up.

One of the visitors, "Teddie," who ran the swiftest, overhauled the fighting animals and immediately tried to get a shot. But wolf and dog were badly mixed, and, wanting to save the hound, the Englishman dropped his gun and pluckily flung himself into the mêlée.

He seized the wolf—which had its nose buried to the eyes in the dog's throat—by the scruff of the neck, with both hands, and gave a mighty backward yank. He was a stout fellow and tore the animal's hold loose, but in doing so lost his balance and sprawled upon his back with the maddened brute on top. Quick as lightning, the gritty Englishman threw his legs about the wolf's flanks and held old *lupus* in the grip of a trained wrestler. There was more than success in the "lock," too, for having secured his game the hunter dared not let it go, alive!

"Hi! Hi! Gawge! Gawge!" he shouted, "Shoot the bloomin' beast! Quick man; ee'll bite me, don't you know!"

But "Gawge," who had just come up was not of a disposition to attempt a perilous shot in such a crisis. Instead, the humor of the situation seized upon him irresistibly. He flung away his gun, in fact, clapped his hands upon his stomach and roared with laughter.

"'An-g to um, Teddie," he howled, "'An-g to um, boy, er ee'll heat ye hup!"

And then as the wolf snarled and wriggled, and Teddie grew fearfully emphatic, George fell upon the snow and kicked his heels in uncontrollable glee.

"Aw—aw—aw," he shrieked, holding his sides, while Teddie tightened his grip upon the wriggling brute and hurled expletives—"blawsted eediot," "bloomin' block'ead," and the like choice Anglicisms.

The hounds, having had enough in a single encounter, stood back, whimpered, and looked on with fallen chops. But Billy, who had had his eye upon the fracas, now came to the rescue with his ax-handle. Although immensely tickled and inclined to join George in a round of mirth, he managed a well aimed blow at the wolf's uplifted hea

and settled the matter. He was compelled to interfere, however, to save the helpless George a trouncing—perhaps deserved—at the hands of the irate Teddie.

As for the wolves, they were speedily thinned out in the region of Pile of Bones creek. The Englishmen had plenty of poison and knew how to use it. In less than a month nearly half a hundred wolf and coyote skins hung about the walls of Billy's cabin.

THE STORY OF MARGERY DILL.

By Lucia S. Wilson.

THE following letter was sent by the Virginia Company to the Council of Virginia:

London, August 21st, 1621.

We send you a shipment, one widow and eleven maids, for wives of the people of Virginia; there hath been especial care had in the choice of them, for there hath not one of them been received but upon good commendations.

In case they cannot be presently married, we desire that they may be put with several householders that have wives until they can be provided with husbands.

There are nearly fifty more that are shortly to come, and are sent by our honorable lord and treasurer, the Earl of Southampton, and certain worthy gentlemen, who, taking into consideration that the plantation can never flourish 'till families be planted and the respect of wives and children for their people on the soil, therefore, having given this fair beginning; reimbursing of whose charges, it is ordered that every man that marries them give 120 pounds of best leaf tobacco for each of them.

We desire that the marriage be free according to nature, and we would not have those maids deceived and married to servants, but only to such freemen or tenants as have means to maintain them. We pray you, therefore, to be fathers of them in this business, not enforcing them to marry against their wills.

Of "the shipment" there was one whom the widow and the remaining ten maidens regarded with questioning but respectful gaze This was Margery Dill, too old to be exactly a young maid, too sedate and stately to be the object of the good natured badinage with which the maids helped to pass the weary and ofttimes anxious days of the journey. She had majestic beauty and gentle ways.

Just why Margery Dill was going to Virginia, puzzled the brains of her companions to determine. Dorcas Dale had a firm conviction implanted in her small blonde head that Miss Margery was going to convert the Indians. She sincerely hoped she would succeed in rendering these wild red men of the forest peaceable, tractable, humble. She wished Margery had gone a year or two before, that the work of conversion might have been complete, ere she trusted herself to their tender mercies.

Martha Wentworth declared that Margery Dill would never voluntarily look at an Indian, that in all probability she was going to nurse the sick of the colony, whereupon Dorcas shook her fair head most emphatically.

"Margery be too much grown for that," quoth she, as Margery's Amazonian stature came before her mental vision; "although," she added, "perchance it may be so; Margery is not given to merrying as the rest of us."

As for Margery herself, she seemed unconscious of the many comments and conjectures of which she was the object, but bore the tedium of the journey with calm patience, giving courage to the less brave of her companions.

Richard had said that he needed her, so she was going, that was all. Richard himself had gone two years before in the ship that carried the ninety young women. Since then, she had heard nothing from him, until just before her journey, when a verbal message had been delivered her by the captain of the ship, "Richard Pace needs you." That was nothing new, her step-father's son had always needed her; but it was enough—she would go to him.

The long journey was at last ended, and they reached Jamestown, the whole village being at the landing place to welcome them.

Margery's keen gray eyes scanned the excited throng, and finally rested upon the object of her search, Richard Pace, a man of about Margery's own height, with a pale, clean-shaven face. His countenance lighted up with a sudden smile, on seeing her familiar figure, easily distinguished from among the shorter of her sex. He crowded forward and took her hand in kindly and welcoming clasp.

"Thou art, indeed, a good sister," he said gravely, "to come so far to content you a brother's need." Then added, "Susan hath it that you are still in grim and beautiful Cornwall, loth to come to this desolate land, but I—have you." The sudden smile appeared again.

"Susan," began Margery inquiringly —Richard turned to regard her, his features grown gentle, though careworn.

"She hath been bedridden since thy namesake came, now three months agone."

Margery remembered the pretty, incompetent Susan, so eager to be one of the ninety young women two years before. The Susan, always good natured, caring only for trivial things, never desiring the same bit of vanity for long, constant only to one idea—the idea of being always with Richard. For this had she braved the perils of the sea, and tortures only possible to savage ingenuity.

Poor Margery, in thinking of these things, felt the defeat of human anticipation. Here was Susan whom Providence (Margery did not for a moment doubt it) had placed as Richard's wife to be a helpmeet for him in the wilds of Virginia—here she was, tied to her bed, unable to care for herself, or the babe vouchsafed to her. It was undoubtedly Providence's plan that she, Margery, should do the work she had supposed designed for Susan, to keep Richard's house, and care for the new life whose frail existence emphasized the trouble lines in Richard's face.

While these thoughts came to Margery, Richard assisted her into his white birch canoe, and pushed off for the south shore of the river.

"Dost not live in Jamestown village?" asked Margery, looking rather apprehensively at the wooded south shore, where no sign of life could be seen.

"Nay, but two leagues to south of river," replied Richard, plying the oars. "There be ten cabins distant from ours no farther than a league, and Opecancanough and his warriors be right friendly."

Nevertheless, Margery could not dismiss the fear of these creatures with tawny skins and jetty eyes, whose wild orgies and inhumanities were related at English firesides, and she was most sincerely relieved when their journey was ended and the little cabin reached.

Poor, sick Susan kissed her and cried over her with real joy. The neighbor woman and her husband (living a league distant) who had cared for Susan and the babe during Richard's absence, took their departure, and Margery began her work. She soon learned what that work was to be,—care for the house and baby, with occasional hunts for game.

As for Susan, no one but Richard could care for her; he it was who must arrange her meals at the bedside; he must soothe her poor aching body when pain was severe, and amuse her with funny stories when she called for them.

Margery was not gifted that way. As Dorcas had said, she was not given to "merrying." She was gentle and tender with Susan, but not amusing. The baby throve under her care, and enjoyed her little life the best when being lulled to sleep by Margery, singing quaint little ditties that Susan thought uncanny. One, the mother feared, might be tempting Providence to take the child to Heaven.

It ran thus:

Sleep ye, sleep ye;
May angels greet ye,
On Nodaway's peaceful shore,
And never, never wake ye,
Lest Life's rough storm o'ertake ye,
And ye rest ye in peace never more.

The winter wore away in hard monotony. Margery had grown practiced in hunting small game for food, and the active life made her strong. One severe ordeal she was obliged to undergo from time to time; the visits of a converted Indian named Chanco. The mere sight of a redskin drove the blood from her cheek and sent a thrill of horror through her. Chanco did his best to show his respect for her, but she felt a repulsion and fear toward him and his kind, that she could not overcome.

During one of Richard's visits to Jamestown village for supplies, he learned that Nemattenow, or Jack-of-the-feather, so called by the English from his fanciful head decoration, a restless favorite of Opecancanough, had been to the village, and going to John Morgan's store had asked his white brother to accompany him to Pamunkey to assist him in trade. Mr. Morgan, suspecting no danger, started with his red friend. A few days later Jack-of-the-feather appeared at Mr. Morgan's home, where two young men were working. John Morgan's scalp hung at the Indian's belt. But Jack was to suffer swift retribution. One of the young men shot and wounded him, when he was bound and taken before Governor Wyatt. Jack died begging his white brothers not to reveal to his tribe that he had fallen by a white man's bullet. Opecancanough was apparently friendly enough, but Richard feared treachery.

However, winter passed and spring came, and still good will and friendliness reigned supreme. Mr. George Thorpe had tried to insure peace with Opecancanough by building him a house after the English style, putting lock and key thereon. The delighted chief spent days in this house locking and unlocking his front door. No means of reconciliation were neglected.

March was bright and beautiful. The ice had floated from the river, allowing free transport in boats.

On the 21st, Richard was surprised by a visit from Chanco. In the early evening the Indian signed to Richard to come with him outside the cabin. The two men remained but a short time, then Chanco went away and Richard re-entered the cabin. Susan gave a stifled cry when she caught sight of his face. He went to the bedside, and laid his hand gently upon her forehead; stooping, he kissed her, and told her he must go on a journey. Her frightened eyes questioned him farther.

"I must leave thee with Margery for a few hours, and warn the people of Jamestown village."

Chanco had said that, on the morrow at noon, Opecancanough, and his warriors would avenge Nemattenow's death and satisfy their thirst for blood. The uprising was to be general—not an English hamlet would escape. Henrico, Pamunkey, Falling River, Jamestown, all were to be blotted out with blood. There was but one warning he could give—he could reach Jamestown in four or five hours, give the Governor word in time for him to make a defense, and be back in his own cabin by sunrise. He would first fortify his own home, and leave Margery on guard, and Susan must be a brave lass to be a help to Margery if need were. Chanco was their friend and would guard them as his own.

This was more than poor Susan could bear. She had borne her long illness, always hoping that when summer came again, she could be carried out of doors, till in the health-giving air, and warm sunshine, she could regain her lost jewel of health. Then, her hope and faith beheld her a strong, happy woman, always by the side of Richard, and the object of his love and care. And now this Richard, for whose sake, she had left her mother country, with whom she had shared the discomforts and anxieties of a pioneer life, her Richard

would leave her to face a death too horrible to contemplate, all for the sake of a miserable duty. How did he know Chanco would protect them? He was an Indian, and an Indian would scalp his best friend if opportunity offered, Susan knew it. If Richard went, Opecancanough would surely come, while if he remained with her, mayhap, the chief would pass them by. Then came to Susan all the horrible tortures that redskins delight to make their victims undergo before kind death came to their relief. She saw herself dragged from her bed, her flesh pierced with splinters of wood, which were set on fire. In imagination, she was dying a death of anguish. Mayhap, they would cut her in pieces with their murderous tomahawks; perchance, they might tear her flesh with red-hot pincers. These things had they done to others, why not to her?

Poor Susan, tied to her bed for eight long months, felt the blood run like fire through her veins, and her heart beat in great throbbing pulsations. Her weakness seemed gone, and she lifted herself on her knees in the bed.

"Richard," she wailed, "thou dost not care for thy wife; thy love is for naught but the world. Ye go to Jamestown village, where are hundreds of strong people, and leave thy wife. Nay," she cried, striving feverishly to struggle to her feet, while Richard strove gently to force her back, "thou'll not leave thy wife—and thou goest, Susan, thy wife shalt follow on after thee, an it please God, she'll die before the redskins find her."

Richard essayed to explain how he considered his home out of danger. Chanco would guide the warriors lower down the river, e'en as far as Hog Island.

But all in vain; if Richard went, Susan would go.

Then spoke Margery Dill:

"Content ye, dear heart, Richard shall stay and keep guard of his own. I will go to Jamestown village."

"Nay," began Richard, but Margery smiled and lifted her hand to interpose silence.

She would clothe herself in Richard's garments; thus attired 'twould be easier of concealment and speed, the two all-important things to consider. She knew where Richard's canoe was hidden under the bank. She could walk almost as fast as Richard himself, and might be back by sunrise. So, after brief debate, with an intense regret in Richard's heart, and firm insistence on Margery's side, it was thus settled.

Susan's sobs were hushed, and she regarded Margery gratefully, yet wonderingly.

Margery's farewell was hurried and slightly tremulous. Perchance she would not return to the little cabin at sunrise; she looked with intense longing at the dear brother, whose life was no easy task, whose weariness she would gladly lighten—then on his poor wife and infant so dear a care to him. Mayhap she would never see them again—but this was no time for such thoughts; only resolute action and keen sagacity could avail.

Clad in her brother's clothes, she slipped out into the darkness, thankful that the moon was obscured by heavy clouds, so that the gloom hid her completely.

For half an hour her speed was rapid, and she was scarce conscious of herself. She seemed to herself a shadow, an unreal something gliding along, silent, ghostlike.

Then, suddenly, a nervous tremor seized her, shaking her from head to foot. Did she not hear something? She stood still and listened; the black stillness was unbroken, save now and then the low sigh of the wind in the branches over her head. Margery strained her eyes into the darkness around her. It seemed to her excited fancy that a face leered at her from behind an oak not ten feet away; she could see his cunning, devilish eyes, the wicked triumph gleaming from them.

counting her his victim, a morsel of human flesh with power to suffer. Her own eyes dilated with fear till the white appeared around the iris.

Then, a reaction came; with a powerful effort of the will, she gained control of her faculties, resolved to look for no danger, but be ready for it when it came. She moved cautiously forward, gaining courage with activity, her naturally keen senses on the alert.

In reality, gaunt, pale-faced, haunting fear never left her for long. When, drawing a full breath, with a stronger sense of security, fear would cut the breath short, sometimes choking her. Her long, steady strides would become hesitating and weak.

But she strove against this pale-faced suitor with all the strength of despair.

At last, the river was reached. With the utmost caution, she loosed the canoe, slipped into it and pushed off. The tension of mind and body for an instant relaxed and she shook as with ague. She recovered herself, however, remembering that the broad, unfeeling bosom of the river might bear aliens—aliens to humanity who might even yet defeat her object, of saving her white brothers from red vengeance. So, grasping the oars with steady hands, she silently rowed to the Jamestown shore.

Concealing her canoe, she quickly made her way to the Governor's house. Sir Francis Wyatt, aroused from sleep, and learning that his visitor was Richard Pace, opened the door to admit her. Margery dropped into a chair offered by Sir Francis, who then searched in the cupboard for candles.

"I beg you, Sir Francis," said Margery, "make ye no light, lest the red avengers of Jack-of-the-feather do take note." So the Governor sat opposite his guest in the gloom of the early morning, and listened to her recital of the coming danger.

History says that it was this timely warning given by Richard Pace that saved Jamestown from utter destruction.

Sir Francis urged his guest to remain with him, and not trust again to the woods, but with a quick, determined "I must get me home," Margery declined. She found her way to the river as the coming dawn had turned the black water to a deep gray, in the distance, not dividing it from the gray mist which hung heavy on its surface.

As she plied her oars cautiously toward the south shore, and drew near sufficiently to see the tops of the trees that border it, she saw death in her path. An Indian, taking an outlook from his point of vantage in a tree, scanning the river up and down, his keen eyes seeming to pierce the gray fog.

Margery saw herself the object of his notice. Instantly she changed her course. What should she do? He could be across to the Jamestown side before her; all retreat was cut off in that direction. Then she bethought her of Hog Island; there were friends there, could she reach it in safety. The fog became both friend and enemy, allowing her to glide into its misty depths, and swallowing up all traces of her enemy.

With muscles tense and nerves like steel, she rowed toward the island, forgetting to listen for her enemy's oars; one thought possessed her—to reach Hog Island and so escape Death.

If this last chance should fail, the cold gray river should save her from the wrath of devils.

The mist lifted a little and revealed to her two skiffs, not twenty yards away; an instant, and an arrow struck her white forehead near the temple, leaving a trickling stream of red that half blinded her. A cloud of arrows followed, their sharp points piercing her flesh in a dozen places. Standing up in her canoe, she faced her pursuers, her beautiful face pale with the pallor of coming death. Her mind was possessed with thankfulness toward a kind Providence who had allowed her to save her people, and then graciously suffered her to die by the mere graze of an arrow's point. A moment she stood thus, then faded from sight in the gray mist.

META; A STORY OF THE BURNT WOODS OF OREGON.*

By Louisa A'hmuty Nash.

VI. The Little School-House on the Hill.

META walked hurriedly round by the county road, avoiding her Indian trail as if a cougar or a bear were prowling there.

She heard young boys' voices as she neared the school-house, and as she got nearer she saw the boys grouped on the outside of the building intent on a game of marbles.

Meta soon found herself in her seat and deep in the reader and speller, but anxiety as to whether or not she could effect the change of quarters she desired, prevented her taking hold with her usual avidity. When school was out and she was alone with the teacher she said: "I want your help to seek if you will be good and kind to me."

"Why, certainly, I will do what I can for you," thinking there was some language difficulty the girl wanted solved.

"I am in trouble, I want some place, some hotel in which to go. It is to me impossible to stay with Mrs. Klein longer. Can you tell me where I can a good place find? Can I go to your hotel? Will the house-mother take me in? I have no friends in your country, and I want my mother!"

Here Meta nearly broke down, but Miss Thompson spoke kind words to her, reassuring her that the neighbors were very kind and hospitable, and she would not want for friends.

So Meta took heart again and said, "Shall I tell you why I to your country came?"

"I think I know," said Miss Thompson. "Mrs Klein told the people where I am boarding all about you, but I did not know that you had changed your mind and were not happy."

"Then, I will tell it to you, as you are so kind. They praised Mr. Bittel to me, and my mother was so poor and I wanted the little Fritz to keep to school, and I thought I should like him well enough. But there is noding between us—noding that I want to say of vat I tink and vat I feel. My *mind* must marry; my *heart* must marry, or I can no husband have. Mrs. Klein has been good, but she tinks I must marry Mr. Bittel because he three hundred dollars for me paid. I can work, I say, and I can pay him de money back."

Ida Thompson sympathized with Meta. She was older, and had had more experience in the world of men. She knew Hans Bittel, and she knew that any woman, provided she was not quarrelsome, would suit him He was not capable of any communion of souls, but was on the lowest plane of the earth — earthy — and she did not blame the girl, with her nobler and higher aspirations, refusing to bind herself to such a clod. So she said, "Come home with me; I know Mrs. Martin will make room for you. Indeed you can share my room — if you will."

"Dank, dank you, from my heart, I dank you," exclaimed Meta.

So the two went home together, and the kindly, hospitable soul of Mrs. Martin went out to the poor orphan, a stranger in a strange land, fighting against a fate which she had ignorantly, but with pure motives, brought on herself. With a song of deliverance in her heart Meta again found her voice for song. She was often heard singing the *Volks lieder* of the Fatherland, with her clear soprano voice. "*Du, du machet mir schmerzen*," with its plaintive wail, and "*Es kaun nicht ja immer so bleiben*," with its don't-care tone seemed to be her prime favorites.

By day she was in the little school-

* Begun in the February Midland.

house, Ida Thompson's pupil. She, in her turn, became the teacher evenings, giving lessons in her own language to the little school-ma'am, and the daughters of the house.

This was all very well, but although Meta was spending no money for her living, none was coming in. After a few weeks of idyllic life and persevering study, she said, "Mrs. Martin, you have been a kind, good mother to me, but I think I must go now to the Waggoner's, where, by helping with the work, I shall earn money."

"I wish I could afford to pay wages myself, and then you might stay and help me. The work seems heavy enough at times with so many little ones to do for. I must not keep you when you want to be earning money, and the people there need your services."

Between the two girls had grown up quite a friendship. Their tastes agreed, and there soon ceased to be a language barrier to their confidences. Meta would say sometimes, "How could I be so foolish as to leave my home! What a plight I should have been in by this time but for such kind friends! He has not a thought beyond—well I don't know what—just getting a wife somehow, smoking his pipe, growing a few cabbages and a little oats, and shooting a pheasant now and again! I believe many poor German girls come over to marry just that sort of man, *'behute und bewahre.'*" Meta added, "You have no English that will say just what I mean.

"One thing, I have all the more friends in the world by coming to this country. I can't help sometime wishing a good fairy might have changed Hans Bittel into Herr Wolfenberg. Then it would have been quite different with me. We always seemed to have so much to say to each other, and every little trifling thing seemed to mean ever so much more, by just saying it to him, and everything he used to say to me meant more than just the mere words. I can recall, I do believe, every conversation we had together pacing that deck. And he had such kind eyes that seemed to speak even more than words."

VII. A New Life.

True to his promise, Mr. Klein drove Meta and her belongings to his friend's ranch where she was to act as "help." The house was larger than most of the farm houses in the neighborhood. It was meant to take in a large family and as many hired hands as should be needed from time to time during a press of work. It stood on a slight elevation in the midst of a rich and verdant valley, at the confluence of three cañons, commanding views of all. The hills interlocked one another all down the open valley, ending in the grey soft outline of the Indian Reservation hills, out towards the Pacific Ocean. The valley had but lately been the favorite hunting ground of some of these Indians and they might have resented its being suddenly claimed by the white man, but they contented themselves with borrowing anything they happened to want, from matches up to a rifle, and expecting a meal whenever they put in an appearance and said they were hungry.

VIII. Denouement.

Sometimes in their search for the cruelly wandering cows the boys would "put out a fire" as they called it away up the cañon and often after many days it would reappear in dangerous quarters. One afternoon a column of smoke was seen curling up the valley, advancing ever nearer, with huge flames dividing the column, snapping at everything within reach. A dry wind from the rear drove it along and it became a "sirocco" in its journey. The cherry brush crackled and fell and the parched fern made an inviting pathway for the flames. Here and there a tall pole that had burned its heart out with the rest, years ago,—when the "great fire" occurred,—had life enough to catch again, and then it would stand belching fire

like a furnace chimney aflame, till at last there would be a crash and the old giant would be leveled to the earth.

Meta seemed to enjoy the excitement of a fiery day. It reminded her of charcoal burning in the woods at home, although it was so different. One day there was more than even the bargained fire. The men and boys were all away in a distant part of the ranch when the flames came rushing on. She worked hard with all the water at command, fetching it up from the creek, and tossing it by bucketsful on the roofs, for atoms of burning ashes filled the air, settling on roofs, fences, and everything else inflammable. At last the children succeeded in bringing back one of the boys, who coolly set to work and made a fire within a stone's throw of the house, that the big flames when they came, finding nothing to feed upon, might be stayed. Set a fire to fight a fire, is as much in order as: "Set a thief to catch a thief," and Meta clapped her hands with delight when the flame slunk down, cowed, and gradually burnt itself out.

But the great log fires, that all the whole household turned out to help on—they came later; the long, lumbering logs had been cumbering the ground ever since their fall scarred by the great fire of about forty years ago. The rains of winter and the summer sun had disintegrated them so that a child could part them with an ax. Then to pile them up, in successive bonfires, and watch the cheery sparks mount up into the darkness, and feel the warm glow in the cool night air, was one of the chief pleasures of the burnt backwoods.

Meta was busying herself one evening at one of these great log fires, with two of the youngest children away from the rest of the party, when she fancied she heard the bushes move in the direction of an unused old Indian trail near by. It cannot be one of the cougars the boys are so fond of talking about, for no cougar would be likely to come n search of a fire to warm himself by! She stopped her work and listened. Yes, there was certainly movement among the underwood. "O, very likely an old cow coming home late for milking," she thought. No, beside the brush movement there was the sound of a footfall. One of the boys coming back from his hunt,—perhaps bringing another bear-skin, as George had done last week. As these suppositions passed through her mind, she determined to be frightened at nothing. She went on listening, however, in spite of herself.

Soon out of the darkness, into the light of her fire, stepped a stranger. He was not evidently belonging to the burnt woods, for he wore a light tweed country suit,—wore a necktie and a linen shirt, which latter articles of attire belonged to high days and holidays thereabouts. At a glance, Meta took all this in. It could not be, therefore, Hans, whose hateful presence still haunted her like a spector, although several years had elapsed since she had seen him.

"Don't you remember me," asked the stranger in the language of her childhood that greeted her ears like "sounds from home." A vision of Herr Wolfenberg, her ocean steamer friend, floated before her eyes. It was but the work of a moment for Meta to adjust the called-up vision with the manly presence before her—the features lighted up with her burnt woods fire — and lighted from within as well.

With the coy modesty of an old world maiden, Meta dropped her eyelids and said almost in a whisper, "I thought I had forgotten you, Herr Wolfenberg."

"That is what you thought, is it. But you find you have not quite succeeded in doing so, eh?" he rejoined as he took her hand in his. "I have had hard work to find you. The burnt woods nearly destroyed all trace or clue of you."

"But I can't imagine how you the way have found." The excitement of the moment precipitated Meta back into the German phrasing.

"Then shall tell you how I the way have found," he answered with a smile and a cheery quirk in his voice. "It was just your little old knitting pin, magnetized by that yarn stocking—which, bye the bye, is finished by this time, I hope."

(In fact, it had been laid by, as a keepsake and another one commenced in its stead.)

So saying, the Wolfenberg took out from his pocket a slender leather case and opening it, he said, "See, here is the bit of steel that found its way to the magnet." It is as bright as when it used to ply in and out of your fingers. Indeed I think it must have more power than when it first came into my hands. It was not talismanic enough to show me when you were hiding yourself on board ship when I wanted to say good-bye to you. No matter now; a "*Weidersehen*" is better than a good-bye, I think. "Do you not, Meta?"

A faint little "ja" was all he could hear; but it was enough.

And then he told her how he had long ago recalled, and had not been able to forget for a single moment, the address of the little wayside station which he had noted on her boxes on shipboard and how finally he had planned a trip to Oregon, ostensibly on business, taking the route that would include the aforesaid station, how stopping off there he had inquired among the few neighbors as to her whereabouts, and what a long tramp he had had to reach that out-of-the-way ranche!

Her native sense of hospitality awoke at the thought of the long tramp, which she knew to be tiring even with a team, and so, overcoming her timidity under the new order of things, with an effort she said, "You must be tired; won't you come to the house and rest? Mrs. Waggoner always makes it pleasant for strangers."

"Strangers! Meta! I don't want you to class me among strangers. You seem to have lived in my heart ever since we met, and that is why I have come to you," he impetuously answered, as a fear possessed him, that Meta might, after all, have no responsive feeling in her heart, and might fly from his sight. A blaze from the burning log lighted up her hair, burnishing it till it looked to her lover like gold, and the rose-tints of her cheeks deepened, her eyelids drooped lower than ever with their long fringes quivering, and as her little figure stood there against the dark background of hills, Herr Wolfenberg was sure he saw a lovelier picture here than the Meta who had won his heart while on shipboard.

"Tell me little girl," he said as he put his arm round her, "that you have thought of me sometimes, too?"

"You have been in my heart ever since!" was her softly whispered answer, but it was enough.

THE END.

GROWTH.

THERE ain't no man that watches plant and flower
All through the seasons as they come an' go,
From seed ter fruit, through tender leaf an' blow,
But learns ter know an' reverence God's power.

Clarence Hawkes.

THE IMPRESSIONIST'S SCHOOL.

By Maria Weed.

TO THE student of human nature, no occasion offers fuller and richer returns for time expended, than a day's journey in a railway passenger coach.

Once aboard, he adjusts himself to the prevailing conditions and takes a keen survey of his surroundings, that he may determine approximately, the amount and quality of the material at hand.

There are three types of "humans" who invariably interest the average traveler, and, if listed in the order of their importance to the general observer, would be catalogued as follows: Theatrical Troupes, Bridal Parties, and Babies.

To the "seeker after truth," exceptional attractions present themselves at rare intervals. Among these may be classed the occasions when one encounters a host of delegates returning from religious or political conventions. At such times, the car with its contents becomes the possession of these worthies, and an appropriative bystitter is afforded a veritable feast of experience as a result of this privileged contact with the official guides of man's spiritual and worldly ambitions.

We do not favor the theory that a person's creed or principles can be determined by the shape of his head; but we are forced to believe that a great cause is strengthened and enriched by righteous and powerful advocates; and, after the elastic and hospitable "mantle of charity" has been stretched to its utmost capacity, there yet remains a pitiful throng of uncovered moral and mental weaklings, into whose keeping Church and State have entrusted the highest interests of humanity.

Not long since an opportunity was afforded me to study the *personnel* of a party of ministers returning from a state denominational meeting. With few exceptions, the regulation black coat and white necktie identified them as preachers; but, without these necessary and appropriate adjuncts, a proverbial peculiarity of carriage and demeanor, would have suggested their calling. This unique quality is doubtless the outgrowth of a discipline which demands that they shall hold themselves in readiness to be "known and read of all men."

As they filed slowly through the narrow aisle and distributed themselves, with their belongings, into the vacant places, I fell to wondering who among them would avail himself of the half of my seat, which was unoccupied.

Suddenly a huge representative, whose rapid forward movement and backward glance gave one the impression that his head had been misfaced, halted in front of me, and recovering his normal physical relations, glanced at the seat and deposited himself therein, thoughtfully providing for his big valise by tossing it to the region designed for his nether extremities. Being a woman and afraid of lightning and all other forms of sudden death, I instinctively raised my feet, and an accident was thereby averted.

"A cat may look at a king," and with as little fear of discovery in the act as the animal mentioned, I glanced from time to time at my companion. He was tall, stocky, of florid complexion, with red hair and long bushy whiskers which harmonized with the prevailing tints, save in the center, under the massive chin, where they softened or mellowed into a dull yellow hue. His movements were alertly clumsy and his reversibility in the matter of changing his position filled me with forebodings, since in so doing he failed to consider either my comfort or my rights.

Once located, the delegation seemingly "resolved itself into a committee of the whole," and informal interchange of opinion became the order of the hour.

It was during this season that I learned the identity of my seatmate, who was none other than the Rev. Elihu Burnem of Puckerville, whose fame as an exhorter is too well established to require further mention.

A proper sense of his importance influenced him to remain stationary, while the other brethren flitted from one seat to another, recalling the points of common interest which the meeting had afforded. Mr. Burnem's opinion was solicited from all sides and his adjustable physique was equal to demands from any quarter. His stentorian utterances were heard in the remotest corner of the coach, above the din occasioned by the rapid transit.

At length a number of interested listeners grouped about this august personage and one and all congratulated him upon his sermon of the previous evening.

"It was just what the world needs," said one.

"Yes," assented another, "there is a baneful tendency upon the part of modern preachers to *entertain* their people; a disposition to evade the somber responsibilities of their calling and to neglect the doctrine of eternal punishment."

This last met with hearty endorsement.

"Won't the brother be good enough to rise and state his views so that all may hear?" called a distant admirer.

"Yes, yes," echoed the others, "Brother Burnem! Brother Burnem!"

Thus adjured, the reverend gentleman rose and stood with his back to me, that he might face his listeners.

"Brethren," he said—coughing impressively—"I was about to respond to an inquiry of Brother Little's, as to whether or no the doctrine of eternal punishment was sufficiently emphasized by the modern preacher. I am glad to have an opportunity to make public my sentiments or convictions upon this all-important point and to put myself on record as advocating greater zeal in the matter of making prominent this much-neglected biblical truth. In my own experience"—another cough,—"I have found that the keenest instinct in nature, namely: self-preservation, is the one most susceptible to the influence of fear, and I have known great good to result from a powerful appeal to a man's personal interests Convince a soul that it is hopelessly lost and you have won that soul!"

This fearless declaration was greeted with prolonged applause.

"What does the brother think of the despotic power of Habit?" called another enthusiast.

"Habit, my Brethren," responded the oracle, "is one of the agents of the Devil. A man who permits his appetite to control him is in bondage, aye, and a slave to the most insidious and cruel of masters. It matters not what form the fiend assumes, it is ever the same relentless tyrant, when it comes to the final settlement. If the money which is yearly emptied into the coffers of the saloon-keeper and tobacco manufacturer could be expended in the interests of foreign missions, the Christianization of the heathen might become a speedy and glorious reality! I have in my possession a pamphlet, which contains many valuable suggestions and statistics upon this subject. Ah, here it is!"

In his haste to extract the document, prudence forsook him and his impatience had its price; for with the booklet came also a *package* of *tobacco!*

The force of its expulsion carried it over two seats, where it fell at the feet of an elderly man, whose interest in the proceedings had been evidenced solely by the close attention which he had paid to every word of the late speaker.

During the momentary excitement and confusion which followed the exposure of another's weakness, he quietly possessed himself of the offending object and without a word, deposited it in his

pocket. Then, with a commanding gesture which silenced the few witnesses of his brother's debasement, he rose, and faced his colleagues with a countenance glorified by the divine halo, Christian Love, and thus addressed them:

"Brethren, I have listened attentively to our brother's views upon the doctrine of eternal punishment, and I shall try not to trespass upon your generosity, in stating mine.

"As all may see, my days of service in the Master's vineyard are well nigh spent; but experience counts for something; indeed, it is God's training school, where men are fitted for a higher sphere.

"In my work I have found that there are two biblical facts which are to be used sparingly in both the church and the home. These are: Damnation and the Rod. I learned this lesson early in life and an experience of nearly forty years in the ministry has strengthened my convictions.

"The revelation came through my little boy, who possessed a sunny but wilful disposition. One day his mother left him in my charge, and for some reason he obstinately refused to obey me. I was aghast on discovering his determined resistance, and after resorting to every expedient in my power, determined upon a punishment sufficiently severe to compel submission.

"The lad faced me as he would have confronted an antagonist, every fibre of his little being resenting my attitude toward him. It was, in truth, *my own will*, in the boy, which defied its counterpart in me.

"At this juncture, my wife appeared. She looked like an angel as she stood upon the threshold gazing at us with an expression in which surprise and concern were equally mingled.

"Without a word, she listened to my account of the trouble, while her solicitous gaze never left the face of her child.

"When I had finished, she said:

"'Leave him to me for a little while.'

"I was only too willing to yield my position and stepped into an adjoining room, where I could be an unobserved listener, and this is what I heard:

"'Come to mamma, dear.'

"Then followed a shuffling sound which indicated reluctant compliance. I knew that she had gathered the boy in her arms while she reviewed the matter in detail, giving his conduct the full measure of censure and loyally representing me as the most long-suffering, indulgent, and reasonable of parents. Still there was no reponse or shadow of turning in the culprit.

"I drew nearer and saw her look of anguish as she quietly released the child from her arms, and stood him before her; then placing her hands beneath the set and rigid chin, she lifted his face until their eyes met.

"'Jamie,' she murmured with infinite tenderness, 'do you want to break my heart? I have done nothing, yet you force me to suffer with you; for every blow which papa will inflict upon your little body, will strike me! Ah, where is my gallant knight, and is this the manner in which he protects his mother?'

"In another instant a pair of arms encircled her neck and a childish voice, tremulous with adoration and repentance, cried:

"'Mamma, mamma, I will be good!'

"I stood aloof, for what right had I to share in the rapturous conditions which had rewarded her efforts?

"Ah, my brethren, it is only *heart* service which is abundantly fruitful! Let us work to discover the *best* in mankind, for there is no soul so depraved that it will not in time uncover its best in response to kindness. You may dwell upon such themes as: 'The Wrath of God' and 'The Satisfaction of Divine Justice,' and reap a limited harvest; but one sympathetic tear or hand-clasp 'in His name' is worth a volume of such sermons!"

"L—— Junction, change cars!" shouted the brakeman.

As I left the car, I took one last look at the Christ-like disciple and mentally thanked God for His ample vindication of His true followers and this glorious revelation of *the divine in man*.

DRAKE UNIVERSITY.

By Mary A. Carpenter.

I.

THE State of Iowa is justly proud of her waving "fields of tasseled corn," her rich autumnal harvests, her lowing herds, her wealth of coal deposit. But her special pride is her strong men and women who are successfully conducting the affairs of the State, or are faithfully serving the wider interests of the Nation. She is proud of her newspapers; she is proud of her state institutions and her golden-domed capitol; she is proud of her public schools, and their wide reputation for thorough work; she is proud of her colleges and her universities, for these are they which foster robust characters in her citizenship.

Among the youngest educational institutions in Iowa is Drake University, founded in 1881. The noble man whose name she bears has been her greatest benefactor. While Gen. Francis M. Drake made for himself a distinguished war record, and while the State of Iowa two years ago placed him in the highest office within the power of her people, and while honors in many ways have been bestowed upon him, we believe that nothing in his life has brought more satisfaction and gratification to him than the founding and upbuilding of Drake University. He sees in that a perennial fountain of blessing to Iowa and the West. His warm heart has been touched, as he has from time to time visited the school and been greeted by cheer upon cheer from those who are enjoying the benefits of his liberality. "It is the best investment I have ever made," General Drake has been heard to say. "Not only because I am assured that I have in every man and woman who has attended the University a warm friend, and because I am permitted to see already good results of work being done, but the grand possibilities and the promises for the future were reward enough for what I have been permitted to do, even could I see no immediate fruits."

It was this firm faith in the future that led the founders of this institution, in self-consecration and with unswerving purpose, to lay foundations broad and deep; for Drake University was not planned to serve for a day, but for generations, and the devoted men who formulated and shaped those plans knew that their work must be but the substructure upon which they believed others would build in grandeur, and strength and beauty.

The name of D. R. Lucas, now of

Indianapolis, Ind., at that time pastor of the Central Church of Christ of Des Moines, and that of George T. Carpenter, are associated with the name of Francis M. Drake, as the founders, although to the noble band of men and women who labored with them much credit must be given. Chancellor Carpenter devoted his entire time to the school until his death, July 29, 1893. And while a low, granite stone marks his resting place in quiet Woodland, we who knew and loved him best like to feel that Drake University stands a lasting monument to the tireless devotion of the best years of his and many another life so gladly spent in its behalf.

THE MAIN BUILDING.

Those who selected the grounds for the University chose what proved to be a most desirable spot. The grounds are located in the extreme northwestern part of Des Moines, lying between Twenty-fifth and Twenty-eighth streets, with University avenue on the south and Carpenter avenue on the north. At that time the city was not built up west of Twenty-second street, but the University has proved a nucleus around which for a mile or more in all directions attractive homes now stand. The rapid growth of this part of Des Moines is a surprise to those who had not visited it for a few years. The electric street railway passes the buildings, and gives excellent service.

The campus is a charming place in the summer season, shaded as it is with natural forest trees, and beautified by the hand of a landscape gardener. The University greenhouse, on the campus, makes possible earlier flowers and bright foliage in the spring, and provides palms and other decorations for the winter.

Here are the names of the life mem-

bers of the board of trustees. These are the largest contributors to the University, and its steadfast friends:

F. M. Drake, Centerville; Samuel Merrill, Rialto, Cal.; George A. Jewett, Des Moines; I. H. Shaver, Cedar Rapids; Mrs. Matilda Dodd, Jefferson; C. F. McCarty, Jefferson; Mrs. Mary McCarty, Jefferson: Lewis Harvuot, Panora; Mrs. Sallie E. Harvuot, Panora; J. B. Burton, Kellogg; R. T. C. Lord, Des Moines; J. F. and Lizzie Ferrell, Creston; Mrs. D. D. Van Meter, De Soto; Mrs. Z. T. Dunlap, Des Moines; T. W. Phillips, New Castle, Pa.; A. C. Bondurant, Bondurant; Isaiah Biggs, Iowa Falls; J. M. Owens, Des Moines.

In the recent death of Mrs. Mary McCarty, the wife of C. F. McCarty, of Jefferson, Iowa, the University lost a stanch friend. The Mary McCarty Chair of Semitic Languages is a monument of their generous interest in the institution. A beautiful service was held in the University chapel in memory of this exemplary Christian life.

Jefferson has yielded another generous friend of the University. Mrs. Matilda Dodd was one of the first women in Iowa to give $10,000 to its endowment.

General Drake has served as President of the board of trustees from the first, and, with the exception of a few years, Mr. George A. Jewett, of Des Moines, has been the faithful Secretary, for whose deep, unflagging interest Drake University ever must be a debtor. The other members of the present executive committee are D. R. Ewing, L. Higgins, W. E Coffin, Dr. I. N. McCash and Chancellor Craig.

SCIENCE HALL.

When the board of trustees last spring secured William Bayard Craig for the Chancellorship, it was deemed a happy day for the institution. Chancellor Craig is eminently a general of forces. He possesses rare executive ability, is a man of affairs, with a spirit so buoyant and hopeful that not only is he a mighty inspiration to those with whom he associates, but with this

THE UNIVERSITY PLACE CHURCH.

inspiration is linked a determination that brings success wherever success is possible. Chancellor Craig is in every sense a cultured, Christian gentleman of broad scholarship. He completed his course at Yale after graduating in Iowa State University. He holds the Doctor's degree from the State University of Colorado. Never having given to any cause half-hearted service, he has taken up the duties of his office in a manner indicating that he *believes in Drake University* and her great possibilities, and is convinced that she will in the years to come achieve successes yet greater than those in which she rejoices to-day.

The University is denominational only in the fact that it is controlled by the "Christian Church" in Iowa, and that a helpful, religious sentiment is dominant.

II.

Drake University offers complete courses in the College of Letters and Science, the Bible College, Normal and Academic, Schools of Oratory, Art, Music, Commerce, Pharmacy, Medicine and Law.

Prof. Bruce E. Shepperd, an instructor in the school from the first, excepting two years spent in universities of Europe, upon his return home last fall was elected Dean of the College of Letters and Science.

Dean Harvey W. Everest, of the Bible College, has occupied for years a preëminent place among educators. A man of broad culture and profound scholarship, he was brought to this work from the Southern Illinois Normal College, where he had served as President for a number of years.

Prof. Ed Amherst Ott has won for the School of Oratory an enviable reputation, and has built up perhaps the most popular school of the kind in the West.

The Art school is very happily under the direction of Mrs. Emma Pickering Shepperd who, after studying for a number of years with Des Moines artists, spent two years in New York City, and last year in travel and study in Europe.

Prof. J. A. Strong is the successful director of instrumental music, and Mrs. Celeste B. Givens, well known to Des Moines and Iowa people as a cultured artist, has charge of vocal music. Mrs. Givens has spent much time, at home and abroad, in the study of her chosen work.

Principal Angus McKinnon receives credit for a very successful business college.

The Pharmacy department, under Dean Weber, is sending out competent, practical pharmacists. The Medical and Law departments, for their greater

convenience, occupy buildings in the business part of the city.

Dr. Lewis Schooler is Dean of the Medical school. Lectures are both clinical and didactic. Facilities for gical clinics are held before the classes continually. The professors in charge are experienced teachers and operators.

The law school, known as the Iowa College of Law, has been attended with

EX-GOV. FRANCIS M. DRAKE, PRESIDENT OF BOARD.

clinical teaching are not equaled in the State. In addition to a well patronized, free dispensary connected with the college, there are three weekly clinics at Cottage Hospital. Medical and sur- great success. The Dean, Hon. Chester C. Cole, came with seventeen years' experience in law schools. He is a man of national reputation, having served on the Supreme Bench of Iowa

for many years, for two terms its Chief Justice. It is much to commend the school, that the students who complete its course never fail to be admitted by the Supreme Court to the practice of law. It is also to its credit that judges of the Supreme Court, and prominent lawyers of the State place their sons under the instruction of Judge Cole. It is conceded that this city is an excellent place in which to pursue the study of law. The Polk county bar is the largest and strongest in the State; here the Supreme Court sits, also the United States Circuit Court and the District Court at stated times. Here, too, the laws of the State are made.

CHANCELLOR GEO. T. CARPENTER, 1881-1893.

Des Moines has become a city of colleges, and every year proves the wisdom of this natural selection, for no other place in the State affords like advantages. In this city are held the great political, business, religious, and educational gatherings. The Legislature, the State Library, one of the largest in the country; the free City Library, the largest in the State; magnificent lecture courses, the artists of the stage, many of the world's famous singers—all these are to be enjoyed in Des Moines. Educators no longer hold to the idea that the young men and young women should be educated in an out-of-the-way place with nothing to divert their minds from their books. The promising student of to-day is keeping in touch with the world. He is reading the dailies and the magazines. He is hearing the platform orators, and is coming in contact with eminent men

and women as much as possible. He is inquiring into business and legislative methods, for whatever will give broader views and stir deeply has a tendency to develop the sleeping forces of character.

Drake University is the possessor of a very fine telescope, the largest in the State, with an 8¼-inch objective. The glass is known as the Hastings-Brashear; having been ground by Mr. Brashear, of Alleghany, Pa., following the formula of Professor Hastings, of Yale. In their work the usual positions of the crown and flint glasses are reversed, placing the concave lens on the outside. The Hastings-Brashear glass has become quite celebrated for its great strength. The telescope was mounted by Warner & Swasey, of Cleveland, the best known workmen in America. They mounted the Lick telescope and the Yerkes. The attachments which Prof. W. A. Crusinberry now has are a helioscope, a micrometer and photographic appliances. The telescope and attachments were presented by the man who has always been generosity itself, not only toward the institution which bears his name, but to every worthy cause. Professor Crusinberry, the instructor in mathematics, reigns supreme in the dome where the telescope stands, and has been exceedingly kind to students, people from the city and visitors, in spending many of his evenings with them, allowing them to view the heavens, while he answers their many questions, gladly aiding them to something of a knowledge of the study he so much loves.

CHANCELLOR WM. B. CRAIG.

Prof. Charles Kinney, in charge of chemistry and physics, is an expert chemist, holding a diploma from Drake University, and having done two years' advanced work in Massachusetts School of Technology and two years in the University of Chicago. Last summer Professor Kinney was employed by Des Moines to analyze the water supply, and is now doing like service for a projected system, in the city of Los Angeles, Cal.

Dean Hill M. Bell, with a broad reputation as a school man, is building up a fine normal department in Drake University. The ability, experience and energy brought to his work make him one of the most popular professors of the University. The Summer School of Methods, to be conducted by him in

THE TELESCOPE, DRAKE UNIVERSITY.

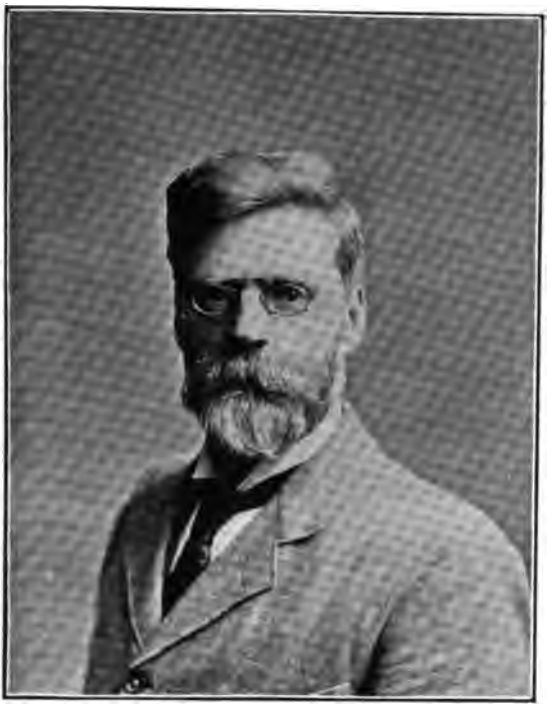
July, will be largely attended. He will be assisted by home forces and eminent educators from a distance. University Place is especially delightful in the summer. Those who come for study not only have the advantages of the summer school, but may enjoy the Midland Chautauqua course and other attractions. Teachers, high school students desiring to make up studies in order to enter university classes in the fall, and many others come to Drake University, where the entire four or nine weeks, as the course may be, can be given to methods, under Dean Bell and his assistants; biology and geology, under Professor Ross; mathematics, under Professor Crusinberry; German and French, under Professor Zepter; Greek and Hebrew, under Professor Morgan, or Latin, under Professor Denny, whose Summer Latin School has carried his name far beyond the borders of Iowa. Those desiring oratory will find a masterly teacher in Professor Ott.

By taking advantage of these summer

schools in connection with the spring term's work, students are enabled to bring up the deficient studies and save valuable time.

III.

Believing that students do better work when large numbers do not room in the same building, the University has no dormitory. Abundant and pleasant accommodations are furnished in the homes of the community. Students are accorded the privileges of these homes, and comply with the general regulations of the school, which regulations, at no time onerous, the families kindly co-operate with the school authorities in enforcing. Board at moderate prices can be had with private families if desired, or meals may be taken in one of the many boarding clubs. At the clubs, plain, wholesome food is provided at figures surprisingly low. Certainly, there are two things always expected from a boarding club member:



PROF. BRUCE E. SHEPPERD,
Dean of College of Letters and Science.

CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

first, that he file complaint against the bill of fare not later than the second week of his membership; second, that he eat three hearty meals a day, the school year through, and every Sunday

DAVID R. EWING,
Vice-President Board of Trustees.

afternoon write his parents that he is actually starving to death! However, not having been informed that this is true of Drake University boarding clubs, and, on the other hand, having heard many kind words concerning them, we infer that they are happy exceptions.

The young women find in Mrs. Hattie Moore-Mitchell, professor in the Normal department, an ideal preceptress, one who takes a motherly, we might better say sisterly, interest in them; for Mrs. Mitchell is a young woman, though of much and highly commended experience as a teacher, and possessing a rare, personal magnetism, which draws students toward her and wins their confidence at once, so that they at no time want for some one to whom they can go for advice. The young men have a like friend in Professor Mitchell.

IV.

Wise, Christian parents, watching their boys and girls rapidly growing into manhood and womanhood, say to each other that their children must have the best educational advantages of which their means will permit. But they ask the questions, Can we afford to place our sons and daughters in a school, the moral and non-religious influence of which may perchance undo years of careful home training? Can we run the risk of our son, whose religious convictions are not pronounced, coming back to us more indifferent or quite alienated from the church? Many a student has gone from Drake University saying that it is much easier there to do right than wrong, for to do wrong a man must breast an exceedingly strong current. The whole atmosphere is moral and religious. For this, much credit is due the great University Place Church and its spiritually-minded pastor, Dr McCash. It is a Christian community, built up of Christian homes and filled with Christian people. The school is undenominational in the sense that it does not bind upon the student any religious obligation, nor enforce attendance upon any religious service. All creeds, all faiths are welcome, and are represented in the student body. Also among the faculty are members of various denominations. Every student follows his own individual pleasure as to where he shall attend services on

GEO. A. JEWETT,
Secretary Board of Trustees.

Sunday. Even attendance upon chapel exercises during the week is not rigidly compulsory; but the students *en masse* attend by choice, deeming it perhaps the most enjoyable half hour of the day.

HILL M. BELL.
Dean Normal Department.

The Y. M. and the Y. W. C. A. are two very prominent factors in the school, as they are in every city, town and educational institution the world over, where a live, active organization is found. This statement, however, is unnecessary, for Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. stand for a broad, liberal, commonsense, Christian activity which has been a benediction to the world from the day George Williams first gathered into his narrow, London room, a few working friends for prayer. In the main building of the University these two organizations have an inviting reception room. They greet all new students, give an informal reception at the beginning of every term, furnish attractive lecture courses, have charge of the athletics, and in very many ways serve the best interests of the young men and women of the school.

W. E. COFFIN,
Treasurer Board of Trustees.

There is a volunteer mission band organized among the students, with sixteen members. The University already has three missionary representatives in Japan, two in China, one in India, one in Persia, two in Denmark, and a native worker in a Chinese mission in Portland, Ore. Among the students this year is a Chinaman, also a Japanese, a Persian, and a native of Athens.

V.

A spirit of mutual helpfulness permeates the school. Faculty and students seem co-workers to a degree that bridges over the usual and undesirable gulf lying between instructors and pupils. This condition fosters reverence and love rather than fear and consequent obedience, simply because obedience is required. The student body feel that their relation to the faculty is such that they can with the

greatest freedom, consult its members concerning their plans. The plans may pertain to sports, social functions, school work proper, or it may be a life-work; but they will be given a kind hearing. Even though the project may meet with strong disapprobation, the student goes away feeling that he has in his instructor, a sympathizer, a friendly counselor, and one who is, in a true sense, interested in him.

and women, and contributes in no small degree to the high ideals entertained by the students in general. When men and women are placed upon their honor as gentlemen and ladies, rather than under school restrictions, discipline is reduced nine-tenths, and they receive benefits which will cling to them through life. The strong, rugged personality of the student is allowed to show itself and develop; curbed only

ON THE DES MOINES RIVER.

This nearness of faculty and student may tend to lessen deference on the part of the pupil for his superior, and, at times, this freedom may manifest itself in a degree so marked that it might presage disrespect, to a straight-backed stranger. But I know of no time when advantage of this familiarity has been taken; but, rather, warm love is accomplishing what cold deference never could do. This independence, I believe, produces self possessed men

when necessary, but not crushed, to the lasting detriment of the man That which is most desirable and best comes to the surface in every instance, in this manner of treatment, and a man of individuality is thus developed, who knows the better how to cope with the world outside. At all times the faculty has desired to build up independent, self reliant men and women who, thinking for themselves, are able to contend for what they believe to be right. The

confidence thus placed in the students has called out special efforts on their part to make themselves quite worthy of the same. This has been shown many times during the past year, when, at the instance of the Chancellor, the morning chapel exercises have been put into the hands of the different classes, and conducted by them, from first to last, in perfect order, the latter half of the hour, the time usually given to a lecture from some prominent invited speaker, filled with jolly class songs and brief, witty speeches, making the occasion intensely spirited.

A HOME ON THE AVENUE, DES MOINES.

There are five thriving literary societies, with tastefully and richly furnished halls. Every student is required to become an active member in one of these societies, or in one of the debating clubs, or to do special literary work.

One of the most important events of the year has been the Drake-Monmouth debate, which was held in Des Moines on February 11th, and which created far more than usual interest. Three strong men from the popular college of our sister State met three of Drake's strong men, to prove that "The initiative and referendum, as carried out in Switzerland, should be adopted in the United States, with such modifications in minor details as would adapt it to our peculiar needs." Mayor MacVicar, of Des Moines, acted as moderator for the evening. The judges were Prof. David Felmey, of Normal, Ill.; Dr. J. H. Moore, of Kewaunee, Ill., and Dean Amos N. Currier, of Iowa City. It was a contest of quick, logical thought and pleasing oratory, from beginning to close. And while Drake, on the negative, wrested victory from her guests, throughout the spirit was so kindly that the visitors left Des Moines expressing a most cordial feeling for Drake University.

Rejoicing over this triumph was still at high tide when the State oratorical contest in Indianola, February 24th, won additional honors for this institution, her orator, Mr. F. C. Aldinger,

coming home wearing the laurels of victory. This makes the third time the University has had occasion to rejoice over first place gained in the State oratorical contest during the few years of her membership in the association.

The victories which call out mind against mind, and strength and beauty of expression against strength and beauty of expression, are the victories which the authorities of the school of a college man's training as philosophy; but always with the paramount thought that they are a means, not an end.

As to physical recreation, ample provision is made. Athletics are under the direction of the Y. M. C. A., and the physical director is a gentleman who countenances nothing but that which is pure and wholesome in connection with their sports In the Science Hall

HOME OF CHANCELLOR CRAIG, UNIVERSITY PLACE.

especially prize. The faculty encourage the developing of muscle, they admire fleetness of foot, and spur on their athletes to do their very best when athletics is the feature of the day; but the track and the diamond are only helps, which quicken the eye and stimulate the brain to more rapid thinking, and give back a sound body, or they have failed of their aim. Athletics in moderation do all this and serve no mean purpose, and should be as much a part is a well-equipped gymnasium, furnished with lockers and baths. Good track and grounds adjacent to the building are used in out-door work. During certain hours each day the young women occupy the gymnasium, under the direction of a competent woman director. Tennis also affords the men and women recreation during the spring and fall.

The loyalty of her students and alumni has contributed much to the suc-

cess of Drake University. The alumni are not only loyal, they have the vigor and enthusiasm also that belong to prosperous plans. Plans are already maturing for improvements in the buildings, and for large additions to the endowment and equipment.

Des Moines is a city steadily growing in wealth, influence and beauty. It is a city of homes. In such a place our American civilization ought to develop its finest fruitage. All of Des Moines' resources enrich the endowment of the University and also exact of the institution which would win its praise and allegiance, that it be eminently worthy of its rich setting.

F. C ALDINGER.

There will be an increasing number of generous hearts in this Midland region, anxious to have a part in the upbuilding of a living monument like Drake University, to perpetuate their love and good wishes for the State that has enriched them. There is room on the campus for many memorial halls and monuments of philanthropy. There is room on the list for many named funds in connection with

GRAND AVENUE HOMES, DES MOINES.

the endowment of the various chairs These are the r wards of success.

There is a bequest of $25,000 to the Medical department; $10,000 will be available this year. This, with the property now in hand, will, it is thought, make it practical to erect a new medical building the coming summer. The ablest physicians in a state naturally gravitate to the large cities. Des Moines is an excellent location for a great medical college. With a new and well equipped building, the department can realize high ideals.

The late Chancellor Carpenter said in the Iowa state convention of 1892: "Let us think of such a university as having a million of productive endowment, at least a score of substantial buildings, a strong faculty of a hundred members, many thousand dollars' worth of apparatus and libraries, and annual enrollments of from one to two thousand students." Already the enrollment has reached the thousand mark and is moving with accelerated motion toward the point that seemed far distant when the hopeful words were uttered. Long before Des Moines doubles its present population, and it will do that, the University will double the present enrollment, the tide of prosperity now murmuring on the bar will rise and fill the bays, the productive endowment will be quadrupled and the far-reaching influences for good to the youth of the land places the University among the foremost philanthropies of the Trans-Mississippi region.

THE DES MOINES RIVER IN WINTER.

URSUS.*

I.

SILENCE as of death the circus holds,
And hushed the shouts that erst were as the roar
Of raging seas; mute awe each heart enfolds;
Each looks to each, and inly questions o'er
What wonder still great Cæsar has in store—
He at whose nod the lion's savage might
Has rent the flesh which human mothers bore;
Molossian dogs have feasted as their right,
And human torches lit the pitying night.

II.

As breaks the roll of seas on quiet sands,
At length the murmur, rising wave on wave,
When in the vast arena now there stands
The Lygian Ursus—Christian captive—slave,
Mid all that throng alone, unarmed, to brave
Whate'er his fate or Nero's will, decree:
Than those vile dens—more loathsome than the grave,
Those dens whence now he came, thrice best it be,
E'en lion's jaws, so death bring liberty.

III.

The trumpet calls. Suspended is each breath
As swift yon ponderous gratings backward slide,
And from the dark Avernus, grim as death,
And tossing wild his horns from side to side,
The maddened Aurochs, 'mid whose shaggy hide,
And on the massive head, now held on high,
A fair, unconscious form, securely tied.
Now Ursus sees—and one upheaving cry
E'en reaches skyward, in its agony.

IV.

Though Nero's captive—Lygian princess she—
Child of his chief, to Ursus' soul most dear:
Great God! For her such gross indignity!
Come life, come death, hell's torture, heaven near,
His strength shall save her - it is sovereign here.
He waits—the fair nude form is onward borne:
With each swift stride the savage brute draws near;
An iron hand now grasps each gleaming horn,
To loose their hold when death their strength has shorn.

V.

Upon the giant arm each muscle stands
Like gnarled oaks; and now his breath draws deep;
His feet sink lower in the yielding sands:
In vain the bull essays one maddened leap;
Its hold—till death—that strength superb will keep.
"Ye Gods!" the Tribunes and Pretorians cry,
As slowly, surely, those Herculean hands
The massive head upturns, "the brute must die,
The Lygian slave has gained the victory!"

VI.

Aye, and he has. To those wild shouts that thrill,
And through all echoing space with triumph ring,
Now must there yield e'en Nero's tyrant will,
For here the people rule, and strength is king.
As Ursus' trembling arms uphold his offering—
Her life—his queen—he does their mercy crave,
That they from Cæsar mercy's signal wring.
'Tis done: the sceptre bends: Rome lauds the brave
And greater here than Cæsar, is the slave.

Beatrice Harlowe.

*Awarded the prize for the Best Original Poem in THE MIDLAND'S January Competition.

Woman's Club Department.

BY HARRIET C. TOWNER.*

THE program prepared for the biennial meeting of the General Federation, to be held in Denver next June, promises to be of unusual interest. The program will show the present status of the club movement in the United States, and will place before the federated clubs in a complete and orderly manner that which has been accomplished during the last biennial period. The work of the various departments will be considered, existing problems will be discussed and remedies suggested, and the best thought relating to every phase of club work will be presented. Whether a club is working along literary, artistic, economic, philanthropic, or educational lines, its representative at the Biennial will be able to carry home to her club a summary of the results attained in each department.

Open discussion of living questions will be a feature of the program, participated in by women of mature thought and experience.

In charge of the educational department will be kindergarten, kitchen-garden, and physical-culture exhibits from the city schools. The social features will be many and varied, and will do much to bring into personal relations the women of the East and West. Below is given

THE TENTATIVE PROGRAM:

Monday evening, June 20, 1898, Board meeting.

Tuesday morning, June 21, Council meeting.

Tuesday afternoon. 1. Conference of State Presidents, in Brown Palace Hotel, Mrs. Henrotin, Chairman.

2. Conference of State Chairmen of Correspondence. In Denver club house, Mrs. Breed, Chairman.

Joint conference of the above, in Denver club house. Mrs. Henrotin, Chairman.

Topics for discussion: 1. The relation of general and State Federations. 2. The coordination of educational forces. 3. The income of general and State Federations.

Tuesday evening, social meeting of the Board and Council.

Wednesday morning, June 22, in the theater, Mrs. Henrotin, Chairman.

Addresses of welcome by the Governor of Colorado, the Mayor of Denver, Mrs. E. M. Ashley, for the State; Mrs. S. S. Platt, for the Women's Club of Denver. Response by Mrs. Henrotin.

Report of Recording Secretary; report of Corresponding Secretary; report of Treasurer; report of Auditor; reports of committees.

Wednesday afternoon, in Denver Women's Club, The Home.

Wednesday afternoon, in Broadway theater, Phases of Economic Work in Clubs.

Wednesday evening, Education, Miss Annie Laws, Chairman; four addresses; music.

Thursday morning, June 23, Civic Clubs and Village Improvement Associations, Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson, Chairman.

Thursday afternoon, in Broadway theater, The Library Movement in the United States.

Thursday afternoon, in the Denver Women's Club, Mrs. Henrotin, Chairman. The Press.

Thursday afternoon, receptions in private homes.

Thursday evening, in Broadway theater, Mrs. C. P. Barnes, Chairman. Uncut Leaves; Music.

Friday morning, June 24, in Broadway theater, Miss Margaret J. Evans, Chairman, educational conference.

Friday afternoon, in theater, The Industrial Problem as it affects Women and Children; conference of Art Clubs.

Friday evening, in theater, Mrs. Alice Ives Breed, Chairman, Art and Utility.

Saturday morning and afternoon, June 25, excursion.

Saturday evening, in theater, Mrs. Philip N. Moore, Chairman, Folk Songs of America.

Sunday morning, June 26, pulpits of the city churches occupied by women appointed by the Biennial Committee.

Sunday afternoon, children's meeting; two addresses and music by the children.

Sunday afternoon, vesper service.

Sunday evening, in theater, Mrs. E. Longstreth, Chairman, three addresses on "The Spiritual Significance of Organization," and national songs.

Monday morning, June 27, in theater, Mrs. Henrotin, Chairman, report of Nominating Committee; election; new business.

Monday afternoon, in Denver Women's Club, Mrs. Cyrus E. Perkins, Chairman, informal conference on Club methods.

Monday afternoon, in theater, conference of Literary Clubs in three departments; literature, travel and history classes and current events.

Monday evening, in theater, address by Mrs. Henrotin; introduction of new officers; resolutions; social meeting.

Work for 1898-99 is already being discussed, and program committees will soon be at work on outlines of study for the next club year.

*Communications intended for THE MIDLAND'S Club Department should be addressed to Mrs. Harriet C. Towner direct; her address is Corning, Iowa.

Clubs planning to begin the study of Shakespeare or English history will find a group of studies prepared by Mrs. Chas. E. Morris, of Berlin, Wis., president of the Wisconsin Federation, very valuable. The little brochure consists of a "Course of Studies in English History, Illustrated by Legendary and Historical Plays of William Shakespeare." The author says in her preface that the group of studies were originally prepared for the use of the Athena Society, of Berlin, which began in 1890 the study of English history by periods, in association with Shakespeare's historical plays, using also the legendary dramas, which serve to indicate manners, customs, conditions of the people. or ethical principles.

The outline begins with Early Britain, in connection with a study of the tragedy of "King Lear."

The era of Roman occupation is associated with the drama of "Cymbeline," while the Saxon and Danish periods are illustrated by Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," Tennyson's "Harold," Bulwer's "Harold," and a study of the tragedy of "Macbeth."

The Norman period and that of the early Plantagenets are carefully reviewed in connection with "King John," Tennyson's drama of "Becket," and the novels of Scott bearing on the Crusades.

The plays of "Richard II," "Henry IV," "Henry V," and the trilogies "Henry VI" and "Richard III" are especially well adapted to this plan of study, and the historical connection is carefully preserved in the outline. The Tudor epoch is illustrated by Shakespeare's "Henry VIII," with Tennyson's "Mary, Queen of Scots," "Kenilworth," "The Abbot," and Schiller's "Mary Stuart" as collateral reading. Many suggestions are given for the benefit of clubs which may find these outlines adapted to their needs, and a club desiring to carry out a study program of this nature will hardly find a better guide.

Clubs for working girls have passed entirely the experimental stage, and have become permanent and sucessful institutions. The first of these clubs was formed about fifteen years ago upon a non-sectarian, self-governing, independent basis, and has been a model and pattern for all later societies. In some of these clubs women who have leisure to give to the forming of libraries, arranging classes, securing teachers, and other details, unite with the girls, sharing the duties and responsibilities of the organization. Experience has shown that there is hardly a limit to the amount of helpful work that can be developed by those who have time and ability to give.

One of the papers read at a convention of working girls' clubs in New York contains this suggestive paragraph: "We believe that the woman who is placed beyond the need of working for her daily bread has really received her wages in advance, and so is under grea er obligation to work for the good of others than the rest of us." Quietly, and with self-forgetfulness, many women who have "received their wages in advance," are giving their time and energy and most intelligent thought to building up and making these clubs for busy women of still greater value.

A number of letters have recently been received relating to the organization of new clubs. It may seem to many that the history of women's clubs has reached a point where the development and expansion of those already formed must supersede the forming of new clubs. But clubs are still being organized and the newer ones are fortunate in being able to profit by the experience of their older sisters. New clubs, as well as those of wider experience, will find the little book by Olive Thorne Miller, "The Woman's Club," a useful and practical guide. The book was published in 1891, but is not as well known as it should be. Mrs. Miller says in her preface that old club members may find her suggestions unnecessarily minute, but asks them to remember that the book is not primarily for club women of experience, but for those who are just beginning. The book begins with an earnest plea for the club as evolved from the home the author believing that the housewife of a hundred years ago, absorbed in the cares of her small world, directing its varied industries, spinning, weaving, cutting and fashioning garments, putting down provisions, and personally superintending the proceses of what are now a dozen distinct trades, was the true ancestor of her club-making daughter of to-day.

Mrs. Miller notes the gentle processes of nature in this evolution from the devoted housekeeper of a past generation to the club woman of to-day, but she says "let us not forget that while housekeeping may be a declining art, homemaking is an advancing one." A club woman of wide experience herself,

the author's many suggestions for the founding and conduct of clubs are based upon a thorough knowledge and appreciation of varying conditions. She describes clubs of widely varying types, among them Sorosis, of New York; the New England Woman's Club, of Boston; the Fortnightly and Woman's Club, of Chicago; the New Century Club, of Philadelphia; the Saturday of Columbus; and the Seidl Society of Brooklyn. A model constitution and code of by-laws are given, which may readily be modified to suit different needs.

NEBRASKA . . . The coming Exposition is a subject of great interest to the club women of Nebraska, for the success of which they are working as a unit. Women have charge of the Educational Department of the Exposition. There is to be a children's building for which the little folks in every school in the State are saving their pennies. The object is to have a home for children on the Exposition grounds filled with everything that can interest and amuse young people, and where they will be taken in charge and entertained. Mrs. Frances Ford, of Omaha, is at the head of this enterprise, and as a consequence she brings to her aid the whole army of enthusiastic club women throughout the State. The Ashland Women's Club gave a delightful entertainment the evening of the 24th of February, consisting of a parlor lecture held at the home of Mrs. J. C. Railsbach. The speaker of the evening was Mrs. Belle M. Stoutenborough, the State President, and her subject was, "Two American Women." In her earnest manner she drew such a vivid word picture of the lives of Maria Mitchell and Harriet Hosmer that it was an inspiration to her audience; after her address she gave a short talk on physical culture, and demonstrated her manner of teaching the art. The gentlemen friends of the club were guests of the evening, and after the close of the program refreshments were served, and an informal social hour followed that will leave a bright impression on the minds of each participant.—*Mrs. D. C. McKillip.*

Many letters are received from readers of the Club Department asking for facts with regard to the growth and development of women's clubs, and it has been thought that some of these questions might be answered by printing each month a few statistics relating to clubs in general.

The G. F. W. C. was organized at a meeting called by Sorosis in New York City in May, 1889. The first biennial meeting was held in Chicago in 1892, the second in Philadelphia in 1894, the third in Louisville in 1896, and the fourth will be held in Denver in June 1898.

□ The number of clubs belonging to the General Federation as reported at the last biennial meeting was four hundred ninety-five with twenty-one state federations. This number included two clubs in India, one in England and one in South Australia.

Maine was the first state to form a state federation. Iowa came next and Massachusetts very soon after.

The Iowa Federation was formed in April, 1893, and was the first to join the national body.

The Texas State Federation of Women's Literary Clubs, though one of the youngest of such organizations, stands second to none in the energy, enthusiasm, and ability of its women. Organized last year at Waco with a membership of nineteen, it has grown to include thirty-six clubs, with a list of fifteen applicants to be admitted when the Federation shall meet at Tyler in April. Considering the long distances to be traveled in attending the annual conventions, and the remoteness of many of the clubs one from another, this appears a most remarkable record. With an average membership of thirty to sixty in these literary clubs, the work accomplished by the club women of Texas is a constant surprise in view of the short time since clubs began to exist in this wide-expanded commonwealth and the incompleteness of most material things in the State.

Dallas, Fort Worth and San Antonio vie with each other in population, wealth and advancement; Sherman, with its four great denominational and numberless private and public schools, claims to be the Athens of Texas; but it is the glory of Denison that its XXI Club, one of the most enthusiastic federated clubs, owns an elegant club house valued at $11,000, a fine piano, and a library of 1,200 volumes. Four members of this club are appointed annually to serve in rotation as librarian two afternoons each week, and more than 500 volumes per month are

taken out by Denison readers. An excellent system of committees carry forward the varied work of the club, whose members anticipate the development of their library into a free public library supported by the city. Many talented musicians are members of this Denison club, and music is one of the prominent features of its programs. Mrs. Lily B. Hathaway is President of this club, whose membership is at present limited to sixty-one. The women of this enterprising Texas town have a generous patron and benefactor, W. B. Munson, who gave the site for the building, $4,000 toward its cost, and $500 for the purchase of books; but to the earnest and able women who compose the club belongs the honor of a most courageous achievement.

The Shakespeare Club and the College Hill Literary Society, both of Sherman, are doing thoroughly good work. The former is a federated club, but the latter has not yet found it expedient to join the sisterhood.

Typical of what the Woman's Club may signify in the social and intellectual life of a town is the work of the Denton Shakespeare club, of which Mrs. W. A. Ponder is President. For several years this club, which began as a purely social venture, calling itself "The Ariel Club," has studied the plays of the great bard most thoroughly and conscientiously, weaving into their study history, biography and dramatic criticism. Home, school and social life have all felt the stimulus of these club studies, and only those whose lot is cast in a small town remote from centers of culture can understand what a blessing such a club may become.

As Fort Worth is rapidly forging ahead in hope of becoming the Chicago of the West, so its literary clubs are found to be in the front rank of the great club movement. The Wednesday Club of Fort Worth is honored in having an unusually large number of scholarly and thoughtful women in its membership, among whom is Mrs J. C. Terrell, the Vice-President of the Texas State Federation, and to whom, as much as to anyone, perhaps, is due that organization. That the women of Fort Worth are eminently active, progressive and earnest is evidenced not alone in their literary clubs, but in their free kindergarten association, their Rescue Mission for fallen women, their W. C. T. U., and other philanthropic associations.

The Texas State Federation, under the wise generalship of its gifted and lovable President, Mrs. Edward Rotan, of Waco, and ably seconded by its capable Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. J. D. Thomas, of that city, has undertaken to interest the women of Texas in the study of Household Economics by a series of home congresses for the discussion of practical themes. Plans are also under way for the promotion of public and traveling libraries. The women of Texas, from Denison on the North to San Antonio on the South, are eager to secure for themselves and their children the best possible facilities for growth, and they will not be left behind in the onward march of the club movement. Dallas has many literary clubs. Tyler, Corsicana, Austin, Houston and Galveston all are experiencing the beneficent influence of their work.

ORGANIZATION OF SMALL TOWN LIBRARIES.

I. SELECTION OF ROOM AND REMODELING.

If it is a circulating library the building should be situated in the heart of the town, and on the ground floor, both as a matter of convenience and as an advertisement.

The room should be adapted to the possibilities of growth. Besides which storage, readers, and administration must be considered. As the first has the least to do with the public it may be considered least. Remember to use all available wall space. As to the readers, they must be given the best possible light, with magazines and newspapers easily obtained. The reference room should be in a quiet place, and near the stacks if you have access to shelves; and do make a strong effort to have open shelves. If your trustees argue that it will require more assistants to keep the shelves in order, and also greater expense in the loss of books, you can reply that less help is needed than would be required in the case of closed shelves to bring books to the borrowers, and much more satisfaction is given. Libraries that have tried the open shelf system report small loss, and incomparable benefit to the people,—some of whom are able, for the first time perhaps, to know books through examining and comparing them; and in studying a subject it is of great value to be able to freely compare different authorities. In looking up reports of libraries using open shelves, I find an increase in better grade of books used and a decrease in fiction, also a visible

increase in the knowledge of books, and an idea of class continually growing! Cleveland public library with open shelves saves four salaries, or about $2,000.

As to arrangement of room, have loan desk as near the door, and as far from reference room as possible; that is, in a position to command a knowledge of all people going in or out of the library. Never have an exit remote from the loan desk unless there is an assistant in charge in that part of the room. Have the card catalogue placed where it is accessible to public, catalogue's and loan desk, and have an explanation near the catalogue to facilitate its use.

II. FITTINGS AND SUPPLIES.

Considering shelving as being the most important necessity in the fittings of a library, material must first be decided upon. I am taking for granted that the small town library cannot afford to order anything so expensive as the steel stack and, for the sake of economy and to make good feeling, will order through a local dealer. Of the material, oak is best, ash next The cases should be of uniform size, plain in style, and adapted to hold both large and small books; and great care should be taken to have the dimensions such that there will be no sagging under heavy books.

The standard measurements are:

Eight inches high from floor to top; 4 inches of this is base, 4 inches in cornice; 5 tiers; uprights 2 inches thick; thickness of shelves, 1 inch.

Shelves: Length, 30 inches (holds twenty-five books); height for 8vo. 10 inches, 4to. 22 inches, folio 16 inches, depth, 8 inches; counter ledges 30 inches from floor.

The loan counter, office desks, and chairs should be of good material, and so made that they may be considered permanent and need not be changed should the growth of the library require different quarters. As to furnishing of the reading and reference rooms local conditions must govern the choice, although I think not infrequently a cheap choice is made, and a year after the trustees are regretting that standard articles were not bought instead. If the floor is not covered have your chairs rubber-tipped. As to other equipment, there are the catalogue cases, charging cases, with supplies of all sorts of cards too numerous to be mentioned. From one librarian interested in organizing I had a letter suggesting an article on the subject of "Supplies," with a goodly list of pens, ink, pencils, blotters, maps, step-ladder, fly-paper, and soap as a great help to the inexperienced but lofty-minded organizer who, having ordered all supplies, started to work with no tools save books and shelves.

III. ORDERING.

Necessarily before ordering, the amount of money to be expended must be considered. It has been estimated that a well and judiciously selected circulating library with such reference books as are necessary, will cost on the average $1.25 per volume.

Having consulted with the book committee and decided how much money is to be expended, it is necessary to consider how this shall be proportioned among the various classes. In the circulating library which is a new feature in a town it is necessary to popularize, and in this, fiction plays an important part; this list should be strong and wholesome. The reference department should be equally strong, but the librarian can allow himself more time here, and he can safely limit the first order to those general reference books which are necessary as a ground work upon which to build. Gradually he will collect sets of magazines, invaluable in this department. Sometimes these may be picked up at remarkably low figures, at auction sales, or they may be bought reasonably through the Boston Book Co., in Boston, Mass.

Of the other classes try to buy proportionately, and in making additions do the same, that the collection may make a well rounded whole. A great aid to this is the A. L. A. catalogue, of the model $5,000 library at the World's Fair, which may be obtained through the U. S. Bureau of Education. Annotated lists are also of value.

The list being prepared, there is a question of where the order shall be placed. Patronize local dealers if possible; it helps them and it helps the library, in making good feeling for it. Avoid cheap books and irresponsible book-sellers. A librarian who is now organizing in Michigan wrote me in great consternation because the chairman of her book committee insisted on buying second-hand books through an unreliable firm, because he could get three for a dollar.

In a small library when the book fund is exceedingly limited I should advise that great strength may be gained through a representative number of newspapers and magazines, so that in this way you may hope to reach all with something of special interest to each.

Virginia Dodge.

[Miss Dodge will continue her practical suggestions next month.]

HOME THEMES.

THE EASTER STORY.

Adown the years there comes to me
That story sweet and olden.
When Heaven's gates were open wide,
And through its portals golden—

Bright angel forms came floating down
With messages of gladness,
Full of such resurrection joy
They scatter gloom and sadness.

Within the lonely rock-bound tomb
The Lord of Life lay sleeping.
The heavy stone was placed and sealed,
While guards were vigils keeping.

But, ere the third day's dawning, lo!
The angel forms came flying—
On through the blue expanse they sped
To where the stone was lying.

They quickly rolled it from its place,
And oped the darksome prison,
Then, folding their bright pinions, hailed
Their glorious Lord *arisen!*

For all who mourn, for all who weep,
This resurrection story
Should light earth's darkened skies with hope
And gleams of coming glory.

O! flowers that greet the Easter morn,
O! earth to life awaking
After thy long, long wintry sleep,
The icy fetters breaking;—

O! joyous Spring, O! blossoms sweet,
To us, ye are the token
That *life* shall spring from seeming death
As lips divine have spoken.

Mrs. W. C Gunn.

MOTHER'S WILL-O'-TH'-WISP.

Sorting school books old and grim,
Tracing names and dates grown dim,
Work round which fond mem'ries play
Fills the mother's hands to-day.
One small reader, dog-eared, worn.
Pencil-marked, begrimed and torn,—
Smiles or tears, ah! which shall win?
As the mother looks within?

There his name, with zigzag lines,
All around the margin twines:
"*If my name you wish to see,*
Turn the page to thirty-three"
Swiftly turns the torn leaves o'er,
Finds the page and reads once more:
"*If you seek for name of mine,*
Turn the page to ninety-nine."

School-boy wit,—an age condensed
Surely here is recompensed
By the mother's puzzled face,
Seeking still a clew to trace
To the child, or elf, or sprite,
Gliding just beyond her sight—
"*If my name you do not find*
Shut the book and never mind."

Will-o'-th'-Wisp in blouse of blue,
Mother has at last caught you;
Giggling laugh and dancing feet,
Merry shout o'er joke complete,
Sees and hears, but caught at last
Wants to hold you close and fast,
Take you in her lap once more,
Sort the bulging pockets' store,—
Wash and kiss the dirty face,
Touch the short curls into place,
Button shoe and smooth the tie,
Hear you tell about "hi-spy,"
Call you "rogue" and "little sham,"
Give you cookies, bread and jam,—

. . . . . .

Pauses, smiles, while tear-drop falls;
"Bread and jam *in college halls!*"

Albina Marilla Letts.

THE WISE MAN AND THE FOOL.

There was once—long, long ago—a man who was reputed to be possessed of great wisdom and foresight. His possessions, got by a long life of careful speculation and prudent saving, were of great extent,—so vast, indeed, that in a days' ramble it would be difficult to walk entirely around them.

It chanced that a poor fool came trespassing upon the wise man's territories on a pleasant summer's day, and, wandering about though a wooded tract, discovered the owner of the land seated at the foot of a large oak in seemingly despondent meditation. Thinking to be rebuked for his trespass, the fool was turning to steal away, when the wise man, discerning his intention, hailed him.

"Whither wouldst thou, knave? what fear hast thou?"

"Alas, master," quoth the fool, fawningly. "chide me not for my intrusion. Thy lands and possessions are so great that a poor fool, wandering from Birth on the highway of Life, must needs pass through them. As for my destination, dear master, 'tis but the destination of all—the grave."

"Thinkest thou thy grave will be large, fool" Will't be adorned with monuments and flowers? Art thou not foolish to thus roam about, calling no spot thine own in which to rest thy bones when thou art dead?"

"Nay, nay, fair sir, an' you pardon me. The whole wide world's my home; the sod my pillow. I ask no better. As for my grave, 'twill be a close six feet, the same as any man's, unless, perchance, they bend my bones and make it five. I beg no more; and as for monument, I need it not. 'Twould but obstruct the light from sun and stars, which, as I love them while I live, I fain would have watch over me when I am dead."

The wise man sat amazed, and, desiring to draw him out still further, he

waved his hand with pride across his broad domains "Faith, man, it takes but little to make thee happy. Wouldst thou not like it if I should set thee apart a tract of some ten acres for thy care and attendance till thy death?"

"Nay, master, 'twould be kind; but I could never think of bothering my poor brain with great possessions — 'twould make me die before my time; and, even then I would but own the poor six feet I now am certain will be mine some day."

So passed the fool along, leaving the wise man seated at the foot of the oak wrapped in meditation.

Robert C. McElravy.

"ALL'S WELL."

As a usual thing, it is not deemed advisable to dwell upon defeat, but rather to emphasize that quality of energy which is crowned with success.

Experience, however, appears and proclaims that "some things are more easily said than done," and announces this adage as the offspring of trial and failure.

Moralizing has its drawbacks, like everything else. One is too apt to have a monopoly of interest in the subject under discussion and it is usually his fate to discover that the companions who started with him upon the journey toward conclusion, have been outrun and left far behind, not deeming the problem to be worth the time and exertion required in reaching it.

If personal chagrin and disappointment were the only results of this indifference to the vital questions of our day, the matter might be charged to selfishness, and the account closed; but Eternal Justice or the voice of God, declares that injury to one ultimately ends in injury to all, and that a single note of discord mars the perfect harmony of His will concerning man.

In our money-getting age, even time has its market value and the individual who donates his leisure to a thought, counts the cost and expects credit for it. The consequence is that the "live issues" of the hour receive divided homage and immature judgment is the result.

This in turn develops a sort of distorted observation which magnifies the unimportant into the all-powerful, and when the mists of excitement clear away, behold, what had seemed a giant truth or impulse is found to be only a "solemn trifle," solemn, because of the lavish expenditure of enthusiasm wasted in the service of a modern Baal, whom honest investigation proved to be as deaf as his illustrious predecessor, to the needs of the children of men.

Thus the moral world reflects the conditions of this aggressive period. It, too, demands rapid transit and palace coaches; it will brook no delays and is intolerant of discomforts. Experience is bound hand and foot and "memory is lost in the tyranny of the present." Ah, "Watchman, what of the night?"

"All's well." This on-rushing torrent of mental energy is a sign of promise. Check and defeat are the tests through which new thought must pass before it is fitted to fulfill the "mission whereunto it was sent."

Would you learn how to discover the spurious element which always bears some resemblance to truth? Then follow the example of the little boy who observing the dismay of an old hen whose brood numbered as many ducks as chickens, drove them to a neighboring brook and then cried: "I'll frow'em all in, chickie, and if they swim, they's ducks." Truth will ever keep its head above water!

The starward gaze sees the heavens written o'er with promises and reads in the "glory beaming star" the assurance that the Spirit of Truth, whom the world may neither recognize nor receive, will be revealed to the conscientious and intelligent seeker, and abide with him. *Maria Weed.*

A RAY of sunlight enters the dingy window of a tenement house, high up under the eaves. It dances over the blackened walls, creeps along the bare floor, and rests for a moment upon the bowed head of the mother, watching beside her dying child. Then it returns to the outer world, caressing as it passes the pale buds of a lily in a broken jar—a lily blighted even in the hour of bloom.

"Mammy—" How faint the whisper! But the ears of love are quick to hear. "Tell me—Mammy—are—my lilies opening?"

"Darling, the cruel frost has touched them, as it has you, my precious blossom — Oh, God, could not she have been spared?"

"How pretty they—are—Mammy—all white—and—shining—and so many—Look!"

And by the smile on the cold, white lips the mother knows that her blossom is blooming with the Easter lilies in Paradise.

J. Torrey Connor

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

GRANT IN DES MOINES.

THE most interesting contribution to *The Century Magazine* for March is to us, naturally, the story told by Hon. Jas. S. Clarkson of the circumstances under which General Grant made his now famous Des Moines speech. The occasion was the 1875 reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee. Mr. Clarkson was then editor of the *Iowa State Register* and Des Moines' postmaster.

The President found the Des Moines editor one of his own kind—a man of few words when occasion suggested reticence, and yet delightfully communicative and interesting when drawn out from behind his intrenchments of reserve. During his three days' stay in Des Moines the President found the postmaster's private office a refuge from the crowd, where he could smoke his cigar undisturbed by admiring handshakers. One afternoon, after a rambling talk, the President said he had never had any difficulty in writing his ideas easily and quickly: "But," he added, "when I get upon my feet to speak, everything I know seems to go down into my boots." He then asked Mr. Clarkson to read and criticise a manuscript of six or seven pages which he drew from his pocket. He remarked that this time he was going to fool the boys by not declining when called on him for a speech. He said he had long had in his mind some things he wanted to say on the public school question. He had intended to put his views in his last message but forgot to do so. It had occurred to him, the subject called back by the public schools he saw while riding about Des Moines, "that Iowa was a good and fitting place in which to give these utterances out to the public." So, while in his room at Judge Cole's he had written these pages and he wanted the editor of the *Register* to "look them over and criticise them and make any suggestions freely."

He couldn't have submitted the manuscript to a more discerning critic. But the critic found nothing to suggest. He handed the manuscript back saying, "I have not the ability to criticise a line, a word, or breath of that speech; and I do not believe the man lives who would have the impudence even to attempt to do it." And he added, "In my opinion, Mr. President, this will prove to the people of the future republic the greatest and most useful of all your utterances. It is an actual gift, not alone to the American people, but to all the world; and as a citizen of Iowa, I am proud that the name of this State is to be associated with such a great message to all the people who love liberty."

The President's reply was in these characteristically simple, and earnest words:

"It is a subject on which I feel deeply, and it is time public thought and public conscience were both more thoroughly aroused regarding it."

After some revision, he folded the sheets and put them back in his pocket and said, "Now that is ready for the boys to-night and the people to-morrow."

Mr. Clarkson relates that in the evening, when called upon as usual, General Grant surprised everybody by starting for the front of the stage. Shy as a school-boy, he began to hunt in his pockets for his speech. Finding it, he started to unfold the manuscript, but his hands trembled and he dropped the scattered sheets. "General Sherman and the secretaries helped to gather them up, and then he read them to the three thousand people present, half of whom found difficulty, even in the stillness of an unusual time, to hear all that he said."

FACSIMILE PAGE FROM PRESIDENT GRANT'S DES MOINES ADDRESS.
From Annals of Iowa for October.

The free school is the promotor
of that intelligence which is
to preserve us. As a free nation
If we are to
have another contest in
the near future of our
national.
existence I predict that
the dividing line ~~is not~~ will
to not be Mason & Dixons
but between patriotism &
intelligence on
the one side & superstition,
Error & ignorance on the
other. Now on this centennial
of our National existence
year I believe it a good time
to begin the work of ~~preparing~~ strengthening
the foundation of the house commenced
~~house to stand which~~
by our patriotic forefathers one

Mr. Clarkson says, "the newspapers carried it all over the globe the next day, and it attracted attention and commanded admiration throughout the world."

In this connection it should be said that the speech, as reported and telegraphed to the country, though substantially the same as the manuscript, was far enough from the text to provoke much discussion which would have been avoided had copies of the text been given the press in advance, as is the better custom of to-day.

We are under obligations to the Hon. Charles Aldrich, Curator of Iowa's Historical Department, for the privilege of using one of the nine facsimile plates of Grant's Des Moines speech.*

***

THE pithiest comment we have seen on the verdict against Zola is this, from the Chicago *News:* "M. Zola was found guilty of trying to introduce testimony into a French lawsuit." Had the accused been less self-conscious during his trial,—if, indeed, we may call the *ex-parte* proceedings in his case a trial,—had he posed less and exclaimed less about his place in history,—the name of Emile Zola would, even in the hour of his greatest humiliation, have been accorded high place among the real Immortals of his time. But as it is, he deserves the praise he too frantically seeks,—that which belongs to a man who risks his reputation and his life for his cause.

***

DANA is dead, and so is Rosecrans, and dead are nearly all the actors in the drama of war which Dana's Reminiscences in *McClure's* describe. Pausing a moment over the open grave of General Rosecrans, we would, if we could, shut out all memory of the almost brutal words with which the representative of Secretary Stanton characterized the do-nothing impolicy of General Rosecrans in the presence of great opportunities in Tennessee in 1863. And yet, notwithstanding the General's several long and laborious defences, the consensus of opinion remains as Dana found it in the West, namely, that, though brave and patriotic, General Rosecrans was woefully inefficient as an administrative officer.

***

THIS brings us back again to Grant at Des Moines. Mr. Clarkson, in his *Century* contribution, clears up much of the alleged "mystery" of Grant's successful career as a general. He quotes the General as saying that, while he had been greatly overpraised, "all writers had denied him, or failed to give him, credit for his work in organizing, first the Western, and next the entire Union army." And then the General added: "After it was so organized, and made up of such material as it was, *it was not in fate for it to be defeated or conquered.*"

***

WHO shall decide? Mr. Vizitelly, in his "Translator's Preface" to Zola's "Paris," says it is certain that Catholicism "is fast crumbling in France." "Men are perfectly free to believe if they are inclined to do so; and yet never were there fewer religious marriages, fewer baptisms or smaller congregations in the French churches." In his opinion, "as in M. Zola's, France as a whole is lost to the Christian religion"—and by the term "Christian religion," as he applies it, namely to France alone, this writer evidently means Catholicism. And now comes M. Brunetiere, the foremost literary critic of France, himself a new convert to Catholicism, and, in an address recently delivered at Besançon, he gives this equally emphatic testimony: "In whatever part of the country I have gone, I have discovered that Catholicism is France, and France is Catholicism. This I have often heard people say, and I was ready enough to believe it. I have found that, apart from all party spirit, and solely in the interest of the greatness of the French name, all Frenchmen are as convinced of this as I am."

*The nine pages appeared in the October Annals of Iowa, Charles Aldrich, editor.

THE poetry of a busy people is fragmentary, one poem conveying chiefly scarcely more than a single shade of thought, fancy or suggestion. Our most popular books of poetry are made up of fugitive verse, caught and bound after their long wanderings through the press. Longfellow and Whittier, and a host of minor singers, attained much of their popularity through the partiality of the country editor for their verse. The upper left-hand corner of the last page of the old-time home-printed country weekly was to many the most attractive part of the paper. Many time-yellowed and time-worn scrap-books are still treasured in our homes; and their owners can tell you, from a glance at the print, the newspapers from which were scissored the poems they contain. Many volumes of our most popular American poets have been sold; but there are many of us who are not ashamed to admit that we knew "by heart" our favorite passages from Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Holmes, Lowell and the rest long before we became owners of their complete works. And even now, when any of the more familiar lines from the poets are recalled, the type in which we first found them, with the place on the scrap-book page to which we then assigned them, comes back to us as vividly as does the verse itself.

The fugitive verse of the period has a somewhat different character. It comes to magazine-takers direct. Much of it is "faultily faultless" in rhyme and rhythm, but "dead perfection—no more." Most of it lacks the heart touch or the appeal to the imagination which compelled the readers of an earlier day to commit stanzas and whole poems to memory. Much of our magazine verse takes the form of the sonnet, time-honored and stately. But, while the sonnet has an indescribable hold upon the mind, few of us can accurately repeat even our best-loved sonnet from memory. The poetry in the newspapers of the period includes many poems that are good, but more that are valuable chiefly as space-fillers. The country newspaper reader of to-day is dependent for his poetry not on the selection of the editor, but upon the long, sharp, regardless scissors of clever young men or women employed in the "patent in'ards" establishments in our large cities; and they in turn depend largely upon the advance sheets of the leading magazines, which in turn are made up by highly-trained sci-sorers employed for such hack-work, their business purpose being to stimulate an appetite by distribution of samples. But, notwithstanding the difficulties in the way of getting at the best poetry of the period, there is infinitely more poetry read and enjoyed than most book publishers and magazine makers ever dream. No general periodical, from the great world-including journal to the six-column folio weekly, from the free advertising medium in magazine form to the greatest of our monthlies, could live long in the land were it to wholly ignore verse.

GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Mrs. M. C. Faville, of Norfolk, Va., has been adjudged the winner of the Original Story Prize in our January competition. Her story, "The Magic Mirror," will appear in our May number.

Judge Emerson, author of THE MIDLAND life of Grant in the West, has presented the Marvin Collegiate Institute, of Fredericktown, Mo., a valuable contribution of medallions and busts.

Almost before her friends are aware of it Octave Thanet has made a complete change of base from "Arkansaw" to Illinois and Iowa, from Southern country life to Northern city life, and from situations developing from our blundering experiments with reconstruction to situations growing out of the strained relations between labor and capital, between employers and the employed. And in this new and extremely difficult field, this ever increasingly strong writer is steadily gaining the mastery. Nothing Octave Thanet has yet developed from the labor world has surpassed "The Mount of Clear Vision," by this author, in *Scribner's* for March. It would have

been "as easy as lying" to have written the story of a strike in the spirit of a doctrinaire or of a partisan. But the breadth and depth of the author's mind is shown in the human sympathy with which one reared in the school of capital has put herself in the place of the rival leaders of the strikers in their attempt to apply heroic treatment to a complicated case The picture of the old engineer and his wife in their home is a delightful setting to the otherwise somber last scene.

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

The most remarkable chapter in Mr. Wyckoff's remarkable story of personal experiences in the Army of the Unemployed is that, in the March *Scribner*, describing the writer's adventures as a hobo in Chicago. Mr. Wyckoff writes with all the intensity of a real victim of the aggregate man's conscious and unconscious inhumanity to man. His haunting tale is full of suggestion. But all the while we are reading it we find ourselves questioning the moral right of a man of ability to earn a livelihood to thus take upon himself the woes of a tramp; to voluntarily subject himself to the humiliation of receiving alms—even from the street-walker; of putting himself in the way of abuse and insult and personal indignities, when he might bring the miserable experience to an end at any time by going to one of his own kind and making himself known. Has a man a right to thus live a lie that good may come of the tale of woe he purposes to tell? Has a man the right to thus defile the temple of God, and to thus subject his body to unholy uses—or, rather, misuses? Is such service "a reasonable service"? Clark, the hobo, the street-walker and the inmates of the dives and of the station-house were in one respect above the writer of this tale: they were just what they seemed to be, while he was living a lie. With such men as Riis and Stead and Graham Taylor to tell us of life among the wretched in our great cities, was Mr. Wyckoff's false misery necessary? Was it justifiable? We are not intensely wrought up over the question; we simply want to know, you know. Meanwhile we wait the next installment of "The Workers" with keenest interest.

Hon. Charles A. Towne, of Minneapolis, chairman of the National Committee of the "Silver Republican Party," (and the brainiest man in the whole 16 to 1 propaganda,) concludes, in the March *Arena*, that the vanquished won the real victory at the last presidential election. How happily constituted is man! He may be disfigured, knocked down and dragged out, but something within him administers the swift-healing consolation that out of the very conditions of his present defeat must come future victory. Mr. Towne smilingly recalls the victory-bringing defeat of the Romans at Heraclea, and the consolation administered by Peter the Great to his routed army fleeing before Charles XII, namely, that the victorious Swede was but teaching them how to conquer him.

Readers of the *Overland* will feel a sense of relief in that they are to be confronted no longer with blood-red and egg-yolk-yellow abominations on the cover. Another innovation by the *Overland's* new editor is a department entitled "The Whispering Gallery," contributed by Rossiter Johnson. It is similar in kind to the contributions of a former editor of the *Overland*, an attempt to do what Oliver Wendell Holmes did so well—to put upon paper the literary small-talk that sounds so well when actually inspired by the occasion, but which ordinarily becomes "stale, flat and unprofitable" when put upon paper in colloquial style. That Mr. Johnson is a man of large ability cannot be questioned, but that he is able to make his Whispering Gallery a feature to which readers of the *Overland* will turn, is a question which his contributions down to date are far from settling.

THE MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

THE POETRY OF THE YEAR.

Not as the ordinary publication of the verses of a leading American poet should Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman's Poems Now First Collected* be received by the English and American people, but as the work of one who has partly sacrificed his own fame as a poet in order to increase the fame of his poet contemporaries. Beginning with the Victorian Poets, published by Osgood & Co. in 1875, and ending with the American Anthology* (now in press), how long the list of critical works, and how impossible to estimate the debt of the nineteenth century to Mr. Stedman for preaching to his generation, without surcease, the gospel of modern poetry!

*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

But what may be said of his book of lyric verse, Poems Now First Collected?

"Has the poet been slain by the critic?" I have a theory that no true poet ever loses one draught of poetical inspiration by association with the world or by criticisms poetical and historical. Chaucer was a courtier and an ambassador; Milton spent many years of his life as Latin secretary to Cromwell, and in the composition of prose works which did much to increase the strength and dignity of English prose; Matthew Arnold's nights and days were given to teaching "the best that is known and thought in the world." And it is only within the last five years *that critics are awakening to the fact that Matthew Arnold's poetry was written in advance of his time.*

To appreciate Mr. Stedman's Poems Now First Collected (a very unhappy title by the way) one must understand that these collected verses are written for several types of readers. Those under the head of "Various Poems" are such as will appeal to women; "Other Songs and Ballads" might be styled, not unfitly, poems for men; those on "The Carib Sea" are really echoes from the equatorial races of America, so fully do they reflect the life of that region. But the reader may easily discover for himself the strength and exquisite workmanship in "The Hand of Lincoln." "Hebe," "Provençal Lovers," "The Dutch Patrol," and "Fern-Land." It is the two elegies on "The Death of Bryant" and "Ariel" (a poem in commemoration of Shelley's cyclic year) which need a little introduction, since they were written for scholars.

Long ago, Bion, a Greek pastoral poet of Smyrna, emigrated to Sicily, where he was basely poisoned. One of his great poems was a "Hymn to Adonis." Taking this hymn for his model, Moschus wrote a lament or epitaph for Bion. This lament was echoed by Milton in "Lycidas," by Shelley in "Adonais," and by Matthew Arnold in "Thyrsis." In "The Death of Bryant" Mr. Stedman has not wholly departed from the accepted form of an elegiac poem; but, inasmuch as the great pastoral-elegiac poems were laments for *young* poets snatched away before their songs were completed, Stedman has contrasted Bryant, "the minstrel old," with Bion, Keats and Clough, as follows:

"But not as for those youths dead ere their prime,
New-entered on their music's high domain,
Then snatched away, did all things sorrow own:
No utterance now like that sad sweetest tone
When Bion died, and the Sicilian rhyme
Bewailed; no sobbing of the reeds that plain
Rehearsing some last moan
Of Lycidas; no strains which skyward swell
For Adonais still, and still for Asphodel!

. . . . . .

This was not Thyrsis! no, the minstrel lone
And reverend, the woodland singer hoar,
Who was dear Nature's nursling, and the priest
Whom most she loved; nor had his office ceased
But for her mandate: 'Seek again thine own,
The walks of men shall draw thy steps no more.'
Softly, as from a feast
The guest departs that hears a low recall,
He went, and left behind his harp and coronal."

"The Death of Bryant" is written in that "calm, meditative tone first introduced into English poetry by Milton," but "Ariel" is more modern, reminding one in its elusive grace and subtlety of impression, not only of Shelley, but of Gérard de Nerval and Mallarmé. After proclaiming Shelley to be "the poet's poet," Stedman thus addresses the "boy divine:"

"The slaves of air and light obeyed afar
Thy summons, Ariel; their elf-horns wound
Strange notes which all uncapturable are
Of broken sound.
That music thou alone couldst rightly hear
(O rare impressionist!)
And mimic. Therefore still we list
To its ethereal fall in this thy cyclic year.

. . . . . .

Oh, the swift wind, the unrelenting sea!
They loved thee, yet they lured thee unaware
To be their spoil, lest alien skies to thee
Should seem more fair;
They had their will of thee, yet aye forlorn
Mourned the lithe soul's escape,
And gave the strand thy mortal shape
To be resolved in flame whereof its life was born."

Quite a different poet is Mr. John Vance Cheney, librarian Newberry Library, Chicago. His poems entitled Out of the Silence* teach the "gospel of the ground" rather than the gospel of modern song. The winds, the swallows, the tree-crickets and the "incommunicable trees" have imparted to him some of their secrets. In his poetry there is something joyously elemental. He loves best the Hebrew poets and the old creeds. He has humorously stated his beliefs as follows:

"A poet of old Colophon
A notion held I think was right,
No matter how or whence he gat it:
The stars are snuffed out every dawn,
And newly lighted every night.
I hope to catch the angels at it.

. . . . . .

The old sweet faith we hold it ever,—
Beauty and song shall perish never,
The old sweet faith we hold it fast,
Earth shall be theirs at last, at last."

It happened, while I was searching for the clew to Mr. Stedman's poems, that I read Mr. Stedman's "Fern-Land," Mr. Cheney's "Calm" and "The Skillful Listener," and Gérard de Nerval's "*Vers Dorés*" at the same sitting. The different manner in which these three poets treat the same idea is very interesting. Mr. Stedman's lines are:

"Would you had the fine, fine ear
The dragonfly's recall to hear,—
Tiny words
Of the vibrant humming birds."

Mr. Cheney's lines go down farther into "the deep of nature's thought," and read thus:

"The skillful listener, he, methinks, may hear
The grass blades clash in sunny field toge her,
The roses kissing, and the lily, whether
It joy or sorrow in the summer's ear,
The jewel dew-bells of the mead ring clear
When morning lightly moves them in June weather,
The flocked hours flitting by on stealthy feather,
The last leaves' wail at waning of the year.
Haply, from these we catch a passing sound,
(The best of verities, perchance, but seem)
We overhear close Nature on her round,
When least she thinks it; bird and bough and stream
Not only, but her silences profound,
Surprised by softer footfall of our dream."

Copeland & Day

Gérard de Nerval's work is wrought
"in that tideless under-deep
Fathoms below the little reach of sleep."

The line "Crains dans le mur aveugle, un regard qui t' épie!" "Fear, in the blind wall, a look which espies thee," seems to go far across the zero line into the irresponsible land of nowhere.

"Homme, libre penseur! te crois-tu seul pensant
Dans ce monde où la vie éclate en toute chose?
Des forces que tu tiens ta liberté dispose,
Mais de tous tes conseils l'univers est absent.
Respecte dans la bete un esprit agissant
Chaque fleur est une âme a la Nature éclose
Un mystere d'amour dans le métal repose;
'Tout est sensible!' Et tout sur ton etre est puissant.
Crains dans le mur aveugle, un regard qui t' épie!
A la matière meme un verbe est attaché . . .
Ne la fais pas servir à quelque usage impie!
Souvent dans l'etre obscur habite un Dieu caché;
Et comme un oeil naissant couvert par ses paupières
Un pur esprit s'accroit sous l'ecorce des pierres!"

Mr. Cheney has attempted some new experiments in "The Mad Piper," "Poet and Pixy," and "King Winter." His characterization of Washington is masterly, and two lines from "The Fallen,"

"Say, for the brave
There is no grave,"

contain the pith of a noble ode.

"Ere Yet 'Tis May" and the Sonnets of the Months are as virile as the verses of the English poet, Mr. John Davidson. If space permitted I would like to compare some passages of Mr. Davidson's "St. Swithin's Day" with "Eden is Now" or "The Passing of Autumn," all of these poems being marvelous descriptions of the outer air.

Mr Cheney is also well known as an essayist. His essay on "Who Are the Great Poets" should be read in connection with his poem "The Poets of Old Israel."

"They asked not of the barren sands,
They questioned not that stretch of death;
But upward from the humble tent
They took the stairway of the hills;
Upward they clomb, bold in their trust,
To pluck the glory of the stars."

MARY J. REID.

"The Trumpeters and Other Poems," is an attractive little book of verse written by Andrew Downing, a Kansas poet, now a resident of Washington, D. C. It includes about eighty short poems, not a few of which have the suggestion and swing of poetry. We find the longer and most pretentious poems, as a rule, the least poetical. The longest, "The Poet," which fills six pages, is as commonplace as Cowper's "Table Talk." The title poem well pictures the winds of March as trumpeters that

Herald to the waiting earth
The Spring and all her train.

Gretchen's Baby is a bit of heart verse which readers of Home Themes in this magazine will recall. Beyond the Sunset Hills is a pretty setting to the old picture which the mind will ever draw, of "a diviner land," to which "our toil-worn feet" shall pass when "we quiet life's joys and ills." The Rose of the Prairie is a pathetic tribute to a child, whose kinship with the birds and flowers was complete. Here is a suggestion of the verse:

The violet peeping
Up through the plumed grasses, beheld with surprise
Its purple-tinged azure so dreamily sleeping
Far in the clear depths of her beautiful eyes.

A work of rare value to the student of the drama is Specimens of the Pre-Shakesperean Drama,* with introduction notes and glossary, by John Matthews Manley, professor of the English language in Brown University. A preliminary section in Volume 1 is devoted to Liturgical Texts illustrating the early development of the drama within the Church. These are: two Easter Dramatic Tropes from English MSS. of the Tenth century, an Easter Dramatic Office from a Dublin Processional of the Fourteenth century, and a Fifteenth century MS. prepared for the use of an actor who appeared in three vernacular Liturgical Plays. Part I is devoted to the Scripture cycles, and pageants are given illustrating all important phases of the subject.

A beautifully printed "Little Book of Lullabies" by James B. Kenyon issues from the printing house of Foote, Bailey & Sackett, Syracuse, N. Y. Mr. Kenyon is author of the exquisite poem in this number entitled *Ad Vesperam*. There is nothing in the title of the book to suggest this poem, but there is rhyme, rhythm and that rare thought of the full-grown man which is like the thought and fancies of a child yet not the thing itself; but, rather, the honest intent of the man to again think as a child In this respect it is like much of Eugene Fields best verse, which appeals to those who have children more than to the children themselves.

RECEIVED.

France, by John Edward Courtenay Bodley; 2 vols., $4. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Paris, by Emile Zola; 2 vols., $2. The Macmillan Company, New York.

*Ginn & Co., Boston, Vol. 1, $1.2

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

VOLUME IX. MAY, 1898. NUMBER 5.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE MAINE.

BY MINNA IRVING.

ON THE night of February 14, 1898, Fate prepared in Plutonian regions an awful valentine of death for the ill-starred United States man-of-war Maine, lying at anchor in Havana harbor, and twenty-four hours later two hundred and fifty-one of her sleeping sailors were hurled into eternity on a thunderous fountain of blood and flame. Long ere these pages are before THE MIDLAND'S readers the finding of the Naval Court of Inquiry will have been made public; but, no matter what that report may be, the opinion of the world will always be divided—very unevenly as we think—as to whether the greatest tragedy in the peace-history of navies was the result of accident or of Spanish treachery. If the latter, then the history of nations offers no case infamous enough to supply a parallel. Nero fiddled while Rome

CAPTAIN ALBERT BARKER,
Late commander of the battleship Oregon and bearer of the first draft from the Court of Inquiry to President McKinley.

[The entire contents of this number copyrighted by Johnson Brigham, 1898. All rights reserved.]

was burning, but Rome belonged to Nero, and no doubt the hospitality of that wickedest of emperors would have respected the safety of the friendly stranger within his gates. The future historian when he chronicles this sad chapter in America's story will need the most delicate scales of Justice in which to balance cause and effect in the destruction of the Maine, unless more

SEATON SCHRAEDER,
Lieutenant Commander U. S. S. Massachusetts, member of the Maine Court of Inquiry.

conclusive evidence than any so far received should come to light. There is nothing in the history of Spain which proves her to be above suspicion in any deed of darkness. Her record is smeared with innocent blood, and as full of horrors as Fox's Book of Martyrs, and until England's oaken navy broke the power of the Armada, (a fleet of organized freebooters) the Spanish flag was a terror to peaceful merchantmen, and Spanish pirates left a crimson wake behind them on the high seas. Many a haughty don of to-day owes his pride and position to a black-browed ancestor who sailed under skull and cross-bones. The Inquisition, the persecution of the Moors, and in our own time the atrocities in Cuba are a few of the sins of Spain. Even the "unspeakable Turk" would hesitate to commit a deed so dastardly which, if detected, would bring down upon him the scorn of the whole world and the condemnation of future ages. Your true Spaniard is neither ignorant nor hasty, but a born diplomatist, and a courtier from the cradle, with his steel claws concealed in a velvet glove. He is too skilled in deception to make a false move, and the destruc-

tion of the Maine when lying in Havana harbor, immediately after the de Lome letter, would direct suspicion to the Spanish government at once. Spain would have much to lose in the event of discovery, and very little to gain in any case, for the loss of the Maine would not irreparably cripple the American fleet, of which she was not even as formidable a member as the Brooklyn or New York. The Maine was not a battleship in fact, but was rated in the Navy Department as an armored cruiser, and classed with the New York and Brooklyn, to both of which she was inferior in tonnage, being only 6,648 normal displacement, while the Brooklyn is 9,100 and the New York, 8,150. At the same time she was much more heavily armored than either; on the other hand, from a Spanish point of view, the visit of an American warship fully armed and with decks ready for action to Havana two weeks before the date set by the United States for autonomy to be declared either a success or a failure, looked very much like intimidation.

That the Spanish officers suspected the Maine of hostile intent was proved the day before the explosion, during gun-drill on the Maine, when the great steel tubes were turned on the cruiser Alfonso XII, a few yards away, and to Captain Sigsbee's surprise every gun on the Spanish vessel was instantly trained upon the Maine. It was a significant indication of the way in which her visit was regarded in Havana, and it may have worked upon the Spanish mind until it assumed the aspect of an insult, a flaunting of American guns in their faces, with the result of a swift and terrible revenge.

Another grave fact was the changing of the Maine from the first buoy to the second buoy, where she was anchored when destroyed, and to which she was piloted by the harbor master of Havana, himself. This may have been Spanish

CAPTAIN'S CABIN.

TOM, RESCUED FROM THE MAINE DISASTER.

courtesy and it may have been Spanish treachery, and the Court of Inquiry made a special note of it.

It is a strange coincidence that both Lieut. John J. Blandin and Lieut John Hood, watch officers of the Maine, should have been in the wreck of the Kearsarge on Roncador Reef, and of the Trenton in Apia Harbor, Samoa. Perhaps the story of that awful hour is best given in the words of Lieutenant Blandin's testimony before the Court of Inquiry:

"I was on watch, and when the men had been piped below I looked down the main hatches and over the sides of the ship. Everything was absolutely normal. I walked aft to the quarter-deck, behind the rear turret, and sat down for a few minutes on the port side, but later moved to the starboard side. I was feeling a bit glum, and was so quiet that Lieutenant Hood asked me if I was not asleep. I said 'No,' and scarcely had I spoken when there came a dull roar, followed by a sharp explosion; some say numerous detonations; I remember only one. The sound came from the port side forward, and was succeeded by a perfect rain of missiles of all descriptions, huge pieces of cement, blocks of wood, steel railings, fragments of gratings, and all the *debris* that would be detachable in an explosion I was struck on the head by a piece of cement and knocked down, but was not hurt, and got on my feet again. Lieutenant Hood ran to the poop to help lower the boats, and when I got there I had to wade in water to my knees, and almost instantly the quarter-deck was awash. On the poop I found Captain Sigsbee, and soon all the officers joined us except Jenkins and Merritt. The launch and gig were lowered, and the officers and men who had by this time assembled got the boats out and rescued a number in the water. Captain Sigsbee ordered Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright forward to see the extent of the damage, and if anything could be done to rescue those forward or extinguish the flames which followed close upon the explosion and burned fiercely as long as there were any combustibles above water to feed them. Then the order was given to 'abandon ship.'"

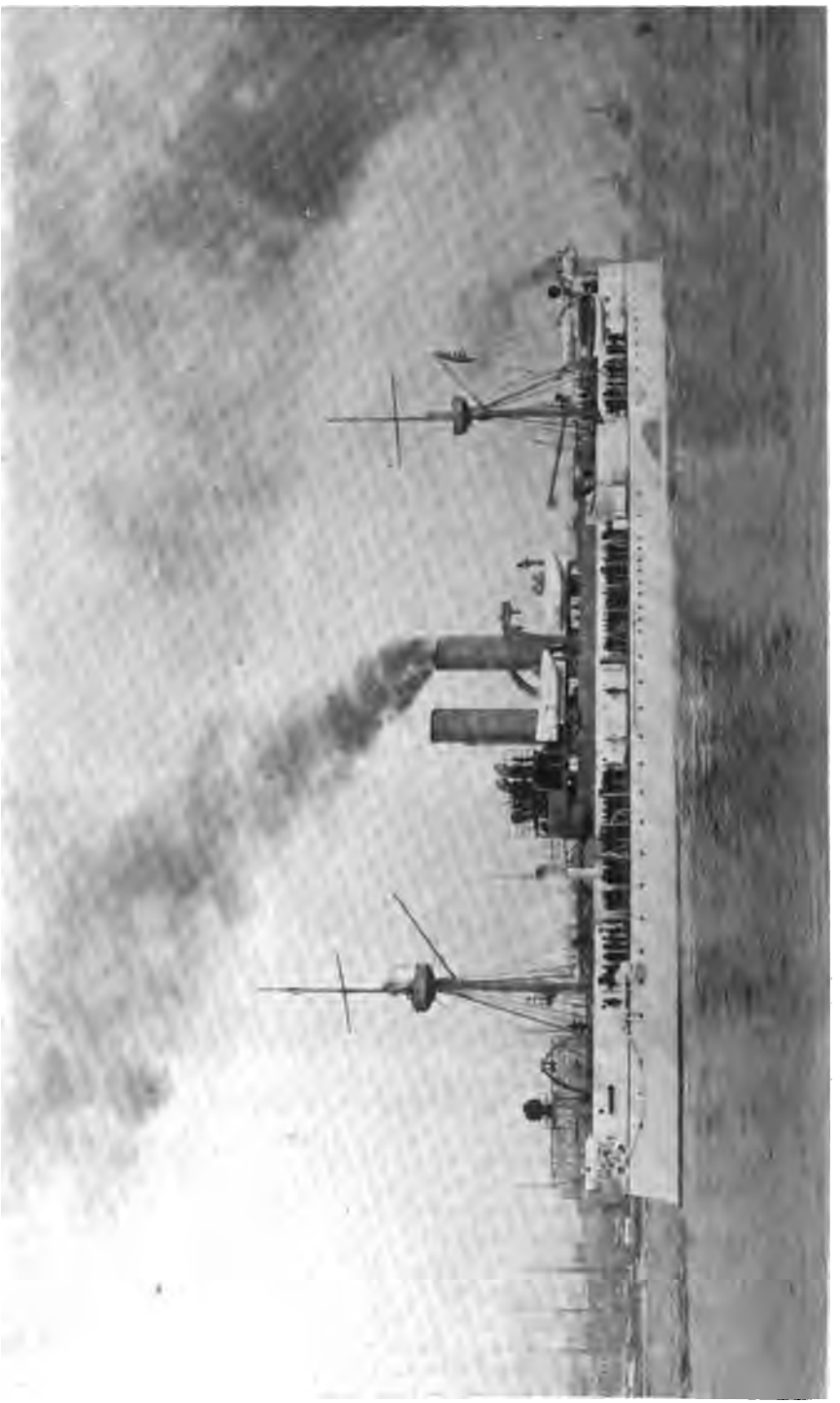
In about fifteen minutes after the explosion the great white vessel settled slowly to the bottom of the harbor, which, where she was anchored, about five hundred yards from the arsenal and two hundred from the stone docks of the navy yard, is not much over five fathoms deep. All the officers were saved but two, Lieutenant Jenkins and Ensign Merritt. Their bodies were among the last to be recovered from the wreck, considerably over a month after the disaster. Ensign Merritt* entered the Naval Academy from Red Oak, Iowa, September, 1891, and graduated last year at the head of his class.

Particularly pathetic was the case of Lieut. Friend Jenkins, who entered Annapolis, September 28, 1882, from Pennsylvania, and who was the sole support of his widowed mother, now doubly bereaved.

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER ADOLPH MARIX,
Judge-Advocate of the Maine Court of Inquiry, and bearer of the report of the Court to President McKinley.

Many sailors believe that cats are unlucky on shipboard. The old Kearsarge on her last voyage had a cat and a monkey. There was a feud of long standing between the two pets, and one stormy night Jocko threw poor Tom overboard, running along the rail and chattering like a fiend as unfortunate

*Ensign Merritt's portrait appeared in THE MIDLAND for March.



U. S. S. MAINE.

WRECK OF THE MAINE.

The Maine is a total wreck above water and below, a tent and twisted mass of iron, which is rapidly settling into the soft mud of the harbor.
The upper deck is turned completely upside down, with beams uppermost.

pussy splashed in the boiling sea. The waves were too high and the night too dark to permit the rescue of the cat, but not long after the Kearsarge grounded on the fatal reef, and received her death wound. The Maine had a black cat aboard, but he was rescued by some tender-hearted mariner on the night of the disaster.

Nothing could exceed the grace and tenderness of the Spanish authorities in Havana in performing the last sad rites over our dead sailors. A plot in the northeastern part of the beautiful cemetery was donated by the good Bishop of Havana, and the city of Havana bore all the expenses of the composite funeral. Those who witnessed it will not soon forget the impressive sight. Picture, if you can, the interior of the great church of *La Merced*, where the bodies lay in state hidden under magnificent floral offerings, with candles glimmering, and solemn music trembling in the air. The odors of incense and flowers mingled, and the melancholy chants were accompanied by sighs, while here and there from the shadows the grave face and familiar dark uniform of an American officer was seen.

Imagine, too, that long and melancholy cortége proceeding through the narrow streets, with seventeen black plumed hearses in line, drawn by black horses with nets and fringes of black and gold. These were followed by more than a hundred cabs, and the funeral train was over a mile long. From every overhanging balcony and every window along the route, crowds of faces, Cuban, Spanish, negro, looked down, some in awe, some in idle curiosity, a few in tender pity and with tearful eyes. No king ever went to his rest in greater state or with more imposing solemnity than the dead sailors of the ill-fated Maine.

Particularly handsome among the floral offerings was the colossal piece tied with many yards of wide white watered ribbon on which was inscribed "From the Ward Line," and which occupied the most conspicuous place in the church during the services.

The cemetery in which our sailors lie in one huge grave, is full of splendid monuments and mausoleums, and is entered through a magnificent gate very like the *Arc D'Triomphe*, in Paris, equally lofty, but much more ornate. Capt. W. T. Sampson, then commanding the battleship Iowa, and lately transferred to the flagship New York as fleet-captain of the North Atlantic

CHARLES MORGAN, THE HEROIC DIVER.
Five hours a day under water is considered the limit of a diver's endurance, but Morgan exceeded this by two hours.

Squadron, was President of the Court of Inquiry, of which Lieut.-Com. Adolph Marix was Judge-Advocate, and Captain Chadwick then commanding the New York, and Lieut.-Com. Seaton Schroeder, executive officer of the battleship Massachusetts, were members.

The court held its sessions at Havana on the light-house tender Mangrove, convening in the cosily furnished cabin, around the oaken table there. The first draft of its report was sent to President McKinley, in charge of Capt.

Albert S. Barker, who recently commanded the battleship Oregon, and who is now the naval member of the committee of two appointed to look into the war-time needs of army and navy.

Co-workers with the court, and equally important, have been the naval divers, who investigated under water the wreck of the Maine. Too much cannot be said in praise of heroic Charles Morgan, captain of the guns on the New York, and at the head of the divers. Shortly before the Court of Inquiry left Havana, he told me that he spent seven hours a day under water, going to the wreck at 7:30 A. M., and leaving at 5:30 P. M. The waters of Havana are so vile that fish will not live in them, and so black that it was necessary to use electric lamps to explore the Maine.

In Captain Sigsbee's cabin a bottle on the table was already found to be thickly coated with sea-weed, so rapidly does marine vegetation grow in the tropic sea. If the Maine is allowed to rest where she sank, by mid-summer a green, submarine forest will cover her decks, and thickets of sea-weed choke up all her hatchways.

I saw the Maine when being constructed under the supervision of Naval Constructor Francis M. Bowles, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, in the summer of 1895, and all the cranes and scaffolding built about her could not conceal the beauty and grace of her lines. Her length on the load water line was three hundred and eighteen feet, extreme breadth, fifty-seven feet; main draught, twenty-one feet six inches, and speed, seventeen and forty-five hundredths knots an hour. She was armored with steel, furnished with two ten-inch barbette turrets, two military masts, and carried a battery of four ten-inch B. L. R. (breech loading rifle) guns, six six-inch B. L. R., seven six-pounder, rapid fire guns, eight one-pounder rapid-fire, four Gatlings, and four torpedo tubes. Her bunker capacity was for eight hundred and ninety-six tons of coal, and she carried a complement of three hundred and seventy men.

Diver Morgan said to me when leaving Havana: "The Maine is all *gone*, simply broken up."

AWAKENING.

WHISPER and stir 'neath the ragged brown leaves in the woodland,
Murmur of slow-melting rivulets under the snow.
Little brown heads pushing restlessly off the thick covers
Snugly tucked round them in drear autumn days long ago.
Chirpings and chatterings come from the nooks and the crannies,
Thousands of little bright eyes peering shyly about,
Cawing of crows from the tamarac trees in the hollow,
Holding convention, and sending their delegates out.
Wandering breezes that bring a faint breath of the southland,
Whistle of robin and piping of bluebird and wren
Tell us the morning is here, and the earth is awakening
Slowly to beauty and brightness and love once again.

Mary Morrison.

GLEN AND NATURAL BRIDGE IN WASHINGTON FOREST.
Bridge 40 feet high; its span 140 feet.

OUR CLAIMS.

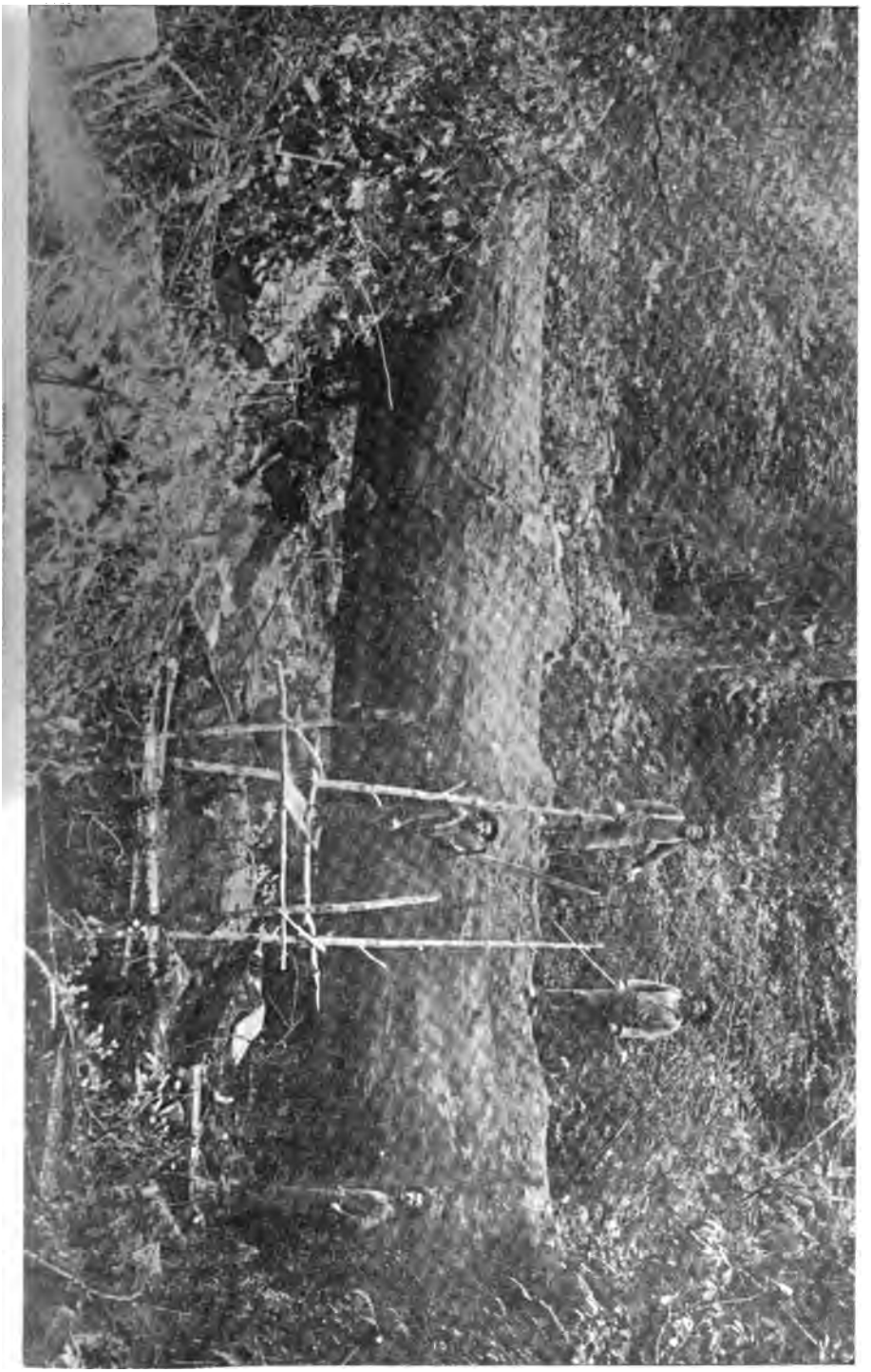
BY EDITH TUTTLE.

"This is the forest primeval."

OVERHEAD mighty evergreens, spruces, firs and hemlocks, lift their branches heavy-laden with fringed cushions of moss. Under foot is a jungle of ferns, huckleberry and salal brush, vine maple and elder, with occasionally some monarch of the forest lying prostrate, its great roots spreading out and throwing up a wall-like barrier of intermingled earth and roots.

Four miles through the virgin forest of Western Washington, with no trail and with only the surveyor's blaze, an occasional quarter post and a pocket compass to guide you, you would find not exactly a pleasure jaunt. Rather a rough walk for a woman, you would say.

My sister and I were two young women of limited education and no special talents. Our father had left us a little money, and on that we managed to eke out a scanty existence. It was a constantly recurring question with us, however, how to make a better livelihood. The papers, at this time, were so full of glowing descriptions of the rich lands, thrown open by the government



to settlers, that we began to ask ourselves, "why shouldn't we take up a claim?" Surely in all those acres of timber land and fertile river valley there was room for us.

We thought about it and talked it over, and as the result of our thinking and talking one day in the middle of October we left our home in Seattle and set bravely forth to conquer a portion of the unknown wilderness in the Humpitulipo valley, Western Washington. On reaching the railroad station nearest this new country we rode eighteen miles over a puncheon road and took a rough pony trail sixteen miles farther to the little settlement of Hoquiam. Here our claim locator advised us to go four miles farther, on into the unbroken forest, where we would find good claims not yet taken up. The people of Hoquiam told us we could not possibly get through. It was all a *man* could do to get through the woods without a trail, and a woman certainly could not do it. We were determined, however, and nothing daunted, we sallied forth. With bandanna handkerchiefs tied around our heads and short skirts of stout blue denim—for we could not bring ourselves to wear overalls as we were advised—we were dressed, not exactly in the latest Paris fashion, but in a style much better suited to our purpose.

Into the depths of the somber forest, hitherto uninvaded by the tread of woman, we plunged, following our locator, who carried a pack containing three small blankets, a frying pan, a knife and fork, a tin plate and cup, some bacon, flour and coffee.

The bushes caught us in their unwelcome embrace. Our feet sank into the moss and ferns and decayed wood. Wherethe bushes were so thick we could not possibly force our way through, our guide cut them away with his ax sufficiently to allow a passage. We climbed windfalls and walked on their tree trunks, looking down sometimes twenty or thirty feet at the jungle below. Occasionally the huge trunk of some prostrate tree barred our way and we had to cut notches in it to clamber across the incline. We were in a hilly country and scaled almost perpendicular bluffs by climbing to bushes and pulling ourselves up by them. The descent was easier for me—slid and fell down.

The first night we made camp we women were afraid of wild animals, so we built two big fires and got between them while our locator hunted for water.

After our rude supper of coffee, bacon and camp bread, during which one cup and plate served for all, we sought the softest spots on the ground, rolled up in our blankets and stretched ourselves out to slumber. The flickering light from the camp fires made the darkness in the shadow of the surrounding trees still more intense. Straight up overhead a bit of star-studded sky showed itself bordered by the tops of the tall, black trees. All around, the dropping of the hemlock needles sounded like the gentle pattering of rain. In the distance could be heard the untiring roar of the ocean.

A moss covered log served for a pillow and soon nature asserted herself. Weariness proved stronger than fear and we slept as soundly as though we were at home on feather beds.

During the night it began to rain and we propped up pieces of hemlock bark against a big log and crawled under them. Our roof had many cracks, and occasionally a stream of water poured down upon us. The "soft spots" on the ground had disappeared utterly, and by no re-arranging of aching bones could we discover them. I dug up the ground with a stick to make my bed softer and only succeeded in making it humpier.

The next morning our wet clothes and stiff aching bodies made us feel that our camping out experience was not ideal. The rain continued steady pouring, penetrating and dreary and tiresome we found it as we tore our

stumbling, falling way through the undergrowth, catching our dresses on berry bushes, inadvertently seizing devil's clubs in our hands, overhanging branches slapping our faces. Often we found it easier to roll under logs than to climb over them, and a ludicrous sight enough we presented plastered as we were from head to foot with mud!

At last, just at night-fall of the second day, we reached a place which suited our location. My sister and I chose adjoining quarter-sections, my claim being mostly marsh land and her's river bottom. The settlers had told us that river bottom raised the larger crops at first, but was more trouble to clear, and the marsh land, while the crops were not good at first, yielded better returns each year it was cultivated.

We cut down several trees, carved our names on four logs and laid them on each claim in the shape of a square. These were the first of the improvements required by law. I became so enthusiastic that with my own hands I cut down ten trees as large around as myself. I know how large they were for, having nothing else to measure with, I took off my belt and it exactly fitted those trees.

As we looked over that wild forest and thought of it as soon to be our own, homely castles in the air floated before us; forest and jungle and marsh disappeared, and gardens, filled with monstrous cabbages and potatoes and rutabagas, appeared; chickens, a cow, a horse and a little cottage embowered in roses came before the mind's eye.

But these things were all in the future and the stern reality of that rough journey home now lay before us.

Two days after that, the people in the little settlement of Hoquiam beheld emerging from the woods a tattered man and two forlorn looking women, bruised and scratched, red rags tied around their heads, their blue skirts hanging in fringes from their wrists—as sorry looking specimens as you could find in a long day's journey. We had no trouble in finding the way home for bits of red and blue rags decorated the bushes all the way.

In six months we returned to hold down our claims. During that time a rough trail had been made; our claims had been blazed out, a little space cleared and a one-room shack built on each of them. We took no pianos nor plate glass mirrors with us. It was all a pony could do to travel that trail and we were thankful to get the bare necessities of life.

Our shanties were only a short distance apart, though hidden from each other by the trees. There was soon a well worn trail between them. I had a ditch run through a portion of my land to drain it, and my sister hired a man to clear a small part of the river bottom.

We put in crops wherever there was a cleared spot and waited with great hopes for our gardens to produce. And they did produce, for we had more vegetables than we could use. With our own hands we cleared a good deal of land that summer.

Once I went around my claim, and a rough trip it was, too. Then I fully understood what "blazing out" a claim meant. When the survey of the township is made the surveyor marks the boundaries with three strokes of the ax and by carving the name of the township at each corner. The locator of my claim marked the boundaries with one blaze instead of three and carved my name on each corner.

Take it altogether, it was a very pleasant summer. We had plenty of company. Pretty little squirrels and chipmunks came boldly up for scraps, sometimes venturing into the house in search of dainty morsels. Hosts of blue bottle flies rendered life miserable in the spring and early summer. Flocks of gaudy, harsh-voiced blue jays made raids on our gardens, utterly regardless of the formidable scarecrows we erected. Several times when we were

salmon berrying a big black bear, rudely disturbed in his feast, lumbered clumsily away into the bushes. Occasionally we heard the whistle of an elk, the scream of a cougar or the howl of a timber wolf. None of these animals ever disturbed us, however. At night skunks, minks and wild cats visited us with alarming regularity, and woe betide any unlucky fowl not safely housed away in the hennery.

Two families lived in the settlement four miles away, but the road was too rough for frequent visits. We were not very lonesome, however, for we were busy all the time out in the fresh, pure air, and sometimes a hunter or claim-holder came that way. More than once a settler who had not seen civilization for months came by — just to see a woman again.

Yes, it was a very pleasant summer; but summer does not last, and all too soon winter was upon us with its short, dark days, its long, dreary nights and its steady down-pouring rain. The gloomy, impenetrable forest closed around us like the mighty walls of a great prison cell. As an old rancher said, "the only way to see out was to lie down flat on your back and look up." When storms came up the crashing of great trees falling all around us made us feel thankful that our clearing was large enough to prevent their reaching us.

Right gladly did we welcome spring after that long winter,— the longest we had ever spent,— for that spring brought us neighbors, and at the end of the five years, when the patents from the government enabled us to say we had homes of our own, civilization had so far crept around us that we actually had use for curling irons and fashion papers!

"I HEAR THE OCEAN'S EBBING TIDE."

I HEAR the ocean's ebbing tide
Far out along the beach —
So like our love that lived and died,
Trembling beyond our reach.

Upon the sands of the chilly shore,
A stranded jelly-fish,
Lost from its home forevermore,
Dies like our passion-wish.

No more you whisper and never again;
But I hear the cruel sea
Murmur the message, yours in vain,
Your soul belongs to me.

Selden L. Whitcomb.

From photo by W. H. Guy & Company, Portland, Me.

LONGFELLOW'S EARLY HOME.

By Fanny Kennish Earl.

"Often I think of the beautiful town,
That is seated by the sea."

IT WAS a June day, and the realization of the poet's dream of perfection. The whole village was a marvel of fragrant bloom against a delicate, palpitating green. There was the rose hedge, over the way, for which I toiled not, but no one prevented me from reveling in its perfection of royal beauty. Then there was the morning concert, for which there was demanded no sordid return of silver or gold, but to which I listened in lazy delight as I swung softly in the hammock stretched across the bay window, as the trills and arias rose sweet and clear from the full-throated songsters. Truly

"June may be had by the poorest comer."

But the serpent is always on the lookout to enter Eden, and on the fragrant southwind there was the faintest suggestion of the heavy languor that accompanies the dry heat of an inland summer. There came over me an intense longing, and as a cloud curtain fell upon the singers of the morning concert, I turned to Prudence.

"Prue," said I, "I want to go to the sea."

Prudence went on calmly surveying her back hair in the hand-glass as she responded:

"So do I. Let's go."

"Where?"

"Anywhere."

She put down her mirror and opened her pocketbook.

"Here's a quarter," she said, balancing the coin on her finger. "Heads, east; tails, west."

"What impertinence!" I muttered, as the coin rolled under the chiffonier, and the whisk broom, the hearth tongs and my umbrella were brought into requisition to bring its fateful story to the light of day.

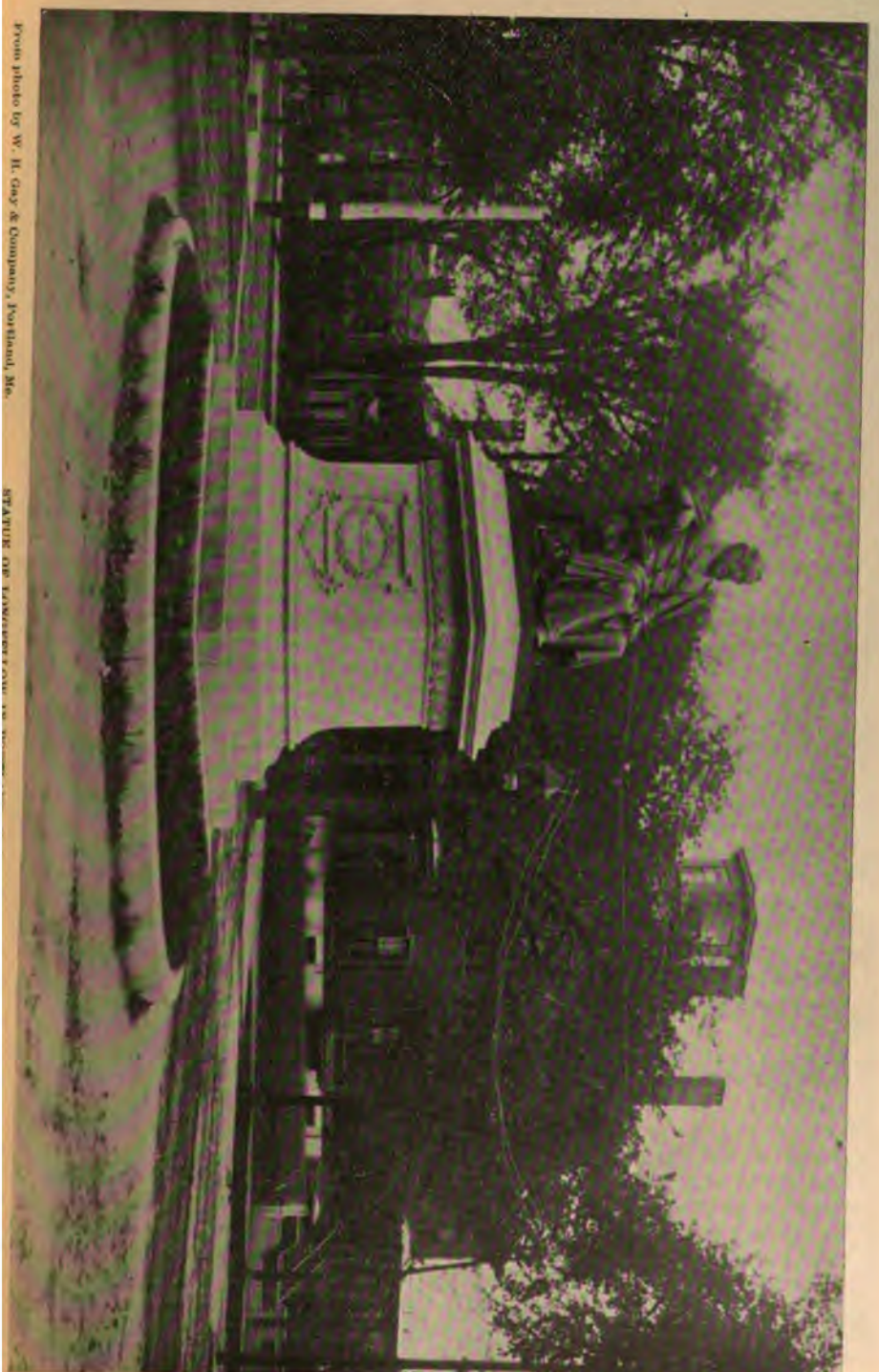
That was how we happened to be in Portland, Maine, instead of Portland, Oregon.

We arrived one foggy, fishy morning in July, and straggled down, a damp and bedraggled crew, to take the steamer to Cushing's Island, which was the objective point of our going and the center from which we proposed to make raids upon the surrounding country. We had added Azelia to our group, and were familiarly known as "The Trio." My avowed object was to "wear the landscape out with sketching," Prudence desired to acquire the eastern accent, while Azelia was bent upon having a good time in the meager intervals of hunting up historic points and the notable people for which the beautiful little seaport city is famous. She reminded me of "Tom Pepper," a hero of my infantile days, of whom it was written:

"No one could you speak of but that he had seen,
Nor mention a place but there he had been."

As we steamed away from the pier, which was quite too redolent of fish for the comfort of our unaccustomed nostrils, the sun broke through the fog and gave us glimpses of the beautiful bay studded with its island gems, and the city, now glittering in the sunlight, now vanishing in a silver cloud of mist, became the dream city of a poet's vision. No wonder Portland abounds in poets! We met one,—unfortunately, I grieve to add,—for although Azelia's scent for notables was keen, she was not able to penetrate the mist of mystery with which the live specimens surrounded themselves, and the *genus* poet constantly eluded her. The one encountered gave an "author's reading" at the Ottawa one evening.

I think even my own state, whose crop of poets rivals her production of



From photo by W. H. Guy & Company, Portland, Me.

STATUE OF LONGFELLOW IN

beer, has presented to a suffering world nothing worse.

If the Eastern people were a trifle unusual to us, we appeared to be also a source of endless interest and amusement to them. One lady had the hardihood to commiserate Prudence on her hard lot in having to live in these Western wilds "among Indians and such disagreeable things," and inquired with a patronizing air:

"Would you not greatly prefer living in the East?"

Prue sturdily replied:

"No, thank you, madam; I believe I prefer life among my fellow barbarians."

A Denver girl recited in high glee a conversation heard on the piazza of the Ottawa.

"And are all these people from Chicago?"

"N-no. I believe some of them are from Denvah."

"The Ottawa is quite lively since they came. Anyway they are bettah than empty cha-ahs."

That was before the World's Fair, and perhaps the clergyman who officiated in the ballroom of the Ottawa on Sabbath mornings, for the benefit of those who were too lazy or too devout to patronize the Sunday steamers and city churches, may by this time have had his line of vision extended to include in his petitions the inhabitants of the Mississippi Valley and the Rocky Mountains. I remember one morning how he prayed for "the inhabitants of this state and of New Hampshire, of Vermont and Massachusetts, of Jersey and the Dominion of Canada," but only made a vague and uncertain reference to the West in connection with the other points of the compass. He did not specify the inhabitants of the "Windy City" or of "Denvah." Evidently, if he thought of them all, he considered them past praying for.

Prudence found plenty of accent on the hotel piazzas, and I, pictures enough to fill a gallery on Cushing's Island, with its deep, dark, spicy pine woods, its rocky shores, its soft horizons across the bay, its towering "White Head" bidding defiance to the ceaseless challenge of the dashing waves, its endless mystery of vision as one turned his face toward the shoreless sea; but Azelia regarded us with lofty scorn, and made daily pilgrimages to Portland, to Fort Gorges, to Lake Sebago, to Old Orchard Beach, to Orr's Island and every other point of interest mentioned in the "Tourist's Guide," and came back quoting history and poetry:

> "By old Fort Gorges granite walls,
> Grim sentry of the bay,"

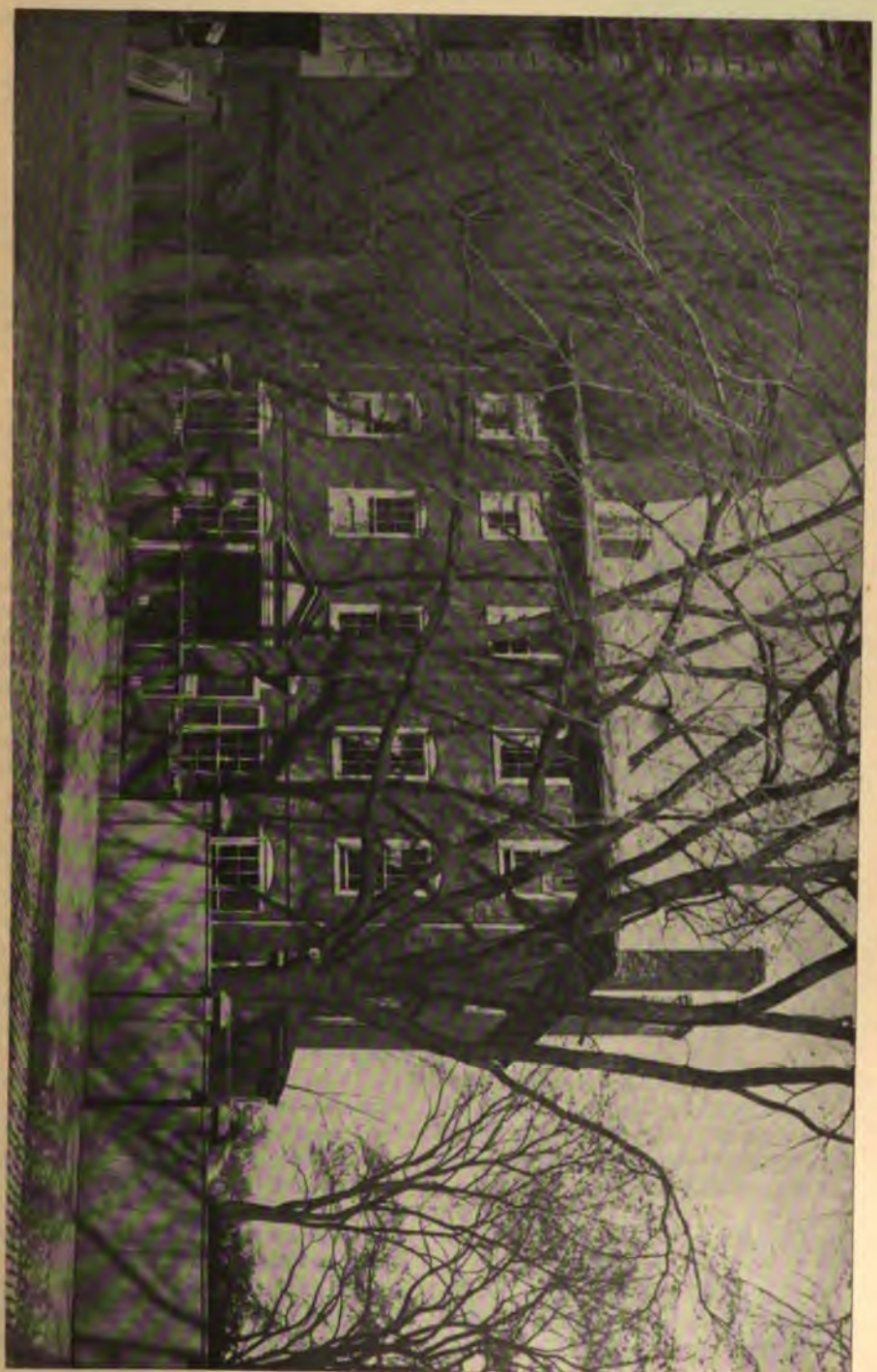
And

> "Around Sebago's lonely lake
> There lingers not a breeze to break—"

etc., etc., and each time the proud possessor of *another* souvenir spoon. Prue and I confidently expected the jewelers of Portland would pass a series of resolutions expressing their regret when Azelia turned her face toward the setting sun, but the impassive creatures said never a word.

One morning Azelia came to our room bubbling with excitement. She had already discovered and visited the house where Longfellow was born, and handsomely "tipped" the inmates for the privilege of sitting down for a few moments in the very room where the illustrious life began.

The house is a plain, square, frame building, three stories high, and is now occupied as a tenement house, and the room where the baby poet opened his wondering eyes upon the world which was to lavish upon him so much of love and admiration, was fallen from its high estate and reduced by a partition wall to two somewhat cramped apartments. The house stands at the corner of Fore and Hancock streets and doubtless, in its day, occupied an aristocratic position, for the poet's ancestors were among the leading people of city and state; but the city moved on, as cities do move, even in Maine, and left the historic home stranded amid the drift



THE OLD LONGFELLOW HOMESTEAD.
It has been given to the Maine Historical Society by Mrs. Anna L. Pierce, sister of the poet.

From photo by W. H. Guy & Company, Portland, Me.
The first building erected in Portland, Maine.

of a floating population. It is the typical New England house, plain to bareness, monotonous in outline, with its stiff rows of small-paned windows staring you defiantly in the face. Truly, a people's life may be read in its architecture; and the unbending, uncompromising, Puritan character is reproduced in houses which speak a lofty scorn of enticing verandas and overhanging windows, and unexpected nooks and corners.

But Azelia,—she settled herself in an easy chair and said with suppressed excitement:

"Mr. and Mrs. X. and Miss Y. called yesterday at the Longfellow home. The poet's sister, Mrs. Pierce, lives there and she received them very cordially. If *they* can go, *I* can go, and I'm going."

"Bravo," said I, while Prue,—who had studied Delsarte,—applauded with her long, graceful hands this heroic resolution.

"Won't you go, too?"

I looked at Prue. She went through the pantomime of astonishment, indignation and reluctant consideration.

"What kind of people is it who rush in where angels fear—"

"Say what you please," Azelia retorted scornfully, "I'm going. You're dying to go, too. You two women dawdle on the hotel piazza and tramp through the woods, just as if we didn't have piazzas and woods at home; but there is something here which we don't have at home, and that is historic association."

"What's the matter with the Black Hawk war?" inquired Prue loftily. "And didn't Jeff Davis elope with his first wife from Fort Winnebago? Do we have to come to Maine even to quote Longfellow when we have 'The Four Lakes of Madison?'

"'Four lovely handmaids that uphold
Their shining mirrors rimmed with gold
To the fair city of the West.'"

But Azelia did not notice the challenge. She was in a meditative mood. "It is the pride of my life," she said, "that I was born in Lynn, Massachusetts.

"'The distant lighthouse hears, and with his flaming signal
Answers you, passing the watchword on, O Bells of Lynn!'

"Where were you born?"

"In Milwaukee," I said humbly.

"*Milwaukee!*" she repeated scornfully. "What historic associations, what poet, what central figure—"

"There's Carl Marr," I interrupted, "and if you give me a little time, say fifteen or twenty years—"

But she scorned me.

"I belong to the Topsy family," said Prudence, independently. "I don't know whether or not I was born at all. At least the place down in the family Bible as the important point cannot be located. It was one of those picturesque places on the Wisconsin River where the soil was sacrificed to the scenery and a warranty deed won't hold the land against an east wind. The town moved on, to the last shanty, then the lots followed the houses and the boom, in consequence of the laws of association, I suppose. I saw some of them out in Dakota. They call them the 'Drifting Mounds' out there. I expect they have got to the Rocky Mountains by this time. Then the civil authorities divided the township and changed the name, so I cannot even find the hole in the ground from which my native town emigrated. There is absolutely no evidence but the family Bible that the place ever existed. Consequently I am not quite sure that I was born anywhere."

"You poor, unfortunate creature," condoled Azelia, "but—will you go?"

Of course we went.

I had planned to sketch on the dock a couple of hours and the others proposed to accompany me.

"Did you bring any books with you?" inquired Azelia.

"Certainly! Do you think I'd allow myself to be stranded on an island in the ocean without something to read?

I have a whole library — my Oxford Bible, Browning's Poems, and Millar's 'Essentials of Perspective.'"

Prue sighed.

"I suppose we *could* read the Bible."

"Never mind," said Azelia briskly, "you need not get them. I have a little shopping to do—"

"And are there still spoons in Portland?"

"And you can get your nose red enough in half an hour to keep up the character indicated by your stool and block," she concluded maliciously.

After the sketching, the shopping and the lunch had been disposed of, we proceeded to carry out our fell purpose; that is, Azelia did, while Prue and I followed fearfully in the rear.

The "Longfellow mansion" stands next to one of the leading hotels of Portland, the "Preble House," and its roomy garden, filled with trees and shrubs, is now in the heart of the business portion of the city.

Like the house of the poet's birth, it is a plain, square, three-storied building and has, over the front door, a portico supported by Grecian pillars. A queer, old-fashioned knocker still retained its place on the door, but a modern bell supplied the place for actual service. A pretty, smiling maid answered our summons and in response to Azelia's inquiries as to whether or not Mrs. Pierce would receive us, ushered us into the living-room to the left of the hallway, where two windows looked out upon the street.

It was a low-ceiled room. An open fire-place faced with grey-veined marble was opposite the door. Deep window-seats filled the old-fashioned, small-paned windows. A large "settle" or couch occupied an important place, and the ordinary furniture of a sitting room was scattered about. The two points of interest on the wall were a large black and white portrait of the poet, with the gray hair and flowing beard of his later years, and one of the familiar engravings of "Evangeline." Surely the room had the "historic" tone, so dear to Azelia's heart.

In a few moments an old lady entered. We introduced ourselves and she bowed with a severe and unsmiling countenance. Since Azelia was the leader of the ill-starred expedition, Prudence and I ignominiously retreated and left our fate in her hands. She tried to break the ice by saying sweetly that she had visited the Longfellow home in Cambridge and had such pleasant memories of it that she wished to see the home of the poet's youth.

"When did you visit there?" Mrs. Pierce inquired coldly. "The house is not open to strangers this year. Alice is abroad."

"It was two years ago," Azelia hastily explained. "The family was not at home at that time, but we were shown through the house by the gardener."

"Then the gardener vastly exceeded his authority," was the freezing response.

"It might not have been the gardener," Azelia said desperately, "but it was a man who was trimming the vines about the house and appeared to have the place in charge. He assured us that there was no objection, whatever, to our seeing the house of which we had heard and read so much."

At this point I recovered myself sufficiently to say that we felt that we were intruding, but that we understood that Mrs. Pierce received visitors who who were interested in the early life of the poet. I begged her pardon and intimated that we would retire.

A kindly look passed over the old lady's face and she immediately vetoed our motion to withdraw.

"I *am* always glad to receive people," she said, "who have a real interest in my brother's life and works, and for a long time the house was open to any who might choose to come; but so many came who apparently did not know for what they came, they took so many liberties, and came at such

unseasonable hours, that we were finally compelled to decline seeing strangers at all. Of late we—my sister and I—have relaxed somewhat from that rule."

She told us several amusing incidents of their trials with the professional tourist; at least they were amusing in retrospection, but must have been annoying in actual fact.

Having weighed us in the balance, or in Western phrase "sized us up," with apparently satisfactory results, her barrier of reserve gave way, and she chatted with us in a friendly and social way, telling us about the house, which was the first brick house ever built in Portland, the brick having been brought from Philadelphia. It is over a hundred years old, and has been in the amily from the first. She and her sister, Mrs. Greenleaf, had spent their whole lives under its roof and the poet passed his youth here. She told us that the winter of "Henry's" birth their father was in Congress, and their mother had spent much of the time with relatives in the house on Hancock street, which in consequence became famous as the birthplace of the poet. She spoke of enjoying much the visits of Western school children who had studied Longfellow's life and poems in their schools, and whose frank, fresh interest it was always a pleasure to satisfy, and she commended the Western fashion of naming schools after the poets and other distinguished men.

Mrs. Pierce grew genial as she talked, and inquired somewhat of our Western homes, and even urged us to prolong the call. She escorted us to the door and gave us a friendly farewell.

"I have not much longer to stay," she said softly, with the meditative calm of one whose work is done, and who waits quietly the dawning of a new life, "And if anyone finds a pleasure in visiting the old house, I am glad to contribute to it what I can. It is not much that any of us can do."

So with thanks for her courtesy we left her. Trying now to recall her personal appearance, I find only a vague outline of an elderly woman of medium size with gray hair. The features and form escape me, but the manner and the expression remain. She embodied to me the typical New England woman as I have become acquainted with her through the pen pictures of New England writers. She presented a positive character, not exhibiting the poetic tendencies which one might expect, but rather a serene contempt of shams and a practicality that contentedly does the duty that lies nearest, and sets itself in harmony with its environment, feeling no stir of the spirit wings for a longer flight and a wider life. Perhaps it was with this serene face and this quiet home before him that the poet wrote:

Stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those who wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.

A few weeks ago I clipped from a Chicago paper the following:

The old Longfellow homestead, the first brick building erected in Portland, Maine, has been given to the Maine Historical Society by Mrs. Anna L. Pierce, a sister of the poet.

So in the years to come shall this spot, set apart amid the tumult of a busy town, be the Mecca toward which shall turn the feet of poet and pilgrim, and under its drooping trees and within hearing of the voices of the sea,

"So full of gladness and full of pain"

the sympathetic heart shall recreate the "lost youth" of America's well beloved poet.

GRANT'S FORTIFICATIONS AT EXTREME POINT, CAIRO, OCTOBER, 1861.

GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

(A HISTORY.)

BY COL. JOHN W. EMERSON.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)
(Begun in the October, 1896, MIDLAND MONTHLY.)

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XXI.

GENERAL GRANT VISITS HALLECK TO URGE A FORWARD MOVEMENT. THE REMARKABLE INTERVIEW.

DURING these delays Grant made an elaborate report to Halleck of the situation in his front, and closed his letter with this modest request:

> If it meets with the approval of the General commanding the Department, I would be pleased to visit Headquarters on business connected with this command.

On several occasions recently, Commodore Foote had urged Grant to visit General Halleck, saying, "the good of the service requires you to take the chances of a rebuff. If Halleck should happen to be in a complacent mood, he may listen to your suggestions, and the plans we have talked about; if he should be on his ear, his wrath will hardly be so hot as to dry up the Mississippi River before you can yet back to Cairo! Go, General, go, and see if we cannot do something here besides playing war in this slow and peaceful fashion."

After much delay, Grant, full of misgivings as to the amiability of the reception he might receive, visited General Halleck. In his Memoirs, General Grant tells us in his own modest way what happened. He says: "Leave was granted me, but not graciously. I had known General Halleck but very slightly in the old army, not having met him either at West Point or during the Mexican War. I was received with so little cordiality that I perhaps stated the object of my visit with less

clearness than I might have done, and I had not uttered many sentences before I was cut short, as if my plan was preposterous. I returned to Cairo very much crestfallen."

An officer who was present at the interview, afterwards related to the author precisely what did occur between Halleck and Grant on that occasion, as follows:

"*General Halleck*, rising, shook hands with Grant rather stiffly; then nervously and quickly seated himself, turned to his desk and began folding papers, and said: 'General Grant, you will state briefly the nature of the business connected with your command, which brought you to headquarters.'

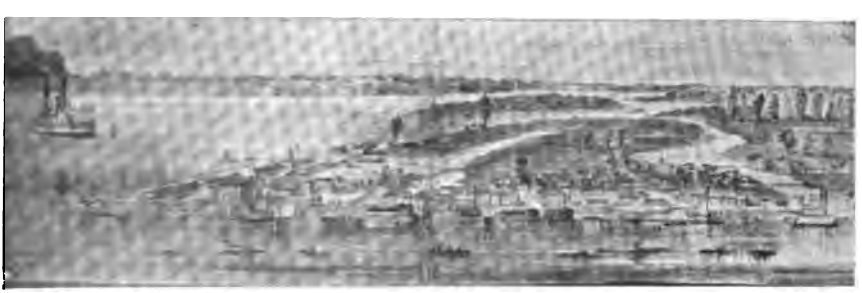
"*General Grant:* took a map from his pocket and unfolded it before Halleck as well as he could, and said: 'There are 16,000 to 20,000 Confederates at Columbus, and as many more at Forts Henry and Donelson on the Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers. If you will give me a moving column of 25,000 men, with the aid of the fleet, I will capture Columbus and the forts on the Tennessee and Cumberland in ten days. The forts at Cairo will not need'——

"*General Halleck* [interrupting]: 'Is there anything connected with the good of your command you wish to discuss?'

"*General Grant* [running his finger over the map]: 'Yes, this move on the Cumberland and Tennessee is of the greatest interest to my command and to the cause, and'——

"*General Halleck* [interrupting again, rising from his seat, waved the map aside, and said]: 'All this, General

MAJOR-GENERAL McCLERNAND,
Of Illinois, one of the "fighting generals" of the West. He served brilliantly under Grant at Belmont, Donaldson, Shiloh, and in all the battles preceding the final capture of Vicksburg.



CAIRO, ILL., IN 1861.

Grant, relates to the business of the General commanding the Department; when he wishes to consult you on that subject he will notify you;' and picking up a package of papers he walked stiffly into another room. General Grant folded his map, walked out and returned to Cairo."

When Foote learned what had occurred in St. Louis he was very wroth, but Grant was patient, even-tempered, and pushed his work of organization to the utmost, giving no sign of the indignation which he must have felt.

It was suggested to Grant that if the positions of the enemy on the Tennessee and Cumberland were captured Columbus would have to be evacuated; but he answered: "Better attack and capture the entire force where they are. Why allow them to withdraw and follow and fight them in the interior of Mississippi or Alabama under greater disadvantages?"*

It was never a pleasure to Grant to hear of the enemy's retreat. That only meant another fight, another day. When the enemy could be captured outright, that was an end to their belligerency.

The President was growing inexpressibly anxious that the National forces should move forward, and on the 7th of January sent dispatches to Halleck and Buell as follows:

> Please name as early a day as you safely can on or before which you and General Halleck can be ready to move southward in concert. Delay is ruining us, and it is indispensable for me to have something definite.
>
> A. LINCOLN.

General Halleck answered the President on the same evening, saying:

> I have asked General Buell to designate a day for a demonstration to assist him. It is all I can do till I get arms. I have no arms. I have sent two unarmed regiments to make the *feint*.
>
> H. W. HALLECK, Major-General.

*Grant's wise judgment in this matter was confirmed by General Beauregard when he was sent to the defense of Columbus a few days after the fall of Fort Donelson. He wrote the Confederate Secretary of War saying: "Columbus, with its present defensive resources, must meet the fate of Fort Donelson, with loss of entire army, as all ways of retreat by rail and river can be cut off, . . a hazard contrary to the art of war."

Under this pressure Halleck wrote Grant to "make a demonstration on Mayfield, and threaten Camp Beauregard. . . . Make a great fuss about moving all your forces towards Nashville." And in his fear and caution he added: "Be very careful, however, to avoid a battle; we are not ready for that; but cut off detached parties and give your men a little experience in skirmishing."

These cautions rather amused General Grant. He smiled when he read the dispatch, and remarked: "I wonder if General Halleck would object to another 'skirmish' like Belmont? I suppose, though, it would hardly do to 'skirmish' hard enough to take in Columbus."

At once Grant made preparations for a demonstration against the enemy.

CHAPTER XXVII.

GRANT'S RAPID HANDLING AN ARMY IN THE FIELD—HALLECK'S DELAYS AND INTERFERENCES.

Within an hour from the time General Grant received Halleck's instructions to make a "*feint*" on Mayfield and Murray, to be "very careful, however, to avoid a battle," he had issued orders to Smith and McClernand, who were to command the two contingents. His acts were as methodical as they were expeditious. The weather was stormy, and the roads would have seemed impassable to a less energetic officer, but Grant made no hint at delay. To Commodore Foote he wrote:

> Full directions have been given for the movement of troops on the expedition just fitting out. It will commence this evening by the advance under General McClernand taking a position at Fort Jefferson. Be kind enough to direct such of the gunboats as you may think it expedient to send, to accompany the transports.

He ordered General McClernand to "proceed to Fort Jefferson and encamp for the night."

To the artillery and cavalry like prompt orders were issued, and all were put in motion before night, to advance into the interior of West Kentucky.

But scarcely had Grant's small force commenced to move, when General Halleck began to interfere and seek further delay. He telegraphed Buell:

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF THE MISSOURI,
ST. LOUIS, January 10, 1862.
Brigadier-General D. C. Buell, Louisville, Ky.:
Troops at Cairo and Paducah are ready for a demonstration on Mayfield, Murray and Dover. . . . Fix a day when you wish the demonstration, *but put it off as long as possible* . . . H. W. HALLECK, Major-General.

And he sent this message to Grant:

ST. LOUIS, January 10, 1862.
Brigadier-General U. S. Grant, Cairo, Ill.:
Reinforcements are delayed, and arms. Delay your movement until I telegraph. . . .
H. W. HALLECK, Major-General.

For four days Grant's forces, thus started on their demonstration, were halted amid rain and mud.

Meantime General McClellan, under pressure of President Lincoln, wrote General Halleck this sharp and spirited letter:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, Jan. 13, 1862.
Major-General H. W. Halleck:
GENERAL: . . . I do not think you had read my letter of the 3d with much care when you sent the telegraphic reply. . . . If you can spare no troops it is only necessary to say so, and I must look elsewhere for the means of accomplishing the objects in view. . . . I have now to request that you will send to me a statement of the numbers, positions, and conditions of the troops in your department. . . .
I am, very truly yours,
GEO. B. MCCLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding U. S. Army.

At the same time the irate General-in-Chief wrote General Buell:

Your telegram asking for six more batteries is received. I have taken measures to have them sent you at once, and will order two more to-morrow*. . . . It is absolutely necessary to make the advance on East Tennessee at once. . . . Halleck is not yet in a condition to afford you support. . . . Meigs has sent you 400 wagons for which requisition was made. . . . It is no time to stand on trifles. . . . Ohio can now give you five or six new regiments that are as good as the mass of the troops opposed to you.
In haste, yours truly,
GEO. B. MCCLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding U. S. Army.

While this polite war of words was progressing between President Lincoln and General McClellan on one side, and Generals Halleck and Buell on the other, General Grant gave orders to his forces to advance on the proposed demonstration. His orders to his officers at this early stage of his career, bear all the *evidence* of the mature officer, skilled in the arts of war. A few of them will be studied with interest:

CAIRO, January 14, 1862.
Col. John Cook, Commanding Forces at Fort Holt, Ky.:
Your command will march to-morrow to Blandville, leaving Fort Jefferson at 10 o'clock A. M. U. S. GRANT,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

To General McClernand he wrote:

Encamp at or near Blandville to-night. To-morrow march with your entire command from seven to ten miles, to Mayfield, through Lovelaceville. Next morning start two regiments of infantry and all the cavalry, but four companies, to join General Smith at Mayfield. At the same time send out a good portion of the cavalry you retain on a reconnoisance towards Columbus. In the afternoon, say starting at 12 M., you will return again to Blandville. You will there find additional forces and will receive directions for future movements. . . U. S. GRANT.
Brigadier-General Commanding.

To Gen. E. A. Paine he wrote:

To-morrow march your command to Blandville, leaving one regiment of infantry and one squadron of cavalry at Ft. Jefferson to guard the road to Elliott's Mill. Have all the approaches from Columbus watched, so as to avoid all chance of surprise. You will receive further instructions at Blandville.
U. S. GRANT,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

General Grant's insistence upon discipline, and his high sense of justice and regard for the rights of citizens, though many of them were hostile in sentiment, is well illustrated by some extracts from his general orders issued to guide his officers and men in their treatment of citizens in the country through which they were to march. He says:

Disrepute having been brought upon our brave soldiers by the bad conduct of some of their numbers when marching through territory occupied by sympathizers of the enemy, showing a total disregard of the rights of citizens, and being guilty of the wanton destruction of private property, the general commanding desires and *intends* to enforce a change in this respect.

Interpreting confiscation acts by troops themselves has a demoralizing effect, weakens them in exact proportion to the demoralization, and makes open and armed enemies of many who, from the opposite treatment, would become friends, or at most non-combatants.

It is ordered, therefore, that the severest punishment be inflicted upon every soldier who is guilty of taking or destroying private property, and any commissioned officer guilty of like conduct, or of countenancing it, shall be deprived of his sword and expelled from the camp, not to be permitted to return.

We see here depicted the honest, upright character of Grant, as he made his first advance into what was then considered the enemy's territory.

Having thus seen how our young

*This gave General Buell 148 guns and an army about 75,000 strong.

general, by his field orders, prepared for his advance into hostile territory, under the admonition of his severe chief at St. Louis to "be very careful to avoid a battle," the reader will prefer to read a portion of his own report of his conduct of this first important reconnoissance in force. with detachments numbering in the aggregate more than 10,000 men.

Under date of January 17th. Grant wrote Halleck:

On Tuesday General McClernand moved to near Blandville with over 6,000 men. On Wednesday his position was occupied by General Paine with a force of 2,000, General McClernand moving with his brigade toward Milburn; Fort Jefferson and Elliott's Mill being occupied during this time by two infantry regiments, and some cavalry and artillery. The bridge at Coath's Mill was also guarded by one regiment.

On this day (Wednesday) I visited all the different commands, except the one at Elliott's Mill, and returned for the night to Coath's Mill. Reconnoissances were made by our troops to within one and one-half miles of Columbus, and to below the town along the railroad. All was quiet, and as yet no skirmish has occurred.

Yesterday I made a reconnoissance of about thirty-five miles, taking my staff and one company of cavalry with me. To-day I have reconnoitered the roads south of the creek. Having ridden hard during the day, and finding that I should be late returning, I sent a note to Captain Porter, of the navy, requesting him to drop down to Puntney's Bend to bring myself and escort up to Fort Jefferson. On turning the point a rebel gunboat was discovered, and a cavalry force of probably 100 men on shore. I got in probably twenty minutes after the rebel cavalry had fled. To-morrow I shall visit all points occupied by my forces and next day commence a movement back to my old quarters.*

CAPTAIN FOOTE, U. S. N.,

Under whose directions the celebrated ironclad fleet of gunboats was built at St. Louis and Mound City, 1861-2, and who commanded the fleet in the capture of Fort Henry, the attack on Fort Donelson, and at Vicksburg. Captain Foote was a loyal friend of, and cordial co-operator with, General Grant in all his Mississippi River campaigns, and was a fearless fighter.

General Grant was not pleased with this mere "demonstration" When settled back in camp, he said in tones very quiet but very positive: "This sloshing about in the mud, rain, sleet and snow for a week, without striking the enemy, only exposing men to great hardship and suffering in mid-winter, is not war. If I had been permitted to fight, I could have made a spirited demstration with one regiment against the rear of Columbus and with the fleet on the river, and while this was in progress thrown all my force against and captured and destroyed Camp Beauregard This would have been a 'demonstration' with an object and a reward."

The movement, however, gave Grant's little army a foretaste of the hardships of a mid-winter campaign in which they were destined soon to engage, in a climate alternating with sudden changes in winter, between the frigid northland and the warm, sunny south, without the good qualities of either.

Grant had directed General Smith to move east from Mayfield towards the Tennessee River, where gunboats and transports had been sent with supplies. On reaching the river, Smith went up

*All citations in these campaigns are from the War Records, unless other authority is mentioned.

in the gunboat Lexington to within two and one-half miles of Fort Henry, and after a careful observation reported to General Grant on the 22d of January: "I think two iron-clad gunboats would make short work of Fort Henry. There are 2,000 to 3,000 men there. The hill on the west bank sixty feet high commands the fort."

General Grant immediately forwarded this report to General Halleck, but received no response. What Halleck's plans were, if he had any up to this time, were not disclosed. Grant knew that General Halleck's forces in Missouri had increased enormously and now that he saw his way so clearly to carry out his long cherished plans of cutting through the enemy's lines in Kentucky and Tennessee, he was extremely anxious to move forward, at the same time concealing with utmost composure his righteous wrath at the restraint which was holding him back.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GRANT'S STRATAGEMS TO GET PERMISSION TO MOVE AGAINST THE ENEMY—PROOF THAT HALLECK WAS NOT THE ORIGINATOR OF THE TENNESSEE AND CUMAERLAND RIVER CAMPAIGNS.

Several quiet stratagems had been resorted to by Grant from time to time since the battle of Belmont to influence Halleck to allow him to attack the enemy; but General Halleck was not ready. Grant must wait. Col. Charles Whittlesey, who had heard from the President of the plans which Grant had sent from Ironton in the previous August, came West, and a few days after the battle of Belmont in November had a long interview with General Grant, when the whole subject was dissussed with Grant's maps before them. Colonel Whittlesey was fully won over to Grant's views, and promised to do what he could to influence Halleck and Buell to aid in his proposed movements. Colonel Whittlesey kept his promise, and on the 20th day of November, 1861, the day after Halleck assumed command at St. Louis, wrote him as follows:

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Nov. 20, 1861.

Major General Halleck, St. Louis:

SIR—Will you allow me to suggest the consideration of a great movement by land and water up the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers?

First.—Would it not allow of water transportation half way to Nashville?

Second.—Would it not necessitate the evacuation of Columbus by threatening their railway communication?

Third—Would it not necessitate the retreat of General Buckner from Bowling Green by threatening his railway lines?

Fourth—Is it not the most passable route into Tennessee?

Yours respectfully, etc.,

CHARLES WHITTLESEY,
Colonel and Chief of Engineer Department.*

He wrote the same in substance to Buell and to McClellan, though the latter had long before learned from President Lincoln of the plans which Grant had proposed. As early as January 3, 1862, McClellan telegraphed General Halleck as follows:

It is of the greatest importance that the rebel troops in Western Kentucky be prevented from moving to the support of the force in front of General Buell. To accomplish this, an expedition should be sent up the Cumberland River to act in concert with General Buell's command. . . . As our success in Kentucky depends in a great measure on our preventing reinforcements from joining Johnston and Buckner, not a moment's time should be lost in preparing these expeditions. . . .

Very respectfully,
GEO. B. MCCLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding.

Under the same date, Buell wrote Halleck:

I do not under estimate the difficulties in Missouri, but I think it not extravagant to say that the great power of the rebellion in the West is arrayed on a front, the flanks of which are Columbus and Bowling Green, and the center about where the railroad between those points crosses the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, including Nashville and the fortified points below. It is, I have no doubt, within bounds to estimate the force of the enemy on that line at 80,000 men.

To these appeals General Halleck wrote the President on January 6th:

I know nothing of General Buell's intended operations, never having received any information in regard to the general plan of campaign. General Buell's army and the forces at Paducah occupy precisely the same position in relation to each other and to the enemy as did the armies of McDowell and Patterson before the battle of Bull Run.

H. W. HALLECK,
Major-General.

To Buell he wrote the same day:

* War records.

. . . I know nothing of any plan of campaign, never having received any information on the subject. H. W. HALLECK.
Major-General.

A strangely delusive memory must have been General Halleck's at this time, for he forgot that the plan had been urged on him by Grant, and the records show that it had been specifically and expressly pressed upon his attention by Colonel Whittlesey, by General McClellan and by General Buell!

At least it demonstrates that General Halleck *did not* originate the plan of campaign, and as late as January 6th did not have any plan of campaign.

Grant kept his force under constant drill, and his little army of 15,000 men was reduced to a splendid fighting machine.

COL. JOHN M. THAYER,
Of the First Nebraska Volunteers. With Grant at Ironton in 1861; author of "Grant at Pilot Knob," and other War Papers; later in the war a General, and years after Governor of Nebraska.

As soon as he forwarded General Smith's report of his reconnoissance of Fort Henry to General Halleck, Grant and Foote had further consultations, and they agreed that they would once more risk another rebuff, and would again telegraph and write Halleck, urging an immediate move on Fort Henry.

General Grant was not the least deterred by the "80,000 men" that Generals Buell and Halleck estimated to be on the line from Bowling Green to Columbus, but was ready at an hour's notice to attack its strongholds in the center with his 15,000, when he could obtain permission to advance.

On January 28th Grant telegraphed to Halleck: "With permission, I will take and hold Fort Henry on the Tennessee, and establish and hold a large camp there."

Commodore Foote telegraphed:

CAIRO, January 28, 1862.
Major-General Halleck, St Louis, Mo.:

Commanding-General Grant and myself are of opinion that Fort Henry, on the Tennessee River, can be carried with four ironclad gunboats and troops to permanently occupy.

Have we your authority to move for that purpose when ready?

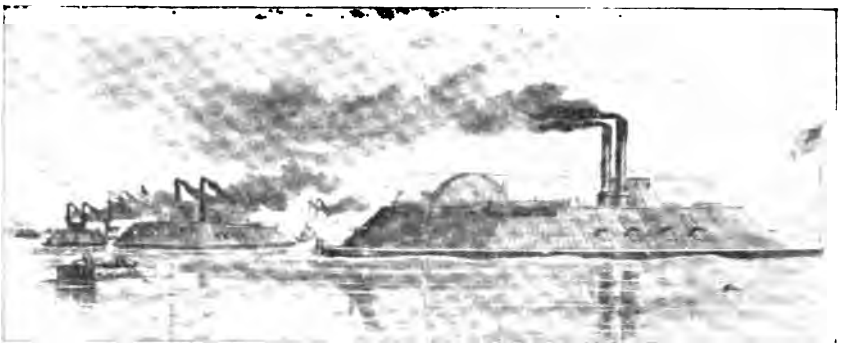
A. H. FOOTE,
Flag Officer.

No answer coming from Halleck, Grant could not restrain his impatience. He ventured to write General Halleck more at length, and still more urgently on the following day, January 29th, as follows:

In view of the large force now concentrating in this district, and the present feasibility of the plan, I would respectfully suggest the propriety of subduing Fort Henry, near the Kentucky and Tennessee line, and holding the position. If this is not done soon there is but little doubt that the defenses on both the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers will be materially strengthened. From Fort Henry it will be easy to operate either on the Cumberland (only twelve miles distant), Memphis or Columbus. It will, besides have a moral effect on our troops to advance thence towards the rebel states. The advantages of this move are as perceptible to the general commanding as to myself, therefore, further statements are unnecessary.

Under all this pressure General Halleck yielded, and on January 30th telegraphed Grant to "take and hold Fort Henry."

At the same time he telegraphed General Buell who commanded all the territory east of the Cumberland: "I have ordered an advance of our troops



THE NEW IRONCLAD FLEET, BUILT AT ST. LOUIS AND MOUND CITY IN THE FALL OF 1861, AND JANUARY, 1862. COMMANDED BY COMMODORE FOOTE, U. S. N.

on Fort Henry. It will be made *immediately*."

Buell answered instantly: "Please let me know your plan and force and the time."

A strange answer to so plain a message, surely. Halleck next day, January 31st, answered Buell:

"Movement already ordered to take and hold Fort Henry and cut railroad between Columbus and Dover. Grant's force 15,000."

To which Buell again telegraphed at once: "Do you consider coöperation essential? It would be several days before I could seriously engage the enemy." Quite clearly intimating that it might be wise to delay Grant until he (Buell) was ready to move! With more than 70,000 men and 150 guns he was still unable to move!

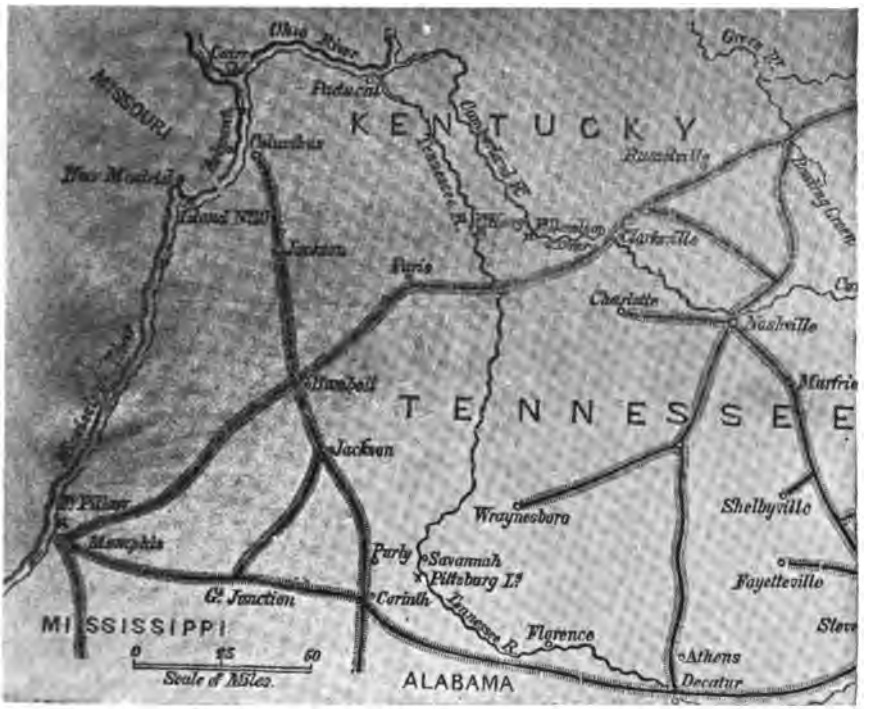
Halleck had courage to answer General Buell next day: "Coöperation not essential!"

How this affected General Buell can only be inferred by an extract from a long letter which he wrote to Gen-

Drawn from "Collection of Confederate Generals," Richmond, Va.

LIEUT.-GEN. LEONIDAS POLK, C. S. A.,

In command of the Confederate army at Columbus and Belmont during Grant's first battle of Belmont. Polk was a graduate of West Point, became a clergyman and a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church; was appointed General by Jefferson Davis at the breaking out of the war, and was killed by a shell from Sherman's batteries at Kenesaw Mountains, Ga., in 1864.



OPENING OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER—MAP OF COUNTRY INCLUDED IN GRANT'S CAMPAIGN OF 1861-2.

eral McClellan after its receipt. Buell says:

> While you were sick, by direction of the President, I proposed to Halleck some concert of action between us. He answered: "I can do nothing; name a day for a demonstration." Night before last I received a dispatch from him saying: "I have ordered an advance on Forts Henry and Dover. It will be made immediately." I protest against such prompt proceedings, as though I had nothing to do but command "commence firing" when he starts off!

Such were the strange and anamolous conditions existing at Buell's and Halleck's headquarters at Louisville and St. Louis and in their departments, whn the restraints which held Grant in check were loosened and he received the glad tidings that he was free to "move upon the enemy's works."

CHAPTER XXIX.

WHEN THE GLAD NEWS, "TAKE AND HOLD FORT HENRY," REACHED GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS!

When General Halleck's message to Grant to "take and hold Fort Henry" was read, Grant's headquarters in Cairo were instantly in commotion. The staff officers stopped work at their desks as suddenly as if a one hundred-pound "bomb" had landed in their midst. They all sprang to their feet and cheered. Rawlins kicked over some chairs and pummelled the wall with his fists. The others threw up their hats and kicked them around the room, ending with an attempt to dance a "Highland fling." Grant smiled; then suggested that it was not necessary to make so loud a noise as to apprise the enemy down at Columbus of the good news.

After congratulations and handshakings all around, a few minutes sufficed for Grant to put his staff at work on preparations for the new move. Every tongue was to remain silent as to intentions Grant's eyes were seen to flash more brightly and his whole being seemed animated with impulses that put everything about him in motion, though he gave no sign of excitement.

Halleck's message came late on January 30th, but his written instructions did not reach Grant until February 1st. Much work was done by Grant and his staff before they slept. The next day, January 31st, was a day of great activity. Grant's little army was scattered at Cape Girardeau, Bird's Point, Cairo, Mound City, Fort Jefferson, Paducah and Smithland. It had to be concentrated and organized for active work in the field, instead of the post and garrison duty it had been performing. Grant had to determine what force he would take, and what force he would leave to protect each position he now occupied. Ammunition, quartermaster and commissary stores had to be provided, and all the tools and implements needed by an army in its advance over streams, through forests and water, to besiege and assault an enemy. Much, very much, had to be done, and done in a way to conceal the fact that any movement was intended.

Grant sent Gen. C. F. Smith, at Paducah, an elaborate dispatch, saying:

On Monday next I expect to start from Smithland, Paducah and this place (Cairo) some 15,000 men for Fort Henry to take and occupy that position. Full instructions will be received from General Halleck to-morrow morning. If possible, the troops and community should be kept from knowing anything of the design.

Grant wrote Halleck in the afternoon, saying:

I am quietly making preparations for the move without, as yet, having created a suspicion even that a movement is to be made. I expect to start Sunday evening, taking 15,000 men. I will move by steamer as far as practicable, taking but little cavalry and but little transportation, expecting that to be forwarded afterwards. I shall go in person, taking with me either General McClernand or General Smith.

There was no complaint, and no suggestion by Grant anywhere, that he ought to have a larger force, though he knew he was moving on the very center of the enemy's lines—lines that were held, as Buell and Halleck had insisted, by 60,000 men.

On the 2d of February, the next day after he received Halleck's written instructions, Grant was ready to start. He telegraphed Halleck:

CAIRO, February 2, 1862.

Major-General Halleck:

I leave at Cairo and defenses eight regiments, six companies of cavalry, two companies of artillery and the sick of the entire command. More troops should be *here* soon if a change of commanders is expected at Columbus.

U. S. GRANT,
Brigadier-General.

The suggestion of more troops for Cairo had reference to the expected arrival of General Beauregard at Columbus, who, Grant thought, might be more dangerously enterprising than General Polk had been.

And now that our hero was ready to cut loose, to some extent, from the "tether" which had so long restrained him, and commence a campaign that was destined to surprise the world, the reader will be glad to read Grant's own words to his men; the sentiments of the thoughtful, high-toned and honorable soldier:

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 7. CAIRO, Feb. 2, 1862.

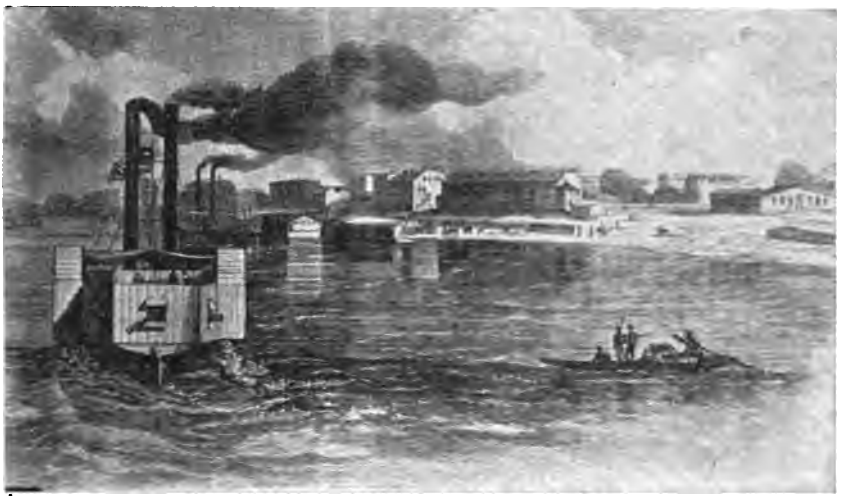
On the expedition now about starting, ... the following orders will be observed:

1. No firing, except when ordered by proper authority, will be allowed.
2. Plundering and disturbing private property is positively prohibited.
3. Company officers will see that all their men are kept within camp, except when on duty.
4. Rolls will be called evening and morning and every man accounted for, and absentees reported to regimental commanders.
5. Company commanders will have special care that rations and ammunition are not wasted or destroyed by carelessness.
6. Troops will take with them three days' rations and forage, all camp and garrison equipage, and not to exceed four teams to each regiment.
7. Regimental commanders will be held strictly accountable for the acts of their regiments, and will in turn hold company commanders accountable for the conduct of their companies. . . .

JOHN A. RAWLINS,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

By order of Brig.-Gen. U. S. Grant, Commanding.

The sentiments of the brave and sagacious warrior were scarcely dry when all were afloat, the signal was given, and, leaving postal routes and telegraph stations behind them, and with a confidence and courage that knew no fear, Grant's little army plunged out of sight (and out of the hearing of twenty millions of people who would be waiting with anxious hopes and many forebodings), to strike a blow at the enemy's



GRANT CAPTURES PADUCAH SIX HOURS IN ADVANCE OF THE ARRIVAL OF THE CONFEDERATE FORCES—THE GUNBOAT LEXINGTON IN THE FOREGROUND—OCCUPIED SEPTEMBER 6, 1861.

center, and begin the execution of the plan which he had formulated in writing six months before at Ironton, and within a week from the date of his commission as Brigadier-General. Mark Grant's amazing swiftness; within three days from the receipt of his first orders he was off with his army of fifteen thousand men!

As the fleet of transports went sweeping along, General Grant seemed anxious, and more than usually silent. He walked the deck, and on several occasions carefully observed the river behind them with his field glass. He continued his observations for some time after passing the last telegraph station, and then, when he felt himself safe, beyond recall by telegraph or by dispatch-boat, the anxiety imprinted upon his face, changed into an expression of satisfaction.

Rawlins said to the writer afterwards, that "Grant seemed a new man. He stepped briskly up to me and enthusiastically clapped his hand on my shoulder, a thing he had never done before, and said: 'Now we seem to be safe, beyond recall by either electricity or steam. I am glad. I am thankful. We *will* succeed, Rawlins; we *must* succeed. If we cut the enemy's spinal column up here in Tennessee, Buell will not have much trouble with the head up his way, *when he gets ready to move next summer*, and the tail over at Columbus will not do much signalling.' And we each spontaneously seized the other's hand in a cordial grasp that expressed a silent and determined purpose to strike swiftly, and to *succeed* or *perish* in a courageous attempt."

CHAPTER XXX.

HALLECK AND BUELL FRIGHTENED. THE FARCICAL SIDE OF WAR.

While Grant and his army were hid from sight and hearing in the forests of the lower Tennessee and Cumberland, let us briefly look around and see what the other actors were doing and saying on this theater of war.

General Halleck, a man of great scientific attainments and brilliant intellect, was nervous, impatient, easily excited, always in haste except in attacking the enemy. Here his "science" and his excessive caution, made him too slow to accomplish brilliant results. Now that he had permitted Grant to

move, he seemed to become alarmed lest he would be crushed. He appealed in every direction for help to reinforce Grant, and his appeals soon brought abundant help.

General Buell, who had been accumulating a vast army during the fall and winter, was also a brilliant officer, a soldier of the old school, wise in plans and the *science* of "strategy," a good organizer, a good fighter when he "got there," but too slow and deliberate in his movements to achieve success in the face of an enemy active and resourceful. It is related of President Lincoln that when his patience was worn out with delays, at this period of the war, he remarked to McClellan: "I believe it would require as great moral and intellectual force to get a move on Buell as his army will be able to exert physically when, if ever, he gets *it* in motion."

Grant, out of sight and out of reach, General Halleck grew anxious and nervous, and his telegraph wires began to grow warm. To Buell he wired:

ST. LOUIS, February 5, 1862.
Brigadier-General Buell, Louisville:
Our advance column is moving up the Tennessee. Can't you make a diversion in our favor by threatening Bowling Green?
H. W. HALLECK,
Major-General.

Buell answered:

General Halleck:
My position does not admit of diversion. My moves must be real ones. It must probably be twelve days before we can be in front of Bowling Green. D. C. BUELL,
Brigadier-General, Commanding.

Then Halleck appealed to McClellan thus:

ST. LOUIS, February 5, 1862.
Major-General McClellan:
It is reported that 10,000 men have left Bowling Green by railroad to reinforce Fort Henry. Can't you send me some infantry regiments from Ohio?
H. W. HALLECK,
Major-General.

McClellan, late at night, telegraphed Buell:

Halleck telegraphs, 10,000 men left Bowling Green to reinforce Fort Henry. Can you not assist by a demonstration in direction of Bowling Green? GEO. B. MCCLELLAN,
Major-General, Commanding.

Buell answered McClellan at midnight:

Bowling Green is secure from any immediate apprehension of attack. No demonstration, therefore, is practicable. . . .
D. C. BUELL,
Brigadier-General.

To General Halleck, General Buell telegraphed:

LOUISVILLE, February 5, 1862.
Major-General Halleck, St. Louis:
I will reinforce your column by a brigade if you find that you absolutely require it; otherwise I have use for it. Do I understand you are moving up the Tennessee only? You must not fail. D. C. BUELL,
Brigadier-General.

Is it surprising that Mr. Lincoln should speak satirically of General Buell's *inertia?* The coolness of his foregoing message must have tried the temper of the excitable Halleck. In the face of the intelligence that 10,000 Confederates had been withdrawn from Bowling Green, and were being pushed forward to overwhelm Grant, he could only offer to spare a brigade, although he had now an army of 70,000 to 80,000 men! He could not make a demonstration towards Bowling Green to hold the enemy there, although his forces were within less than a day's cavalry march of that place, and 10,000 men had been withdrawn from its defense! Nor is it strange that Grant should have said to Rawlins on the steamboat, referring to Buell's tardiness,—"*When Buell gets ready to move next summer.*"

Three telegrams from McClellan, on February 6th, urged Buell to hasten to aid Halleck, and at 6:30 P. M., General Buell telegraphed Halleck:

Besides the brigade, I can send you eight regiments from Indiana and Ohio. . . All these regiments are raw.

At 6:30 P. M., February 6th, General Halleck telegraphed General McClellan:

Fort Henry is largely reinforced both from Bowling Green and Columbus. . . Unless I get more forces I may fail to take it, but the attack must help General Buell to move forward. . . I was not ready for the move. . . . . H. W. HALLECK.

At 10 P. M. on February 6th, General Halleck again wired McClellan:

If you will give me, in addition to what I have in this department, 10,000 men, I will take and hold Fort Henry, cut the enemy's line, and paralyze Columbus. Give me 25,000,

and I will threaten Nashville and cut off railroad communication, so as to force the enemy to abandon Bowling Green without a battle.

H. W. HALLECK,
Major-General.

At 12 o'clock on the night of the 6th, General Buell telegraphed General McClellan:

This whole move, right in its stragetical bearing, but commenced by General Halleck without appreciation, preparation or concert, has now become of vast magnitude. I was myself thinking of a change of line to support it when I received your dispatch. It will have to be made in the face of 50,000 to 60,000 men, and is hazardous. I will answer definitely in the morning. D. C. BUELL,
Brigader-General.

We have here a most graphic picture of this interesting war drama. Grant had disappeared into the enemy's country, and it will be noted how studiously his name was ignored in all the dispatches of Halleck, Buell and McClellan for several days, while Grant was thus out of sight. In reading them one would not suspect that Grant was in the campaign, or had an existence. "*Our* advance is moving up the Tennessee." "Unless *I* get more forces *I* may fail to take Fort Henry." "If you will give *me* 10,000 additional men *I* will take Fort Henry, etc.," says General Halleck during the very time Grant and Foote were thundering at the Confederate stronghold!

Buell to McClellan: "*I* am communicating with Halleck." "*I* will send *him* (Halleck) a brigade." And to Halleck: "*I* will reinforce *your* column." "*You* must not fail, etc."

One would infer that Halleck was at the front in person instead of Grant. Halleck had little less, and probably more, than 75,000 men in his department, — Buell with as many near and in the adjacent district — and yet Grant, satisfied, silent and without a murmur, was sent off with a meager force of 15,000 men into the "lion's den," as it were, and his name dropped from official literature for the time!

Thus the war progressed in a carnival of *words* between Generals Halleck and Buell, while unknown to them, as yet, the *real war* was progressing under Grant and Foote with cannon and missile.

Curious it is to note, as one now has to smile at the fact, that at the very time Halleck sent his doleful dispatch to McClellan (6:30 P. M., February 6th), saying, "*I* may fail to take Fort Henry;" and at the very time when Buell sent his equally doleful message to McClellan (12 P. M., February 6th), saying, "This whole move . . . commenced by General Halleck, without appreciation, preparation or concert . . . in the face of 50,000, if not 60,000, men . . . is dangerous, etc.," Grant and Foote had, *eight hours before*, after a terrific bombardment, captured Fort Henry, and the National flag was floating over its battlements!

It was nearly twenty-four hours after the capture before Halleck, or Buell, or the world knew of this first fatal break in the well defended lines of the Confederacy.

Grant was not terrified, or held back a moment by any dread or fear of the fifty or sixty thousand men of the enemy that Buell reported on that line, but without a moment's delay, attacked it.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE BOMBARDMENT AND CAPTURE OF FORT HENRY.

The credit for the bombardment of the fort was due Commodore Foote. His fleet of gunboats pushed up to within five hundred yards of the fort, and poured into the works for nearly two hours a storm of shot and shell, tearing down its embankments, dismounting its guns, killing and wounding many of its defenders, until the white flag was hoisted, and the fierce battle ended.

The enemy had fought bravely and desperately.

General Grant's force had landed below the fort and as near it as possible, and began the march to the rear of the fort at 11 o'clock, intending to invest and attack it on the land side; but the river had risen, and the bottom

lands were flooded; sloughs and depressions were not fordable and must be bridged and new roads cut ten miles on a circuitous route through the forest, so that, notwithstanding almost superhuman efforts, Grant's force did not reach the high lands in position to invest the fort until after it had surrendered to Commodore Foote.

General Tilghman, who was in command of the fort, anticipating his inability to hold it, on learning that Grant's army was landing, sent away all the infantry and cavalry (who retreated towards Fort Donelson), retaining only a sufficient force to serve the guns.

Grant immediately sent forward his cavalry in pursuit of the retreating Confederates, and captured all their artillery, some wagons and prisoners. He at once entered and took possession of the fort.

Grant's modest way of telling what he did is illustrated by his report of this first important capture of the war.

When he entered the fort on the afternoon of that memorable 6th of February, he wrote to General Halleck's chief of staff, who was then at St. Louis, saying:

> Enclosed I send you my orders for the attack upon Fort Henry.
> Owing to dispatches received from Major-General Halleck, to the effect that the enemy were rapidly re-enforcing, I thought it imperatively necessary that the fort should be carried to-day. My forces were not all up at eleven o'clock last night, when my orders were written; therefore I did not deem it practicable to set an earlier hour than eleven o'clock to-day to commence the investment. The gunboats started at the same hour to commence the attack, and engaged the enemy at not over 600 yards. . . .
> The gunboats have proved themselves well able to resist a severe cannonading. All the iron-clads received more or less shots—the flag-ship some twenty-eight—without any serious damage to any except the Essex. This vessel received one shot in her boilers that exploded them and disabled her, killing and wounding thirty-two men, Captain Porter among the wounded.
> *I shall take and destroy Fort Donelson on the 8th.**

The orders issued by Grant for the attack on Fort Henry, to which his report refers, speak the methodical soldier. He directed General McClernand to "take a position on the roads from Fort Henry to Fort Donelson and Dover. It will be the special duty of this command to prevent all reinforcements to Fort Henry, or escape from it. Also, to be held in readiness to charge and take Fort Henry by storm, promptly, on the receipt of orders."

General Smith was ordered to land two brigades on the west side of the river, "and take and occupy the heights commanding Fort Henry. . . . The troops will all move with two days' rations of bread and meat in their haversacks."

*The italics are mine, and are used to emphasize the calm assurance of this "man of destiny."

CHAPTER XXXII

THE CONFEDERATE ACCOUNT OF THE FALL OF FORT HENRY.

A few brief extracts from the reports of the Confederate officers concerning this important action will be of interest. General Lloyd Tilghman, who commanded at Fort Henry, in his report to the Confederate war office, on the day following the surrender (February 7th), said:

> Through the courtesy of Brig.-Gen U. S. Grant, commanding Federal forces, I am permitted to communicate with you in relation to the result of the action between the force under my command at Fort Henry and the Federal gunboats on yesterday.
> At 11:40 o'clock on yesterday morning the enemy engaged the fort with seven gunboats. . . . . I promptly returned the fire with eleven guns bearing on the river. The action was maintained with great bravery by the force under my command until 1:50 P. M., at which time I had but five guns left fit for service. At 1:55 P. M., finding it impossible to maintain the fort, and wishing to spare the lives of the gallant men under my command, I surrendered the fort. . . . The surrender of Fort Henry included [the officers and men] and all the munitions of war in and about the fort. I communicate this result with deep regret, but feel that I performed my whole duty in the defense of my post. I take great pleasure in acknowledging the courtesy and consideration shown by Brig.-Gen. U. S. Grant and Commander Foote and the officers under their command.

In a more elaborate report made by General Tilghman after he was exchanged and returned to Richmond in August, 1862, he says:

> The retreat of the main body of my army was effected in good order, though involving the loss of twenty prisoners. The rear of the army was overtaken at a distance of three miles from Fort Henry. . . . Several pieces of artillery were also lost.

The entire absence of transportation rendered the removal of the camp equipage of the regiments impossible. This may be regarded as fortunate, as the roads were utterly impassable, not only from the rains but the backwater of the Tennessee.

General Grant did not seem to find the roads "utterly impassable!"

Colonel Haynes, Confederate chief of artillery at Fort Henry, in his report said:

The firing continued for nearly two hours without intermission, the enemy having about sixteen guns to our nine. [Eleven or thirteen.] In the midst of the battle our 32-pounder rifled gun exploded, killing and disabling every man at the piece, as well as others at the neighboring guns. The shells of the enemy soon set fire in and outside of the fort, which we had not the power to extinguish. Their heavy shot tore away the cheeks of several of our embrasures, throwing the sandbags upon the banquette and exposing our men to the direct shot of the enemy.

Colonel Heimen, who commanded the first brigade of General Tilghman's division on the retreat from Fort Henry, said in his report:

. . . I found it a physical impossibility to save the light artillery. About three miles from the fort our rear was attacked by the enemy's cavalry. . . . Major Lee of the Fifteenth Arkansas, and Captain Leach of the Alabama, battalion were surrounded and made prisoners.

It is thus seen, from this Confederate testimony, that Grant was not idle or slow in the pursuit; and that the enemy's defeat and escape involved the total loss of all his material and paraphernalia of war.

If Foote's attack had been delayed until Grant's forces had worked their way through and around the flood and reached the rear of the fort, doubtless the entire Confederate army would have been captured.

[The taking of Fort Donelson will be described in the June number of THE MIDLAND.]

(To be Continued.)

THE FLOWER OF JOY.

A DENSE, wet mist of pallid blue
Chills day by day the songless air;
No rift of azure flecks the sky's dull hue;
The rain-fringed boughs are bare.

But down the wood-walk's dripping way,
Where dead leaves break the swift March shower,
In nun-like garb of softest silvery gray,
There springs a close-shut flower.

With bended head it dreams, awake,
Amidst the silence, cold and gloom,
Of that near hour when its pent bud shall break
In lustrous, star-like bloom.

O burdened heart, may it not be
That in this chill, this lightless hour
Of pain, of loss, there somewhere springs for thee
Joy's tremulous, gold-eyed flower!

Julia W. Albright.

The Midland's Fiction Department.

MY STRANGE MIRROR.*

By Malinda Cleaver Faville.

I.

ONLY one who knows and loves that land of rich pastures, fine horses, and handsome women, can understand how thoroughly I was bewitched with the Blue Grass Region of Kentucky, after a month's visit to my friend, Lilla T—, at her father's home, near Lexington. The beautiful country-seats, their ample parks of softest green set with stately oaks and beeches, and graced by horses and cattle of the blood royal, lingered in my memory like fleeting glimpses of some great picture gallery. On my return to my home in a prosperous Ohio village, I entertained my friends with lively descriptions of my new-found Eden. My visits were often repeated, and at length I became a resident of Bourbon county, and the mistress of a Blue Grass farm. My friends at home, when our engagement was announced, said they did not know whether I cared more for jolly, handsome Harry Grayson, or for his old house and rich pastures. Since *we* were satisfied, I did not explain to them that I would have taken Harry alone and been content, but was rejoiced that through him I had become a partner in an earthly paradise.

It was June, of course, when we were married, and July when we got home. Harry's sister had seen to it that I was provided with that prize of the servant lottery, "an old family cook." She also turned over to me a "house-boy," Will, who soon forced me to the conclusion that she had hired him for his beauty, as he was utterly useless. "Aunt Jinny," the cook, was my comfort and refuge in all domestic tribulations. After Harry and I had been entertained by all our neighbors in rapid succession, and had feasted upon the chicken, vegetables, and bread, prepared by the "Aunties," and the inimitable cake

MRS. MELINDA CLEAVER FAVILLE, NORFOLK, VA.

and "frozen things," made by their mistresses, it became our duty and pleasure to give a "big dining" to settle our score. For Aunt Jinny's help and counsel in this trying time I shall ever be grateful; for Will's antics during the same period I am amply avenged, so they are forgiven.

*Awarded the prize for the best original story in The Midland Monthly January 1st competition.

Not many miles away was a handsome manor-house, with a two-story, pillared portico in front. It was in the care of servants, the owner, the last of his race, having died recently under circumstances of which then I was ignorant. At my request, Harry persuaded Uncle Sam, the care-taker, to show us over the house, one pleasant summer afternoon.

Everywhere moth, rust and dust were supreme. The furnishings were in the style of 1860. The old portraits were crackled, and overlaid with dust, their costly frames tarnished by damp and darkness. In the big hall, the tall old clock on the landing, half-way up the stairs, was still. "Ain' never ben woun' sence Miss Nellie went away," explained Uncle Sam. "Mass' Gawge couldn' b'ar de tickin' no mo' afteh he done come home."

I wondered privately who his "Miss Nellie" had been, but as he thought it a matter of course that I knew, I refrained from asking in his presence. He led us on from room to room; our foot-falls muffled by the dust-laden carpets. At length he showed us into a large corner room, with four long windows heavily shuttered. He opened one shutter, startling the shadows away by a broad beam of level afternoon sunlight. It revealed to us the carved mahogany bedstead, with faded blue curtains hanging from the high tester; the big old-time wardrobe, the high marble topped bureau and washstand to match, set out with priceless India china; and fell full upon the quaintest mirror I ever saw. It was a broad, flawless plate of glass, fully six feet high, set in a curious frame of dull red bronze, and hung between two tall, polished mahogany posts.

"Dat Miss Nellie's look'n' glass," explained Uncle Sam, seeing that I had eyes only for the mirror. "Her udder sweetheart done give her dat fo' weddin' present w'en she marry Mass' Gawge. How come I know? my wife, Hannah, huh mammy. He a officer in de navy. She met 'im at de Springs. Hannah say dey had a little tiff de night befo' Miss Nellie come home. Nex' she know, he ohdehed 'way off somewhar, and done gone widout writin' a wu'd. W'en it come out 'bout huh 'gagement to Mass Gawge, she sont 'im a papeh wid it in, an' he done sont huh dis yer glass f'om 'way yondeh. Hannah say it ghos' glass."

"What!" I interrupted.

"'Deed I don't know, 'm, 'ghos' glass,' she say. Whatever 'tis, it be sol' by'n by."

"Why, Sam?"

"All dese tings an' de prop'ty gwine be sol' nex monf," answered Uncle Sam. "W'en you come down stahs I show you Miss Nellie's picshah in de pahleh," he said with a grand bow.

"Thank you, uncle, I'll go now"

"Miss Nellie's" was a picture of a handsome young woman in a full white dress, with very low neck and wide lace "bertha." Her soft brown hair was rolled in a big knot, topped with a gold comb, while two thick curls lay against her round white neck, and a pink rose peeped from behind her left ear. Her beauty had evidently been not so much of the dainty wind flower sort, as of the order of the stately damask rose. "De painteh done finish' it de day befo' she went away," said Uncle Sam. "Las' time we eveh see huh she dressed jist that way."

II.

As soon as the polite old negro had bowed us out from the gate, I asked Harry for "Miss Nellie's" history.

"She was a Miss Nellie Garrard," he began. "She was the last of her family, and she married George Nelson, who also was without near kin. For a hundred years a feud had existed between the two families, and everybody was surprised when George Nelson went courting her. When the family treasures of both were gathered under George's ancestral roof, and they were really married, everybody felt relieved.

Nelson had hunted Garrard and Garrard had lain in wait for Nelson for so many years, that all had supped full with horrors. Some people said that of nights the portraits of defunct Garrards grinned wickedly at those of Nelsons of like condition which hung upon opposite walls of the big parlor.

"All these things were forgotten in the sad ending of the short, gay married life of the young people. They had prepared his house before the marriage, and as she had no near relatives, they had a big wedding there early in June. She brought Hannah and Uncle Sam with her; the other house servants belonged to him. Everybody was at the wedding. It was the biggest party, the most bountiful supper, and the jolliest dance of that generation. They say it was sunrise when the last of the carriages drove away.

"When they had been married a month, Nelson made a business trip to New York, leaving his young wife at home alone. She was afraid of nothing, and slept alone in the house; but the first night, faithful old Sam laid his pallet across her chamber door, and slept there in the hall. The second night, Mrs. Nelson forbade it. The cabins were near the house, and the dogs were loosed at sunset, so she had no fear of being alone.

"Next morning when Hannah went to see why her Miss Nellie slept so late she was gone; and since then nothing has ever been heard of her. No one knew George Nelson's address, and on his return two weeks later, the shock of the news seemed likely to kill him. Searching parties had been organized, and every foot of the surrounding country examined. No trace of her was ever found, except what they thought was a scrap of the dress she had worn that last afternoon caught on some greenbrier growing near the mouth of a little cave in the pasture The cave was thoroughly searched again and again, but to no purpose.

"Mr. Nelson had the rooms all closed, except the two that he used. He rarely left those, depending upon his overseer and Sam and Hannah for everything. Only once, in the twenty years that passed between his marriage and his death, did he leave the place. His intercourse with others seemed fateful to them. During the trip mentioned, a man with whom he was in conversation in a Louisville hotel, fell from his side over the railing into the lobby below, and his neck was broken by striking the marble floor.

"One day last fall Mr. Nelson disappeared. Until late in the afternoon the servants supposed he was in his rooms, as he sometimes secluded himself for days at a time. They alarmed the neighbors, who searched the house, and found him in his wife's room before that queer mirror, dead from a pistol shot in his forehead. It must have been suicide. The pistol, with two empty chambers, lay where it had fallen from his right hand. We searched the wall back of him for the other ball, but did not find it. He certainly fired two shots, for there were two empty shells in the cylinder of the revolver. We buried him decently in the family lot. And now the old place is to be sold. Some smart Yankee will buy it, I reckon."

"'Some smart Yankee' woman will buy that mirror, young man, unless you object," I returned.

"Do you really want it, Bert; 'ghos'es' and all?" he asked.

"Really, I do. 'Ghoses' and all, Harry."

"All right. You'll have to go bid on it yourself; I shall be at Danville, at the fair, the day of the sale."

"I bought the mirror, and upon the day following the sale it was brought to me by Uncle Sam. He and Will carried it up to my room. When he came down, he said after a due number of bows: "'Deed mist'ess, I'se glad you got de big glass. Me an' Hannah we thought a heap o' Miss Nellie's things, 'specially dis glass de Cap'n done give huh."

III.

Aunt Jinny was soon sent up to polish the mirror, which was gray with dust and damp. Being afraid to trust my precious purchase to the tender mercies of the volatile Will, I had persuaded the old woman to undertake the task. She slowly got under way, and in more time than it takes to tell it, I had the satisfaction of seeing her squat, shapeless body disappear within my chamber door. I remained below, supposed to be "watchin' de kittle bile." I stepped to the front door to delight my eyes with another look over my beloved "woods pasture." Before I had time to make sure my pretty saddle mare was with the group of horses switching the flies from their sides in the broad shadow of the big beeches, a commotion behind me attracted my attention. Aunt Jinny, regardless of danger to wind and limb, was hurrying recklessly downstairs, her usually plump, shining face pinched and ashy with fear Only a fat old negress can get into such a panicky condition. She sat down with a thud on the broad front-door step.

"What's the matter, Jinny?"

"Oh Lawd! De en' o' time is comin' to dis niggah," she wailed, rocking back and forth.

"What frightened you, Jinny?"

"Oh I'se had a wah'nin', honey, a wah'nin'," she panted. "I'se gwine home soon."

"Not till after dinner," I objected.

"Lawd, chile, I means home to Heaven; I'se had a *wah'nin'*," she returned with great dignity.

"Jinny, *what* is the matter?" I demanded, as sternly as circumstances would admit.

"Fo' Gawd, Miss Bert, dat a conju'in glass Unc' Sam done brung you dis mawnin'."

"A what!"

"A conju'in glass."

"No it isn't, anything of the kind. You go right and clean it up," I commanded.

"'Deed, Miss Bert, honey da'lin, I couldn't git up dem sta'rs agin dis day nohow; 'sides, dat ham done gone dry in de pot, I smell 'im," she said, rising with difficulty, and waddling off slowly toward her sanctum.

"Go on, Jinny, and watch your pot. The mirror hasn't been made that I'm afraid to polish," I called after her, out of all patience with what seemed to me a scheme to get rid of a disagreeable task.

Gathering up Jinny's scattered implements, I went to work energetically upon the big glass.

After a few minutes' work, I became convinced that Jinny had had a chance to see enough to warrant her ignorant superstition in calling it a "conju'in glass." What she would have thought if she had seen what I saw, I cannot guess. I was spell-bound by the faint, clear picture in the mirror, or on it, strictly speaking.

IV.

In the faded cushioned chair which I had seen standing before this glass in "Miss Nellie's" old room, was the body of a gray-haired man, evidently just dead, with a bullet hole in the forehead. A handsome woman, dressed in a style of recent season, was kneeling close by, in the act of laying a revolver upon the floor, on a spot where it might have dropped from the dead right hand, hanging over the arm of the chair. Her thick hair was perfectly white, and where it was rolled back from the forehead, showed a curious turn or "cow-lick," in the middle, with a tiny ringlet at one side of it. I rubbed hard and fast to get rid of this picture, but as I stood back to enjoy my success, another rose out of the thin gray film, still remaining.

The man was living. He sat in the chair, but had turned his head to look at the woman, who stood just within the hall door, her forefinger pulling at the trigger of the smoking revolver in her hand, till the hard steel sank into the

tender flesh, her short upper lip set in determination, her eyes big with satisfaction at having her prey in her power. I rubbed this off, but again another appeared out of the film.

The man, who had evidently half fallen into the chair, gazed into the glass in horror. No vision that he thought earthly, could have brought that expression to his staring eyes, and half-open mouth. The woman stood at the door with her pistol raised, in the act of firing. Involuntarily I moved aside, and followed with my eye the line the ball must take. It struck the post too high to accomplish its purpose, and there, just where it must have struck, was an odd-looking boss, unlike the remainder of the surface. I postponed closer examination until I should have got rid of this horrible picture. I did rub it out, but only to make room for another.

The man stood with his left hand on the post supporting the glass, the right apparently grasping the frame, though only the thumb could be seen. His face had an expression of self-approval, as at some long evaded duty performed.

As I worked away at the glass, I saw vague pictures of colored servants coming and going about the room, but nothing to excite such interest as the first series I had seen. I rubbed and polished till my arms ached, but was unable to clear away that ugly gray film. I drew up the big willow rocker and sat down to rest awhile from my labors. Another picture appeared upon the film.

A woman, bent with the weight of sorrow, or of age, was being led away by a tall man whose face I could not see. Another man, about to follow, was burning a crumpled, folded paper. As I looked more closely, to catch detail, I saw that the woman was chained to the tall man's wrist, and a soft-looking dark bandage was about the lower part of her face and head. The next scene evidently just preceded the one described.

It was a young face I saw now, but pinched and gray with despair. The dress was of the style I remembered having seen my mother wear when I was a little child. The thick brown hair was parted unevenly and pushed back into a net. The hands seemed chained together, and both of them were extended awkwardly to the right of the mirror. The hands were not in sight, but I could see the tips of the teeth of a lady's comb, which I supposed they held.

Then I saw the two men, on either side of the woman, who sat in the chair with her mouth covered. The tall man was in the act of putting the handcuffs on her; the younger one looked down at her with the most malicious expression I ever saw on a human face. It was the look of the cat, as she lays a murderous paw on the mouse which she has caught.

Again, I saw the woman alone in a rapid succession of views, like pantomime in reverse. She was tucking her hair in a net—she was coiling it carefully about some jeweled article that shone like diamonds, hiding it among the thick brown locks; she was putting on an ill-fitting dark dress. Then I saw her for one glimpse with the hair loose about the shoulders, the disordered parting showing the "cowlick" and the ringlet I had lately seen upon the image of the white head, her shoulders bare above the bertha of lace, and the full soft muslin dress.

After I polished this away she appeared writing, by the lamp on the claw-foot stand, at some distance from the glass. She wore the white dress; her hair was rolled higher than hitherto and fastened by a broad "back-comb" of gold filigree of curious design. Two thick curls fell behind her ear, and a crushed pink rose lay near her upon the floor. Again I shifted the scene.

The lady stood looking at the tall man, with the beginning of that gray despair creeping over her beautiful

face. Her dress was now fresh, and her hair in beautiful order. The younger man had evidently been making some explanation to her, and held a paper of business-like appearance in his hand. The tall man was apparently threatening to snap on her wrists the hand-cuffs he held. The big handkerchief which I had already seen about her face hung half way out of his pocket.

When this was rubbed away, I saw the room again, full of the soft evening light. My lady sat at ease in the big cushioned chair, now fresh and new, her wide, gray eyes looking far away, her handsome head in fine relief against the rich, dark upholstery, the lace about her shoulders softly rising and falling in unison with her slow, regular breathing. It was "Miss Nellie," probably resting after the last long sitting to the artist, for she looked in every particular like the portrait which was "finished de day she went away."

Polishing away slowly, one happy image after another of "Miss Nellie," my attention was arrested by the figure of the younger man I had seen, apparently a party to her misfortunes. He was without coat or vest, showing the full linen shirt of twenty years ago, with its finely pleated front and turn-over collar. He was arranging a soft, black cravat about his neck and smiling at his handsome reflection.

Once more I stopped, to look at "Miss Nellie" in bridal array, just in the act of turning from the mirror to look toward the door. The latter was being opened by a comely yellow woman, and beyond, I could see dimly the face of the man I had seen tying his cravat before the glass. In a few minutes more my mirror was clean, and shining with honest elbow-polish, and I sat down, wearied out by my labor and its strange accompaniment.

V.

Truly this was a "ghos' glass." My head was whirling with excitment from the images I had just seen upon it. Had there been a sensitive film upon the mirror, or had I been simply "conjured?" I was somewhat in doubt as to whether I had really been awake during the past quarter of an hour, when my wandering eyes again caught sight of the rough spot high up on the post, and I was reminded that I could at least search for substantial proofs of the images I had seen. I stood upon a stool and felt the little knob. It was round, and firmly embedded in the post. If it were a pistol ball, steel would scratch it. I brought my scissors from the bureau to try, and soon made a bright mark on it. It was lead, and a ball.

I sat down to think over what I had just seen. As I had seen the latest events first, without knowing what preceded each one, my impression of the story was in reverse, as if I had read it backward. In a little while I managed to begin at the beginning and follow it through to the tragic ending. The young woman and the young man I had seen were evidently husband and wife. The big man had taken the woman away gagged and hand-cuffed, with the apparent consent and assistance of her husband. She had carried off a valuable jewel hidden in her hair. She must have been the woman who shot the man I had first seen. Whether the dead man was the young husband grown twenty years older, I could not guess. What I most wished to know was what those shackled hands had been doing just beside the glass, and what the man did when he leaned against the post with one hand, the other upraised and out of sight. Going behind the glass, I found it backed by two broad, thin pieces of mahogany of richest coloring and finest grain. One of them had warped slightly, leaving a crack between itself and the frame. I stood on my stool and peered into the narrow crack at the place I judged the man's hand had touched.

As my eyes became accustomed to the

dim field of vision, I could distinguish a thin gray bit of something packed between the two surfaces of wood. Just below it I could see a line of ragged, yellowish points, flush with the edge of the backing. Women never lack tools; my button hook soon brought to light a paper, crumpled by having been forced into the cramped space. To get the other object was more difficult. I could not for a long time fasten upon it in any way. At last my patience and curiosity were rewarded I drew out little by little, what seemed the remains of an amber comb. With a firm grip of thumbs and fingers upon two of the broken teeth, I finally succeeded in wrenching it from its hiding place. It was battered and flattened, but still retained enough of its original shape for me to see at once that it was the top of the curious golden comb I had seen in the soft locks of my lady's hair. So all that agonized young woman had thought of, was to hide her pretty comb. I sat down to read my paper. It bore a date of the year previous, and read as follows:

Some strange impulse has brought me to this room to-day. As I sit here at Nell's table, where she wrote her accusation of me in her helpless rage and despair, I am forced to write a confession. My revenge will not be sweet until I arrange that somehow, sometime, the world may know of it. I dare not leave a confession among the papers in my desk, for fear it be discovered before I die, and I punished.

Punished! If they only knew how, day and night, as I walk up and down these lonely rooms, Nell's shadow stays just behind me. I cannot see or hear it, but I know it's there, looking at me always, as she did when Barnes took her away. Since that other work five years ago, Barnes walks as silently on the other side, with the horror still on his face, as I saw it when he fell over the railing. I have plenty of company; always two more than I want. I fear I shall go mad before I die, and be shut up with a lot of gibbering, shrieking maniacs.

I married Nell to satisfy the vendetta; I could gain control of her and hers in no other way. I went away, ostensibly to New York, but really to meet a trader to whom I sold her for a moderate price, under the pretense that she was an educated, favorite slave, but afflicted with the annoying monomania of thinking herself my wife. In order to prepare him further for whatever might happen, I told him that, though perfectly docile in all other ways, she became violent if disputed in her claim to be mistress of my house. I gave him a bill of sale for Hannah Garrard, a light octoroon, with brown hair, and we came back to the house the second night and took her away. I knew that if she ever escaped from slavery, my life would be in constant danger.

Five years ago Barnes wrote in answer to the last of my many inquiries that she was dead. I appointed a meeting with him at a great hotel in Louisville, that he might show me the proofs. After our conference, as we stood for a moment in the upper hall, looking over the railing into the lobby below, he lost his balance—*with my help*—and fell over, breaking his neck when he struck the marble floor below. Both are dead; there is no one to accuse me; I don't think I have ever been suspected. GEORGE NELSON.

September —, 1880.

VI.

Here was the brief confession! there lay the comb on my bureau; there was the bullet in the post. So unsuspecting, proud Nellie Garrard had been sold by her husband into slavery; all were dead, and it was left for the old mirror to tell part of the tale. Where she had gone, what she had suffered, in that dreadful country "down river," we could not know.

The tale was told, and I decided to keep the secret. Hot-headed, big-hearted Harry Grayson should not be troubled by it. I put away the paper and the broken comb, intending to have the latter repaired for my own use at the first good opportunity.

Harry came home next day with his horses and blue ribbons. "You're a 'mascotte,' little woman," he said, "I never was so lucky as since I married you."

"Mr. Grayson," I returned with dignity, "it would be more polite for you to say you were never so lucky as *when* you married me."

"Have it your own way. I'm going to sell Bertie C — after the shows are over, for money enough to make us one jolly Christmas. We'll go up to Cincinnati just before the holidays, and have an elegant time, buying presents for everybody and going to the theater."

To Cincinnati we accordingly went, for the week before Christmas. I took my bent gold comb-top with me to have it mounted. I had explained to Harry where I found it, and he immediately proposed removing all the backing to the glass to see if any of the rest of it were lined with gold. The existence

of the confession, with what I still think praiseworthy self-denial in a young wife, I had kept secret.

After a delightful afternoon of shopping, I returned to the hotel, tired, but happy in the thought that my foundling comb could be repaired, and would be ready for my use the following evening. We were to go to see "The Rappahannock," a war-drama then exciting great interest. After the extravagant fashion of young country-folk, we had a proscenium box. Harry was handsome enough for both of us, and I proudly wore the gold comb, the oldest in the house, and of great value, as the jeweler had assured me.

During the first act I thought the *ingenue* looked full at me with a startled, puzzled expression, but concluded it was part of her *role*. Before long I was sure that either myself or something near me had a strange attraction for her.

"Bert," whispered Harry, "which one of us has fascinated the young woman?"

"You, of course," I replied.

Near the conclusion of the play an usher brought me the following note:

Will the lady in box No. 2, receive Miss Silverwood sometime between 12 and 3 o'clock to-morrow? The granting of this request will be a great kindness to

M. SILVERWOOD.

It was the name of the *ingenue*. I wrote upon my card:

"To-morrow at 2 P. M., Room 197, Hotel B———, City," and gave it to the messenger.

"It was you, wasn't it?" teased Harry.

"Maybe she wants me for an understudy. If she does, I'd best try it, hadn't I? Then if the brown filly goes wrong, or Abdallah Prince dies, we will have something to fall back upon."

"I *might* invest in a buck-saw to have by me in case of bankruptcy, but I won't," he returned shortly, as the curtain rolled down.

"Don't make any contract till you see me again, Bert," he began after lunch next day. "I wouldn't leave you, but I made an appointment yesterday with Allen to see his Patchen mare move, and I can't miss that, you know. It's important. You don't mind, do you?"

"Not a bit. I'm only too happy to have you go."

"Thank you, ma'am. Might I kiss your high-and-mightiness first?"

"You might, but you won't have a chance if you don't hurry, for there's the bell-boy at the door now. Put on your muffler and button your coat up tight."

The smart bell-boy brought Miss Silverwood's card.

"Show her up here," I said, thinking to keep out of the publicity of the big parlors.

My sitting-room and bed-room communicated by a wide curtained arch. Opposite this, in the bed-room, was a long dressing glass. From where I stood I could see in it darkly, the reflection of the door between the sitting-room and the hall. I was all ready to receive my guest, but, womanlike, turned to the glass to see the general effect. I was not quite in proper position As I moved. the outer door, which I had failed to latch, swung open, and in the mirror I saw a handsome white-haired woman appear on the threshold. I was fascinated by the image. Where had I seen that woman before? Her soft white hair was rolled up from the smooth forehead, showing an irregularity in the middle and a little ringlet to one side of it. It was the hair of the mirrored murderess, whom I had seen with the smoking revolver in her hand. Forgetful of my guest, I watched the glass to see what would happen next.

"Mrs. Grayson?" said a mellow voice.

I turned to the real woman, remembering the duties of hospitality. Although she made up so successfully as *ingenue*, in proper person she was a grand woman, perhaps forty; surely not so old as that white hair indicated.

"And you are — *Miss* Silverwood?" I asked.

"*Miss* Silverwood—Miss Marie Silverwood," she replied with dignity.

The spell of association was strong upon me. Without a moment's premeditation, and as if impelled to speak, I asked: "Where, then, is Miss Nellie? Where is the woman with the pistol, who was sold?"

"Pistol, child? Sold? Who told *you?*" she said in a husky voice, quite unlike her full, resonant tone of a moment before.

"The pistol the white-haired woman laid on the floor, below the dead man's hand," I answered.

Her features slowly took on the pinched, gray look I had seen creep over the young face in my mirror at home.

"How did you know?" she asked slowly, as if the words escaped her in spite of herself.

My senses were coming back to me. I was afraid I had a desperate woman to deal with. Perhaps she had a bullet in store for me. For one instant my heart seemed to stop. Then it went on again, and I slowly rallied from the sickening faintness which followed the shock. The door was closed now, and I must manage this strange woman as best I could.

"I know," I replied, "because I saw you do it. Was it to avenge Nellie Garrard? How did *you* know she had been sold?"

"I did it to avenge myself. We were hereditary foes, George Nelson and I."

"Then you are a Garrard. But Nellie was the last of her race. Is it possible she is not dead?"

"Why do you ask?"

"I have read George Nelson's confession, evidently written just before you shot him. I found it slipped under the backing of an old Japanese mirror just a little higher than this," I said, taking the comb from my hair.

"My comb!" she exclaimed, taking it from my hand. "It was this comb that brought about this interview."

"Then you are Nellie Garrard?"

"I am. When I saw this comb in your hair last night I thought I might hear from you of my old home, but I did not suppose anyone but myself knew all you have told me. I suppose you have told your husband all about this?"

"Not a word," I said proudly.

"Tell me all you know," she commanded, leaning back in her big chair in a pose very like Miss Nellie's picture.

I related everything, from my first visit to the Nelson House, to the paper and comb I had found behind the mirror. The confession I could not repeat verbatim, and of course did not have it with me.

When I had finished, she sat for a long time looking vacantly before her. "Mrs. Grayson," she said at length, "should you like to have me fill out the gaps in your story? It is a tale that has never been told. The telling of it will comfort me, if you have time to listen"

VII.

"I was sold as you have guessed, to the tall man, named Barnes. My husband left me for what I supposed would be a two weeks' absence. The next evening he and the trader came to the house. In reply to my expressions of surprise he told me what he had done, and showed me a bill of sale of my own person, drawn in favor of Barnes, the trader. I learned from his explanation of my conduct that he had told Barnes I was a monomaniac, believing myself his wife, and insisting on being treated as such. To account for his plan of having me removed secretly, he said that, in spite of my delusion, I was a favorite among the other servants, and he feared that if they knew that I was sold their farewells would excite me to such a pitch that I would become unmanageable. I was dumb with horror and despair. The events of that dreadful night are more vividly impressed upon my memory than they could have been upon the glass.

"After a long time spent in vain efforts to escape, I sat down to my table to write, as you saw me, hoping to secrete or to drop some scrap that would tell of my fate. At length they brought me a dark dress which I had never seen before, and told me to put it on, and make ready to start. That I took the diamonds you already know. When I was dressed, they came and put the hand-cuffs on me, and wrapped the handkerchief about my mouth and chin. Thinking me powerless, they both left me for a few minutes. I managed to get the slip of paper I had written into my hand, along with this comb, which I had just taken from my hair. I tried to use the comb to push the paper between the glass and its backing, but the paper slipped down and the comb stuck in the crack. Hearing my captors at my door, I raised my fettered hands and struck off the protruding ends of the teeth of the comb.

"They took me down the gravelled walk to a carriage which stood in the middle of the turnpike, in order that it might leave no tell-tale tracks. We drove till the next evening, only halting to change horses, and about dark arrived at a little way-station fifty miles from home, where we waited for the midnight train. Next morning we were in Louisville, and soon after breakfast Barnes and I took a down-river steamer.

"During the day, I was kept on the lower deck and relieved of the presence of my owner. You, who know nothing of slavery, cannot conceive of my state of mind. I was the property of a man I knew nothing about, going alone with him, I knew not whither, to be sold to some wealthy master for his favorite, perhaps. If I had not been so securely bound, I would have jumped overboard into the yellow river.

"Once or twice I had a glimpse of Barnes in the company of a little, neat-looking man, whose dialect proclaimed him a Yankee. Imagine my surprise when upon our arrival next morning at an Illinois town, this neat little man came to me, and bade me get up and come ashore. When I hesitated, he read me a bill of sale of myself, made out in his favor and signed by Barnes. I rose stiffly and prepared to follow him.

"'This is an Illinois town, sir,' I said, 'you can't hold slaves here.'

"'My girl, I don't want to hold you. Get off the boat and I'll explain all to you.'

Back in the shadow cast by an angle of the wall, he removed my fetters, and then began to explain.

"'I've been playing cards with your master, young woman. When I euchred him out of all the money he had, he put you up, and I won you, too. Come, let's find some breakfast. Brother Barnes is sound asleep. He thinks I am going on down to Memphis, and that he will have a chance to play another game for you.'

"After a good breakfast, he gave me the papers necessary to establish my freedom, and money enough to keep me for a few days.

"'Now go and take in washing, or do something else equally honest,' he said. 'Don't forget yours truly in your prayers. Oh yes, here's my card. Can you read? If you can't make a living let me know, and as I am responsible for your freedom, I'll help you a little. Good-by.'

"I was homeless, nameless and disgraced. I feared George Nelson of all people. I could never let my friends know I had been a chattel, even for a few hours. The first train west carried away my benefactor. The next went north, and carried me to the nearest city of any importance. I managed to dispose of the diamonds for a fair price, and went on to Chicago. I had not the means to live without work, and was not trained to do anything to make a living outside of home. The first employment I was able to secure was in a stock company at the ——— theater. The salary was the smallest, but I could

manage to exist upon it. I could not get a smaller; it might increase. I succeeded in keeping at work for sufficient to keep me in the barest necessaries. After a long time, I began to succeed better and my salary was raised. I have worked hard and long, and at last am in comfortable circumstances. I have kept my good character through all; I am thankful matters are so well with me."

"And no one knows of your— of how Mr. Nelson came to his death?" I asked.

"No one. He deserved it, and more," she replied, her face setting in the stern expression I had seen upon it at first.

Believing that much is forgiven to those who have suffered much, I did not condemn her. As I looked into the soft eyes, I could but believe that sometime her peace of satisfied vengeance would be replaced by the peace of forgiveness.

A MIDNIGHT WARNING.

A TALE OF THE CARLIST REBELLION.

BY T. F. O'BRIEN.

SO, old comrade, you would like to hear about my last ride for our brave Prince Carlos. Well, the relation of it pleases me but little. Let me reserve it for another time, and in its stead, let me recall an incident connected with that sad and bitter day.

We had been fighting, as you know, off and on for fully five weeks in the vicinity of Seo de Urgel. Sometimes we won and were in high hopes of putting our gallant Prince upon the throne of Spain. Sometimes we lost, but even then did not despair. Finally, Alfonso himself, having succeeded in winning over to his cause the Republican armies of the South and Center, came against us; and as my bosom friend, Juan Alferez, and I rode into battle, side by side, on the morning of October 12th, we told one another that to-morrow's sun would see Don Carlos on a throne or in a tomb. We fought. We were beaten; but it was by Spaniards. Our forces were scattered in every direction; all order was lost; it was a *sauve qui pent.*

A little after nightfall I found myself about five miles from the battlefield—we had fought till dusk—and knowing that I was in comparative safety, I determined to rest for a few hours in a wood close by the road, before resuming my journey to my Pyrenean home. The cause of Don Carlos was lost for the present. Seo de Urgel must now fall, and no rendezvous was left for the remnant of our scattered troops. To go home, therefore, and wait for the next *revuelta* was the only course open to the adherents of the lost cause. My friend Juan had been separated from me during the last furious charge of Alfonso's horse, and I knew not whether he was living or dead. I felt certain, however, that if living he would ride as quickly as myself to our mountain home, where my little Cora—my pretty sister—was praying for his and my safe return.

Having turned my charger, Morisco, loose to provide for himself, I made a pillow of his saddle, and wrapping my overcoat around me I lay down at the foot of a large copper-beech that grew on the outskirts of the wood. Being weary, I soon slept. I do not know how long it was before I started up with the impression that Cora had grasped me by the shoulder, and her words, "Awake! awake! Go and save Juan," seemed ringing in my ears.

I listened, but all was still. I treated it as a dream, the result of the fighting and the fatigue of the day. Nobody could be near. The moon was shining

brightly, and there was Morisco quietly grazing, not fifty yards from where I lay. If anybody had come near he would have warned me. He did warn me the night of the battle of Cuenca, when the soldiers of Isabel had almost surrounded me as I lay asleep under the shadow of the Cantabrian mountains. Pulling my overcoat more closely around me, I soon slept again. And again, as before, I suddenly awoke with the same words ringing in my ears, "Awake, awake. Go and save Juan." This time, however, there seemed to be added, "Go to the ruined monastery."

I determined to obey, although still treating the entire affair as the result of a fevered imagination. The monastery was not far away (I knew it well), and on my homeward road. The night, too, appeared far advanced, and the greater the distance between me and the scene of yesterday's battle, the safer I would feel. So calling Morisco to me, I bridled and saddled him, and started forward at a rapid trot, keeping eye and ear on the alert, for I knew that enemies could not be far distant from me.

In a short time I pulled up under the shadow of the trees about a hundred yards from the ruin, and determined to creep forward and look around. I did so.

Ha! that dark mass lying on the road near the broken down gateway, what is it? A dead man? I will go over and see. But hold! That noise! The tramp of soldiers, as I live!

I quickly drew into the shadow. Presently they came into view—four of them. They, too, noticed the object. They halted.

After a short consultation, they came over to look at it. They bend over and examine it.

Suddenly one of them, the leader, I presumed, stood erect and cried out, "A prize, *hombres*—a prize, *por Dios!* It is the rebel captain and cut-throat Juan Alferez! Alive he is good for 2,000 *pesos*, dead he is worth half that amount —placed upon his head for killing Marshal Concha three months ago. So Seranno then proclaimed, and so has our brave Alfonso since confirmed. And he is living, too. *Por Dios!* but we are in luck."

Now, imagine my situation. Here I was, not twenty yards away while they were calculating upon being rich out of my poor friend's capture and death.

But Juan is yet alive, and will be so much longer if I can help it. True, they are four, but I am more than a match for them.

I drew my revolver, a marvel of accuracy and workmanship, presented to me last year by *El Señor Americano*, who was sightseeing on our mountains. I am justified in killing them, and this is good for six lives. But yet the fewer I slay the better; needless blood it is not good to shed. They were preparing to bear him off while I was revolving these things in my mind. I took deliberate aim and fired. One soldier dropped dead. The three others gazed around, bewildered; they imagined an ambuscade. I rushed toward them, brandishing my weapon and shouting, "Come on *amigos*, we have them!" Then I called upon them to surrender. They fled for their lives. One, however, waited long enough to lift his bayoneted musket, with the intention of plunging it into Juan's breast; but before the blow had time to descend, I again fired, and he fell a corpse across the body of his intended victim. Then I fired three more shots into the air in rapid succession. There was now no danger of their returning; they were too badly frightened to venture. I hurried up to where my poor friend lay and quickly tore open his tunic.

Thank God, he still lives! his heart yet beats!

I made a hasty examination of his body, but could find no wounds except one on the back of his head, which looked more like a bruise such as some blunt instrument would cause, than anything that a warlike weapon could

inflict. I stood puzzled. Surely that insignificant wound,—the skin was scarcely broken—was not sufficient to produce his death-like trance? However, there was no time to be lost in idle speculation. At any moment the enemy might again come upon us. The sound of the firing might direct them. I had found my friend, and now to save him! Would it be safe to attempt the journey to our mountains in his present condition? Would it not be better to ride to Orduna, where he could be properly attended,—with a possibility of concealment? We were ninety miles from home, but Morisco, though doubly weighted, could take us over that distance in twelve hours if we met no enemies,—which seemed a much less likely contingency than if we went north to Orduna. Once there, too, Juan—we both—would be absolutely safe. Besides, how anxious poor Cora and my mother must be, knowing of all the fighting that has been going on!

This thought determined me. I resolved to take the road by the foot of the mountains, although it was the longer one, because if pursued I knew of a safe hiding place which had more than once before saved me from falling into the hands of the enemy. It was about ten miles from where I stood, and I knew if I escaped observation for that distance, all was well for the remainder of the way. Every peasant in Vascongadas and Alava would lay down his life for Prince Carlos, and the uniform of an officer of his would assure us every kindness from them.

But first, let me describe this hiding place; it will figure prominently before my tale is done. The road, as I have said, ran at the base of the mountains for the greater part of the way. It was dotted here and there with bridges over mountain torrents in the winter and spring, and over their dry beds in summer. The waters rushing down the mountain side for centuries, had hollowed out some of those beds into immense chasms, and it was on the brink of the deepest and most frightful of these that my place of refuge was situated. This particular chasm, or rather the portion of it that contained my "escondrijo," was approached by a rugged pathway that diverged into the mountains from the main road, running at perhaps an angle of 45° with it. This pathway was about a mile in length, and did not afford very safe traveling to one unacquainted with it. But Morisco, as well as myself, knew it, every inch. It led into a gently rising ground such as are not rare, as you know, on the sides of our mountains, at the farther side of which, and at the distance of perhaps three hundred yards, the chasm ran.

Such was the peculiarity of the ground on either side, that one could almost walk to its very edge without becoming aware of its existence. Down its side, at about the height of a man's breast, a ledge of rock projected barely wide enough for one person to walk safely along. This was about thirty yards in length. Over the brink, and indeed through the whole chasm, hung a heavy curtain of ivy and other creeping vines and plants. Not much of a retreat this, you will say, and with truth to one unacquainted with it. But if you stand upon a certain part of that ledge of rock, lift up the curtain of foliage, and press upon a particular point of its seemingly solid face, the rock gives way before you, and reveals an opening sufficiently large for a man to crawl through.

Go inside and you will find that the rock that yielded to your pressure swings upon a pivot, and that a slight exertion on your part is all that is needed to shut the opening and place you in complete safety. Then look around you, and in the semi-darkness you can make out that you are in a cave large enough to hold twenty men. Explore further, and you will see behind a large boulder, and partially concealed by it, another opening, and if you are venturesome enough to go through this,

you will find yourself in a still larger cave,—but this is sufficient for my story. That, then, was to be my objective point in case of pursuit.

To return. I called to Morisco, who trotted up. I hurriedly lifted Juan to the saddle-bow, sprang into the saddle, and was about to turn my horse's head in the direction of home, when suddenly I was arrested by a sound that almost paralyzed me for the moment. It was the trotting of horse. I listened with every nerve at its highest tension. The night was still and calm and the patter of hoofs upon the hard road reached my ears with appalling distinctness. They could be nothing else but enemies —no fugitive would ride so carelessly— and as I judged about a half mile distant. A bend in the road yet concealed them from my view, but they were approaching at a steady trot. I drew forth my cartridge box for the purpose of re-loading my revolver, but alas, I found it quite empty. One chamber yet remained loaded, but there were surely half a dozen horsemen coming, and what avail was one shot against so many. No, all our hopes must now rest upon Morisco and his ability to hold his own for ten miles until I could reach my hiding place. I wheeled him around, spoke to him, touched him lightly on the neck, and in a moment he was bounding beneath us, stretching forward in that swinging gallop which I knew so well. Scarcely had I started when a shout behind me told me that we were discovered. I turned my head, and *Dios*, there they were, six of them, spurring their horses into the gallop just after turning the bend of the road. I could see them plainly enough now. The moonlight glinted from helmet and scabbard, from polished brass and polished steel, and even as I looked I heard that peculiar ring that told me sabres were being drawn, and I saw them flash as they waved them above their heads.

Notwithstanding my danger, a thrill of pleasure shot through me to see how bravely they rode; the horses bending forward to the stride, the riders with scabbards clanking against stirrup-irons, with plumes tossing in the breeze raised by their rapid motion, and with sabres every now and then flashing back the moonlight as it struck their glittering sides. Ah! if my charger were not doubly weighted what a gallant ride it would be! Well I knew that there was not a horse in Alfonso's army that could equal him in speed and endurance. With myself alone upon his back, I could bid defiance to all the legions of the Pretender, even though every horseman he could muster were let loose upon my track. But there is a limit to endurance. Can he now hold his own for ten miles? He is comparatively fresh; he has had some rest since yesterday's battle. And my pursuers — evidently they have been scouring the country all night, eager for prisoners and for spoil. This, then, is an advantage. As yet they are gaining nothing. They are a good half-mile behind. Speed on, then, my Morisco; we must not let them take us now, after having come safely through so many dangers together!

We had now got out of the belt of woods, and the road lay straight before us without bend or turn for fully three miles. A level country is at one side; the mountains on the other. Did the hedges fly past me? I do not know; I could not tell; my attention was divided between holding Juan firmly before me, and my pursuers behind

The first mile is passed, and, *Dios!* we are clearly gaining on them. Bravo, my Morisco, we'll baffle them yet. I pat his neck and I can see his eye glancing back at me, as if in response to my caress. He seems fresh and strong, and my heart fills with hope.

Juan lay across my saddle-bow supported by my bridle arm. He was limp and motionless. I knew he was alive, because he was now breathing heavily. I must save him; my little Cora must not be left to mourn her lover. This is the thought that surged through my brain, as with bound after bound

my gallant charger spurned the dust beneath his feet and widened the gap between himself and our pursuers.

Now, the fever of excitement, stimulated by hope, began to rush through my veins. I raised myself in my stirrups, waved my helmet and gave utterance to a shout of triumph. It was answered by a yell of rage, and a shower of imprecations distinctly reached my ears, as my pursuers urged on their horses at the top of their speed.

Already they are stringing out; two of them are lagging behind? But what is this? *Dios!* the four foremost horses are gaining on me,—gaining slowly but surely.

I spoke to my charger, but it put no change in his speed—my poor beast was doing his best. Whip or spur I never used; Morisco did not need them. His master's voice was always sufficient to induce him to exert his utmost power. Three miles of the distance was covered. Their gain on me was slight. There is hope yet. On, on, my gallant steed!

And on and on we went, across bridges that seemed to groan and bend beneath us; up hill, breasting the rise with noble effort; down hill at break-neck speed; across the levels;—with the enemy all the time creeping closer and closer, until at last, thank God, I wheeled my horse, still galloping hard, off the main road and up the rocky pathway that led to my haven of refuge, with my foes not more than fifty yards behind!

Here, at last, we are upon even terms. My horse's double burden is fully balanced by their ignorance of the pathway. I hear them thundering after me, encouraging their weary horses, and cursing the bowlders that impede their way. Crash! Ha! one of them is down, but there is no slacking of the chase. The others, three of them, as I can see, are coming on. But let them come. A little more, my brave Morisco, one effort more and you will have preserved two lives. Already half the pathway is behind us. Already I can see the opening of the plateau. On, on, once more! Now the rocks and the rifts are behind us. Another effort, a gallop over the soft and springy turf and we are safe.

Ah *Dios!* My blood was rushing through my veins like liquid lightning. I was almost insane from the intoxication of the mad ride. Never, not even in the thickest of the battle's strife, when men can see naught but blood, had I felt as I felt now. Hope—dread of failure—the fierce excitement of the ride—all mingled together and acted like a scorching fire upon my brain. Now hope and triumph were uppermost. A hundred yards more and the enemy would be baffled, when suddenly, and with the ferocity of a mountain cat, Juan turned upon me, grappled with me in mad delirium, as if I were his deadliest enemy, and. taking me unawares, hurled both me and himself from the saddle.

It was an awful moment What was I to do? There was no time to remount Morisco; they would be upon us before we were seated upon his back! Fight? Yes, if needs must; but first every means must be tried to save Juan. If the worst comes, he will be taken only over my dead body.

These thoughts coursed through my brain quicker than I take to tell them. Motioning Morisco away, I determined to try our last chance. Snatching Juan up in my arms (strange to say, no sooner had we fallen from the horse than he had relapsed into his former swoon), I ran with him towards the chasm's edge, now only a hundred yards distant. A shout of laughter from my pursuers greeted the performance, and looking back I could see they were reining in their horses, certain that their prey could not now escape them. I thanked God in my heart for their delusion; it was giving me seconds upon every one of which, perhaps, hung two lives.

Half the distance was covered by me, when what seemed the signal of death rang in my ears.

"A race! a race! Who takes them gets the prize!" shouted one of the troopers.

Now, God give me strength, they are coming at a gallop, in a string — one — two — three; thirty yards from me — twenty — ten, — I am over the brink; I stagger with my burden; I clutch the ivy in a grip of despair; I lift it up, throw myself against the cavern door, and totter forward to sink down exhausted but safe on its rocky floor.

Scarcely had the door swung to when a yell of deadliest terror and dismay seemed to fill the chasm from end to end, and immediately after, borne up to me on the echoes, came the dull, horrible crash of two heavy bodies dashed to pieces on the rocks below. Those two foremost riders had galloped to their death, galloped right into the yawning chasm before they saw it opening to engulf them.

After this I must have become unconscious. The next thing I became sensible of, was little shafts of light falling across the floor of the cave, having made their way from the outer world through the crevices of the opening. My first thought was of Juan. I started up and approached him as he lay by the rocky wall. I found him breathing heavily. Now, at least, I was at liberty to try and revive him; so taking out my wine flask, I succeeded in getting a small quantity of its contents down his throat. Then, opening my canteen, I bathed his temples with water, expecting every moment to see him revive. But no. A full half hour was spent in my unsuccessful efforts, and then I concluded he was beyond all aid from me. A more skillful hand was necessary. Desisting from my work, I cautiously approached the opening of the cave, removed the covering rock, and listened. All was silent as the grave. I lifted the screen of evergreens and peered out. Nothing in sight; but a hundred feet below, with the ravens hovering midway between me and them, were two shapeless brown masses. I knew at once they were all that remained of the two dragoons and their horses. I stood on the edge of the rock and looked over the little plateau. Thank God! there was my brave Morisco grazing quietly, bridled and saddled. No enemy, nothing else was in sight. Where, then, is the remaining dragoon who tried so hard to ride us down a few hours before? Evidently the tragic fate of his two companions was more than his courage could stand. Or perhaps he had gone back for reënforcements to aid him in capturing us. Well then, Ramon, it is time you were moving. I hurriedly return to the cave, take a long pull at my wine flask, raise my poor comrade in my arms, and remove him to the open air. Morisco sees us and comes running up, whinnying with joy. Once more placing Juan before me across the saddle-bow, I vault into my seat, turn my horse's head in the direction of the Pyrenees, and that same evening sees us ascending the slope that leads to my mother's castle.

. . . . . .

Watching with Cora beside Juan that night, I was suddenly startled by her abrupt exclamation, as she turned her tear-stained face to me and said:

"Oh, Ramon; I knew it. I knew he was hurt. I have had such terrible dreams!"

"What dreams, *mi querida*?"

"I saw Juan lying lifeless, just as he is now, by the roadside, with soldiers standing over him, one of whom raised his bayonet to plunge it into his heart. My blood froze. I tried to rush forward and save him, but was unable to move. At last, in my agony, I succeeded in calling frantically on you, Ramon, to save him for me, and then I awoke trembling and affrighted."

"When was this, Cora?"

"Only last night."

Last night! Good heavens! It was last night I heard her call to me.

I have never tried to explain this mystery to myself.

For three days and nights Juan lay there in the same deadly unconsciousness, all the time carefully watched and tended by Cora and my mother. On the fourth morning I went into the bedroom to look at my old friend. I found Cora sitting by the bedside, his hand in hers.

"He is well, Ramon," she exclaimed on seeing me enter; "he is well." "Thank God!" I ejaculated, almost mechanically; and then, "I see he is well—and all is well, *caro mio*, significantly.

Juan smiled sadly—"Not all, Ramon; not all. Our cause"——

"Will revive," I said, and left the room.

BARBARA'S ESCAPADE.

By Gertrude B. Millard.

I.

"I TELL thee the girl shall not go!" Gustaf Johannison puffed fiercely at his black pipe and glared from under his shaggy brows at the expectant family circle.

The little housemother ceased her pleading, and gazed helplessly at the floor; Carl and Gretel cowered closer together on their box seat; it frightened them when "Vater" looked that way. A sullen frown fell like a shadow over Barbara's round, good-natured countenance. Only Hans maintained his sturdy independence of attitude, saying boldly: "But, Vater, she could get fifteen dollars a month and Marit says places are plenty."

"Ja! Ja! fifteen dollars a month is good! but come harvest time then one man more must I hire, and thirty dollars a month must I pay, so I make nothing. It is not good for girls to go away; look thou at Marit! She comes here dressed like a lady! I will not that Barbara shall learn these fine American ways."

The German gutturals rolled gruffly from the old man's tongue and the cloud from his pipe rounded in angry billows. It was no use; Hans subsided into a chair and began to hum "Vaterland, mein Vaterland." For the first time in all her eighteen summers Barbara found tongue to oppose her father.

"Mein Vater, I do not want to wear American clothes; I want to learn American cooking; and if I get fifteen dollars for four months, that will pay a man two months, thou wilt not need one longer, then all the winter will this money be clear; and Max—"

"I tell thee thou shalt stay home! Max!—it is Max always! Thou art too young for lovers, let me hear no more of this nonsense!"

The head of the house turned his back on the group and picking up *Der Pionier* buried himself in the prices of produce.

The little Dutch clock on the shelf behind the stove ticked off the minutes soberly; the mother's needles clicked and the long stocking grew under her deft fingers; from time to time she stole commiserating glances at her eldest daughter, but her lips were sealed. The little ones in the corner whispered softly over their spelling lesson; they dared not study aloud, for the incomprehensible English syllables made "Vater" angry always.

The neat, foreign-looking kitchen was charged with suppressed excitement, electric with forced submission. Fretted by the silence, the younger man rose noisily and sauntered to the door, still tunefully humming *Mein Vaterland*. Barbara, her eyes full of tears, slipped after him as soon as her father seemed

too absorbed to notice her movements. Hans was leaning against the pump, waiting for her. There was a strong bond between the brother and sister. "It's ein shame!" he growled, wrathfully, as the girl ran across the strip of trodden ground between the barn and shanty, "Mein Fader ist pig-headed ofer dis pisness; he only say you shall stay pecause Marit und Max vant you to go!"

"Dot ist so! He like nodt mein goot Max; he vill nodt haf us to marry!"

Barbara was crying in good earnest now, her face covered with her apron. Hans looked angrier than ever, but laid a rough hand tenderly on the bright head as she sat on the edge of the horse trough, jerking out between her sobs: "Marit haf say in dis kondry ein girl may marry at eighteen anyhow; only Max haf nodt yet moneys, and Vater vill nodt dot I might earn some."

"Prut, leedle schwester, cry not!" interrupted the brother hastily, "I hear the whistle of Max."

Barbara seized his hand and they slipped like shadows through the great gate toward two other shadows advancing in the dusk.

Marit Brennan, dressed in white, her broad, straw hat all covered with nodding artificial poppies, contrasted sharply with Barbara in her dingy brown gown, and smooth, bare head; but she ran up and kissed her blithely, exclaiming at her damp cheek, "Why, Barbara, you haf peen crying! Is it sure then, you may nodt go mit us to Fargo?"

"Nein! der Fader say nodt ven Mutterli ask him," grumbled Hans, for the girl's disappointment welled up again. "He haf peen granky tonidt und tell her 'Tink nb more uf Max!' Idt hurt der leedle gal's feelin's. Ach, fear nodt; she haf nodt gif you up, mein frien," as the broad-shouldered young yeoman cast an anxious glance at his weeping betrothed.

Barbara, still speechless, included brother and lover in one moist smile, and Brennan drew her arm through his masterfully, while Hans, well pleased, took his place beside the lively Marit.

"Come!" she cried, grimacingly, "Fader Johannison likes nodt our company: if he come now to der door he call 'Barbara!' und 'Hans!'" with a comical attempt at gruffness, "und den is our last talk spoilt." And Hans, knowing she was right, led the way around the corral toward the big hay wagon back of the barn. His companion's tongue ran volubly as they moved; she perched herself coquettishly on the high seat, and as he swung himself up beside her the young man called to the laggards, "Hurry you Barbara und Max, Marit haf ein blan to tell to you!"

To go to town and learn something beyond the hard outdoor drudgery of a German country woman's life was the dream of Barbara Johannison's girlhood. In spite of their prairie isolation these young foreigners had absorbed enough of the American spirit to chafe at their father's grim rule. The settlers of the country around them did not send their daughters into the field, nor compel grown sons to toil at home shareless.

Hans was twenty-three and wanted his freedom, but did not wish to lose the proceeds of his past few years' hard work, and bided his time with Teutonic phlegm, feeling he was a man and could compel his father's respect.

But for Barbara the case was different. No amount of reasoning could ever persuade the prejudiced old farmer that a girl should be anything but an obedient slave, first in the house of her father, and then in that of her husband, to whom she should be handed over only at her father's pleasure. Old Gustaf was well able to hire help for his farm work, and to grant comforts to his women folk besides. Hans grudged every moment spent by his young sister in ploughing and digging, and longed for the day when Barbara, too, like other girls, might dress daintily and learn new things.

Together the two plotted to bring about some improvement. When the Brennan young folks, old neighbors, came again to the vicinity after a year's absence and begged to take Barbara back to town with them, the brother and sister had seized upon the proposal as a solution of the present difficulty and a step toward better things. Johannison's consent was problematic. Hans felt sure the idea of Barbara's earning money would win him over: but the wary old man, who dreaded sorely that his offspring might be Amercanized from under his control, became alarmed at the visitors' change in appearance, not only refusing utterly to listen to his daughter's plea, but developing strong opposition to those arrangements among the young people to which he had once tacitly agreed

This was a hard blow to Barbara; she clung tenaciously to her love, avoiding direct conflict with her father and so escaping absolute commands, until tonight, when her longing for change had nerved her to supplement her mother's and brother's asking, and drawn down the order she feared, filling her soul with helpless rebellion.

"I vill pe drue to you, Max, und fader may scoldt undil Doomsday!" they heard her say slowly as the couple approached the hayrack, a patient, dogged look settling on her round visage.

"Ach, dat ist richte!" exclaimed Marit laughing, then from her impromptu pulpit she went on earnestly: "Now listen what I dell you, Barbara Johannison: you peen eighteen, und you peen in dis United Stadts now; if I vas you I'd go to Fargo ennyhow, fader or no fader."

Barbara gasped at such audacity. Looking at her brother she cried shrinkingly: "Vater vould tie me oop, und dak der vip ofer mein pack, like as he do Gretel ven she minds nodt!"

Her lover's hands clenched, "Vould he dare?—he ist ein brute!" he cried angrily. Young Johannison shrugged his shoulders, "Mein fader vill pe alvays Cherman," he said.

"If really you vant to go, Barbara, I dink ve can haf it fix for you. Mak you ein leedle pundle mit your gloes und hide it in der parn. Come noon, you schlip avay ofer to Hanson's und tak der stage mit der oders; I vill gif you der moneys for stage fare, und Marit vill help you find ein blace, und Max you vill see efery Sundtay. Fader he'll pe bretty mad, put ven you peen gone he can't peat you, und if you send home some moneys bretty soon he'll forgif you."

This was a long speech for deliberate Hans; he paused for a reply. His sister seemed stunned by the wild proposition—to run away from home, to brave her father's wrath, and take things into her own hands! Could it be steady old Hansel who was counseling such a freak? Barbara stared at him open-mouthed. She did not realize that it was Marit who had fired this train of eloquent daring in her sober brother's brain; so absorbed was she in her own course of love that the drama under her eyes escaped her.

Max, however, called to mind hints dropped in his hearing by that sprightly maiden, and nodded at her approvingly, adding his entreaties to the others' suggestions, while his sweetheart stood looking from one to another of the three helplessly.

The moon shining through the hayrack painted black bars of shadow on Barbara's homespun gown; her smooth, golden braids reflected the planet's lustre; her round, peasant face looked even pretty in the soft radiance of the spring evening, and little by little the perplexed scowl vanished, the somber eyes kindled.

Surely it was not right for her father to make a drudge of her all her days, taking for himself the best years of her life, denying her improvement and knowledge. Marit and Max wanted her to go; Max was her promised husband; she owed him something: and Hans,

her wise brother, who had fostered all these hopes and longings, thought she might go thus. With a deep sigh of resolution the girl raised her blue orbs to her lover's face, saying simply: "Ja! I vill go mit you so-morrow!"

Ten minutes later Barbara timidly followed her brother into the home kitchen. In answer to her father's harsh inquiry as to why she was not at her knitting, she said meekly: "I haf yust peen oudt mit mein Hansel!"

The grizzly farmer looked suspiciously from daughter to son; the latter was deep in the paper cast aside by the elder man; the former, once his eye was off her, flew up the narrow stairway to her bed room, forestalling the rebuke inevitable when any of his children addressed Gustaf Johannison in the tongue of his adopted country.

Too excited for action, Barbara dropped on the bare boards beside the window of the loft she shared with Gretel, straining her eyes into the shining obscurity for a final glimpse of her lover, and trying to collect her scattered wits; but the child's footfall put all meditation to flight. In this sisterly sanctum the hushed little tongue was wont to be unloosed; to-night poor Gretel found her sympathizer distraught and unlistening, and at last fell silent from sheer lack of encouragement; while the elder girl lay with beating heart, waiting till sleep closed the sharp, little eyes. When the soft, regular breathing of slumbering childhood fell on the listener's ear, a white figure crept from the low pallet, and with stealthy step moved about the still chamber; every creak of the ill-laid floor made her start and tremble as it echoed through the now silent farm house.

It did not take long to fold her few possessions into a neat package and pin them into the worn, grey shawl that had once belonged to her "Grossmutter;" then, with a feeling of relief that the first step had been taken, Barbara stretched herself once more beside the unconscious Gretel. Shivering with excitement, she drew the child into her arms and tried in vain to quiet her busy fancy, to keep closed the staring eyes that would follow the gleaming patch of moonlight slowly moving on the rough wall. She felt wildly elated in his sudden sense of independence, yet she could have cried at the thought of leaving dear "Mutterli" and the little ones. Gladness and grief divided her heart, mingled with a haunting fear that so unheard of a move could never be safely accomplished. Rest did not touch her overwrought brain till the clear cut, white patch had traveled all across the wall and disappeared, and with the dim, grey dawn her eyes unclosed. Disengaging her benumbed arms from about the still sleeping Gretel, she again slipped from her place, and dressing swiftly and silently, carried her precious parcel down and out.

She had fed the pigs and calves, and was busily milking old "Mollchen" when her father came out to feed and water the horses. He nodded approval of her timely efforts. Having asserted his authority as head of the household over night, he was inclined now to regard the culprit leniently, especially since her praiseworthy promptness had hastened the morning work.

Alone with her father, Barbara's resentment began to thaw, her conscience to prick, and her courage to ooze. If Hans had only known it, his tardier appearance was just in time to save his sister from a repentant confession that would have utterly destroyed Marit's schemes. She was ashamed to tell him of her weakness.

By the time the sun had his eyes fairly over the edge of the prairie the hasty breakfast was over and Hans and Barbara, each with horse and plough, were on their way to the north lot to break the fresh sod. It was hard work for this warm, spring morning; the girl's pale face flushed and her carefully pinned braids loosened and fell

down under the dusty kerchief; the swollen veins stood out on her bare, sun-burned arms, and after every round she rested, panting heavily.

Hans shouted encouraging words across the widening strip. Both knew that the father at work in the distance could oversee their field, and the two machines must be kept going, and Barbara's heart hardened again, every throb of her tired frame protesting against her employment and whispering of coming freedom.

When at last the shadows of the plough handles fell straight into the freshly turned furrow, the brother and sister gladly loosed the traces and drove home their reeking animals. Shaking off the accumulated soil from her clothing and recovering her bundle from its hidden nest, Barbara slipped from the barn and flew down the dusty road till the rising ground screened her from farmhouse and barnyard.

II.

Months passed; money and clothes came to the prairie farm from the distant town and loving letters reached the runaway in their turn: but these were from the mother. "Vater," she wrote, took the money and put it away in the cracked teapot, but he was still angry with Barbara, and her name was never mentioned in his presence. "I miss thee sorely, my own," she would add, "but I know not whether to wish thee with me."

Barbara in her tidy kitchen would rub her apron across her blurred eyes, picture her home with its quaint furnishings, and long to feel Mutterli's arms again.

And now it was harvest time; the tall grain waved in great, golden sheets as far as eye could see; the virgin prairie was glorious with the wild, yellow blooms of autumn. Gustaf Johannison and his boy had their hands more than full. The crop was heavy for once, and in spite of the annual influx from the surrounding states, Hans scoured the neighborhood in vain for an assistant laborer. He and his father had cut the early wheat, but the rest was coming on so fast that the need of help was imperative.

This was the time to put into execution a plan that had long been forming in the old man's stolid brain. One evening he hunted out pen, ink, and paper, and sat for hours after the others were in bed, painfully composing a letter. In the crisp freshness of early morning he plodded over to Hanson's and mailed the momentous epistle.

Two nights later Johannison stood in the door of his farmhouse puffing vigorously at his strong, black pipe. The beauty of light and shadow on the undulating plain as it lay under the strong beams of the rising moon, made no impression on his senses; he was watching the white streak of roadway with a pucker of anxiety between his bushy brows. A quarter of a mile off, the trail came over a rise. The man watching on the threshold saw a figure with bundle appear from the obscurity beyond and rapidly approach. Half turning, he spoke to someone in the room at his back: "Thou wilt to-night thy daughter see, Hausfrau; I wrote that she come!"

"Ach, Gustaf, thou didst not?" came out of the darkness in a distressed voice.

"Truly I have done it, and yonder she is. Go thou not to meet her!" He had heard a quick move behind him. "But when thou thy greeting hast had, send her to me in the hay barn."

His heavy footfall died away in the yard. The wife, literally obeying his injunction, sank back into the old rocker trembling; her knitting dropped to her lap; the mother heart yearned for her returning truant.

Barbara's breast was full of emotion as her elastic tread covered the well known road from Hanson's farm to her home. All the familiar prairie sounds; the whirr of the night-bird, the cheerful chirp, chirp, of the crickets, and the brisk croaking of frogs from the reedy

slough bed, fell on her ear gratefully. The soft night wind whispering from the west, fanned her tired head; she shifted her heavy bundle from left hand to right, and gave a sigh of relief that her journey was nearly done. The sunshine of the last twenty-four hours had been hard to bear.

Her father's curt missive calling her home had breathed displeasure in every line; but Mutterli was sick and needed her; Barbara gave thought to nothing else. Her heart stood still as she came in sight of the familiar buildings.

No light!—did that mean that her mother—? The girl dragged through the deathly stillness from gate to door. Now she stood on the threshold blinded by coming from the white outer radiance to that unlit interior. A choking cry rose in the darkness,—Barbara's bundle fell to the floor. Sobbing and laughing, she knelt by the splint rocker, clasped close in her mother's embrace.

That rapturous moment passed; the girl stepped quickly about the well remembered kitchen, lighting the lamp that she might see Mutterli's face, laying aside her hat, and questioning eagerly about the absent circle.

As the room brightened, her anxious eyes devoured the loved countenance before her. She traced none of the expected lines of sickness. The little mother's cheeks were round and rosy, and her looks were full of light as she gazed at her recovered treasure. Barbara realized that a cruel trick had been played upon her; but the anger this knowledge would have caused her earlier, was somehow swallowed up in her delight at being home.

Innate delicacy kept her from complaining of the ruse that brought her thither. She contented herself with eager asking about farm business; and then,—was Vater quite angry with her? Could Mutterli say how he would treat her? But on this point Frau Johannison could give no encouragement: he had said little,—perhaps he would not be hard on her; he needed her help very much.

With the old surroundings and home atmosphere, the old childish awe of her father fell upon Barbara's spirit. With a dread she thought impossible that morning, she shrank from the necessary meeting, and hung around her mother's chair, striving to put off the fatal moment, till the housewife said hesitatingly, "Is it not better to have over thy talk with the Father, Babchen?"

The girl kissed her mother softly on the forehead and went obediently from the room.

As on that decisive night four months ago, she slipped, bare-headed, across the strip of trodden ground between the house and barn; but now instead of sitting weeping on the horse trough, she ran up the incline and stood in the great barn door. Her shortened shadow fell distinct at her feet in the square of white light from the huge open portal; the sweet breath of new hay enveloped her, and from the stalls below came up the peaceful munching of cattle, and a gentle stamping of hoofs. No other sound broke the stillness and the young woman paused with beating heart, half fearful of entering the warm, sweet-scented cavern.

A click beside her made her start and tremble. She turned to face her father in the door. The moon glare lay on his determined, grim-lined face; his long grey hair was tossed over his fierce brow, and his eyes burned. In his hand he carried the plaited thong he used to drive the cattle. It was an apparition to make the stout-hearted quail, and Barbara shrank from his harsh outburst.

"So thou hast come, thou Disobedient One! Thou hast yet love for her who bare thee, though thou caredst not for shame heaped on my head! A fine example art thou to thy sister! Wouldst thou run off from honest work? Thinkst thou to play the lady like these American fools? I'll teach thee, then, to mind thy father, girl,—women and brutes whips alone can conquer."

He stepped closer with threatening gesture. Before his lifted arm could fall Barbara's voice broke the frightened hush. "Hear thou me, Herr Vater. It was not right that I should steal away, but if thou strike me I will go again, and never, *never*, wilt thou get me home!"

The self-reliance of the past months had done much for Barbara. She had cowered like a child under the bitterness of his reproach, but Gustaf Johannison stared in sheer amazement at the young creature whose suppressed tones struck his ear. Could this be his little Barbara?—this self-possessed maiden who thus dared him? The dull braids and big blue eyes were there, but the round youthful face was set and hard; an impalpable change had come over her; a dignity, a self-respecting air, that touched him with a kind of awe. Insensibly he lowered his weapon, and the girl's passionate, low voice went on.

"They were good to me where I have been, but I am glad once more to see my home. Thou art my father,—I will mind thee, and work for thee as thou wilt, if thou say that I may marry Max: but surely as that I am thy daughter, I go and come not again, if once only thou strike me."

So they stood facing each other, the bright harvest moon drawing sharp markings on their faces, and on each the markings were the same. The blue eyes met the grey, and the old man knew his daughter's spirit was his own. The lash fell from his heedless hand. "Go in! I will not strike thee, child!" he said.

THE FIRST VIOLIN IN AMANA COLONY.

A SKETCH.

By Maude Vary Ebersole.

IF THE elders of Amana Colony had known that there was to be found within its borders such a thing as a violin, there would have been great commotion until the sinful thing had been removed. Had the hotel keeper at Amana known that that violin was in his daughter's possession, he would have forthwith destroyed it. The underlying principles of the Colonists' belief are economy and utility, and, as the possession and use of musical instruments was believed by them to be in opposition to both these principles, musical instruments of all kinds were strictly forbidden.

No one but Frida Schwalm knew about the violin, and it was her only treasure. She kept it hidden in her own little room, and only occasionally, when her father was resting of an evening on the vine-clad porch, would she dare steal away under cover of the friendly darkness and, slipping noiselessly among the thick clumps of trees that skirted the river bank, draw the bow across the strings.

The violin had once belonged to a wandering musician who, reduced to poverty and suffering from exposure and hunger, had sought aid from the charitable Colonists. While there, disease and death had overtaken him and he had confided his only property, the precious violin, to Frida's keeping. At first her conscience troubled her for having this secret from her father, and more than once she had determined to tell him. But every time she touched the strings they spoke to her in such sweet strains that she could not let it go. As time went on, the stolen moments by the river-side grew more and more precious, until the anticipation of them was her inspiration in her daily tasks.

I said no one knew of the violin but Frida. One other shared her secret, and that was Ludwig. Poor Ludwig might be implicitly trusted to keep the secret, for he had been speechless all his life. Many an evening the old trees had stretched their protecting branches over these two and the violin, and listened as the faint, subdued strains of the stolen music floated up to them. Heaven must have hushed the sound ere it wandered out to bring trouble to the musician.

"Ludwig," said Frida one evening, "I am going away." Could she have seen the pained, surprised look in the speaking eyes she would have felt her resolution shaken; but the darkness hid it, and she only felt the pressure of his hand and guessed what he would say.

"Yes, Ludwig, I am going to run away. I cannot live here any longer, for I want to learn to play. I am going to-night, and shall take the violin with me. No, Ludwig, you could not go. You must stay here and wait for me. I will come back when I have conquered it, and I shall play, oh, *so* beautifully."

The next morning consternation stalked through the village street. Frida Schwalm was gone! For many an evening the little groups that gathered in the chapels for prayers talked of her disappearance, and at the kitchens, when they all gathered for the daily meals, Frida's name was in every mouth until there was nothing left to say.

The little hotel keeper loved his daughter with the love that is born of loneliness and expended on the only companion of the last years of a troubled life. In the little cemetery there were five rude wooden crosses that marked the resting places of Frida's mother, brother and sisters. Frida alone had been spared to cheer his home, and now *she* had deserted him—left him without a word or sign of her going!

Ludwig's heart ached for Frida and the violin. No one pitied him, as they pitied her father, for no one knew of his love. But he had what Johann Schwalm only dreamed of and tried to imagine, and that was hope. Had not Frida said she would return? Had she not asked him to wait and watch for her? And day by day the hotel keeper, while he performed his tasks with a calmness that deluded the Colonists into the belief that he had ceased to grieve for his lost Frida, watched for her with the persistent habit of despair. Day by day Ludwig waited for her with the feverishness of hope long deferred. Five long years they watched and waited and prayed for her return.

At last she came, just as she said she would come. She came down the stairs from her little room one morning, as if those years had been but a night, and she was taking up her tasks where she had laid them down the evening before. Her face was older and changed, bearing traces of her experience out in the world. Instead of the severe Colony blue calico, the folded handkerchief about the neck, and the black cap on the head she wore a simple white dress and upon her head only the glorious crown of sunny hair Nature had given her.

Who could tell of the joy that came back to the father's heart that day? There was not a word of chiding, not a question asked; only a kindly, almost passionate greeting, his soul speaking its happiness through the stern old face that glowed with the love of his great, kind heart. He knew that his Frida would tell him all that had happened; and why and where she had gone, and he left it for her to choose the time and manner of telling him. And she did tell him—of the struggles she had had; how she had to toil and save to earn her way, and how at last her talent had been discovered, and she had been befriended by one who had taught her just for the joy of developing the gift of music God had given her.

"Father," she said, "I went to master it; I have just begun to see what I may

do, but I wanted you to know now, and I want you to let me play for you."

The news that Frida had come spread through the village, and some neighbors came to the hotel that first evening to learn if it were true.

When they had all entered the room, Frida came forward, carrying her violin, and said: "My friends, I want to tell you a story—the story of the years that I have been away from you."

She stood before the open window, her white-clad figure clearly outlined against the red glow of the setting sun. First she drew from the violin a few quiet, gentle strains, setting forth the uneventful, monotonous life in the colonies. She glanced at the faces before her, and in each one she saw pictured the prejudice of generations. She *must* dispel it; she *must* conquer their hearts by her playing. The music then burst into a wild, passionate longing, expressive of the soul hunger that led her away from home. Then followed the story of the years of patient, hard toil, and Frida was lost to her surroundings. She was a part of the music. The violin talked to them; it seemed to tremble with life; it had a soul, for Frida had lent it hers. When her story was finished in a glad, exultant chord of triumph, it died away with the voice of pleading—that thought which has inspired the most beautiful and touching strains that mortal ears have ever heard—and the hand which held the bow dropped at her side: the violin was lowered. She saw tears in their eyes, and glistening down their cheeks, and she knew that she had conquered their hearts.

There was a slight movement outside the window, and a hand touched hers. Turning, she saw the radiant face of Ludwig, his eyes fairly speaking the thoughts of his great, earnest soul, and her happiness was complete. *He* had heard her play, too. She could see it in his eyes.

The world outside boasts of its superior civilization; its cultured social life; but there, in that room in the unpainted, homely hotel in the Colony of the True Inspirationists, a musician was receiving a higher compliment than ever courtier paid his queen.

The visitor who passes through the village now hears the occasional strains of a violin or an accordeon; and it is because one girl, obeying the voice from within her, dared to brave the unknown world beyond her quiet home, and, flooding the very hearts of the Colonists with its music, swept out prejudice with the song of the first violin.

INLAND.

AS NOW and then the surging sea
Sweeps far within some sluggish stream,
So into life's slow, creeping dream
Rise tides from our eternity.

Upon the bank our passive sleep
Is stirred by scent of ocean-breath,
Beyond the hiding summits, Death
Waits where our river finds the deep.

Selden L Whitcomb.

MARY GRINNELL MEARS COTTAGE—IOWA COLLEGE.

THE SOCIAL LIFE OF A GIRL IN IOWA COLLEGE.

BY HELEN B. MORRIS AND EMELINE B. BARTLETT.

"Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim."

ONE feels as if he were in danger of falling upon Scylla or Charybdis in trying to tell of student life; for if much attention be paid to the scholastic, the real side of college training, if one only mentions the hours day after day spent in writing themes or working on abstruse problems, a reader might say, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." On the other hand, if one only touches upon Friday and Saturday night jollifications, the thought is sure to come to some minds to question when studying is done. The students in Iowa College do study, and study hard; but in order to do that there must come relaxation from a varied social life; for it has long been an acknowledged fact that no educational institution can claim to have attained to the fulfillment of its highest mission, if it has failed to recognize that the most perfect and rounded growth of the student is only to be obtained from two sources—the development of his physical and mental faculties—and the use which he is taught to make of this development. The former is to be gained from the education of his natural abilities; the second, from the intercourse with fellow-beings. In any college worthy of the name, advantages without number are given for the continual advancement along the lines of mental broadening. It is only an institution alive to what the truest meaning of education is, that opens legitimate avenues for its students to gain from mutual intercourse the benefits which can never be reaped from book lore alone. This is a fact which Iowa College has had in mind from the commencement of its existence, the ever present influence which is exerted over its students that the broadest life is the life lived for and with their fellow-beings. The results of this teaching are seen not only in the class-room, but to a still greater measure on the campus, in the society hall, in the gymna-

sium, in fact everywhere where the good fellowship existing between the co-workers is manifested in the various phases of their life together.

As in every place the social life depends largely upon the influence of the women of the community, Iowa College is no exception to that rule. Although the men outnumber the women, it is the latter who take the lead in social matters. This is seen, for instance, in the workings of committees for class parties, where the girls do the greater part of the planning, leaving the boys to carry out their arrangements. Right here is to be noted one of the main differences between a girl's life in a Western co-educational college and that in an institution in the East like Smith or Vassar. There, where men are a rarity, a scarcity, and at a premium, if a girl wants a tack driven she learns to do it herself. If there is to be a party she must give the invitation, send the flowers and call for her "lady" in as chivalrous a manner as her brother. If a play is to be given she is obliged to represent either hero or heroine, villain or lover, with equal versatility, till at last, upon receiving her degree, and coming out into the world, she is apt to discover that, owing to the long period, she has been almost ignorant of their existence, her needs for men are very few. What wonder that the percentage of marriages among the graduates of women's colleges is small! There, although a girl may have gained the knowledge and ability to do anything and everything with a hairpin, and a certain independence and self-reliance, she is liable to have lost her contact with the world and the surroundings in which she must spend the rest of her life, while in a coeducational institution she is not shut off like a novice in a nunnery. Here she keeps in touch with her fellows, thus obtaining a knowledge of men as well as women, which is a valuable part of her college education. Not only is this done by the daily association in the class-room work, but by the Friday evening calls, the class parties, the lectures and concerts, and the various forms of exercise to be participated in by two, where invariably the rule is followed, "the longest way round is the shortest way home."

But coeducation is not the only side to a girl's life in Grinnell. Living in little groups of six or seven around the town, there is opportunity for many a spread or fudge party, for which no chaperon, or permission of the faculty is necessary. From these houses the girls assemble for their meals in clubs of twenty or thirty which serve as a bureau of exchange for bits of news, where each one finds out "who is going with which," to the next party or lecture, who has been the recipient of the last box of flowers, etc. But this way of living in one place and boarding in another has its disadvantages. Even a tempting supper loses its attraction when the price to be paid for it is a walk of three or four blocks in a blinding storm, and, going to eight o'clock recitations, one frequently meets a pitcher and a mysterious bundle being carried to some room-mate who prefers an extra half hour sleep to exercise at that early hour.

But this difficulty has been partially done away with by the one college dormitory, "the Mary Grinnell Mears Cottage." This pretty brick cottage which is on the part of the college property given by the late Rev. Joshua M. Chamberlain, for so many years a trustee of the institution, offers a home for twenty-eight girls. It is presided over by one whose chief aim is to make the life there as homelike and attractive to the girls as possible, and to remind them in every way of the home influences they have left for four years. So large a family as this must naturally impose certain restrictions upon its members, who, however, enjoy all the privileges which their sense of courteousness and kindness would dictate. Many informal parties are held here; besides these,

IOWA COLLEGE, GRINNELL.

opportunities are given to outsiders to see of just what a good time a "Cottage girl" is capable. And one of the jolliest affairs in the annals of cottage life was one Hallowe'en masquerade to which a few favored college boys were invited; for unlike the portals of the institution of learning in Tennyson's "Princess," there is no scroll over the cottage door "Let no man enter in on pain of death."

Later in the year receptions are given to the various college classes, each with some distinctive feature introduced by the ingenuity of the girls' brains; as at one, souvenirs were given the guests consisting of a photograph of the Cottage, mounted on a card tied with the college colors scarlet and black.

Another distinctive Cottage function is the party given each year by the residents to the outside girls, who are always ready to come and share in the good times. Last year this took the form of a cake walk, and the gorgeous costumes there displayed would have created envy in any darky's heart. As the procession filed down the stair case to the tune of the "Darky's Cake Walk," it would not take a close observer to see that pure merriment and light-hearted jollity was to be the order of the evening. Every color of the rainbow was represented in combinations showing marvelous ingenuity, both in concoction of the garments and the way in which they were worn.

When one thinks of the advantages connected with such a dormitory as this, it is easy to see that one of the greatest needs of Iowa College is to have enough such houses for all the girls, places where they would be constantly in the home atmosphere, and where the benefits coming from close mutual intercourse might be more easily reaped.

These later results are not the only ones which would be obtained, as, for instance, healthy rivalry might be shown in seeing which house could give the best play, and which the most original party or entertainment. In this way the latent possibilities in each girl's character for adding to the general fund of mutual enjoyment would be developed and brought out. An instance of what this rivalry may do was seen last year when basket ball was first introduced in the College. Courts were laid out in the field adjoining the Cottage, and every afternoon one might see a busy bevy of girls tossing a ball about and making frantic efforts to land it in the basket. The Cottage girls, with characteristic enterprise, organized a team and challenged the rest of the College. For days before the match the coming contest was the one theme talked of, and the excitement arose to almost as high a pitch as before an all-important football game. Colors were chosen, the Cottage taking yellow and the College team wearing their rightful emblems, scarlet and black; yells were invented and nearly every member of the whole student body came out boldly as adherents to either the one team or the other. When finally the game was played it was a close one, showing admirable practice and skill on both sides, and the enthusiastic support the players received from the spectators made the contest a most interesting one. It was only after forty minutes of hard fought battle that the victory was carried off by the Cottage team and the supporters of the yellow were jubilant. Then came a return match, the result of which made the sides equal, and after that it was decided to end all rivalry by celebrating peace with a sleigh-ride and oyster supper.

This year the new gymnasium has turned the interest rather away from basket ball and tennis to regular gymnasium work. The constant moan used to be, "O, dear, must I go to gym today," the speaker not having energy enough to put the final syllables on the word gymnasium. This year, the opposite complaint is heard because that form of exercise cannot be taken every

THE COTTAGE PARLOR.

day. A visitor sitting in the gymnasium gallery, watching the spirited movements and eager faces, would never think of asking if the work was compulsory, and might be sure that students take no "cuts" in those classes. Any girl who cares at all for her physical welfare must feel that such a gymnasium adds a new inducement to go to Iowa College. If the interest in this work continues as at present we may soon have a girls' field day that will rival Smith or Vassar, and surely none of the colleges in this State could compete with any hope of success, for even without this building, with its perfect equipment for physical development, our girls were able to win the prize in the doubles and singles at the tennis tournament held last year. Though the work in the gymnasium is done in classes and strict discipline is maintained, still the minutes before it commences, and during the rests, offer opportunities for sociability and relaxation that add largely to the good results of the exercise. This is the common meeting ground for all the girls. Bound together here by the mutual interest in the same work, deeper knowledge of one another is gained than would be in any other way.

Here it is one notes particularly the absence of an objectionable feature so often found in colleges, and so conspicuously absent in Grinnell,—separate cliques are here almost unknown. In watching a class in the gymnasium it is easy to see that here, as well as in every phase of the student intercourse, they are accustomed to work together for the accomplishment of whatever end they have in view. To a great extent the success of every Iowa College organization is due to this spirit of union, this common striving together for the good of all.

Another broadening influence enjoyed by the girls here is gained from the work done by the various literary societies. In the College proper there are two, the Ellis and the Calocagathian, the latter generally known as the "Calocas." And besides these there is

the Elizabeth Barrett Browning Society in the Academy. These societies hold regular meetings Friday afternoons, from four to six, and the work done in them is of such a varied nature it is only possible to give general characteristics. Their aim is to supplement the college course along less scholastic, but yet very important, lines. If it were not a too hackneyed phrase one might say that they offer a course in "general culture." Each society takes some particular line of work for the year as, for instance, one semester, "Periodical Literature of the Present Day," was the topic. This, of course, branched off in many directions; the origin and development of the magazine; the lives of various well known journalists and magazinists; the treatment of various social questions; and many other points of interest. One part of each day's programme is a report on the news of the week. This is a particularly valuable part of the programme in a girls' society for everyone knows how rarely girls touch a newspaper. Following this, there is usually a short time devoted to extemporaneous work, when the President calls upon the different members to speak on topics of general interest. Now and then a meeting is given up to a debate. Dramatics, also, are not wholly lost sight of, though one who believes in them as an educational factor might wish that they played a more important part. At the end of each meeting the society critic offers suggestions on the work of the day, praising and condemning with perfect frankness. Then there is a five-minutes recess followed by a business meeting. Every member of the society is called on during the year to do her share of the work, though as it is in all societies, the brunt of the planning and execution must fall on a few. But one can readily see what an important factor these societies are in the education of an Iowa College girl. They teach her how to conduct public meetings and give her the easy manner and grace in public speaking that is more and more being required of women.

THE GYMNASIUM AT IOWA COLLEGE.

Another organization of the College which fills a different need in the life of the girl is the Young Women's Christian Association. Although this work is in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association, its main plan of action is quite separate and arranged and carried out exclusively by the girls. In its work it resembles other Christian associations and aims to strengthen the strong Christian sentiment of the College, and each year to help the new

INTERIOR VIEW OF THE GYMNASIUM.

girls feel at home and get a right start in their college course. In order that the new student may not arrive in Grinnell feeling as if there was no fellow worker who took the slightest interest in her coming, a number of the old girls meet the new arrivals at the train, and exert every power to "stave off" any feeling of loneliness which is only too natural to overwhelm a stranger in a strange town. In order to rout the same enemies, homesickness and loneliness, and to give chance for the extending of acquaintances, the first Friday in the term the members of the "Y. W." give an informal reception to the new girls, and in so hospitable and cordial a manner is this conducted that any feeling of strangeness and constraint the newcomer may have is soon forgotten. This is followed the next evening by a more formal joint reception given by the two Christian Associations to the whole student body, the faculty and friends. This is the largest social function of the year and in order to have adequate room the seats are taken out of the chapel, which assumes a holiday aspect with its unusual decorations, prominent among others being always the streamers of scarlet and black, colors which soon endear themselves to every Iowa College student. During the year the members of the Young Women's Christian Association, aside from coming to know each other through the business meetings, have a most delightful opportunity for closer acquaintance in their informal Saturday afternoon gatherings in one of the society halls. Here the girls meet, bring their work, of whatsoever character it may be, from humble mending to embroidery, and spend the time in jolly conversation or in listening to some interesting book read aloud, while a cup of tea aids the general sociability of the whole afternoon. Such intercourse can not fail to be a potent force towards the development of good fellowship and close union in thought and work among the girls.

But the description of their life in Grinnell would not be complete without a word or two in regard to the girls' Senior Club which has been formed

A GIRL'S ROOM.

this year and which, it is hoped, will become a fixture in the social customs. This is organized solely and simply for pleasure; nor does it exclude the boys entirely, as the latter are not infrequently requested to come and join in the good times, contributing their share of the general fund of mirth. This club holds its meetings every other Saturday evening, and is one of the most delightfully informal affairs imaginable, where no lack of loyal class spirit is shown, and general enjoyment seems to be the password.

These are some of the opportunities for social life that are offered to a girl in Iowa College, but the use made of them and help derived from them must depend largely upon the personality of each individual. No girl is obliged to mingle more than she cares to with her fellow-students, yet this side of the college life is broad enough to have some attraction for everyone and it is seldom one finds a recluse in the student ranks. There is a subtle and unconscious incentive for each one to contribute the best of herself to a mutual and helpful social intercourse. And while endeavoring to give the main points it has only been possible to touch upon a few of the features of the social life to be found. Thus bare mention has been made of the many influences which constantly surround the girls, intended to develop them into well educated, true minded and noble hearted, womanly women.

THE JESTER.

WHO laughs in motley to the crowded court,
And makes for idle days an idle sport,
May teach us yet in life's impartial school
'Tis *we* wears asses' ears and play the fool.

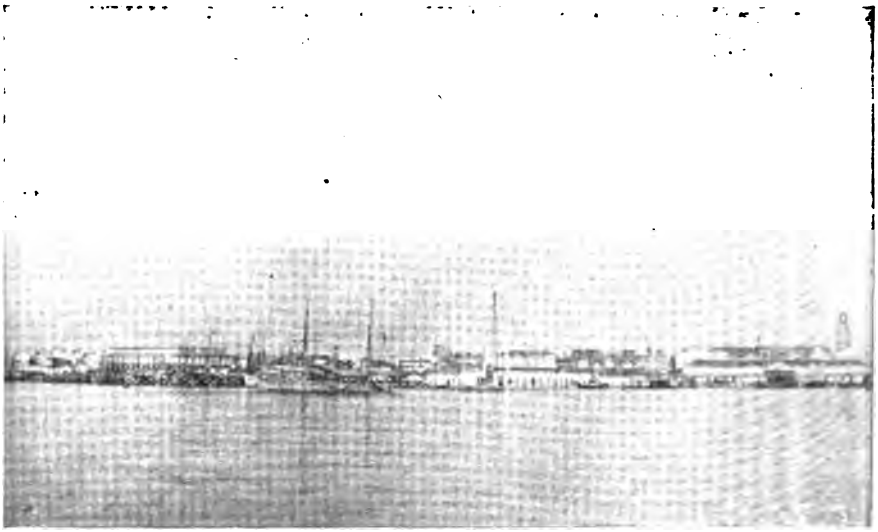
James B. Kenyon.

DANDELIONS.

TROOPING all over the meadows green,
Gay little soldiers in golden sheen,
Lowly in station, humble of mien,
Guarding the pathway for summer's queen.

Singing so gaily the children come,
Under the blossoms where brown bees hum.
Bonny the army! Never a drum!
Down go the picket men, one by one!

Blooming so blithely in shining bands,
Waiting to gladden the childish hands,
Golden locks turning to silver strands,
Flying like fairies to distant lands.



HAVANA'S NOW FAMOUS HARBOR.

CUBA'S CAPITAL—A TRIP TO HAVANA.

BY ALFRED ASHTON.

"WHAT nasty weather!" I remarked to a friend, with whom I was going up Broadway one bitter day in January three years ago. The northeast wind seemed to penetrate to the marrow of my bones, and the people we passed looked pinched and woe-begone.

"Let us get away from this inhospitable climate, and take refuge in some suburb."

"In what suburb can we find a more decent temperature?"

"In Havana," I answered.

"What Havana? Havana in Cuba?" I nodded. "Do you call that a suburb of New York?"

"Well, it's nothing else. It is right at our doors—only four days distant, and that's nearer than Albany was to New York a hundred years ago."

And so it was agreed. We left New York on a Thursday.

During our first forty-eight hours out the sea was very unquiet, and we were tossed about a good deal. But on Sunday morning we were in smoother water, and overcoats were a burden. We made the Morro light in the course of Monday night, and "lay off and on" until daybreak, no vessel being allowed to enter the port between sunset and sunrise. What awful consequences would follow an attempt to pass the Morro Castle in the darkness, I do not precisely know. That the sentinel at the fort would fire there is no doubt, and had he killed any one on the disobedient vessel, beyond question, he would have been not only exonerated but praised. Our boat, however, being one of a regular line was sure to obey every tittle of the law. And so we lay outside, with just enough steam up to keep the paddles plashing lazily through the placid water. At sunrise when the air was already dry and warm—we approached the ramparts, and a little boat came forth to meet us. It held our expected pilot.

There is about as much need of a pilot at Havana as there is of a fifth wheel for a coach. The course is as straight as a ramrod, and the greenest sailor could take a vessel in in safety. But a corps of pilots has been established by the Spanish Government, and the Captain of the Port has an interest

in having them employed. And the Captain has it in his power to make himself very disagreeable to the master of a vessel who should refuse to take a pilot.

The particular pilot who boarded our steamer might easily have passed for an *hidalgo* of lofty lineage. His clean-shaven face showed that he felt the full importance of his position, and he stepped on deck with a lordly air as though he owned the vessel, cargo, passengers and all. He walked to the stern at a dignified pace, and stood near it with true Castilian gravity. He did not condescend to touch the wheel, but directed the steersman with a peremptory motion of the hand, occasionally uttering a sonorous word. The only thing which detracted from his dignity was his hat, which was what we call a Panama, but which bears in Cuba the comical name of a *jipijapa*. His *jipi* had a low crown, and a narrow brim, very much curled. The effect was to give the wearer the appearance of having put on a little boy's hat by mistake.

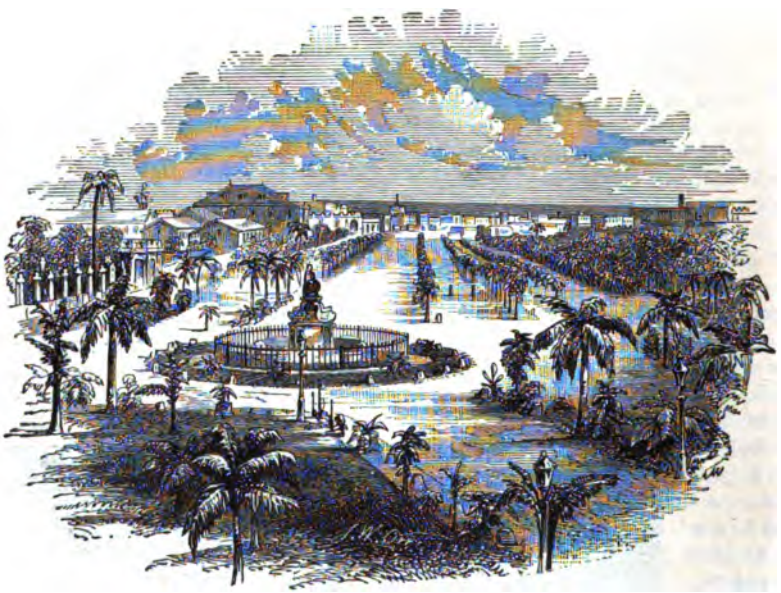
We were soon moored into the harbor, since become so famous, and, after certain formalities, we went on shore.

Having been at Havana before, I could have told where I was with my eyes shut. The Cuban capital can be instantly recognized by its smell. This smell is not so very offensive, though certainly not particularly agreeable. But it differs from all other smells. Some people with analytic noses declare that the Havanese odor is composed of one-half cigar smoke, one-quarter garlic and one-quarter offal. Such analysis is far from improbable. For nine-tenths of the Habaneros eat garlic three times a day, and everybody in Havana smokes incessantly, save when asleep, while not a few go to bed with a cigar in the mouth, and put in another before rising. Of the remaining ingredient, the offal, there is plenty in the streets of the old town.

On arriving at the hotel — if so it can be called — there were some things which rather surprised my companion. He found in his bedroom a cot with a simple sacking bottom to sleep on, covered with a linen sheet and a pillow stuffed with hard cotton. There being no bell in the room, he talked of going downstairs to order a mattress, until I assured him that it was unnecessary. He would not be able to get one, and the bed he saw was the best for the climate. After a trial of a night or two he found repose on the cot very comfortable. And he also became reconciled to the

SCENE IN CALLE DEL REY.

poverty-stricken furniture of the chamber, which consisted of one cane-seat chair, a rocking chair and wash stand. The floor was uncarpeted, and a carpet would have been a nuisance. It would soon have been alive with insects. The quickness with which insects appear here is astonishing. Leave a piece of cake on the table for three minutes and it will be swarming with ants. And the impudence of the creatures! Cockroaches of enormous size trot jauntily through your bedroom, and scorpions wander upstairs and downstairs and in the lady's chamber. There is a spider whose hideous body is two inches in diameter, and there are ants so large that they kill chickens by biting them in the throat.



PASEO ISABELLA II AND THE TACON THEATRE.

My first visit to Havana was in 1868. I found great changes had taken place in the interval. The old walls had almost disappeared, and beyond them had been built a large city, with handsome, wide streets and squares, and costly residences. In the old town there is, in fact, but one street, the Calle del Rey. What to call the other passages which are dignified by the names of streets, I do not precisely know. They are fissures cut out between stone walls, or alleys, or lanes, or what you will. Narrow and unpaved, they have sometimes an apology for a sidewalk, upon which two men cannot, by any possibility, stand abreast. And yet the stranger in Havana has two reasons for praising the narrowness of the passages. The first reason is that he is shielded from the sun. The other reason is the same as that which made Mark Twain rejoice that the streets of Civita Vecchia were so narrow. If they were wider, they might hold more smell.

The larger portion of the nabobs, who, when I was first in Havana, occupied the houses flanking the contracted alleys, have migrated to the more fashionable quarters outside of the walls, and their former dwellings have been converted into shops. But a few wealthy families prefer to remain in the mansions where they have dwelt so long, continuing the customs of several gen-

erations. Some of these customs appear rather odd to one accustomed to the more secluded life of northern latitudes. These dwellings stand flush with the street, and two, three or four huge windows open to the ground from the drawing-room. There are no glass sashes, and each window is filled with a heavy, bowed iron grating. As you pass along close to this grating, you seem to stand in the room of the house, and its inmates take no more notice of you than if you were made of stone. The family quarrels go on, and cease not, even if you stop to listen to the shrill-voiced scolding of some termagent wife. The dark-eyed daughter of the house reclines at full length on the cane-bottomed sofa, or sits in one of the rocking-chairs, with feet uncovered by either shoe or stocking. It is not good manners in Havana to show any surprise at what you thus see from the street. You may look at the young lady, if you like, respectfully but admiringly, and she will think it a piece of common civility only. If you choose to raise your hat to her, she will be pleased, and thank you for the compliment.

And it may be remarked, that, secluded as are the lives of most Havana ladies, they manifest no foolish shyness when they go abroad. If you proffer them a courtesy, they take the proffer kindly, and make due acknowledgment. They do not look upon you as a suspicious character, nor demand as a right the seat you have paid for and secured. If you insist on yielding the seat, the grateful glance and graceful murmur of thanks more than repay you for any inconvenience your politeness may put you to. When this grateful glance is given by a pair of dark, soulful eyes, it does immense execution on susceptible hearts, unless, as is often the case, the owner of the eyes is either too fat or too lean. To one of these extremes the majority of the ladies incline. Here and there are to be seen regular and even exquisite features. But too much flesh, or its opposite, generally mars

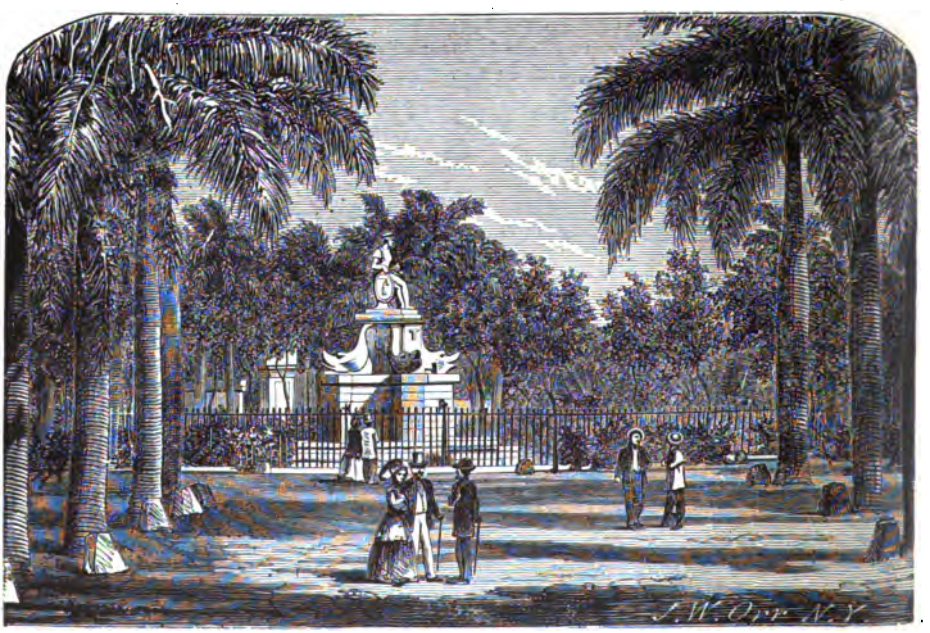
CHAPEL OF COLUMBUS' FIRST MASS.

the face and figure. The gait of the women, too, is bad, because they wear shoes which are too short and they walk too little. As for their taste in dress, it is simply hideous.

The clothes are cut well enough, and after the latest fashion, but the combination of colors is enough to give the nightmare to one sensitive to color. In one thing, however, they excel,—the use of the fan. It has a language of its own in the hands of a Cuban, and is managed with a grace and elegance that can be appreciated by the ladies of Old Spain only.

Every shop has a name of its own, and amusing are many of the names. Here is a shop called Palo Gordo (Fat Stick), while the one across the way is Delicias de las Damas (Ladies' Delight). Yonder is Rico Diablo (Rich Devil), and not far distant Pobre Diablo (Poor Devil). In this ancient part of the town, too, are to be found antiquities. One of these is the Chapel of Columbus' First Mass. A very small Grecian building, it stands at the bottom of a court-yard about one hundred feet in depth, the entrance to which is through a lofty gateway surrounded by the royal arms of Spain. Tradition says that the chapel, which is open to the public but once a year, and then with great solemnity, is built on the spot where Columbus first heard mass on the island. It is certain that Columbus never set foot upon this part of the coast of Cuba, and he died thirteen years before Havana was founded. His bones, as all the world knows, rest in the chancel of the Cathedral of Havana, and a tablet on the wall of the chancel records the fact. But the tablet is a shabby one, and the image of Columbus carved on it in *alto relievo* has its nose broken.

Not far from the Chapel of the First Mass is De Soto's Fort, declared to have been built by the discoverer of the Mississippi, to protect the few inhabitants against the buccaneers who used to lie in wait for the Spanish vessels when they stopped at Cuba on their homeward voyage from Mexico. The fort is a small, antiquated structure.



PARQUE IN THE PASEO ISABELLA.

Its stones, once yellow, have grown green and gray with age, and are surmounted by a story, itself of no recent date, roofed in to be used as a barracks. It is approached through a Moorish gateway situated opposite the middle of the plaza, which the Fort fronts.

The latter is partly hidden by the *Intendencia*, or Treasury, a large building of two stories, with a dark, heavy, stone arcade in front, and having upon one corner a square, balustrated, tower-like addition. Before the Fort and *Intendencia* is a statue of one of the Ferdinands, a king, who, if the sculptor has done him justice, had a big nose and but little brains.

Upon another side of the plaza, fronts the palace of the Captain-General; although a luxurious American would laugh at the idea of calling it a "palace." It has the plainest possible exterior, and the ground floor is occupied by shops and offices of various kinds. The Captain-General, however, has a villa-like residence, called "Los Malinos," in the new portion of the city, and there his family usually resides.

In the old part of Havana, I missed the volantes, which, for some reason, have almost entirely disappeared. The few which are seen are used mostly at funerals. Why such a grotesque conveyance should be used on such a solemn occasion, I do not know. I remember when I was at Havana before, they used to go dashing about the narrow lanes, and turn the corners at such a pace that you ran no little risk of being knocked down. It is not particularly agreeable to have such an accident happen to you, but the audacious vehicles, by their rapid movement, gave to the old streets a life animation which is lacking at present. For the sake of old associations, I took a drive one pleasant afternoon in a volante. When I came to pay, it was necessary for the darky driver to make change, and he took the coin which he handed me from his ear,

DE SOTO'S FORT AND THE INTENDENCIA.

MORRO CASTLE.

which seemed to be his only purse. In parts of the older portion of the town you still find the Spain of Don Quixote. The Spanish cities which Cervantes mentioned yet have their counterparts in secluded nooks and corners of this ancient capital — nooks and corners on which modern civilization has made little or no impression.

You must leave the old town and go outside the walls to see what most residents consider Havana's crowning glory. This is the Paseo, named after Isabella the Second. It crosses the city in a straight line from the bay to the ocean, between three and four hundred feet wide, and about a mile long. Five or six rows of trees run through its entire length, and between them are carriage ways. In different parts it has different names, as the Prado, the Parque, and so on. In the Parque stands a statue of Isabella Segunda, the uncrowned queen who now resides in Paris. The statue has shared the ups and downs of the original During the short-lived republic, the queen's counterfeit presentment was removed from its pedestal and hidden away. When her son, Alfonso, became king, the marble image was dragged from its hiding-place and hoisted to its former position.

The old Paseo de Isabella Segunda has a rival in the newer Paseo Tacon, farther away from the walls. The latter Paseo glories in five or six rows of magnificent palms, smooth, broad roads, statues, fountains and gardens, but has not been able to displace the Paseo Isabella in the affections of the Havanese. To the latter still goes all the good society of the Cuban capital on Sundays and saints' days, when the ladies drive up and down it for an hour and a half before sundown. They invariably appear without bonnets and in full dress. The vehicles which convey them pass slowly up and down each of the long avenues, which are sometimes so full that the checking of one horse stops the whole line. The gentlemen walk at the sides, or crowd together at the ends of the avenues, and scrutinize the ladies as they pass, without reserve This scrutiny the ladies seem to like, and receive graciously any expression of admiration. No one lingers after sunset, for in the latitude of Havana there is no twilight. Darkness comes the moment the orb of day descends below the horizon; and, unless there be a moon, the sudden change is sometimes startling.

From almost every part of the Paseo Isabella you see the Tacon Theater,

overtopping the adjoining buildings. Large, airy and convenient, the theater is quite plain and bare of decoration. Its plainness and bareness strike you with especial force, if you go to it from the new Casino Club, directly opposite. This club-house is very spacious, and so gorgeous with gilding that it seems almost, like Nero's house, to be built of solid gold. To its vicinity has moved the larger portion of the wealthy Havanese, and all the fashionable gayety revolves round it as a center.

Tacon, whose name is borne by a theater, a Paseo and several other places and buildings, though he was Captain-General long years ago, is still affectionately remembered in Havana. He seems to have been a good deal of a tyrant, but one who tyrannized wisely and conscientiously. He found Cuba a nest of highway robbers, but before he left, he exterminated them. There is a story that like the English Alfred, he declared he would make Cuba so safe that a purse of gold might be left in the road without risk of being picked up by anyone but the owner.

The mode of living at Havana is regular and wholesome. You rise at six. If you remain longer in bed, you lose the pleasantest part of the day. While you are dressing, a servant hands you coffee, which you find excellent if you drink it without sugar. In the land of the sugar cane, the art of refining sugar is unknown, and the article they bring you is a coarse, brown stuff. Your coffee and toilet finished, you start for a morning stroll. If you drop in at the churches you find in them many ladies, most of whom go to mass at half-past seven. At nine you breakfast. At every plate stands a bottle of red Bordeaux or Catalonian wine, which is drank as freely as water. It suits the climate perfectly and will aid digestion. The breakfast is usually abundant and nourishing. The meat cannot be commended. But the shrimps are delicious, and the rice, darker and smaller-grained than the product of our Southern States, has a sweet flavor, which is very appetizing.

Bread, which appears in the form of rolls, is a luxury, for there is a heavy import duty on American flour, and almost every barrel of it used in the island is brought from Spain. After breakfast, and not with it, coffee is served.

The meal over, you will probably be content to remain indoors until dinner, the hour for which is three o'clock. The dinner is much like the breakfast, and after being leisurely discussed, concludes with coffee. After dinner the Habanero saunters out to the Paseo, the theater, the café, or a cock-fight. By ten o'clock most everyone is in bed.

One never tires of the bright sunlight, vivifying all that it touches, of the pure atmosphere, of the deep, blue sky, of the graceful, green slopes of mountains seen in the distance. To-morrow is as to-day, and if the mercury in the thermometer goes up or down three or four degrees in the course of twenty-four hours, it is a subject of remark. My friend and I forgot entirely the bitter day in January on which we made up our minds to start for Havana. And we lingered on until the middle of April, loth even then to say goodbye to the Cuban capital.

LIGHT.

VOICE of all time that speaks at dawn
With fire celestial in the glowing East,
Night bends before thy altar rail
In meek obesiance to the Sun, thy priest.

Clifford Trembly.

Woman's Club Department

By Harriet C. Towner.*

THE closing of the year's program of studies will by no means close the year's work with many clubs, some of which are already planning active work in the direction of village improvement, much being possible of accomplishment during the summer months. Other clubs expect to spend a portion of the vacation in organizing free public libraries, or in renewed effort for the support of those already established, while others are arranging informal meetings during the summer for the consideration of subjects for which it was not thought best to take time during the club year.

Never before has the club movement seemed so earnestly missionary in spirit, so eager, almost impatient, to help. It is not a propaganda. It proclaims no creed. It does not even care to exploit its own organization.

First, association for mutual assistance and self-development, and then as a natural growth from that, association to help others. It is noticeable that club women are ever ready to join with others in carrying out any undertaking of which they approve. The absolute liberty of form, and the large liberty of purpose which is characteristic of the larger women's clubs of the country has proven a remarkable source of strength. It has, indeed, given "unity in diversity." It has said to women everywhere, "There is work for you which cannot be done except by association, both for yourselves and others. Work together; it matters little under what form or name; and then with mutual aims and sympathies stimulated to noble ends, do those things which duty dictates and your opportunity allows." With this larger liberty has come a closer association than would have seemed possible. First in order of development came the individual club, then the general and state federations. The club women of America have bound themselves in bonds of fellowship simply by community of interest and similarity of purpose. From nearly every state in the Union they will come together in June, not to exploit the club movement or to inaugurate any "reform" but simply to help each other and learn how to help others.

COLORADO...There are ninety and nine clubs safely sheltered in the fold of the Colorado Federation, the membership having been increased by ten at a recent meeting of the board of directors. As other applications are coming in there is no doubt but that by June, when the biennial comes to Denver, the State Federation dues will have reached the $25 mark. Fifty-seven clubs are enrolled in both State and General Federations.

Meetings of the executive board of the C. F. W. C., were held about the middle of March to decide upon the time and place of the next annual meeting, which the constitution provides shall take place during the month of October. Tuesday and Wednesday, the 11th and 12th were the dates decided upon, and Greeley's invitation was the one accepted. In accordance with the request of the National President, Mrs. Henrotin, the papers will bear upon the arts and industries of America. The literary portion of the program will have to be somewhat curtailed as there will be much business to transact, reports from delegates to the biennial, and from various committees, and the election of officers. It is expected that the meeting will be one of unusual interest.

Pueblo, the second city in Colorado in point of population, is also second in

*Communications intended for The Midland's Club Department should be addressed to Mrs. Harriet C. Towner direct; her address is Corning, Iowa.

the number of its women's clubs. A railroad and manufacturing center, it is by no means deficient in cultured men and women, enthusiastic for the "safety, honor and welfare" of the State and city in which their lines are cast.

The Wednesday Morning Club is now completing its seventh year, each twelve-month, as it has passed, seeming to the twenty-five members, more profitable than the preceding one. English, Greek, Roman and French history and literature have been studied with deep interest, while the first half of the two-hour weekly session is given to the discussion of some topic of the times. As the work is developed by informal talks rather than papers, the club has, during the last three winters, held monthly meetings at the home of a member, at which time friends of the club are entertained with music, a paper, reading and short talks. This year the papers read at their open meetings have had a direct bearing on the regular work—French history. In October the club took a run over to "Paris" one afternoon, the tour being "personally conducted" by one of the members who had visited the French capital before. The program for November was a discussion of "French Traits," by six ladies, and a "Character Sketch" which proved to have for its subject Jean Valjean, that ever-interesting character of fiction. "Some Famous French Women" was the title of a very good paper presented in December. "The Medici Family" was a paper so thorough in its scope and so original in its presentation, it seemed a pity it could not be heard by more than the fifty or sixty ladies who listened to it. February's meeting was given to "French Writers of the Present Century," who furnished a rich field for biographical sketches and readings. The usual order was slightly deviated from in March, when the program consisted of a debate, "Resolved, That Richelieu was a more important character in history than Wolsey." The negatives felt that theirs was a lost cause, but were, for this very reason, spurred on to able argument. The club philosopher was selected to give the paper on "French Philosophy and Philosophers," a ponderous subject, made interesting by the masterly way in which it was handled.

The last open meeting for the season will be held this month, when "French Artists and their Work" will be discussed. Artists and their work is always the subject in which the "Norton Art Club" is most interested. "Reber's Ancient and Medieval Art" were the texts used during the first two years of the club's existence. Woltmann and Invermann's "History of Painting" has been used for the last two years. The club was named for Prof. Charles Elliot Norton, of Harvard University, who generously remembered his namesake with fifteen Turner engravings of 1830-32, the subjects being scenes in England and Wales. Each member of the club owns one of these valuable pictures. Open meetings are held each month, when papers are read on some art topic.

The Monday Musical Club is engaged in the study of Italian music. A biographical sketch of a composer is given at the fortnightly meetings, and a program given from his works. Wagner lectures, piano and organ recitals and concerts have been given under the auspices of this club, which numbers some excellent musicians among its members.

The Telford Parliamentary Club has a parliamentary drill at each meeting, followed by a paper on a topic of general interest. Visitors are welcome at all regular meetings, which occur the second and fourth Saturdays of the month.

Egyptian history has engaged the attention of the Nineteenth Century Club, for the past year. India and China have been studied in previous years, and Chaldea, Assyria and Babylonia will be taken up the winter of 1898-99. Once a year the club gives an evening reception and literary program to their friends of both sexes. The two poets of the club enliven these occasions with bright verses.

One of the small study circles of the city is the "Round Table" which gives its attention to Hebrew history and American literature. Though having but a dozen members, the work done is of a high order.

Two clubs organized about the same time, *i. e.*, a year ago, have elected to study American history. The New Century Club develops the work by means of papers, while the Fortnightly is a study club, having for its motto, "Step by step we gain the heights." Several teachers in the public schools are highly valued members of this club, which meets Saturday afternoons in order to accommodate them. The New Century chose for its club flower, the beautiful columbine, and an artistic member painted their emblem on the

dainty year books, the prettiest issued by any club in the State

The largest organization in Pueblo is the one most recently founded. The Women's Club, which has been in existence but six months and has a membership of three hundred. The names of president, corresponding secretary and department chairmen are given below:

President.—Miss Ida B. Haslup, 211 Broadway.

Corresponding Secretary.—Mrs. J. J. Burns, 207 Broadway.

Department Chairmen.—General, Mrs. Benj. Diggety, 811 S. Union avenue; Bible History, Mrs. W. P. Beck, 29 Block K; Historical, Miss Sarah M. Greene, 44 Block M; Current Topics, Miss M. A. Chancellor, 405 Broadway; Cameras, Mrs. C. E. Saxton, 123 Michigan; Modern Languages, Miss Alice Hurford, 306 Michigan; Education, Miss Izora Scott, 425 Broadway; Literature, Mrs. David David, 400 E. Routt avenue; Mothers', Mrs. James Reed, 24 Block G; Music, Miss Katharine Bullen, 32 Carlile Place.

Many women have been brought into club work who took little interest in the smaller organizations, and every taste may be gratified in one of the ten departments. Rooms have been most artistically furnished for the use of the club.

The Phœnix is one of the small clubs "redeeming the time" by an earnest study of English literature. Being a new organization, it has not yet united with the State Federation but contemplates doing so at the next directors' meeting. The mystic symbols, "S. I. C.," long puzzled the curious, but at last it was revealed that they stood for Self Improvement Club, an organization composed of fifteen high school girls who thought that their school work need not suffer, that, indeed, it might be made easier and pleasanter if supplemented by club work. The girls joined the C. F. W. C., last October, and the young president made one of the most pleasing reports of the annual meeting. Their elder sister club women fear they may have to look to their laurels.

Of the clubs above mentioned, the Wednesday Morning, the Norton Art, the Fortnightly, and the Women's are members of both State and General Federations. —*F. L. Richardson.*

As the most important biennial of the General Federation of Women's Clubs yet held will convene in Denver, June 22d, interest is general, all over the country, in the army of club women of Denver, and the preparations for the entertainment of the biennial guests. The local board of management, in whose hands rests the responsibility of arranging all local matters for the General Federation, consists of two delegates from each of the six clubs in Denver belonging to the General Federation, and an advisory board. No more efficient committee could have been chosen. Each member is thoroughly representative, and has a clear understanding of her duties.

No sooner had the place of meeting of the biennial been decided upon than the appointments were made and the work outlined. To fill the place of greatest importance, that of president of the biennial local board, Mrs. J. B. Grant was chosen. Mrs. Grant is a beautiful woman, endowed with gracious tact and fine executive ability: she is a prominent club woman and a leader in society. From the start she has given her time to the work, and now has it well in hand. The local board is leaving nothing undone. The transportation committee has secured from the railroads bringing guests from beyond the State line, the regular rates given all excursions coming to Denver. while to all points of interest in the State, a one fare rate is granted. That the delegates and guests of honor may know something of the crags, peaks and canons of Colorado, the excursion committee have arranged a complimentary excursion over the Union Pacific & Gulf railroad to Georgetown and the wonderful "Loop." At an early hour Thursday morning the guests will leave Denver, and an altitude of 5,000 feet, and for sixty miles will wind in and out, between the towering walls and battlements of Clear Creek cañon, at last finding themselves lost in admiration of that wonderful bit of railroading, "the Loop," and at an altitude of 9,000 feet. At noon a stop will be made at Idaho Springs, a little mountain town, and luncheon will be served by the club women of that place, and a social hour enjoyed.

Not to be outdone, the entertainment committee have planned a round of receptions, which will be held in the many palaital homes of Denver, and the various clubs will all keep open house.

At the bureau of information everything will be found that can add to the comfort of the guests. Here will be found a postoffice, with mail delivery. telephone, express conveniences, telephone and messenger boys will be at hand, and a stenographer and typewriter. The guest's register will be

found at the bureau of information, and some one always ready to direct and set right belated visitors.

The decorations of auditorium and reception rooms will consist of the beautiful wild flowers of Colorado, which the decoration committee have arranged to have brought in fresh every day, while the ushers will be members of the young girls' club, and even the pages will be club members, for Denver boasts some little folks of ten and twelve years who are club members in good and regular standing.

The Broadway theater, which has a seating capacity of 2,000, has been secured for the meetings, but arrangements are also making for "overflow meetings" to be held in Trinity church, which is but a step from the Broadway. The vexed question of acoustics is set at rest, as Denver women have spoken from both these platforms successfully.

In the preparations for the coming biennial, one of the comparatively young clubs of Denver, the Woman's Club, is taking the lead. It was this club that made it possible to invite the biennial to Denver, and, a thousand strong, it will greet the guests of next June. Mrs. Sarah S. Platt, who has been the president of the Woman's Club during the term of its existence, is a valued member of the local advisory board, and with her are associated Mrs. E. M. Ashley, State Chairman of correspondence, Mrs. Frank Trumbull, Treasurer G. F. W. C., and Mrs. M. D. Thatcher, the President of the Colorado State Federation.

Colorado hospitality is proverbial, and in this instance the club women of Denver are determined to make this biennial a memorable event in club history.

The Woman's Club will keep open house throughout the convention, and there is a warm welcome to all who may come.

—*Helen Marsh Wixson.*

MINNESOTA...The third midwinter meeting of the Minnesota State Federation was held on Thursday, March 3d, in the Masonic Temple in Minneapolis. At 10 o'clock occurred the executive meeting which was well attended, nearly all of the officers being present, and a large number of delegates. The reports of Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer and heads of standing committees were received. The Secretary reported that ten clubs had joined the Federation since the October meeting; these clubs being the Alternates, Woman's Improvement League and Teachers' Association of Minneapolis; the Literary Gleaners of Northfield; Art History Club and C. L. S. C. of Winona; Sorosis and Woman's Club of St. Cloud; Once a Month Club of St. Paul, and Travel Club of Fairmont. The total number of federated clubs is now eighty-nine.

The Treasurer's report was very satisfactory. The reports of the committees proved very interesting, since it gave really the actual working of the Federation, and the informal discussions showed great interest. The Town and Village Improvement work is arousing inquiry all over the country. The Town and Country clubs are increasing in various parts of the State, and are doing much good work with their rest rooms. The Art Interchange and the Library Committees reported on their plans for work; and also that library interest all over the State is gaining marvelously. The committee on Mothers' Clubs report many inquiries regarding their work, especially from the country districts.

This meeting was followed by an informal reception from 12 o'clock to 1, which was quite largely attended. At 1 o'clock 300 women from the various parts of the State, sat down to luncheon in the large hall; the officers and speakers at a long table extending across the head of the hall, and the remainder of the guests at six tables placed at right angles to this. The tables were prettily decorated with flowering plants, and the stage back of the head table was banked with palms and trailing vines, forming an exquisite green background for the whole glowing picture. Behind this screen were musicians, furnishing a delightful accompaniment to the hum of voices and the more substantial and material portion of the festivities.

After the luncheon was finished, the meeting was called to order by Mrs. A. E. Giddings of Anoka, chairman of the program committee for the day, who introduced as toastmistress. Miss Margaret J. Evans, the President of the Federation. The following toasts were responded to: "The Supreme Luxury of Life," was spoken to by Mrs. J. E. Truesdell of Owatonna, who enlarged on Lillian Whiting's definition of this as "sympathetic companionship." This sympathetic life costs something, but it will not be counted too dear when the results are apprehended. Miss Annie Tileston of St. Cloud, discussed the

"Coming Town;" she was of the opinion that women would say much about what this should be, and pictured a reasonable Utopia in the Twentieth Century town. Mrs. H. H. Lewis of Hastings, spoke of "True Hospitality," and told the Minneapolis women that her subject had been fully exemplified on this occasion. Mrs. James Schoonmaker of St. Paul, gave "The Evolution of Dodd's Mother," who received much help from clubs in her various phases of life, and eventually was able to help many other women in the same way. Next, Miss Martha Scott Anderson of Minneapolis, gave an outline of the program, excursions and other attractions arranged for the biennial meeting of the General Federation in Denver. She drew such a glowing picture of this "June Mecca," that there could have been few present who did not desire to join the pilgrimage. Mrs. C. A. Pidgeon of Buffalo, gave a very bright and original talk on "That Club Paper;" telling of a club that was very near death from "acute paperism," and its complete recovery. Miss Laura O. Jones of Duluth, described "Mrs. Grubb and her Sisters," who were afflicted by a very dangerous disease, "clubicitis." Mrs. Robert Pratt, wife of the Mayor of Minneapolis, proposed a toast to the President, Miss Evans, to be drunk in pure, cold water; and this was responded to by Mrs. Anna Underwood of Lake City, who said that the Minnesota Federation is fortunate in having such a leader who is ever ready with words of wisdom and encouragement, and who places her cultivated powers of mind and heart at the constant service of women. To this Miss Evans gracefully and appropriately replied. Miss Gratia Countryman then told of the efforts of the Minneapolis Woman's Council in starting a traveling library system for Hennepin county, and illustrated it by a neat case filled with books, which formed the fifth library arranged by this organization, and to be sent out the next day. Miss Eva D. Kellogg, an educator from Boston, was then called upon and spoke with much enthusiasm of the way in which Western women do things.

This closed the formal program for the day, but for an hour or two longer there was informal interchange of helpful thoughts, and cordial greetings and goodbyes. The next meeting of the Federation will be held in Winona in October, and already it is eagerly anticipated by the women of the State, who feel that they gain so much from these opportunities for exchange of ideas, and also of social courtesies.

—*Edith M. Conant.*

IOWA...Federated club workers everywhere are looking forward with great interest to the fourth biennial meeting of the General Federation of Woman's Clubs to be held in June in Denver. Iowa will doubtless send a large delegation, as the facilities for reaching Denver are of the best, and the distance not great. The program issued includes a list of well known speakers, several from Iowa being among the number.

For President of the Federation, the name of Mrs. Alice Ives Breed of Boston, has been mentioned prominently, also that of Mrs Sarah S. Platt of Denver, and Mrs. Philip N. Moore of St. Louis, though Mrs. Moore is said not to have authorized the use of her name.

The financial future of the Federation will be an important question to be discussed at the Denver meeting. It is claimed the present available funds are not sufficient to enable the national organization to meet its expenses. A remedy proposed is to tax every club in the Federation 5 cents per capita. It is estimated that with the membership of 200,000 a sum large enough for all purposes might be raised. The discussion of the plans proposed will probably be interesting.

But now to the work in Iowa. The fifth annual announcement of the Tuesday Tourist Club of Oelwein, Iowa, is at hand. The club was organized in 1893 and includes in its membership of thirty ladies the most literary women of that city. The work as outlined for the year embraces the literature of America, France and Germany. The fifth anniversary of the organization of the club was observed in January, at which time a reception and entertainment was given to a large number of invited guests. Mrs. R. C. Baker is President of the club and Mrs. W. F. Kirst Vice-President; Mrs. A. Bentley is parliamentary leader. One of the questions for debate is "Resolved, That the running of Sunday trains of cars should be prohibited by law."

Another Tuesday Club is found in Davenport, Iowa, and the lists of subjects for discussion are especially interesting. The topics for consideration are included under the head of "Some Aspects of Modern Civilization," and the subdivisions are given in the "Revolution in Thought in the Eighteenth Century," "Communistic Societies of Amer-

ica," "The Tendency toward Concentration of Capital," "Public Opinion as a Social Force," "Child Labor and Compulsory Education," etc. It is a program containing much meat. The women of the club are to be congratulated on their work.

There are clubs for every day in the week and even proverbial blue Monday entertains its clubs. Possibly these organizations were formed as an antidote for the woes of that day. The Monday Club of Mason City was organized in 1880. On their program are papers from the Bureau of Reciprocity. "A Group of Art Poems from Browning," is in charge of Mrs. Blythe. A paper on Robert Browning written by Mrs. Isaac Hillis of Des Moines, was read at the same meeting. There are twelve topics on the Mason City program. Miss Adda S. Barton is the President. The work of the club is purely literary, but many of the members are identified in other branches of philanthropic and educational work independent of the club.

The Monday Club of Lake City has an interesting program. A special meeting was held during the winter at which time Tennyson was the subject. The program consisted of recitations and songs and a paper on Tennyson.

Mrs. Sutherland, President of the Chautauqua Circle at Gilman, Marshall county, which organization belongs to the Federatiion, writes that four of the members were invited to attend the initial meeting of the City Federation of clubs in Marshalltown. Mention is made of an excellent paper read before the members recently on "Pride *versus* Birds." A traveling library has been established in Gilman through the efforts of this Chautauqua Circle.

Among the Monday clubs, that of Postville ought to have been mentioned. The scope of work was given in the March MIDLAND. The officers are: Mrs. R. N. Douglass, President; Mrs. F. L. Williams, Vice-President; Mrs. John Sanders, Secretary and Treasurer.

The Maria Mitchell Club of Mason City devotes its time to the study of Shakespeare. The Secretary says the club is not doing any public work. In addition to the usual Shakespearian references the club makes use of the questions in the "American Shakespeare Magazine." Mrs. Mary A. Ensley is President of the club. Meetings are held every Wednesday at 2:30 P. M. The club was organized in 1879.

A unique program comes from the Thimble Club of Nevada. The emblematic design of the order, a club and a thimble, appears on the outside cover of the program. The course of study is noted American women. In the constitution the object of the club is stated to be to secure wider information with a view to the improvement of our intellectual and social conditions. There are four guest days provided on the program. A recent entertainment on a guest day was in the form of a New England dinner.

The Avancer Club of Radcliffe included in its program the study of French and Greek and miscellaneous work last year, while this year is given to topics of interest in the home and community. One topic is the review of "Imperial Germany," and another review "Social Spirit of America." The club owns a library and through the influence of the Avancer Club a public library has been established in Radcliffe. A course of lectures has been arranged as a result of the activity aroused by the club, and it certainly appears that much good has been done by the organization.

The Ladies' Library Association of Mt. Pleasant has done very effective work for a number of years. Mrs. Alice L. Taylor says: "We maintain the library and reading room which we do *pro bono publico*, according to our motto. We create the financial resources and manage them in the ingenious and effective ways known to public spirited women. We also, as an association, keep an eye on civic interests, using our influence for the promotion of sanitary and city improvements. We have a business meeting monthly, two meetings of the literary club and one afternoon reception each month, besides larger public entertainments, dramatic or musical." The course of study for the association includes many fine topics, such as "Rise of Islamism—'Character of Mohammet,' 'Causes of the Success of Islamism.'" Meetings are held Monday afternoons.

The V. O. V. Club of Mitchellville was organized in 1891. Course of study this year, "France," for several meetings. The President is Mrs. C.C. Kribbs, Vice-President, Mrs. Carrie Hickox.

Le Mars Friday Club has a fine program devoted to the study of Greece. The clubs of Le Mars formed a city federation which includes four clubs and the associated charities. Each club came into the Federation with definite aims. These are as follows: "Mutual improvement, and a better acquaintance with each other in our club life;" "Development of a boys' brigade in our

town;" "The establishment of the curfew;" "The attendance of all children of school age at some school" Notice of other programs will appear later. The secretaries of the various clubs have sent in the programs quite generally in response to the circular. Time is required to mention all the clubs belonging to the I. F. W. C., as there are 181 in all. Space, too, in THE MIDLAND is limited, so be patient secretaries, the journalist will not forget you.

—*Mrs. Julian Richards.*

The City Federation of Boone, Iowa, held its annual meeting in March and made plans for the coming year in the direction of village improvement, the chosen work of the Federation. The Corresponding Secretary of the Federation, Mrs. Maria Bibbs, presented an interesting and comprehensive report of the work of the year, showing that much is possible of accomplishment even in one year when undertaken systematically and with the determination to succeed. The City Federation of Boone was organized one year ago and now has a membership of ten well organized, progressive clubs, and an individual membership of 175. The clubs belonging to the Federation are the Monday and Lowell Clubs, the two eldest clubs of Boone; the Review and Up To Date Clubs; the Gradatim Club, the Hawthorne Club, the Hy-Ba-Rila Club, the Shakespeare Club, and the Equality and Teachers' Clubs. This last consists of forty teachers, the object of the club being the improvement of the youth of Boone and "to aid the City Federation in its work for village improvement."

The officers of the Federation are:

President, Mrs. Flora E. Barkley; First Vice-President, Mrs. Rowena E. Stevens; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Gladys Brainard; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Maria Bibbs; Treasurer, Mrs. Martha L. Jordan.

ORGANIZATION OF SMALL TOWN LIBRARIES.

(Continued from last month.)

IV. RULES AND REGULATIONS.

The preliminary work being done it remains now to consider the rules and regulations. It is wise to make only those rules which are necessary to the greatest usefulness of the library and essential in placing her patrons on an equal footing; it is important to have no rule so iron clad but it may be broken upon occasion.

In general they should be full enough for clearness, but not so full as to be tedious. Some libraries include by-laws for trustees, but it is better to print them separately.

As to form, the pamphlet is very common: in the case of a reference library a single card is often sufficient; sometimes the rules, or a portion of them, are printed on the back of the card which is carried by the borrower; sometimes a large sheet containing the rules is posted in the library, but I think this should be avoided, unless experience proves it necessary. Let the rules be always at hand in a convenient form, but do not let them be obtrusive. The librarian's aim is to make his room so attractive that people will unconsciously feel its beauty and dignity, and a big placard with the ominous word "Silence," does not add to a pleasing effect. In my library I have had no warnings or cautions or rules placarded, and we have always kept a quiet and orderly room.

As to printing details, there should be, as well as the name of the library, the town and state in which it is situated, with the date; also, even in the case of very short rules, it will pay to have headings; this is a very important detail, as it emphasizes the subject discussed, and also facilitates reference.

The most usual points to be mentioned are:

Hours of opening, with reference to the different departments.

Borrowers, considering residents, nonresidents and children.

Borrower's cards, in connection with guarantor's registration.

Home issue of books, and time kept, and renewal.

Fines and penalties for over-due books. It is well in this connection to mention the days counted in computing fines, and for lost and injured books.

Conversation.

Contagious diseases Complaints.

It is advisable to add a note below these, giving information concerning catalogues and bulletins.

Virginia Dodge.

(To be concluded next month.)

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

A NOT altogether satisfactory sketch of Arthur Hugh Clough, by T. Arnold, in the *Ninteenth Century*,* suggests a brief consideration of this too much neglected poet. We Americans need to know more of Arthur Hugh Clough, whose verse adds dignity and strength to the second quarter of our century, whose personality was a delight to the choicest souls of England in his time, and whose friendship was held as a rich possession by Emerson, Lowell and Matthew Arnold. No common man could have drawn from the great master of Rugby such praise as is embodied in "Thyrsis, a Monody," which contains passages worthy to be classed with the best in Tennyson's "In Memoriam." His was a soul that, as Arnold says, persistently sought the light that

Leaves its seeker still untired,
Still onward faring by its own heart inspired.

Charles Eliot Norton in the "World's Best Literature," speaks of Clough as "sensitive, simple, tender, manly," and adds, "his figure stands as one of the ideal figures of the past, the image of the true past, the true friend, the true man."

If asked to select a single poem which best reflects this poet's mind and soul in the present mood, we would unhesitatingly select this (a poem that takes firmer hold upon the thoughtful reader with every reading):

Say not, the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been, they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward, look, the land is bright!

*The Living Age, February 6th.

Though Clough never posed as a prophet yet who can tell to what extent his little light—all too soon extinguished—led the way to woman's disenthrallment from the enforced idleness of his time! In Philip's letter "on keeping within one's proper sphere," in "The Bothie of Taber-na-Vuolich," we finding him exhorting young girls who have the impulse to teach to earnestly make teaching their calling. He asks Lady Sophie, "so good to the sick, so firm and so gentle," if there is "a nobler sphere than of hospital nurse and matron." And he invites little Lady Clarissa, who has a turn for cooking, to "*in*" with her fingers. He adds:

Their beauty it spoils, but your own it entrances;
For it is beautiful only to do the thing we are meant for.

He thus concludes:

But they will marry, have husbands, and children and guests, and households.
Are there so many trades for a man,—for women one only;
First to look out for a husband and then to preside at his table?

The last quarter of the Nineteenth Century gives strong negative answer to the poet's query, put forth in the century's second quarter.

To the encouragement of the mothers of our own better time who in their homes and in their club connections are doing much to equip themselves for the responsibilities of Twentieth Century motherhood, we want to quote from Professor Norton's fine tribute to the poet.*

"We find Arthur was his mother's darling. She was rigidly simple in her tastes and habits, of stern integrity, of cultivated intelligence, fond of poetry, a lover of nature, and quickly sympathetic with high character, whether in real life or in the pages of romance. While his father taught him his Latin grammar and his arithmetic, his mother read with him from Pope's Iliad and Odyssey, from Scott's novels and other

*A Library of the World's Best Literature, volume XIV, page 3,821.

books fitted to quicken the imagination. *Her influence was strong in the shaping of his taste and disposition.*"

There is an incidental lesson to young poets in the wise repression of makers of verse that lives. Mr. T. Arnold in his sketch relates that one of Clough's best liked long poems, "*Amours de Voyage*," though written in 1849 was not published till 1858. With this poet the poem had its period of "rearing and age." During the rearing period it was "flitting about many years, from brain unto brain of feeble and restless youths, born to inglorious days."

"'But,' so finish the word, 'I was writ in the Roman chamber,
When from Janiculan heights thundered the cannon of France."

Though strongly believing in the verity of his inspiration, Clough modestly distrusted his power to express that inspiration in poetic form.

***

ONE people as never before, the North and the South, the East and the West, now join in hearty support of the President in his moderate but firm vindication of the American position against Spanish misrule, oppression and barbarity on our Western Continent. May the war be short and its conclusion decisive! May our army and navy rise above petty revenges to the plane of patriotism and humanitarianism! May our Nation's monument in memory of the victims of the tragedy of the Maine be an island republic in form like unto our own, in spirit as patriotic and indomitable as the venerable Gomez and his thirty thousand Cuban followers have shown themselves to be!

***

BOOK lovers find much significance in the inventory of the late George M. Pullman's so called library. It reports 546 volumes, altogether valued at $240. The other contents of the room are inventoried at $16,239. The poverty of the poor man who knows and keenly feels his want is indeed pitiable: but the poverty of the rich man who doesn't realize how poor he is! How narrow the life of the poor rich man, how shut in his view, how unresponsive the objects of his supreme solicitude, how dead his failure to compass the great ends of being!

GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

The prize poem in THE MIDLAND'S April 1st competition, is "Kate Shelley, an Iowa Epic," by Mr. H. S. Finke, of the Chicago University. The sub-title raises the old question as to what is and what is not an epic. The poem is a vivid description of a thrilling incident in which a young girl performed a noble part.

The beautiful poem, "Dandelions," and the accompanying illustration, on page 457 of this number, are from the hand of Miss Mary A. Kirkup, author of the prize descriptive paper, "Israels and the Dutch Painters," in our April number.

Zola has been induced to lecture in this country. He can't speak a word of English, but he can look unutterable things and speak very good French—for a Parisian!

Georg Brandes, the great Dane, has been studying literary London. He regards William Henley as the type to stand for English style in modern English poetry. He finds Gosse and Dobson more restful. Among the many writers he met in London few appealed to him more than the American, Henry James, whose critical essays he regards as masterpieces. He found the English interested in the French language, literature and life, but Frenchmen strangely ignorant and indifferent to all things English. A French novelist, for example, knew nothing of Oxford and its university. He met Stepniak (Prince Krapotkin,) in London, and pronounces him as great as Tolstoi, and recalls his acquaintance with the famous nihilist with keenest delight.

The impressionists have had such free course and so much glorification in the magazine literature of the period that, latterly, the reader has had little cause for complaint because authors "never know when to quit." We make haste to lodge a complaint against Mrs. Burton Harrison, whose novelette, "Good Americans," would have been

another charming addition to society literature had her story of young love closed with that delightful wedding journey among the isles of Greece, leaving the reader only a suggestion of after incompatibility. The treatment of her hero and heroine in the last installment was a cruelty to the reader, for which their spasmodic rapture at the last affords little, if any, relief.

Hamlin Garland, in the April *Century*, presents a fine specimen of what he would term "veritism" and the rest of us, "realism." It is a story of upper Mississippi village life, in which the country store and the country bank are prominent, and the principal characters are a country banker with a stretchable conscience, and his high-souled wife whose honesty admits of no degrees of comparison. The one illustration is by Castaigne—a realistic picture of a country store, a new departure for that great artist. By the way, *The Century* folks should tell us something of Castaigne. It is rare, nowadays, that an artist is content to let his work speak for him.

John Talman, of the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, will contribute to the June MIDLAND a sketch of the late Franklyn W. Lee, and a review of his prose and poetical works. Mr. Talman and the subject of his sketch were associate members of the Press Club of St. Paul, and were intimate friends. Those of us who knew the rare worth of Frank Lee, and the promise he gave of attaining a high place in literature, were shocked and grieved at his untimely death, and will feel a sense of gratitude to Mr. Talman for his labor of love.

At a meeting of the New York Library Association and the New York Library Club, a committee was appointed to make a list of those works of fiction published in 1897 deemed worthy of permanent shelf room in public libraries. The books that came up to standard were seven: *On the Face of the Waters*, by Mrs. Mrs. F. A. Steel; *St. Ives*, by Robert Louis Stevenson; *The Gadfly*, by E. L. Voynich; *School for Saints*, by John Oliver Hobbes; *Captain Courageous*, by Rudyard Kipling; *Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker*, by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell; and *The Choir Invisible*, by James Lane Allen.

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

A long time between letters! The April *Century* opens with "Her Last Letter, by Bret Harte, being a reply to 'His Answer,'" written more than a quarter of a century ago. This sequel, like the original, would have made a good love story had it been told in prose: but in verse it is all up hill, and a rough road all the way up to the climax.

Edward Atkinson in the April *Century* assures us that the United States has enormous advantage over Great Britain in its supply of easily get-at-able coal. He has reason to believe that the conversion of the carbon of coal into power, without waste of light or heat, is close at hand; that even greater progress will soon be made in the development of energy than any yet applied to the use of mankind.

Charles A. Dana's reminiscences of Lincoln and his Cabinet, in the April *McClure's*, is a most interesting contribution to the history of our own time. The strength of Lincoln, surrounded by a cabinet which included such intellectual giants as Seward and Chase, is well presented. The strong military instincts of Lincoln, developed by experience and responsibility, is another interesting phase of the subject. "Lincoln as a Politician" is likely to shock those extreme purists in our latter-day politics who are wont to assume that the politician of to-day is in sharp contrast with Lincoln, the one operating on the low plane of expediency, the other standing upon the high ground of the eternally right. To illustrate President Lincoln's free use of means to accomplish ends, (at the same time bringing out a matter of history not generally known,) Dana relates that three votes were needed in March, '64, to admit sparsely-settled Nevada as a State. The alternative was: "That we carry this vote [prohibiting slavery] or be compelled to raise another million, and I don't know how many more, men, and fight no one knows how long. It is a question of three votes or new armies." To secure these votes, he authorized Dana to offer revenue collectors' appointments to two congressmen, and a very important appointment about the New York custom house to another. The deal was consummated and Nevada became a State.

The Quarterly Bulletin of the Iowa Masonic Library, Cedar Rapids, (the largest Masonic library in the world, and the only library in a building erected by a Grand Lodge), is a publication of much interest to the craft. That distinguished veteran in Masonry, Hon. Theodore S. Parvin, is the editor.

TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

"Please read before forming conclusion as to merit," writes a contributor. The request so amplified as to include the writer's whole thought would read thus: "I know you are in the habit of forming conclusions as to merit without reading the manuscripts sent you; but I wish you would make an exception in my case and withhold judgment until you have given my manuscript a reading." Or, putting the thought in few words, "Be fair for once." Ignoring the implication, let us look at the unreasonableness of this request. Suppose the lady who makes it were about to buy a dress and a dry goods dealer should say to her: "You know you are well nigh given over to prejudice, and are not really trying to get the best goods for the money; but I wish you'd make an exception to your rule of indifference as to quality and actually examine this piece of goods before passing judgment on it." It is quite as safe to rely upon the self-interest of the editor as on the self-interest of the shopper.

"I do not claim to be a writer," says one, "so you will please excuse ignorance." We will; but the reading public will not. Magazine readers have a way of insisting that only writers shall write for the magazine they read.

"Wouldn't you accept an exceptionally good story even though it were sent without the author's name?" We never read any manuscript which is not accompanied with the full name of the author; hence all such manuscripts are alike to us.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR—A KINSMAN OF GENERAL ROSECRANS PROTESTS.

DEAR SIR—Referring to your editorial comment on the late General Rosecrans, I desire to say that, while "nearly all the actors in the drama of war which Dana's reminiscences in *McClure* describe" are dead, there are a few who are not, and it may not be until their death that that brutal political conspiracy will be truthfully recorded in the annals of history.

There are but few Republicans living today, whose memory extends back to this period, not so entirely bound by party ties as to acknowledge the existence of that damnable plot which blighted the career of General Rosecrans.

The victories of Rich Mountain, Gainley Bridge, Corinth, Iuka, Stone River, and even the defeat of Chickamauga—if that may be considered defeat in which the objective point is attained—together with the love and esteem of his soldiers, will endear his name to the nation, despite the falsifications of that prince of treacherous villifiers—Dana—and the failure of Stanton to support him, as he in his official capacity was in duty bound to do.

The General's "laborious defenses," of which you speak, have never appeared, excepting where his honor was at stake; and that he has successfully maintained this to the grave I do not think any loyal American citizen will undertake to deny. The history of that crime will be published some day, and absolute justice done to all.

It may be some of the blood of my uncle coursing through my veins that impels me to this defense of his tomb, and brings to my lips the words of the talented editor of the Chicago *Chronicle*, who said: "Happy was the general who, like McPherson, fell in battle, rather than live to engender the hatred and malicious attacks of that villifier of the nation's heroes—Charles A. Dana." I say it may be these blood ties which impel me to this, but I rather attribute it to the candid impressions of an American citizen, who is not willing to see the nation's patriotism prostituted to further political ends—as is even now being done at the national capital, and which has thrown a shadow over our land greater than that of the combined fleets of all Europe. HENRY S. ROSECRANS,
Oskaloosa, Iowa.

CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS PAINTINGS.*

VI. JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT (1796-1875).

In the year 1822 a young man of twenty-six left the draper's counter, where he had for years been selling wool and silk to an indifferent public, and entered the atelier of Michallon, desiring to learn the grammar of Art. By the "election of grace" he was born *Artist*, but the schools hindered him—kept him back with their "oppressive conventionalities"—and he escaped to learn of Nature alone, that greatest of teachers.

Not exhibiting until 1837, although sixteen years older than Rousseau, he found in him a master, a friend. "The father of French landscape" had opened the way. Through long years of persistent work in the face of discouragement and rejection he had clung to the true ideal of his art, to delineate Nature as he felt and saw Nature. Such a man naturally draws a circle about him of appreciative, congenial friends who share his labor, and some of them his genius. The little group of which Camille Corot was an honored and be-

*From photographs selected by an American artist during her residence at art centers abroad.

loved member has immortalized and made sacred the woods of Fontainebleau, and made the hamlet of Barbizon a synonym for all that is finest in French art.

Corot endured the same adverse criticism and lack of appreciation from the outside world that was given to Rousseau, but his happy nature was never clouded by the slow arrival of honors. They came at last. He received the cross of the Legion of Honor at fifty, but was not made officer until 1867. This, the highest honor his country could give him, came at the end of a long, glad life, spent in "plain living, high thinking," grand painting. Generous and affectionate of disposition, Corot won all hearts; his favorite title among his friends and neighbors was "*le Pere Corot.*" His pictures are magical dreams of beauty. Nature? Certainly, but Nature glorified by Art, that God-given power of interpretation and suggestion which we, for lack of a better word, call Art, (using the same word to express combinations of crewel embroideries, drawn work and plush painting.) "Corot was one of the most original of painters. He stood in Nature's presence reverent, loving, enthusiastic, watching for the most delicate effects and changes of light, especially at early dawn and at dewy eve and in still moonlight, on cloud and sky, on tree and stream,—seeing thus what but few eyes do see,—and ever striving to reproduce in his works his own impressions of this beauty."

*Vue d'Italie** and *Pasaye*, the second reproduced in this number, are exquisite photographs; but no camera can reproduce the tender color, the feeling of "swaying branch and moving bough," which these pictures possess as paintings.

**Vue d'Italie* will be reproduced in the June MIDLAND.

THE MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

RECENT FICTION AND BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

In the February number of THE MIDLAND I showed the difference between Octave Thanet's theories as a writer of short stories and those of other prominent Western realists; in this article, taking Octave Thanet's latest collection of stories, "A Book of True Lovers,"* for a subject, I wish to show wherein her theories differ and accord with those of the French naturalistic writer, Gustave Flaubert. In her paper read at the World's Columbian Exposition, Octave Thanet alludes to Flaubert's theory that for each mood, each aspect, each situation, there is one true expression and one alone, and if one is hunting after a figure or an expression that will not come, it is because one has not the idea; the image or the sentiment being clearly in one's mind if it brings the word on to the paper—the one naturally flowing from the other.

Flaubert sometimes read whole libraries in order to write a line or a paragraph. Does this microscopic learning appear in his stories? Not directly. Yet he makes his reader *feel* it. Who can define that subtile something, too intangible to be expressed by the word thought, which passes from author to reader conveying the impression of profound knowledge behind the expressed idea.

Flaubert's theories as to whether an author should put his own personality into his stories are explained in his discussion with George Sand. "I am convinced," Flaubert wrote to George Sand, "that a novelist should not proclaim his own views. God, Himself, not having told His at the creation."

Brunetiere, the great French critic, who is opposed, in the main, to the naturalistic school, and consequently to Flaubert, regards Flaubert's impersonality as his one supreme artistic virtue. "No novelist," Brunetiere says, "should ever make a tool of his characters for the expression of his own sentiments."

So far, it may be said, Octave Thanet's theories are in accord with those of Flaubert and Flaubert's disciple, Maupassant. In all her stories, Miss French searches for the inevitable, the only phrase, which the type she is creating would spontaneously use. In the pictures of human life, found not only in "The Book of True Lovers," but also in all of her stories from "The Knitters in the Sun" to "The Missionary Sheriff," each character speaks his own language in his own individual manner with apparently no help from the author who creates him. Neither does she tear her types away from their surroundings and bring them to us with half of their beauty shorn, but rather carries us to them; shows us *their* river and sky and makes them unconsciously speak the language which Nature would have bestowed upon them, had they been mortal. We might even go farther and say that such is Octave Thanet's interest in human nature at large that there are times when she seems to say with Flaubert, "The ignoble delights me. It is the sublime of the lower slopes." But there she stops and takes the opposite path from Flaubert and Maupassant, for she has no sympathy with their cynical views of life. It is impossible to imagine Miss French writing to any of HER friends as did Flaubert to Ernest Chevalier: "I dissect human hearts constantly, and when I have discovered impurity in what was thought to be purity, I am amused."

Always, Octave Thanet searches for and finds the noble and the true in life. I doubt if we have any other author so bravely optimistic; and this optimism proceeds not from lack of experience and observation, but is

*Way & Williams, Chicago.

the natural expression of a mind, virile, healthful and radiant.

In the charming introduction to "The Book of True Lovers," Octave Thanet writes: "If, my dear friend, you perceive that the love herein depicted deals more with married folks than with youths and maidens, may I humbly suggest that as we should call no man happy until he be dead so likewise may we hesitate to call a lover true until he hath been proved by a marriage, which is as a fire or an ireful acid, releasing all the volatile and unsubstantial elements of love, and leaving only the pure gold of the heart. That so much of it remains in the marriage of our Anglo-Saxon race is the happiest omen for us as a people."

The first story in "The Book of True Lovers" is "The Strike at Glasscocks." The scene is laid in Arkansas, but it has all the diminutiveness and the isolation from life on a large scale characteristic of a Dutch painting. Look, if you will, at Squire Glasscock's portrait of his wife; a portrait quite as unique, in a humble way, as Browning's "My Last Duchess," only it is the sublime of the lower slopes.

"The widder Glasscock, my wife, is as nice a woman as you'll ever meet up with, and as good a cook, tew, but the Lord made most wimmen fools, and all on 'em stubborn. And once git her set, thar ain't no movin' of the widder. . . . What ruined our fambly is just cravin' fur style and show, and the natchell yearnin' of wimmen to have their own way. We'd of been married thirty-three year come next September, and we hain't never had no 'casion fer havin' a house painted. She tole me on a Sunday that she'd been dwellin' on the idee fur a right smart.

'Ye best ondwell then, 'says I,' 'paint air onhealthy and I don't want none 'er it in mine.'

'Tain't neither' says she; 'the cholera is comin', and the doctors say paint—fresh paint—is a preventatative' says she, terrible uppish. But it warn't no perventatative she been ayfter. It ben fur the looks of the thing, and I knowed it. Ye see the widder allus had a hankerin' fur fine things. We ain't got no less 'n four rockin' cheers to our house. Fact. And she won't w'ar a sunbunnit to church. Got to have a bunnit or a straw hat. An' she kinder tolled me inter paintin' an paperin' inside tell we was so dad-gummed fine she cudn't have my old dog inside in muddy weather. 'Clare *that* made me mad. An' what made me madder, she had to get a stove in the room, an' I hadn't nare place on earth to spit in 'cept a box! What do you reckon 'bout that? Air that the way to treat a self-respectin' citizen with a white skin makin' of him spit in a box? . . . She ben wanten' of me to take a paper, 'so we'll know the news," says she. I says, 'we ain't no need er news, 'cept what we kin git oncet a month, at preachin', but I says, when this come up, 'if I'll git ye a paper oncet a week will ye quit bellerin' at me 'bout the paint?' Says she, 'I dunno how to b'ar hit without we git the house painted.' 'Ye can't have the house painted,' says I, 'but I'll git ye the paper.' And she read it to me reg'lar. She kin read the best in the world, right off; nev' does have to stop an' spell, nor even to whisper words off to herself."

While Squire Glasscock thus draws his *wife's* portrait to the arbitrator, he unconsciously sketches in the lines which bound his *own* mean, calculating, arbitrary soul, in the same manner that the Duke in "My Last Duchess," unconsciously reveals his perverse Machiavellian nature to the Count's agent. The Duke is a type of a decadent civilization and a class, and Sam Glasscock is a type of the unprogressive poor white in Arkansas. As the Duke tries to impress upon the Count's agent the frailties of his former Duchess, so Sam Glasscock explains his wife's "cravin' fur style" to the arbitrator. The conceptions are in a manner identical, only one is, as I remarked before, the sublime of the higher and the other of the lower slopes. The one woman is Beauty's Self, a type which even the brush of Frà Randolf could never hope to reproduce upon canvas, the other "is a small figure in a short blue gown who can swing an ax with extraordinary agility." Her calm, alert face is never seen, it is always hid by her "sunbunnit," but although we will never know whether there were traces of faded rural beauty in her gentle, firm face, we *do* know that step by step she raised her family above the common level and married her daughter to a man who made a "heap er money runnin' a mill, an' got a house fur her made outer a book."

"Why Abbylonia Surrendered," "The Judgment on Mrs. Swift," "The Ladder of Grief" and "A Captured Dream," are simply pictures of American life, lowly expressions of our epoch. They are composed with what architects call "truth of material, truth of construction and truth of color."

The scene of "The Judgment on Mrs. Swift," (one of the best constructed of Miss French's stories) is laid in Iowa. It is scarcely fifty pages in length and yet there is a main plot, an under plot and a main cross Nemesis action hid between its leaves. In this story we have also a miniature picture of the irony of life, for at the moment when Mrs. Swift has paid off the mortgage on her farm, and the girl who jilted her son loses her mother and is reduced to extreme poverty,—at what seems the moment of her exaltation among her neighbors,—the upright Mrs. Swift is accused of stealing a diamond pin. Circumstantial evidence is against her. The pin was in the room when she entered and was missed immediately after she left. The facts are that the fringe of her shawl caught the pin and that it dropped under the seat of a buggy which she used only on state occasions. When the great diamond of Miss Pennell's lost brooch winked at her like an evil eye from beneath the carriage seat, the next few hours were very black to the honest, haughty, old soul. It is then that her heart turns to Marcia, the unfortunate woman whom her son still loves. And it is Marcia who invents a method of restoring the pin without suspicion being cast upon the innocent old woman. Alpheus Swift is another typical son of Iowa, strong, upright, sensitive, sympathetic.

All the married folks in "A Book of True Lovers," after being purified by the "ireful acid" are left in that contented state described by England's new poet, Mr. Stephen Phillips:

"So shall we live
And though the first sweet sting of love be passed
There shall succeed a faithful peace,
Beautiful friendship, tried by sun and wind,
Durable from the daily dust of life."

Another novelist who possesses a robust intellect and knows how to create robust types is Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith. His "Caleb West"* is the most virile book of the year. The main *motif* of the story is the building of Shark Ledge Light off Keyport Harbor. The contracting engineer, Henry Sanford, the chief foreman of construction Captain Joe Bell, and the diver, Caleb West (the latter the hero of the story), are the strong, vigorous sons of the sea. These men take life

*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

seriously. They get many hard blows and stern rebuffs from their parent, the Ocean, and so they are gentle to one another. They have a keen sense of right and wrong, of manliness and honor which they learn as they fight side by side with the elements. They get scant mother teaching and scant religious teaching, but their hold upon the elemental truths of Christianity is tenacious. They have their own customs and mode of preparing food, and a picturesque dialect. Their similes and metaphors are nautical and they are inclined to be clannish.

Captain Joe weathers a storm like a gull. The sea is his native element and he has studied its moods and caprices and can predict with certainty the coming of foul or fair weather. And what a cheerful, yet testy, straightforward, yet impulsive, sailor he is! The men who work on the Keyport Light under Captain Joe, enlist for a war with winds and storms and changing seas. . . . This enlistment means hours of battling with the sea, of tugging at the lines waist deep in the boiling surf that rolls in from Montauk. It means constant, unceasing vigilance day and night in order that some exposed site necessary for a bedstone may be captured and held before a Southeaster can wreck it, and thus a vantage point be lost in the laying of the masonry.

Associated with these stalwart men is Betty West, the girl-wife of Caleb West. An accident (the bursting of the Screamer's engine) occurs, and Bill Lacy, an agile, catlike fellow, a new hand, is badly injured. Betty helps to nurse him back to life and he induces her to run away with him. She stays but a few days with Lacy and the tender hearted Captain Joe Bell, shelters her and fathers her. Caleb refuses to take her back and the scene between Captain Joe and Caleb West, where Captain Joe tries to induce Caleb to take Betty back, is very dramatic. Never has the story of a wife's sin been treated with more virility, more sincerity, and yet more delicacy. Betty is the same kitten-like type as Hetty in Adam Bede. But Betty is more spiritual, more conscientious, than her English sister and less wickedness is expected of her by her creator

Contrasted with these toilers of the sea are Sanford's society friends, the wealthy and sympathetic Mrs. Morgan Leroy; the young lovers, Jack Hardy and Helen, who have yet to feel the stingings of the ireful acid of marriage, and many others. A virile scene is the stag party at Sanford's apartments, where Smearley comes in fresh from his studio, clad in white flannels and a flaming tie; the millionaire Hardy, is in correct evening dress; Editor Curran stops not to change his business suit, and the great 'cello Bock, a short, round, oily Dane, is welcome in a thread-bare coat and black baggy trousers. The conversation, O, ye Western club men, is upon music, science, art, with much harmless banter at the expense of Maj. Tom Slocomb, the butt of the party. For no club, since the learned Doctor Johnson's time, has seemed quite complete without some harmless Bohemian with a nature akin to Goldsmith's or Voiture's. The good Major is not literary, however; he is, I think a new southern type and therefore it is impossible to classify him. These society friends do not take life so seriously as the workers of Shark Ledge. While they can work prodigiously in working hours they understand the gentle art of idling in leisure moments. They are trifiers if you will, fond of luxury and all that wealth brings to the cultivated eye and sense. But they sympathize with suffering, pick up the fallen ones and do not carry their jests and laughter too far.

The arch-villain is *not* Bill Lacey; it is the government superintendent who occupies that high place. In the truthful description of Carleton (I say truthful because every reader knows some government official who closely resembles this incompetent and surly superintendent), Mr. Hopkinson Smith has placed his finger upon the weak point in our governmental system. Heads of departments are generally men of tried ability; it is the local officials who are incompetent. The absurdity, the folly of placing a man of inferior intellectual and moral ability over skilled engineers and craftsmen who understand their business, has never been more graphically pictured than in "Caleb West." One type Mr. Hopkinson Smith has haply spared us from viewing in his book — the woman gossip; but when he tries to heap all the reproach he can on Carleton's wicked old head, he makes him that most venomous of all God's creatures, a man gossip.

If, in "Caleb West," we see the civil engineer on duty in "Gondola Days,"* by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, the engineer turns painter and shows us how he spends his days of recreation. "Gondola Days" is the most charming book of travel I know of, except Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr's "The Flower of England's Face" and "A Cathedral Pilgrimage." The methods of these two travelers are consciously different, each reflecting his or her personality — for a book of travel, unlike a novel, gains by little hints dropped here and there, which show the author's likes, dislikes, haps and mishaps. Mrs. Dorr depicts quaint types (often of the past) with a historical setting and she discovers remote paths and describes nature with a poet's eye. Mr. Smith, on the contrary, is never so happy as when describing the robust Venitian types which now people Venice, and he regards the palaces, the grand staircases, the gateways, from a painter's, rather than a poet's, plane. But both are charming because their books are wrought not in sad but in happy sincerity. It is play day with both of them, after years of toil, and both know on these pleasure trips how to take all the good which the gods will them.

It is comical to contrast Luigi, the beggar tramp, for instance, with Caplain Joe. Luigi, the principal member of the Outdoor Club, "ragged, barefooted, sunbrowned, who never, in the recollection of any man or woman, was known to do a stroke of work. Could he step to the footlights, just as he is, and with his superb baritone voice, ring out one of his native songs, he would send a flutter through the hearts of a matinée full of pretty girls."

Then there is Vittorie, up from *Via Garibaldi*, out on a lark, frolicking with the Old Man of the Sea when he comes bounding over the Molo wall; or the sculptor waif, Allesandro, who had troubadoured it through Europe, his only support being a spatula and a lump of clay. The only time when the members of the Outdoor Club take life seriously is when Pietro and Pasquale, the rival gondoliers, have a boat race; then indeed all Venice turns out to see it, and blue and yellow ribbons scattered amidst the crowd, proclaim the sympathizers of the rival combatants.

But the gentle, guileless French professor, who knows every nook and corner of Venice, is the principal type. He it is who recalls old legends, discovers old books and paintings, tells mysterious stories about beautiful Venetian women and loyal knights, long since dead, re-peoples tottering halls and broken balconies. In short, one gets from "Gondola Days" the very atmosphere of ancient and modern Venice. *Mary J. Reid.*

*Houghton Mifflin & Co.

Zola's famous Trilogy is now complete, and may be judged as a whole. The thread of the story is the development of Pierre Fromont's character and career, in Lourdes, in Rome and in Paris,—first as the young priest full of confidence in the mission and purpose of the church to purify and save the world; then as the reformer in disfavor for excessive zeal and disregard of admonition from his bishop, vainly appealing to the Pope for the word that should give him freedom to continue his work and put new life into the church; and, finally as a convert to the new gospel of service applied to the betterment of mankind, and to the new philosophy of justice for the unequipped poor as a substitute for partial and at best unsatisfying charity.

The reader of Zola's *Paris** finds himself powerfully impressed with the pictures thus presented of many phases of life in the French Capital—the squalor of the poor, the prodigality of the rich, the vices of the bourgeoisie, the corruption of politics, the venality of the press, the inefficiency of home charities, the plodding earnestness of devotees to science, the tragic inconsistencies of anarchism.

We differ with most of the critics in judgment as to the relative merits of this latest work. To our mind, *Paris* is greater than *Rome* greater than *Lourdes*. All three are too long drawn out, but there is less that might be spared in the last of the series. *Rome* was guide-bookish, *Paris* is not. The description in *Paris* is, especially to the American reader, essential to full comprehension of the scenes and incidents presented. Nor is there reason in the prevalent tone of disappointment with the unambitious last stage of Piere Fromont's career. That a priest out of harmony with the descipline and teachings of his church and in full sympathy with the new industrial movement and with the new thought on economic questions should abandon the priesthood and take his place as a beginner among the workers, and that the heart-hungry solitary should find in Marie's virgin love his own heart home, is the natural outcome of Zola's philosophy. "But, such an unambitious ending!" says one. This critic would deny to Zola his right to write realistic novels. He might as well insist on a revision of "Middlemarch" because Dorothea deserved a better fate than Will Ladislaw, and an obscure home in London. With such disappointing conclusions must literature that reflects real life for ever and ever abound.

In the whole range of fiction there are few scenes as artistically developed and as dramatically presented as the dymanite explosion in Book II, the man hunt in Book III, the trial, sentence and execution of Salvat in Books IV and V, and the crisis in the fate of Guillaume, near the close of the novel. The most consummate art is shown in the development of that species of insanity known as anarchism in the clear, strong, noble, but ill-balanced mind of Guillaume, Pierre's elder brother. The meeting of the two brothers in the rotunda, under the crypt of the great cathedral of the Sacred Heart, the argument for and against the hellish deed which had been planned, the physical encounter and the final return of reason to the elder brother's distraught mind—altogether make a profound impression. Nothing in modern fiction surpasses it. No factitious after-success which might have been accorded the ex-priest, could have added anything to the greatness of Pierre Fromont as evinced in this crisis. No purpose novel of our time has surpassed this dramatic presentation of the noble madness, the egregious blunder and the atrocious crime of anarchism.

* The Macmillan Company, New York, two vols. $2.

RECEIVED.

Autobiography of Andrew T. Still, with a History of the Discovery and Development of the Science of Osteopathy. Illustrated. Published by the author, Kirksville. Mo.

Snowy Summits, a Collection of Western Poems. By Lyman H. Sprowl, A. R. Fleming Printing Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Victor Serenus, a Story of the Pauline Era. By Henry Wood. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

Cedar Creek. Popular History Refuted. By Captain E. D. Hadley, Des Moines.

Stories of Omaha. Historical Sketches of the Midland City By Wm. E. Broadfield. Nichols & Broadfield, Omaha.

Horace Mann and the Common School Revival in the United States. By B. A. Hinsdale Ph. D., LL. D. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

The Blue Ridge Mystery. A Novel. By Caroline Martin. Robert Lewis Reed Company, Publishers, New York. $1.25.

See Contributors' Department for May.

VUE D' ITALIE, BY COROT.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

VOLUME IX. JUNE, 1898. NUMBER 6.

ON THE TRAIL OF COOPER'S NOVELS.

BY JEANNETTE NICHOLS PHILLIPS.

"Whence these legends and traditions.
With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers?"

AFTER the perusal of a few volumes of J. Fenimore Cooper one turns to a map of the central eastern counties of New York to find it strewn with "Patent" and "Purchase" and "Grant" and "Tract," and dotted with names — Indian, Dutch and English — which have become classic through Cooper's works, while "Hall," "Manor," and "Mansion" still cling to ancient family seats bearing ante-Revolutionary dates and occupied by descendants of the original patentees, not a few of whose names grace the nation's records.

Then comes the impulse to follow paths opened up by Cooper's heroes, to look on scenes where history as well as romance was made.

"Last of the Mohicans" covers ground rich in historic interest. The site of Fort Edward is easily found below the village of that name, and we fall in with the trail at Glens Falls. Here are the rugged bluffs of the Hudson, a hundred feet high, with their overhanging shrubbery and the water rushing down as on the night when Cora and Alice and the party of escort stemmed its current. Here is realiy the table-rock dividing the stream, and beneath it the crack magnified by Cooper into a place of refuge for seven, and through which, in truth, a man may hardly walk. Just opposite, there clings an ancient gnarled tree, pointed out as the identical one into which Cooper put the fierce Iroquois who tried his sharpshooting upon the beleaguered party, and from which he

[The entire contents of this number copyrighted by Johnson Brigham, 1898. All rights reserved.]

fell into the channel still seething below. Above this point, the waters of the upper Hudson whirl and tumble over the soft limestone ledge, justifying Hawkeye's "untutored description." But he speaks with the tongue of a prophet when he calls the place "Glenn's," for it was known as Wing's Falls till full thirty years after his exploits in the vicinity.

The highway between this village and Lake George is almost identical with the trail followed by the scout and his party. It crosses ground over which surged so hotly the struggle for possession between French and English, between English and colonists It passes the spot where Colonel Williams fell, now marked by a monument, and the spot where King Hendrick was slain. It runs close beside a small stagnant pool, Bloody Pond, whose gruesome story Hawkeye tells. The general description of the valley and mountains and plain, of the first view of the "Holy Lake" conveyed in the progress of the story bring even to-day a vivid sense of familiarity to the tourist exploring the same route for the first time. The ruins of Fort George, but faintly traced, are in the woods near the lake. On the site of Fort William Henry, where Colonel Munro so proudly capitulated, stands a magnificent hotel, namesake of the fort, commanding the entrancing vistas of the Horicon.

Cooper's geography is faulty when he makes "The Pathfinder's" party leave the Mohawk at old Fort Stanwix, "now Utica." "Utica" should read "Rome," as the latter place is the site of the ancient fort as well as the more practicable point of leaving the Mohawk for the portage across to the Oswego. The trail of "The Pathfinder" through the forest was long ago obliterated by agriculture and commerce. The Oswego dashes over the rocks and tumbles down the gorge as on the night of the Mingo's attack on Mabel Dunham's party, and, though no special tradition clings to rock or stump, one sees where the ambush and escape must have been.

The soil of Westchester county, scene of "The Spy," was sanctified by the blood of our forefathers, and one finds many a point of interest. But, attempting to trace the paths so well known to the "Spy," one finds himself in much the same predicament as were

GRAVE OF JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

MOHIGAN OR FIVE MILE POINT, OTSEGO LAKE.

that hero's frequent pursuers,—utterly baffled as to his trail. Taking position on some height one may see that the general conformation of the country gave local color to the tale, but that is all.

The "Littlepage manuscripts," after leading one on a chase from the island of Manhattan up the Hudson to Sandy Hill, near Glens Falls, launches him off into space for Mooseridge and Ravensnest. While diligently prospecting for these places we read that the names are fictitious, but "near enough." The conclusion is that the patents covering these estates should, at least in "Redskins," be located not in Washington but in Delaware county, where Jay Gould's father at his own threshold met and defied the "Injins" in days of anti-rent agitation, for the scrimmage with the anti-renters disguised as Indians in the story bears a strong resemblance to the famous battle of Shacksville in the county of Delaware.

In Otsego county, whose length and breadth Cooper knew and loved so well, the trail has been trodden into a well-beaten path. Though there are now more hop yards than sugar bushes, more "lovely females" to be met on bicycles than on horseback, there are still within its borders springs,—sources of winding streams, all tributary to the lordly Susquehanna,—boulders and rounded knolls, steep hillsides, sparkling lakes and dense forests enough to lend reality to all the tragic scenes and heroic escapades Cooper ever depicted. Often on rounding a lonely wooded hill one looks for traces of Indian carnage and feels his blood run cold in anticipation of a savage war whoop, or, as a placid lake bursts to view, looks for the light canoe skimming its surface.

In Otsego county are located "Deerslayer," "Wyandètte," "The Pioneers," and in greater part, "Home as Found."

"Deerslayer" ranks first historically; and "as for the scenes of this tale, it is intended and believed to be a close description of Otsego (lake) prior to the year 1760, when the first rude settlement was commenced on its banks." At the foot of the lake, lifting its gray surface to the sun and washed by the lapping waters of the "Glimmerglass," is the rendezvous of Deerslayer and Chingachgook, the Otsego Rock, "its

height scarcely equaling six feet, and its shape not unlike that of a beehive or a haycock," "a seat that had held many a forest chieftain during the long succession of ages." Near its base, now as when Deerslayer discovered it, a century and a half ago, there "glances out of the lake in a swift current beneath a high arched tracery of branches" a stream named by the red man's imitative tongue, Susquehanna. To the west is the veritable curved bay, the Rat's Cove of romance, where Hutter and Harry Hurry set out on their perilous scalp-hunting expedition. Farther up is Three Mile Point, less wooded now than then, but with its abrupt little bluff and knolls preserving a very recognizable identity with the spot where the faithful Hetty Hutter landed, bent on the rescue of her father and friend. Here is the same brook that went gurgling by the Huron camp where Wah-ta-Wah languished a captive, while at one's feet bubbles up the limpid spring beside which the gallant Chingachgook found his dusky sweetheart.

FIGURE OF LEATHERSTOCKING ON TOP OF COOPER MONUMENT.

Next comes Five Mile Point, now as then "less crowded with trees," "the open space bearing some resemblance to a densely wooded lawn." This is the site of the Huron encampment when Deerslayer was sent to the castle on parole. Back of it, "neither very high nor very steep," is the acclivity over whose crest he sped in the race for life. So realistic is the portrayal that one feels it rather the fault of time and the elements than of fiction, that there are not bones and weapons scattered about in witness of those days.

Stil farther north is the little headland where Deerslayer first saw the forest-rimmed lake "so placid and limpid" in its "solemn solitude and sweet repose." Opposite this, marked by waving rushes and a yellow hue in the water is the shoal where Hutter's castle defied the enemy.

From the head of the lake the view stretches off through the gap in "the long, broken, ridgy hills that fell away toward the Mohawk" where traces of an old Indian trail come winding up from Fort Plain, and where a "Continental road" leads down from the east. On the eastern shore one easily finds "the small open area" with its "dense fringe of bushes" backed by the steep mountain and "the high, gloomy vaults of the forest" where Deerslayer earned his new name "Hawkeye" in his fight with the treacherous Iroquois. There are yet, at the base of this rugged mountain,

"trees overlooking the lake itself, shooting out toward the light." Nor are the precipitous slopes yet shorn of the "virgin forest."

In "Wyandètte" the trail from Albany is over the same ground covered not many years later by the novelist's mother bearing the babe of promise in arms on her way from the ancestral home in New Jersey to the patent her husband had chosen,—up the Mohawk to Fort Plain, 'cross country by the old Indian trail to the head of the lake, thence to the foot. The Wyandètte party pursued their way down the Susquehanna, leaving now on this side, now on that, Kiipnockie, site of an old Indian village; an Indian feasting rendezvous and their primitive bake oven, orchards, council grounds and cemetery; Ontio, beautiful hills,—a favorite point of look-out: —the plain on which General Herkimer made a vain attempt to seal a treaty of neutrality with that gory-handed sachem, Joseph Brant. Reaching the mouth of the Unadilla (pleasant valley), the Willoughby voyageurs stemmed that stream to a tributary on whose banks lay the scene of their tragic end. This tributary known as Butternut Creek is charmingly described in detail,—the fertile valley, its small rounded elevations, counterparts of the "Hutted Knoll;" its wide expansions, once populous beaver dams; its narrow, rocky gorges and cataracts, sites of old time busy mills, now gray and lichen-covered, crumbling with age and disuse. On Morris Patent, overlooking the same stream and the same smiling meadows that flanked the Hutted Knoll, stands a monument on the spot where Cooper's favorite sister, almost a century ago, was thrown from her horse and fatally injured.

LEATHERSTOCKING MONUMENT.

The lofty hill frowning over the eastern side of Ostego Lake is the Mt. Vision on whose summit Leatherstocking is introduced to the reader, and over which Judge Temple is "making his way" in the opening chapters of "The Pioneers." The road he followed that wintry day winds down, crosses the little bridge over the Susquehanna, mounts the slope on the western side forming, even to-day, Cooperstown's principal street. Nearly a mile to the north, half way up the mountain side, flies a flag

marking the location of Leatherstocking's cave.

The annual breaking up of the lake's frozen surface follows the program of "pioneer" days, and during the lawful season great numbers of seine nets dance edgewise in the water and snare the famous Otsego bass, which are still the delight of the epicure.

J. FENIMORE COOPER.

Cooperstown, the author's "Templeton," and Otsego Lake bear ample testimony that the adage, "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country," has its exceptions, for Leatherstocking Street, Hotel Fenimore, Cooper House, Fenimore Hose Company, etc., confront the visitor in Cooperstown. Skirting the lake's western side are Mohican Glen, Fenimore Place, Leatherstocking Falls; its waters wash around Hutter's Point, Hutter's Island, Point Judith, and float the little yacht, "Pioneer," and a popular excursion steamer, "Natty Bumppo."

One of the streets sloping down to the lakeside divides at a spot which one can

BEGINNING OF THE SUSQUEHANNAH RIVER.

OTSEGO ROCK, NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER.

but believe is that chosen by Judge Temple for his residence of "composite order," and which, remodeled, appears as The Wigwam in "Home as Found." Here is a little enclosure in which lies a stone whose inscription tells us:

ON THIS SITE STOOD
OTSEGO HALL,
THE HOME OF JAMES FENIMORE COOPER,
from 1834 to the day of his death, Sept. 14, 1851. Built by Wm. Cooper, who founded Cooperstown, in 1798, and destroyed by fire in 1853.

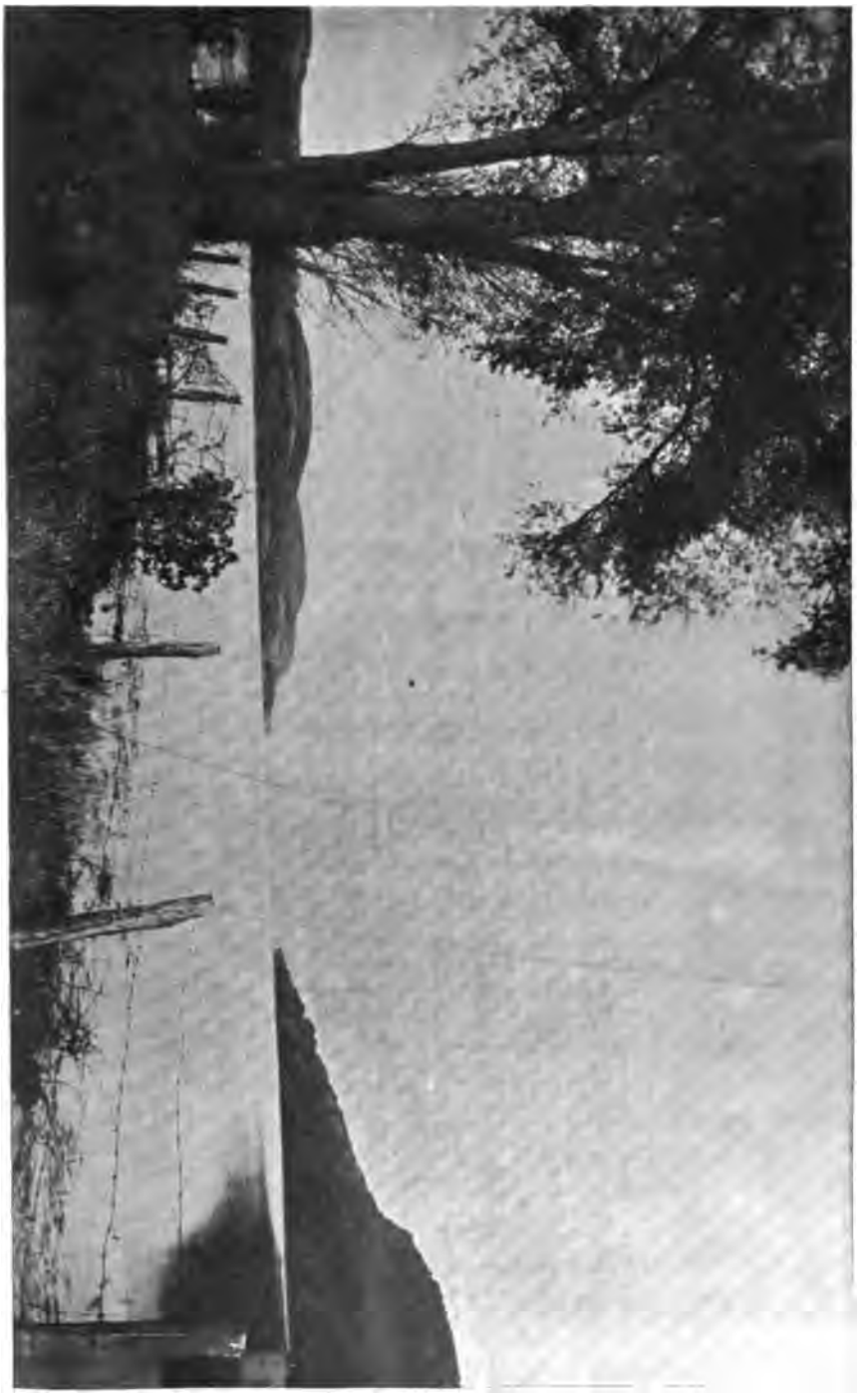
On one side is the grove; on the other are the extensive grounds so fondly described by the author, now but faintly suggesting their original beauty and magnificence.

From this spot the youthful James roved at will over his father's forest-covered patent, imbibing with his growth the sylvan lore that came so readily to the novelist's pen. Looking abroad from the paternal home he could see the plain across which General Schuyler once marched on a raid against the Indians to the west; and the spot where, one day, Washington stood to view the lake and its environments with the strategist's eye.

The founder of the town, the father of the novelist, figures in history as Judge Cooper, a public spirited citizen and member of Congress. The hall so ruthlessly burned was the scene, during James Fenimore's occupation, of many a gay house-party. Only two, daughter and nephew, now aged and feeble, remain to recount the doings of those happy days.

Some of the old hall's windows and doors adorn the cottage so long the home of the novelist's daughters, Ann Charlotte Fenimore Cooper and Susan Augusta Fenimore Cooper. These ladies in the spirit of true charity so often depicted by their father in his elderly female characters, founded and left an orphanage as a lasting memorial to the name.

In the village churchyard is an enclosure set apart to the Cooper family. Under old-fashioned box tombs, simply inscribed and with small crosses lightly chiseled, lie the bodies of the great writer and his wife. Tombs or headstones, all severely plain and simple, mark the resting places of a son and and three daughters, of father, mother, sisters, brothers, nephews and nieces.



VIEW OF OTSEGO LAKE.

Fenimore is an oft-recurring middle name and other names bound by the ties of marriage also appear Somewhat apart in one corner is a slab:

TO THE MEMORY OF
JOSEPH STEWART.
Born a slave and for twenty years the much loved free servant of Judge Cooper.

In a newer cemetery on the lowest slope of the Mount Vision he immortalized, in plain sight from his beloved Glimmerglass, stands Cooper's monument. Its faces are adorned with reliefs of paddle, tomahawk, bow and arrow. harpoon, anchor and naval sword, inkstand and pen, laurel leaves and oak. Crowning the whole, with the old dog Hector in effigy at its feet, is a picturesquely simple figure typifying the author's master character, Leatherstocking, looking out over the blue gleaming waters of "Old Otsego."

THE UNIVERSAL THOUGHT.

A PALE thought met me in that season fair
When joy was young and life was glad and free,
And said: "O thou who seem'st so void of care,
I would have speech with thee!

"Thou canst not choose but hear me, for my word
Cometh to all men, be they high or low;
I hold each mortal fast till he hath heard,
Whether he will or no.

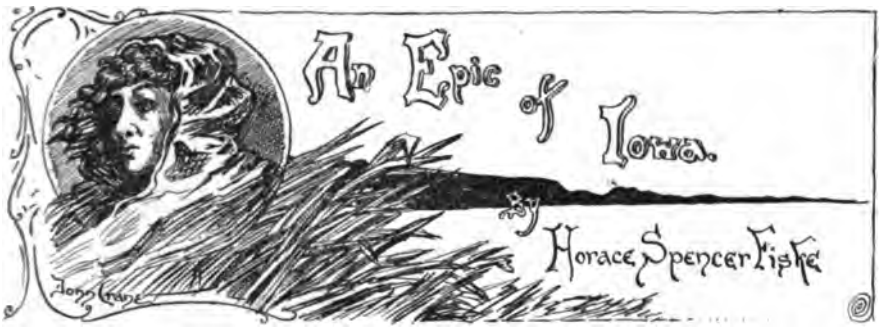
"All nations, tongues and tribes have I compelled
To hear my voice. I saw the earth's fair prime;
The eyes of every race and age beheld
Me from the dawn of time.

"I vex the peace of king and potentate,
The conqueror in all his pomp arrayed;
The mighty in the pride of power elate,
Know me and are afraid.

"Yet to the poor and wretched I am sweet,
I soothe the aching breast with healing balm;
And they who walk with torn and bleeding feet
I fill with holy calm.

"O soul, keep fast thy faith! Live free from blame!
So shall my voice be one that comforteth;
For thou must hear me. Wouldst thou ask my name?
I am the Thought of Death."

Clifford C. Carleton.



I.

THREE toilsome years she tilled the barren farm,—
A girl of twelve, by violent death bereft
Of father's, brother's strong supporting arm;
A mother's heart in widowed weakness left,
And none to save the home from threatened harm.

Three long, brave years the roughened hills she wrought,
Behind the plow the white horse guiding slow
Through furrowed oat field; marking all untaught
Where yellow corn should stand in rustling row,
And planting as the need the season brought.

The children with their books she cheered at night,
Illuming what their tired brains could not see;
And when their heavy eyelids barred from sight
The wavering page, she sat alone, to be
Herself a struggler up the hills of light.

II.

Day after day thick fell the sheeted rain;
Around the little farm the streamlet fought
Its broadening way to burst its earthen chain;
And with its torrent fingers grimly caught
The shuddering bridge and shook it all amain.

"Run engine to Boone and back again" was all
The message said; yet much of meaning lay
That tempest night in the train dispatcher's call,—
"Run in to Boone"—that slept five miles away,
And twenty bridges trembling to a fall!

[This poem was awarded the prize for the Best Original Poem in THE MIDLAND'S April 1st Competition]

From out her stall old "Number Twelve" was led,
To trace the track above the torrents' roar;
And through the black her searching headlight sped
In steady course Des Moines' wide waters o'er,
And on the farm its arrowy radiance shed.

Slow crept the engine, then o'er Honey Creek,
That flung its yellow tide about the farm;
Its writhing current now no longer weak,
But striking at the bridge with mighty arm,—
Intent some deadly vengeance swift to wreak.

III.

Alone that night, to the beating storm attent,
An engine's dying shriek the young girl caught,—
The timbers' crash and the hiss of steam unpent:
"The bridge is gone—the pusher's in,"—words fraught
With dreadful death to the train already sent.

From mother and home the shawl-wrapt girl stept brave,—
Her lantern, star-like, trembling through the night,—
Along the slippery bank that, flood-washed, gave
No beaten path to gust-blown, flickering light;
But blackness glowed with burning hope to save.

Along the broken bridge she crept far out,
And o'er the flood her wavering lantern swung,
Till from the drifted tree-tops rose a shout
Of helpless men that to the branches clung,
And blessed her as a light in darkest doubt.

She bade them hope, while eastward swift she ran,—
A double hope,—to save the coming train;
Before her swung the mighty river's span,—
Six hundred feet fierce-swept with wind and rain,—
A danger that a stout heart might unman.

Her lantern light flared out in sudden blast;
Her bleeding hands, benumbed by yellow spray,
Clung tie by tie, as on her knees she passed,
And felt the shaking bridge beneath the sway
Of beating driftwood 'gainst the abutments cast.

In long reverberation o'er her head
The thunder burst; and down the blackened skies
The twisted lightning like a meteor fled,—
To deepen darkness to her dazzled eyes,
And fill her woman's heart with stronger dread.

The bridge at length slow-passed, she onward sped,
Moingona's sleeping station to forewarn;
Her laboring heart, by distant beacon led,
Leaped up with courage and a hope new-born,
As through the night she pressed with swifter tread.

And now the station lamp she breathless passed,
And on her head its golden blessing fell;
For roaring through the rain the engine cast
Its flaring headlight, and its brazen bell
Clanged out the cry that would have been its last.

For rescued travelers she scarce delayed,
Her burdened heart yet laboring to save;
And with their eager engine, unafraid,
She backward ran to drowning men, that brave
Still clung, and trusted in her promised aid.

. . . . . .

And one she saved in granite set her name,
To speak his gratitude through crumbling time;
And wide was flung the commonwealth's acclaim
In golden seal and poet's sounding rhyme,
To tell the world a girl's unwonted fame.

For torch-like rose her deed above the night,
To stir men's hearts and lift their heavy eyes;
To flash on shadowed lives the sudden light
Of fame that comes from daring sacrifice,
And show how weakness may itself be might.

MRS. JOHN C. SPOONER.

STATESMEN'S WIVES IN WASHINGTON.

BY JULIETTE M BABBITT.

AMONG the most popular people in Washington society between 1885 and 1891 were Senator John C. Spooner, of Wisconsin, and his charming wife. Their home on Capitol Hill was the scene of many delightful entertainments in which music was a prominent feature. Everybody, therefore, was glad when the turning of the political wheel landed this agreeable couple in Washington again. Their home, last winter, was on Rhode Island avenue and Mrs. Spooner's receptions were, as before, delightful affairs.

Mrs. Spooner is a cultured woman, a fine conversationalist, witty, well up in current events and an accomplished musician. She is of medium height, with fair complexion and brown hair sprinkled with grey, and has excellent taste

in dress. There are three sons, only the youngest, Philip, with his parents. When they were here before, Philip had quite a wonderful soprano voice, which now promises to be a fine barytone.

MRS. RICHARD R. KENNEY.

The family of Senator J. B. Foraker, of Ohio, have not spent much time in Washington since he took his seat in the upper house, but will probably do so in the future, having taken possession of a magnificent new home this spring. It is on Sixteenth street, and is one of the finest houses on that street of elegant residences. Mrs. Foraker (who was Miss Julia Bundy, her people among the most prominent in Ohio,) is tall, fair and noble looking. In her social duties she has the able assistance of two lovely daughters, Misses Florence and Clara Louise, and has another, Julia, still at school. Of the two sons, Joseph B. Foraker, Jr. (already very popular

in Washington society), is his father's secretary. The youngest, Arthur St. Clair, about six years old, is a handsome boy, much petted by everyone.

The lovely wife of Senator Richard

MRS. HENRY HEITFELD.

R. Kenney, of Delaware, was Miss Harriet Pennewill, borne at Dover, where the family home is a very beautiful one. Her people have for generations been foremost in affairs of the state and of the nation and she is one of the most prominent members of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She is fair and slender, with blue eyes, pale golden hair and most engaging manner; is very musical; paints beautifully, especially on china; is a graceful and untiring wheelwoman and fond of all outdoor amusements. She talks well, entertains charmingly and dresses with

exquisite taste. Last winter Senator and Mrs. Kenney kept house on Vermont avenue, near Senator Allison's. They have two children, a daughter of fifteen and a son about nine.

resents, and is a charming and accomplished woman, fair-haired, dark-eyed, slight and graceful. She is devoted to her children — four sturdy boys and a pretty baby girl — and has not, so far,

MRS. CHARLES B. LANDIS.

Among the new Southern Senators' wives is Mrs. Clay, wife of Senator Alexander S. Clay, of Georgia. She was Miss Frances White, a native of the State which her handsome husband rep-

spent much time in the capital city, but expects to do so next winter.

Mrs. Heitfield, wife of Senator Henry Heitfield, of Idaho, is a tall, handsome brunette with very dark, curly hair and

fine eyes. She was Miss Anna Jacobs, born in Minnesota and brought up in Idaho, where her parents settled when she was a little girl. Senator and Mrs. Heitfield have a handsome home at Lewiston. Their winter home is a pleasant one on Capitol Hill. Mrs. Heitfield gives most of her time to her family. She has three sons and two daughters, the youngest a pretty lassie of four summers.

A dainty, girlish-looking little body with light brown hair, grey-blue eyes, an exquisite complexion and trim figure is Mrs. Landis, wife of the brilliant young Congressman from Indiana, Hon. Charles B. Landis. She was Miss Cora Chaffin, of good old Scotch-Irish descent, born in the pretty village of Battle Ground, Indiana, near the site of the famous battle of Tippecanoe. She was carefully educated and is well up in the best literature of the day. She has two children, a boy and a girl. Mr. and Mrs. Landis' home is in the picturesque old town of Delphi, where James Whitcomb Riley spends a good deal of his time and where he has found the inspiration for many of his best poems

MRS. JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS.

The talented and attractive young wife of Representative James Hamilton Lewis, of Seattle, Washington, was Rose Lawton Douglas, of Georgia. Among her ancestors were the famous Landgrave Smith and Rev. Pére Robért and other distinguished French Huguenots who came to South Carolina in the perilous times of the Seventeenth Century. She is tall and well formed, has a bright, expressive face and abundant dark, wavy hair. She is quite gifted musically, sketches and paints cleverly and, for so young a woman,—she is only twenty-four— has won an enviable place among writers by her sketches of Southern life, negro dialect stories and other work for Georgia, South Carolina, New York and Philadelphia papers, chiefly, I think, over the pen name of "Zip."

She has also written for several magazines; takes a lively interest in politics and the momentous questions of the hour, and enjoys society, in which she has been warmly welcomed.

AMBITION.

ALONG the highways of my soul there came
A voice that bade me work and plan,
And kindled in my breast the glowing flame
That makes a bit of clay a Man.

Clifford Trembly.

GRANT'S CAMPAIGN, 1862—THE IRONCLAD FLEET IN THE BATTLE AT FORT DONELSON.

GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

(A HISTORY.)

BY COL. JOHN W. EMERSON.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)
(Begun in the October, 1896, MIDLAND MONTHLY.)

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE DONELSON CAMPAIGN.

NOW that this first step in the great Fort Donelson campaign was successfully accomplished, what were Grant's environments? In what way were Halleck, Buell and Grant engaged? We see Halleck at St. Louis and Buell at Louisville, carrying on paper campaigns, while Grant, with a mere handful of men, compared to the great armies lying practically idle, was waging active war in Tennessee. Buell was telling McClellan, "I hope General Grant will not require further reinforcements."

We find Halleck, when he relapses from his vigorous appeals for help, engaged, as the war records show, in a scheme to supersede Grant.

On the 8th of February, two days after the capture of Fort Henry, and while Grant was struggling to extricate his force and supplies from the fast rising waters around Fort Henry, and hastening preparations to advance on Fort Donelson, General Halleck addressed the Secretary of War thus:

> If Brig.-Gen. E. A. Hitchcock could be made major-general of volunteers and assigned to this department it would satisfy and reconcile all differences. If it can be done, there should be no delay, as an experienced officer of high rank is *wanted immediately on the Tennessee.*
>
> H. W. HALLECK,
> Major-General.

The same day, in a letter addressed to General McClellan, General Halleck urged the creation of "A Western Division," which he, himself, would command, including his present department, Buell's department, and a new department to be called the Department of the Mississippi, to include West Tennessee.

He wrote: "General Hitchcock, if you can get him appointed, could take the *new Department of the Mississippi.* If General Hitchcock cannot be appointed, General Sherman could take the *Department of the Mississippi.*"

It is probable that Sherman died in ignorance of the fact that Halleck was, at this time, using his name in a scheme to supersede Grant.

Halleck had urged Buell, after the fall of Fort Henry to reinforce him, to bring his army to the Cumberland and the Tennessee and *take command in the field.*

He said to Buell: "I had no idea of commencing the movement before the 15th or 20th. Grant's force is small—only 15,000. Hope you will help us all you can."

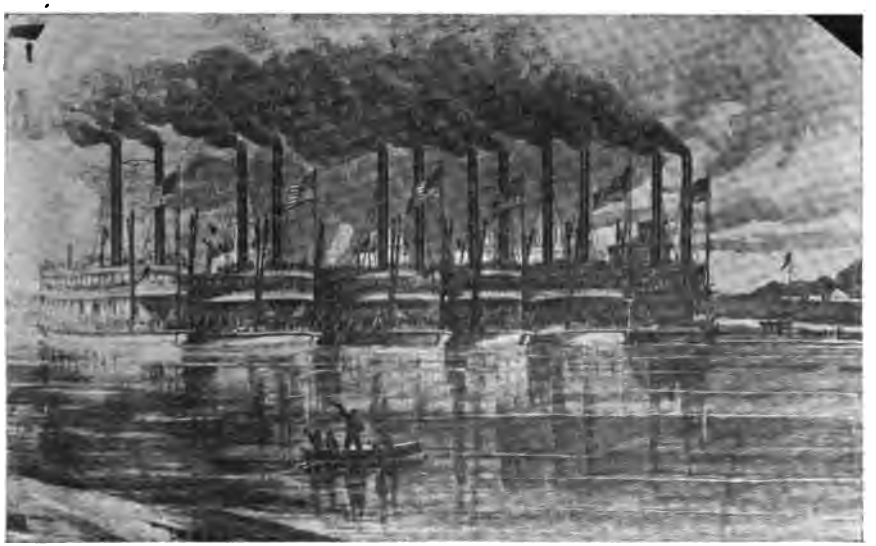
McClellan also telegraphed Buell the same evening: "Why not take the line of the Tennessee with your command?"

But Buell had no intention of losing his independence by voluntarily coming under Halleck who was of superior rank; and thus it occurred in the early days of the war that rival commanders in separate and independent districts, from motives that were, perhaps, quite human, often failed to combine or cooperate in the most important movements.

While Halleck was thus scheming to supersede Grant, the latter was devising schemes to get at the enemy, and the rapidity with which he brought on the great crisis diverted Halleck's attention, and Grant was allowed to work out his plan for the time.

Grant dispatched the three light gunboats up the Tennessee River the same evening after Fort Henry surrendered, and they penetrated to the Alabama line, wrecked the railroad bridge, destroyed many boats, captured a Confederate unfinished gunboat and a quantity of quartermaster and commissary stores.

On the 8th, instead of attacking Fort Donelson as he intended, he wrote from Fort Henry, saying: "At present we are perfectly locked in by high water and bad roads, and prevented from acting offensively as I should like to do. The banks are higher at the water's edge than farther back, leaving a wide margin of low land to bridge over before anything can be done inland. I contemplated taking Fort Donelson to-day with infantry and cavalry alone, but all my troops may be kept busily engaged in saving what we now have from the rapidly rising waters. Yesterday my cavalry penetrated to within a mile of Fort



PART OF GRANT'S ARMY UNDER GENERAL THAYER, ON ITS WAY FROM FORT HENRY TO FORT DONELSON, FEBRUARY, 1862.

Donelson. All the enemy's pickets were driven in."

At this time, to Grant's great delight, Brigadier-General Cullum, Halleck's chief of staff, was stationed at Cairo to forward troops and supplies and to be a more convenient medium between Halleck and Grant. Cullum was an agreeable man and a most energetic soldier. He admired General Grant's expeditious movements, and always had an encouraging word to send him.

On February 10th General Halleck

MRS. CRISP'S HOUSE—GENERAL GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS DURING THE FIRST DAYS OF THE FORT DONELSON SIEGE, IN REAR OF SMITH'S DIVISION.
(From an old photo.)

became greatly alarmed, and telegraphed General McClellan:

"It is said that Beauregard is preparing to move from Columbus either on Paducah or Fort Henry. Do send me more troops. It is the crisis of the War in the West. An immense number of boats have been collected at Nashville, and the whole Bowling Green force can come down in a day, attack Grant in the rear, and return before Buell can get half way there. . . . If Buell *must* move by land, why not direct him on Clarksville? I can do no more for Grant at present. I must stop the transports at Cairo to observe Beauregard. We are certainly in peril."

To General Grant he sent a message on the same day, saying: "Strengthen the land side of Fort Henry, and transfer guns to resist a land attack. *Picks and shovels are sent.*" "Picks and shovels" were about the last thing Grant then contemplated using.

By this time Halleck had alarmed the War Office at Washington, and on the 11th the Assistant Secretary of War telegraphed Halleck: "Is General Grant strong enough and quite ready for the Cumberland and Donelson movement? Position is said to be strong, and we should be strong enough to be very certain of success."

On the 12th Halleck telegraphed to Buell: "It is reported that 40,000 rebels are at Dover and Clarksville. If so, they have all come from Bowling Green."

While Halleck was excited, Grant (having on the 9th carried his material beyond danger of the rising flood), again turned his face towards Fort Donelson, and was impatient to be moving. He was not alarmed by the apprehended movement of Beauregard or the 40,000

CAPT. JOHN V. JOHNSTON,
Commander of the Veteran Naval Association of the United States. Was a playmate and a schoolmate of General Grant at the academy in Maysville, Ky., when they were boys. Was executive officer on Foote's flagship St. Louis in the naval battle at Fort Donelson, and commanded the St. Louis after Grant was wounded, and in the second day's fight.

men Halleck saw at Donelson. He meant to march straight on Fort Donelson and "capture and destroy it" with whatever force his government saw fit to give him, making no complaints, and without hesitation or parley. He wrote the following urgent letter to his friend, Commodore Foote:

GEN. C. F. SMITH,
Who led the assault and captured Confederate works.

FORT HENRY, February 10, 1862.
Flag-Officer Foote, Commanding Flotilla:

I have been waiting very patiently for the return of the gunboats under Commander Phelps, to go around on the Cumberland, whilst I marched my land forces across to make a simultaneous attack upon Fort Donelson. I feel that there should be no delay in this matter, and yet I do not feel justified in going without some of your gunboats to cooperate. Can you not send two boats immediately up the Cumberland? To expedite matters, any steamers at Cairo may be taken to tow them.

To his own army, on the same day, Grant issued his General Field Orders

From a photo by Anthony.
GEN. JOHN B. FLOYD, C. S. A.

No. 7, in which, without waiting longer for coöperation or assistance, he directed that:

The troops from Forts Henry and Heimen will hold themselves in readiness to move on Wednesday, the 12th instant, at as early an hour as practicable. Neither tents nor baggage will be taken, except such as the troops can carry. Brigade and regimental commanders will see that all their men are supplied with forty rounds of ammunition in their cartridge boxes and two days' rations in their haversacks. Three days' additional rations may be put in wagons to follow the expedition, but will not impede the progress of the main column.

Two regiments of infantry will remain at Fort Henry, to be designated from the first division, and one brigade at Fort Heimen, Ky., to be designated by General Smith, commanding.

By order of Brigadier-General Grant.

JNO. A. RAWLINS,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

At this time the telegraph lines only extended to Cairo, hence all messages from Grant's force at Fort Henry had to be sent by boat to that point for transmission. There was a temporary line to Paducah, but it was generally out of order.

On February 11th, Grant wrote to Halleck: "Every effort will be put forth to have Clarksville within a few days." Flag-Officer Foote telegraphed Halleck from Cairo (where he was having his fleet repaired) on the same date, saying:

I am ready with three gunboats to proceed up the Cumberland River, and shall leave here for that purpose in two hours—8:30 P. M.

A. H. FOOTE,
Flag-Officer.

The reader will not grudge the time to peruse Grant's final orders to his little army before beginning his brave and fearless march on Donelson. It was in full, as follows:

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF CAIRO,
FORT HENRY, February 11, 1862.
GENERAL FIELD ORDERS,
No. 11.

The troops designated in General Field Orders, No. 7, will move to-morrow as rapidly as possible in the following order:

One brigade of the First Division will move by the telegraph road directly upon Fort Donelson, halting for further orders at a distance of two miles from the fort.

The other brigades of the First Division will move by the Dover or ridge road, and halt at the same distance from the fort and throw out troops so as to form a continuous line between the two wings.

The two brigades of the Second Division now at Fort Henry will follow as rapidly as practicable by the Dover road, and will be followed by the troops from Fort Heimen as fast as they can be ferried across the river.

One brigade of the Second Division will be thrown into Dover to cut off all retreat by the river, if found practicable to do so.

The force of the enemy being so variously reported it is impossible to give exact details of attack, but the necessary orders will be given on the field.

By Order of Brig.-Gen. U. S. Grant, Commanding.

JNO. A. RAWLINS,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

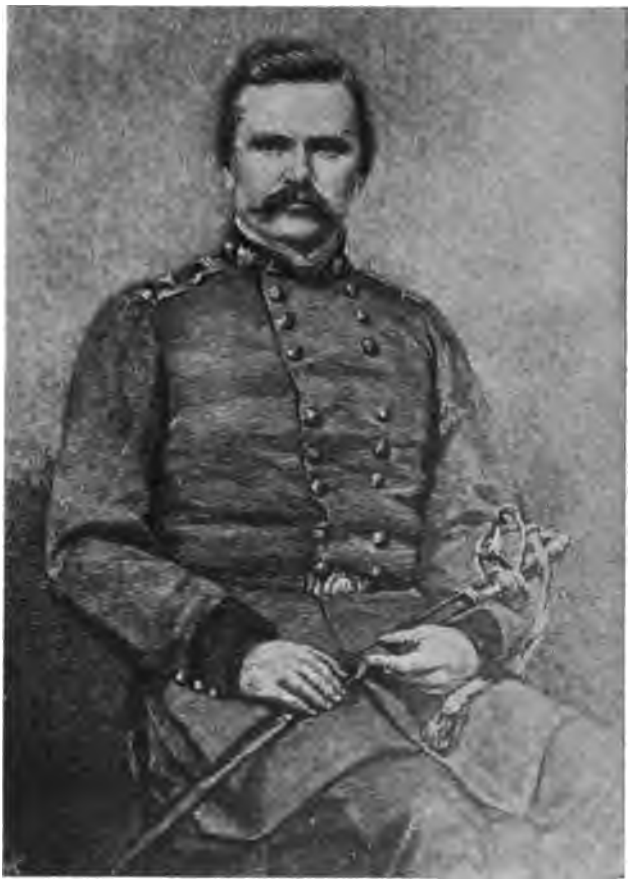
With this farewell salutation, and without flourish or other note, Grant

GENERAL BUCKNER'S HEADQUARTERS—THE SCENE OF THE SURRENDER.

nce more, with 15,000 men disappeared from sight, and with confidence unshaken, moved through the forest, over hills and through valleys of mud and water to assault a fort of great strength and reputed to be occupied by a force very much greater than his own!

With Halleck's and Buell's information as to the strength of the enemy, was there another General in either army, north or south, who would have ventured such an attack?

As soon as he had again plunged into the forest, Halleck (date, February 12th) telegraphed General Buell, saying: "General Grant has invested Fort Donelson on the land side, but he cannot transport his siege artillery from Fort Henry. Half the country is under water." General McClellan, on the evening of the 13th, telegraphed to Halleck: "Watch Fort Donelson. I am not too certain as to the result there."



From an old picture. GEN. S. B. BUCKNER, C. S. A., Confederate leader at Fort Donelson.

On the same day Halleck made another appeal to Buell; he said: "The attack will be made on Fort Donelson to-day by the joint land and naval forces, or, if not to-day, certainly to-morrow. Would it not be possible to make a cavalry demonstration on Bowling Green? A mere feint might help. Why not come down and take immediate command of the Cumberland column yourself."

To which General Buell, with the calm and unmoved deliberation which no emergency seemed capable of changing, answered: "Your dispatches just received. I will move to the line of the Cumberland or Tennessee River, *but it will take ten days at least to effect the transfer of my troops.*"

Two days after the surrender of Fort Henry, Confederate General Albert Sidney Johnston (who was in chief command in the West) in writing to the Hon. J. P. Benjamin, Confederate Secretary of War, said:

> The capture of Fort Henry gives the enemy the control of the navigation of the Tennessee River, and their gunboats are now ascending to Florence. Operations against

Fort Donelson are about to be commenced, and that work will soon be attacked.

General Floyd's command and the force from Hopkinsville is arriving at Clarksville, and can (if necessary) reach Donelson in four hours by steamers, which are there.

Should Fort Donelson be taken, it will open the route to the enemy to Nashville.

The occurrence of the misfortune of losing that fort will cut off General Hardee.—(who was at Bowling Green)—from the south bank of the Cumberland. To avoid the disastrous consequences of such an event I ordered General Hardee *yesterday* to make, as promptly as could be done, preparations to fall back to Nashville and cross the river.

From a photo by Cook.
GEN. GIDEON J. PILLOW, C. S. A.

Here we have the evidence that, as early as February 7th, *five days* before Grant began the investment of Fort Donelson, the Confederate forces commenced to evacuate Bowling Green, and throw their forces on Donelson and Nashville. And yet it was *not until eight days* thereafter (February 15th), that General Buell's forces ventured to approach Bowling Green! And it was ten days later (February 25th) when his forces reached the river opposite Nashville, a distance of sixty miles!

On February 13th, while Grant was in front of Donelson, General Sherman was placed in command at Paducah, and charged with expediting reinforcements and material to Grant. It was at this important crisis that these two great commanders first came in coöperating touch in the war. Thenceforth Sherman's friendly, encouraging and sympathetic messages came to Grant at the front on nearly every boat.

With Halleck, on the 13th, planning to supersede Grant by begging Buell to "come down and take immediate command of the Cumberland column yourself," Buell replying, "I will move to the line of the Cumberland, but it will take *ten days at least* to effect the transfer of my troops,"—at the very time Grant was engaged in coiling his little army more tightly around Donelson in his second day's desperate conflict there—let us dismiss those two chiefs at St. Louis and Louisville for the time, and look at the task before Grant. It is quite manifest that the work on the Cumberland will be done by swifter hands long before Buell gets ready to move.

DESPERATE FIGHTING BEFORE DONELSON.

In commencing the investment of the strongest fortified position of the enemy in the West with so meager a force (15,000), it should be stated that Grant entertained the hope that the gunboats would be able to reduce the water batteries and run past the fort, and thus he could assail the works from both sides. In this he was disappointed; but he was not disappointed in the fighting qualities of his own army.

When Grant threw his forces around Donelson its elaborate and skillfully constructed defenses were occupied by about 18,000 men and sixty cannon, seventeen of which were the heaviest and most effective then known to the service. The men, General Johnston

declared, were the best part of his army.

Its commanders were Generals Floyd, Pillow, Buckner and Bushrad R. Johnson. Colonels Forest, Heimen, Brown and other celebrities were also present and in active command. General Floy ddid not arrive until the end of the second day of the investment; then the place was reinforced by about 3,000 men and Floyd, by virtue of his superior rank, assumed command. About the time of Floyd's arrival, the brigade under Colonel (afterward General) Thayer, which had been sent around by boat, reached Grant, increasing his force to nearly 20,000. Gen. Lew Wallace, who had remained near Fort Henry, was ordered forward and reached Grant that night with nearly 3,000 men, thus increasing Grant's army to a total of about 23,000 and six field batteries. Heavy siege guns could not be transported across the country, and of these he had none.

GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN.

We have, then, about 21,000 Confederates behind strong fortifications, and Grant's forces, about 23,000, confronting them.

Grant had under him Generals McClernand, Wallace and Smith; Colonels Logan, Thayer, W. H. L. Wallace, Morrison, Tuttle, Lauman and others who became noted as the war progressed.

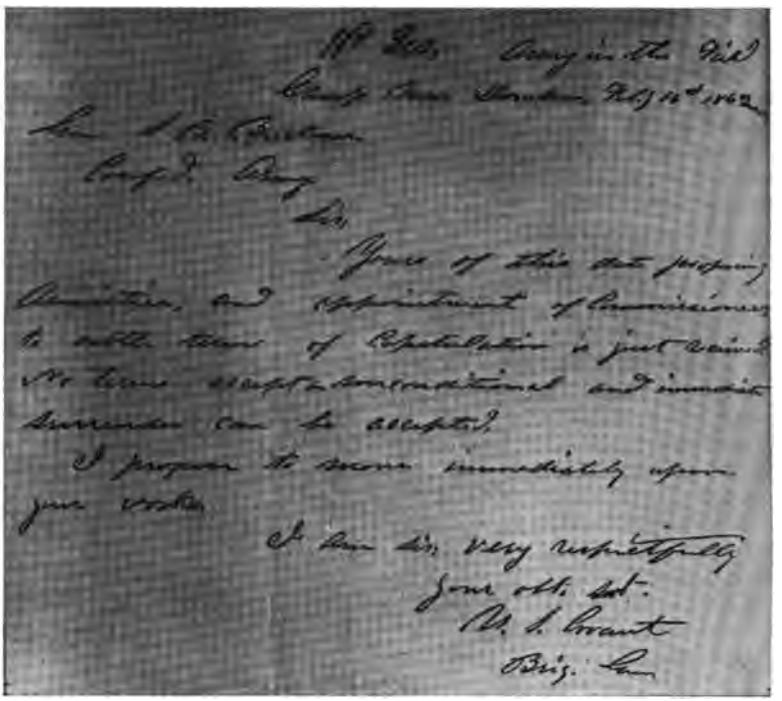
Grant, Smith and McPherson (the latter then on Grant's staff as Chief of Engineers) were, I believe, the only professionally educated soldiers in the National force.

McClernand, Lew Wallace and Smith commanded the three divisions (from right to left in the order named) into which Grant's Army was divided. McClernand had about 9,000 and Wallace and Smith about 7,000 each. Of these about 3,000 were detailed to guard the train in the rear, the steamboat landing and the road from the transports to the rear of the army. There were, therefore, about 20,000 on the line of investment on the third day. But it will be borne in mind that the investment began and continued for nearly two days with about 15,000 men.

THE FORT AND THE GROUND.

The whole region around Donelson is the roughest imaginable. The hills rise to a height of seventy-five and one hundred feet; are very precipitous, and covered with an almost impenetrable thicket of oak and vines, great and small, to which the leaves partially cling through the winter.

The hills curve and zigzag about most confusedly, with narrow valleys separating their steeps. And this may



be said to characterize the whole battlefield. Indeed, so rough was the country between Forts Donelson and Henry that General Pillow had written General Johnston, a few days before, that it would be impossible for Grant to move across with his army.

On the west bank of the Cumberland, and north of Dover, there was a hill, then a small stream cutting its way through it; then another hill, bolder and higher, terminating at Hickman Creek (a deep and boggy stream), at its precipitous northern base. The river curved to the west around this bold promontory, then straightened out for a mile and a half. It was in this commanding position that the Confederate engineers had located their batteries of seventeen rifled and other heavy guns to defend the river passage Nature had made it an admirable position, and the engineers had made it practically impregnable on the river side.

General Pillow, in a report to General Johnston, on February 10th, said of it:*

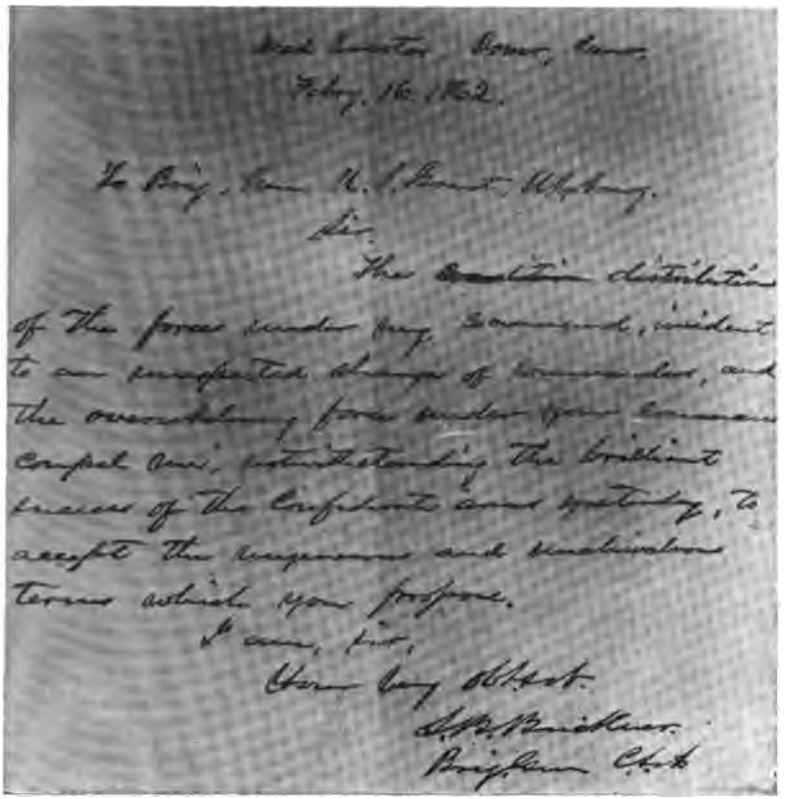
> This position can be made stronger than Columbus by water. The narrowness of the channel necessitates the boats approaching in a straight line one and one-half miles, and no more than three boats can possibly bring their guns to bear on us at once.

On the summit of this hill the central fort was constructed; it was elaborate, and of great capacity and strength.

Outside of this, and from Hickman Creek (a stream too deep to be forded, near the river,) a line of entrenchments and formidable breastworks ran southward, curving and zigzaging with the crest of the hills and ridges, nearly a mile from the river, to another small run (also overflowed) outside and south of Dover, a distance of about two and one-half miles. Our map, constructed from the war rec rds, will make it more intelligible.

Outside of this irregular line of breastworks, on the hill-sides, were

*I propose to quote quite extensively from Confederate records in this campaign.



rifle-pits innumerable. The timber on the outer slopes had been felled, the tops downward, and the branches cut and sharpened, forming an abattis that seemed impenetrable by anything larger than a rabbit or a fox. To reach the entrenchments it was necessary for the attacking force to work its way through these obstructions and climb the steep hills fifty to one hundred feet high, in the face of a severe musketry fire from the enemy behind his works, and these works ablaze with artillery.

This, in brief, was the condition of the fortifications which Grant was investing, defended, too, by the flower of the Western Confederate army.

One naturally asks why the enemy did not remain inside and defend so admirable a position?

Nor will the inquiring mind be less amazed at the courage and audacity of Grant and his brave officers and men in boldly marching up to, and assailing, in such a position, so large an army.

The general rule in attacking fortified positions is, that the assaulting force should be three or four to one.

General Pillow, who was in command at Donelson during the hot preliminary fighting on the 12th and 13th, while Grant was drawing his lines around him with 15,000 men, has been severely criticised for not attacking and driving Grant back on Fort Henry before he was reinforced. But it must be borne in mind that Pillow had come in collision with Grant at Belmont, and knew what Grant could do with an inferior army, if it equaled in mettle the attacking force in that first battle. Pillow had the very best of reasons for exercising caution. Then the very boldness and audacity of Grant's sudden

movements deceived and terrified them. They could not be persuaded that such an attack would be ventured with less than forty to fifty thousand men.

THE FIGHTING AT DONELSON.

On the 12th, a little after noon, the head of Grant's columns from Fort Henry came in collision with the Confederates in front of Donelson, and the afternoon was consumed in a hot contest between the skirmish lines of the two armies as the National forces were deployed into position. By nightfall the Confederates had retired within their fortifications, and General Grant's two divisions were in position along the line, 100 to 300 yards from the enemy's works. There were quite a number killed and wounded on both sides in these preliminary skirmishes.

COMMODORE FOOTE, U. S. N.,

Under whose directions the celebrated ironclad fleet of gunboats was built at St. Louis and Mound City, 1861-2, and who commanded the fleet in the capture of Fort Henry, the attack on Fort Donelson, and at Vicksburg. Captain Foote was a loyal friend of, and a cordial co-operator with, General Grant in all his Mississippi River campaigns, and a fearless fighter. The photo was sent the author by Major Morrison of the War Department.

In this position the army lay upon their arms during the night, without campfires, or other rations than those carried in their haversacks, ready for battle in the morning.

General Grant's headquarters were at Mrs. Crisp's farm-house on the Fort Henry road, in rear of General Smith's division.

On the morning of the 13th there began a furious cannonade on both sides, along the entire line, in which the Confederate practice was excellent, and so was that of the National batteries. Under this brilliant duel between the artillery on the hill-tops, the infantry opened fire. The sharpshooters and skirmishers crept up under cover of every object that could shelter, and poured a continuous fire upon the works, answered by an equally vigorous fire from within.

About the center of the Confederate outworks there was a V-shaped hill, with a sharp ravine on the right and left. This hill projected out conspicuously in front of McClernand's division. Its top was covered by very strong works, and was occupied by Colonel Heimen's Confederate brigade of five regiments and a battery of artillery. An assaulting column would have to approach this formidable position through open space, and exposed to the terrible fire of its defenders.

But General McClernand, who knew no fear, and was always eager to move on the enemy, felt the importance of the capture of this pivotal position, and ordered Colonels Morrison, W. H L. Wallace and Hayne to assault it.

They had an appalling and impossible task before them. It was necessary to descend a hill entangled for two hundred yards with underbrush and vines, climb an opposite ascent partly shorn of timber, make way through an abattis of

tree-tops, every foot of the distance under the guns of three batteries,—at direct line of fire doubly crossed.

Three times did these brave regiments climb nearly to the top, shoot down the artillerymen, and seemed about to sweep over the works, but the line of breastworks crackled and turned into flame, and their thinned ranks recoiled and retired. Colonel Morrison was knocked from his horse by a ball, and was carried to the rear, severely wounded. All along the lines for two miles the fire was kept up with great fury during the day, ending substantially where it began in early morning, with the National forces coiled around the beleagured fortress a little more closely than when the conflict began.

General Grant, with McPherson, his chief engineer, had been busy along the lines during the entire day, viewing the enemy's position from every prominent point, pointing out positions for his artillery, making encouraging suggestions to his officers, studying the field and planning further aggressive work.

CAPTAIN PORTER, U. S. N.,

Under whose directions the first three gunboats, Lexington, Canestoga and Tyler, were fitted out and armed at Cincinnati in 1861, and by him run down to Cairo. He co-operated with Grant at the battle of Belmont and until Captain Foote appeared in 1862 with his new fleet of ironclads. Published by courtesy of the War Department.

As evening came on and Grant was sitting on his horse viewing a prominent point on the enemy's lines, two soldiers from the assaulting column came limping along past him. One had his left arm shattered, and the other had one leg disabled, and they were helping each other to a surgeon's tent. They recognized Grant and stopped to cheer him. They clung to their guns. He turned and said to the brave fellows:

"Men, you seem disfigured. Been hunting bear?" The men forgot their pains, laughed and answered, "We've got 'em treed, General, we'll bring 'em down to-morrow."

Then the one with the disabled left arm, who was a sharp-shooter, continued: "You see, General, I couldn't load my gun, but I could shoot with my right hand, and so Jack and me we got behind a big stump below them cannon over on the point of that ere hill, and he loaded both guns and I kept a shootin'. Every time a reb would start to load the cannon I'd shoot and the feller'd drop, and I kept them cannon cool all the afternoon."

Grant answered: "You did'nt hurt any one, did you?"

The man seemed a little confused, and hesitated a moment, but he saw Rawlins smile, and he caught the General's humor and replied: "Why, General, I dunno; reckon I just scared 'em and they fainted!"

The brave fellows forgot their suffering and wounds for the moment, but at

From a photo presented the author by the General.
GEN. LEW WALLACE IN 1862.

Grant's suggestion, one of his aids showed the men the nearest way to the surgeon's tent.

Thus far Grant had received no reinforcements. His force of 15,000 was not adequate to extend his lines so far as the river bank south of Dover, and he did not mean to assault the works until he could completely close his lines and cut off all possibility of the enemy escaping; for it was Grant's primary object to capture the entire force to whose defense the place was entrusted.

It was an anxious night for Grant. Neither gunboats nor transports with Thayer's Brigade and the supplies he had sent around by water had yet made their appearance on the river! He sent a messenger across to Fort Henry to order Gen. Lew Wallace to hasten over with his small force.

The three days' rations which the men carried in their haversacks from Fort Henry on the 11th were exhausted. The men had been day and night on the strain, without shelter, and yet they exhibited no diminution of energy or enthusiasm.

BIVOUAC AMID SLEET, ICE AND SNOW.

Thus the light of the second day of investment went out and night threw its mantle of repose and partial silence over the two armies.

The weather during Grant's approach to Donelson from Fort Henry was so balmy and spring-like that many of his men, forgetful that it was yet winter, either carelessly left or threw away their blankets or overcoats as articles which they would no longer need while campaigning in the "Sunny South." But they had only fairly settled in their dark and dreary bivouac this night when there came a sudden change from the temperature of a May day to that of January in all its fierce intensity. And with the bitter cold, came a violent storm of sleet and snow, covering the men in their silent vigils along the lines around Donelson fort. They were wet through; then the sleet and snow froze to their clothing, and on their guns and other accoutrements. Some actually perished, and all were stupefied and benumbed. Icicles hung from the hats and caps and coats of sentinels and others. Ice-pendants hung from every branch and twig of tree and shrub, and the snow clung to these in

MAP SHOWING FORTS AND BATTLEFIELD, DONELSON.

festoons, giving to the scene, as day dawned on the 14th, a weird, gloomy and cheerless aspect.

Ice and snow covered the earth. In the early morning, before the battle was renewed, a courier, who had been stationed three miles below the fort on the river bank, came galloping up to headquarters with the welcome intelligence that a boat was just arriving, and a thick cloud of smoke announced that the rest of the fleet of gunboats and transports were approaching.

The troops and artillery of the third division were soon landed, with provisions and supplies for the whole army. A road was cut around the overflowed creek to their rear, and the hungry and shivering men were soon made glad by plenty to eat and abundant amunition. They were also cheered by the arrival of General Wallace and the garrison from Fort Henry. The third division was thus reunited under Wallace, and added 8,000 fresh troops to Grant's army, making him about 23,000 strong, with forty-eight guns. But the enemy was also cheered by General Floyd's arrival at Donelson with his brigade. Others followed from Clarksville, making his entire force about 21,000. On the afternoon of the 14th General Grant wrote Halleck: "Floyd arrived at Donelson to-day with 4,000 men. Generals Floyd, Buckner, Johnson and Pillow are here."

GUNBOATS ATTACK WATER BATTERIES.

Flag Officer Foote arrived with his fleet of iron-clads early on the 14th, and

soon the four most powerful vessels steamed toward the Fort and opened fire, steadily moving nearer and nearer the enemy's works The four boats covered the stream, and because of the strong current they could only fight bows up stream, hence only the three bow guns on each boat could be used—twelve guns in all—while the fire of all the heavy guns of the Fort was concentrated upon them. Some of the latter were in elevated batteries and sent plunging shot through the boats.

Under a terrific fire, such as few fleets have ever been exposed to, Foote moved forward in a deadly struggle. His boats finally came within 300 yards of the Fort, pouring forth huge missiles from his great guns with all the unremitting rapidity possible for human effort. The shot and shell from the boats rained upon the batteries for more than two hours, and the guns in the upper battery were about silenced. It seemed as if the boats would soon be able to run past the batteries and paralyze and destroy them, when suddenly Foote was obliged to fall back. The cross and plunging fire from the batteries had disabled two of the boats so far as to make them unmanageable in the rapid stream. A shot had cut away the rudder-chains of the Louisville and she drifted helplessly down the stream. The flag-ship, St. Louis, had her steering-wheel shot away, the pilot was killed, and Foote, who was standing at his side at the time, was wounded.

The flag was also shot away, and Lieutenant-Commander J. V. Johnston fastened it to his arm, walked the deck and gave the signals. The additional steering apparatus which Foote had provided for his vessel was also destroyed, and this ship also drifted out of action.

The flag-ship received fifty-nine shots; the Louisville, thirty-five; the Carondelet, twenty-six, and the Pittsburg, twenty-one. Thus it was that when victory seemed to be just within his grasp, the gallant Commodore was obliged to make signal for all to withdraw, having lost fifty-four men in killed and wounded.

The vessels remained in the river out of range of the enemy's guns, and the steering apparatus was repaired during the night for temporary use.

The Confederate gunners must have credit for bravery, skillful service of their batteries; also, great courage and perseverence. Several of their guns were disabled, their embrasures torn, and their works filled with shot and shell, sand bags and general wreckage.

THE ARMY DURING GUNBOAT ACTION.

While the fleet was attacking the water batteries, Grant's army was not idle. The arrival of Wallace's division enabled him to move McClernand's division to the right and extend his lines nearer the river at Dover, and thus cover all the enemy's avenues of escape.

This was done under cover of heavy fire all along the lines.

The day, in fact, was occupied by a magnificent artillery duel at intervals from early morning, with unremitting fire between pickets, sharp-shooters and skirmishers. There was no direct assault in force at any point, but the fighting was everywhere sharp and severe. Grant was holding his army for an assault on the lines should the gunboats capture the water batteries.

It was, however, during the afternoon, when the iron-clad fleet was in the climax of action, that the combat rose into splendid and terrible intensity. All the great guns the fleet could bring to bear in its contracted position; all the equally heavy guns of the enemy in the Fort and on the river front—in short, all the sixty guns that armed the enemy's works, and the forty-eight guns of Grant's, were pouring forth streams of shot and shell, grape and cannister, filling the air with exploding missiles, tearing down the forest, and scattering falling branches and

shivered and splintered fragments of trees.

Shifting blue smoke enveloped the scene, and, looked upon from an elevation, a hundred incipient earthquakes and volcanoes would seem to be in awful activity. The deep-toned and ponderous booming of the great guns of the fleet floated upon the water, then resounded and echoed out over the land and through the forests, and inspired the gunners of the field batteries to efforts in harmony with the mighty forces at play in this opening conflict for the mastery of the rivers of Tennessee.

The lines, too, were ablaze with musketry. As night approached the thunders grew less violent and the firing slackened along the lines. The gloom of a dismal evening and darkness settled around and separated the weary combatants: then came the benediction of silence and rest.

Capt. John V. Johnston, who stood on the deck of the St. Louis during the action, with flag in hand, described to the author the commotion produced on his ship by the rapid firing of great guns below and the constant crash of heavy shot and shell from the enemy falling upon the metal armor, as something appalling to weak nerves, and never before heard in battle. The working of the ponderous machinery, the explosions of guns and the concussion of heavy missiles against its armor made the huge ship tremble in every timber, and the bedlam of sounds was confusing and deafening.

The result of this day's operations was, the fleet was repulsed and considerably damaged.

Grant held his position everywhere, and drew his lines more closely around the enemy's works. He also inspected the lines during the day, to see there was no road left open for the enemy to escape towards the southwest. He wished to capture the opposing army, not merely the naked position.

In this posture of affairs, Grant gave no sign of any discouragement or fear as to final victory. When the fighting for the day was over, he wrote to Halleck saying: "Appearances now are that we shall have a protracted siege here. . . . I fear the result of an attempt to carry the place by storm with new troops. I feel great confidence, however, of ultimately reducing the place."

Of this day's naval fight, General Pil-

GEN. J. M. TUTTLE,
Who led the Second Iowa Infantry at Donelson.

low sent a dispatch to General Johston, after the boats were repulsed, saying: "We have just had the fiercest fight on record, between our guns and six gunboats, which lasted two hours. They came within two hundred yards of our batteries. We drove them back and damaged three of them very badly."

AN AMUSING STRATEGEM ATTEMPTED.

Over at Grant's headquarters that night there occurred a bit of by-play, which has been more or less common

among warriors, to mislead opposing commanders. It was told the writer some time after its occurrence, by a member of Grant's staff.

Two or three hours after dark one of the guards at headquarters sent in a lank, bright-eyed confederate soldier, covered with mud, and he reported to Captain Rawlins that he had deserted from Pillow, and crawled through the lines; that he had overheard a private conversation about dark at Confederate headquarters, to the effect that General Polk, with 20,000 men would attack Grant's rear next day, and that General Johnston would be there with 20,000 more men from Nashville, and would attack McClernand at Dover, and surround and crush Grant. He was tired of the war, he said, and wanted to get out and go to Illinois, and he thought it a good time to leave, and give away this valuable secret so Grant could get away in time if he wanted to!

Rawlins was a keen lawyer and instantly made up his mind that the fellow had been sent by Floyd or Pillow to frighten Grant and induce him to withdraw.

Rawlins let him tell his story to Grant, who listened, then turned to his writing, and said not a word.

Rawlins and Webster, after a little consultation, concluded they would arrange to let the fellow escape, "loaded," as they termed it, for Floyd's benefit.

They felt sure that he would escape during the night and return to Donelson, if he had an opportunity. To give him additional incentive to go, Rawlins took him into an adjoining room and put a guard over him, telling him he was under arrest as a spy. The door between the rooms was left open, so that conversation could be heard by him, and pretty soon Rawlins read a pretended dispatch loud enough for the man to hear,—though in a manner to indicate secrecy,—to the effect that Columbus had been captured by Sherman with all Polk's army, and they all set up a jubilation. About half an hour later, another pretended message was read to the effect that 25,000 of Buell's army would reach Grant immediately, and 15,000 more from St. Louis and Cairo! There was another scene of rejoicing. The fellow was nervous and wide awake to all that was going on.

A little later Webster told the guard he would have to take his prisoner outside and build a camp-fire, as they needed the room. They knew the fellow had overheard their "*news*," and, an hour or two later, Rawlins went to the door and on some feigned pretext called the guard to the house and detained him inside a few minutes, telling him that if his prisoner was gone when he returned he should fire a couple of shots as if in pursuit, but let him escape. Needless to say, the fellow was not "thereabouts" when the guard returned to his post. That he reached Floyd and Pillow as soon as he could steal through the lines in the dense darkness, and communicated the "*secrets*" he had overheard, is probable; and if it did not produce consternation, it may have had some influence upon the hasty deliberations of the council of war which the officers of the Confederate army held during the night.

Webster was at th's time Grant's chief of staff. Grant knew what his subordinates were doing, but as he believed Floyd and Pillow had tried the deception on him, he did not interfere.

A WEIRD SITUATION.

Thus far the Confederates, with stubborn and persistent bravery, had repelled all assaults on their works; but the energy with which Grant's army tightened its coil around them foreboded disaster unless it could be shaken off.

Darkness brooded over the smoky and gloomy battlefield, and amid intense and biting cold, a furious storm of sleet and snow again came upon them, and the sufferings of the night before were renewed. The officers and men along that long and dreary line of investment

lay exhausted upon the the ice-covered earth, or sat up or leaned against trees, with outer clothing frozen and stiff upon them. Four days and nights had these men been thus exposed, marching and fighting, and yet without a murmur.

Inside the lines some of the enemy were under shelter, but they, too, suffered greatly.

During the evening Grant reported further to Halleck, saying: "We will soon want ammunition for our ten and twenty-pound Parrott guns. I have directed my ordnance officer to keep a constant watch upon the supply of ammunition, and to take steps in time to avoid a deficiency."

A FATEFUL CONFEDERATE COUNCIL.

While Grant had thus settled down to what seemed the inevitable,—wait for the repaired gunboats,—a fateful scene was transpiring at Confederate headquarters. Floyd had called a council of war, and his subordinate generals assembled. They were alarmed at the situation, and all agreed that they could not maintain their position; that the only plan left them was to attack and drive back that portion of Grant's forces which covered the road running southward from Dover toward Nashville, and retreat in that direction.

This bold and brilliant move having been determined upon, 5:30 on the morning of the 15th was fixed upon for the attack upon the National lines. Three days' rations were put in haversacks for the intended march south, and all things were made ready for the onset.

Innocent of all this, Grant and his army rested, or rather suffered, in the storm.

At the very time the Confederate officers were quietly concentrating their forces in front of McClernand, preparatory to the early attack, a messenger was making his way from the wounded Commodore Foote, through the darkness and storm, and over rough, frozen mud, toward Grant's headquarters, with the following message:

FLAG-SHIP ST. LOUIS, February 14, 1862.
General Grant, Commanding United States Forces:

DEAR GENERAL—You will do me the favor to come on board at your earliest convenience, as I am disabled from walking by a contusion, and cannot possibly get to see you about the disposition of these vessels, all of which are more or less disabled.

A. S. FOOTE,
Flag-officer.

The distance to be traveled around the overflowed creek was six or eight miles, and the road was so cut up and the mud so frozen as to be almost impassable.

Before starting, Grant directed Rawlins to notify each of his division commanders of his absence, and instruct them to do nothing to bring on an engagement until they should receive further orders, but to *hold their positions*.

It was nearly dawn when Grant reached the fleet. Foote explained the condition of the fleet and his own injury, and suggested that Grant should entrench and await repairs to the injured vessels. The whole situation was talked over. Grant examined the boats and saw the necessity of some of them going into "hospital." Only those badly injured need retire for repairs; the others would remain and assist in the siege.

THE CONFEDERATE ATTACK; THE TERRIBLE BATTLE OF THE FIFTEENTH.

When the interview ended, Grant went ashore, mounted his horse and started on his return.

He had not gone far when he met Captain Hillyer, of his staff, in the utmost apprehension lest the army would be destroyed. He informed his chief that the enemy had come out of their works in full force and attacked McClernand's division, and thrown it back!

Grant had to travel nearly ten miles to reach McClernand's division, and he rode with the greatest possible speed. As he passed General Smith, that veteran soldier explained the situation briefly, and Grant went galloping on toward the point of the reported disaster. He saw that all was in good order

in Smith's and Wallace's divisions, but as he advanced he found McClernand's division had been forced back and partly turned, much of it retiring in some confusion. Many of the men were out of ammunition, and in that condition had slowly but stubbornly retired some distance from the ground held in the morning. No braver men ever shouldered muskets, but they could not fight without ammunition.

The program agreed upon by the Confederate officers during the previous night had thus far been well executed. Leaving abount 3,000 men in the works in front of Smith, they moved out at dawn of day with the other 18,000, and concentrating fully 14,000 of them under Pillow and Bushrad R. Johnson, attacked McClernand's division, less than 8,000 in line, in a desperate attempt to hurl it back and clear the roads to Nashville. Four thousand under Buckner were massed on the center to hold Lew Wallace in check, and also attack McClernand's left.

McClernand, fearless as a lion, courageous and full of expedients, fought his division with ability. For hours he maintained his position, receding but little, though attacked by nearly double numbers. It was not until several regiments had expended their ammunition that the enemy made any advance, and McClernand's force began to show any signs of confusion. Then the retirement was very slow, every man who had any cartridges remaining in the ranks with brave and stubborn persistency. Oglesby commanded the brigade on the extreme right, near Dover, and he held his position until nearly cut off from the rest of the division. His right was flanked and turned, and Forest's cavalry was on his rear. By 10 o'clock he was fighting with cartridges taken from his dead and wounded soldiers.

Through the smoke Logan rode in a gallop behind his line, and above the roar of crackling musketry and "Rebel yells," his voice was heard appealing to his "boys" to stand firm; and they stood there until they were without a cartridge, then they retired in search of ammunition.

General Wallace, on being appealed to by McClernand, sent Colonel Cruft with two regiments to support McClernand's right, but in passing around the rear to the position designated, his guide misled him, and he was too late. The result of these movements was that the right of McClernand's division was forced back at right angles with the right of Wallace's division, and there the retrograde movement ended. The enemy here came in collision with the right of Wallace, and was met by so fierce a fire that, after a long struggle, they in turn were forced to withdraw.

It is doubtful if there is another instance in all the previous history of war with firearms, where a fresh volunteer army stood up in the open and fought fiercely and continuously for *seven hours*, and the last two hours many of them without ammunition. Nor must we hesitate to acknowledge the bravery and the daring intrepidity of the "volunteers" on the other side. It suffices to say, on both sides they were *Americans*.

Buckner attacked Wallace's right wing early in the day, but he was so vigorously repulsed that his force retired. It will be noted that up to this time the divisions of Smith and of Wallace (except a small portion of the latter) had not been generally engaged. Nearly the whole Confederate army had been thrown upon the one division of McClernand. He had been forced back, it is true, and his losses had been heavy, but his men were again full of fight so soon as they refilled their cartridge boxes.

While matters stood thus, Pillow, who ranked Buckner, rode over to the latter and berated him for his inactivity. He pointed out to Buckner a road leading up a gorge to the front of Wallace, and told him that was his way and bade him attack in force.

Buckner could only obey. He had

been holding his force in reserve to protect the rear of the army on its intended retreat toward Nashville; but now it was ordered into action and there might be little of it left for that service. He moved up the valley, and when the head of his column was discovered, Thayer's brigade came into position on the double-quick, and his battery came on the run; the guns were unlimbered and wheeled into position at the head of the gorge, and the enemy deployed and opened fire. The woods rang with the fire of musketry and the crash of artillery. The underbrush was mowed away with bullets, and treetops came raining down upon the heads of the combatants. Soon the valley was filled with the pale blue smoke of battle. The contest did not last long, and Buckner's force this time retreated precipitately into his intrenchments.

At this juncture Grant rode up to where McClernand and Wallace were conversing. He held in his hand the urgent message which McClernand had sent some time before. When he learned that the disaster to McClernand's command had left the road south open to the retreat of the enemy, he betrayed no excitement or mental disturbance or confusion of thought. He crushed the paper in his hand and said:

"*Gentlemen, the position on the right must be retaken.*"

This was said with a decision and emphasis which left nothing to inference or for explanation.

The men of the disorganized regiments stood around in groups, and the cool and unperturbed appearance of Grant was an encouragement and an inspiration to both officers and men. Then came marching up a couple of fresh regiments (the 8th Missouri and the 11th Indiana) from Smith's division, not before engaged, and as they marched into position further south, the men in groups began to brighten, look at each other, and repeat Grant's words. "The position on the right must be retaken."

In passing General Smith's division on his approach, in a sudden inspiration which marks the military genius, Grant had told that officer to prepare to assault the works as soon as he should receive orders.

Here was the crisis in a terrible drama of war. Most Generals, at this juncture of affairs, would have been glad to allow the enemy to escape, content with the capture of the works. Not so with Grant. The capture of the Confederate army was his ambition and his purpose

GRANT'S STRATEGY ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

What further passed in the next few minutes after Grant met Wallace and McClernand, is best described by General Grant himself. He says in his memoirs:

> I saw the men standing in knots talking in the most excited manner. No officer seemed to be giving any directions. The soldiers had their guns, but no ammunition, while there were tons of it close at hand. I heard some of the men say that the enemy had come out with knapsacks and haversacks filled with rations. They seemed to think this indicated a determination on his part to stay out as long as his provisions held out. I turned to Col. J. D. Webster, of my staff, who was with me, and said: "Some of our men are pretty badly demoralized, but the enemy must be more so, for he has attempted to force his way out, but has fallen back; the one who attacks first now will be victorious and the enemy will have to be in a hurry if he gets ahead of me." I determined to make the assault at once on our left. It was clear to my mind that the enemy had started to march out with his entire force, except a few pickets, and if our attack could be made on the left, before the enemy could redistribute his forces along his works, we would find but little opposition except from intervening abattis.
>
> I directed Colonel Webster to ride with me and call out to the men as we passed: "Fill your cartridge boxes quick and get into line; the enemy is trying to escape and he must not be permitted to do so." This acted like a charm. The men only wanted some one to give them a command. We rode rapidly to Smith's headquarters, when I explained the situation to him and directed him to charge the enemy's works in his front with his whole division. The General was off in an incredibly short time.

While Grant was thus busy with plans destined to work the quick ruin of the enemy, General Pillow, excited and filled with the idea that he had defeated Grant's whole army (whereas he

had only been in collision with McClernand's 8,000), sent off a courier with a dispatch to the nearest telegraph station, assuring General Johnston at Nashville, "On the honor of a soldier, the day is ours."

Unfortunately for Pillow and the rest of them, the day was not yet ended.

Leaving General Smith again, Grant returned to Wallace and McClernand, to see that they were ready to press forward the moment Smith's attack should begin on his left.

The hopeful and confident words Grant had spoken were taken up by the men and passed along the lines from group to group, and as the news sped from regiment to regiment, cheers burst forth from men who until then had been fearful of disaster, and from others who had left the ranks from the terrors and shock of battle in the morning.

PREPARING TO RENEW THE BATTLE.

Ammunition without limit was distributed, and cartridge-boxes were refilled; haversacks, too, were made receptacles, and some of the men crowded extra cartridges into their boot-tops, swearing, in words more forceful than pious, that "they'd be *blanked* if they'd be out of ammunition again when the Confeds were around so handy to shoot at."

It was asserted by Pillow, in his boastful style, and has been reiterated by other writers since, that Grant's right wing was completely routed, and that all resistance to Pillow's force had ceased, when the latter *voluntarily* withdrew.

Col. J. F. Gilmer, Chief Engineer of Confederate Western Department, who was present during the entire conflict, in his official report made a few days after, says:

> The enemy being now pressed in front of his center by this advance, and on his right flank by the pursuing forces of General Pillow's division, retreated rapidly for some distance towards his left wing; but, receiving heavy reinforcements, *the pursuit was checked, and finally the retreating foe made a firm stand, opening from a field battery strongly supported by masses of infantry.*

Thus it is seen that grape and canister and Minie balls *forced* Pillow's army back, and that it was *not* a "voluntary" withdrawal.

A lull in the conflict gave the men a little time to eat a bite from their haversacks, the first morsel they had tasted since the evening before.

Meantime those who had fled from the ranks to the rear during the battle of the forenoon, heard the cheers, heard the words that came from their commander: "The enemy are trying desperately to escape;" and the officers who were sent to rally them exclaimed: "Fall in, men, fall in; we're going to take 'em all in now; fall in! rally round the flag, boys!" And these men came by the hundred, the timid and the slightly wounded, inspired with new courage, and determined to redeem themselves from the appearance of cowardice. Companies and regiments reformed, and as they fell into line, that old forest, gleaming with ice and snow above, gleaming with polished bayonets and unsheathed sabers beneath, echoed with cheers that told in tones of terror to the enemy, that the onset of that enthusiastic force meant to them defeat.

THE BATTLE RENEWED WITH TERRIBLE FIERCENESS.

The lines then rested briefly, awaiting the signal-guns of Smith's attack far away to the north. When his batteries opened, the rapidity of their fire told Wallace and McClernand that the moment had arrived for their forces to attack.

Grant was waiting and was impatient at every moment's delay. He wished, if possible, to again speedily close every avenue of escape.

He had sent a message to Foote asking him to move up the fleet and join in the assault, if only for the encouraging and moral effect it would have, and he knew that the great guns would soon be again heard.

McClernand, always active and ready

to fight, and Wallace, enthusiastic and vigilant, were ready.

"Forward!" And from left to right the word passed, and in a moment the long lines of the two divisions, curving and bending over ridges and through ravines, moved to the onset.

The scattering fire of the skirmish lines rang out; then, as the enemy's line was approached and the skirmishers retired into their respective commands, the batteries of artillery at full gallop were wheeled into position, and from both lines poured forth a fire, terrible and destructive.

Evening was approaching, and all on the Union side were imbued with the determination that the enemy must be beaten. They had faith in the assertion of Grant that the army first attacking would be victorious, and they pressed on with energy. Soon the enemy began to waver; one point after another gave way; a battery here and there ceased firing and withdrew to new positions in the rear. Forward the National forces pressed and cheered. The ground thickly strewn with the dead and wounded of the morning's struggle was passed over, and if some bodies were crushed with on-rushing artillery and with charging battalions through the forest, it were sad, but only too true.

Wounded Union soldiers who were left on the lost ground of the morning were seen to throw up their hats and cheer their old comrades as they now charged over them in pursuit of the enemy.

Up and down the lines the gleaming sabers of McClernand, Wallace, Logan, Thayer, and other intrepid heroes, were brandished, with words of command, cheer and encouragement. Amidst the sharp crash of musketry, the roar and ring of field artillery, came up and out from the river below the fort the deep-toned and ponderous reverberations of the great guns of the fleet again attacking; and the explosion of their huge shells over the works was heard in terrible distinctness above all the crash of battle.

GENERAL SMITH'S BRILLIANT ASSAULT.

Let us now turn our attention to General Smith's division and see what he was doing in his front.

He had waited for orders to attack the works of the enemy which looked down in menacing mien upon him. All day the enemy's guns along these crests had been vomiting forth fire and smoke, shot and shell, in tones of daring defiance. They had been answered by Smith's artillery from the elevations on the National lines, and thus an artillery duel had progressed, while only desultory skirmish firing had occurred in the valley between and far below the two lines of artillery fire.

When Grant gave Smith the order to assault *and capture* the works, the order was in his usual confident tone. The works were not merely to be assaulted, but they were to be *captured*.

The brave and intrepid Smith with alacrity wheeled Lauman's brigade and moved into the valley between and beneath the two lines of artillery fire, and, forming the force into a front of five companies, each column or rank fifteen to twenty paces apart, took his own position between the front ranks.

Colonel Tuttle's Second Iowa had the lead. The other brigades were to take position and follow in support. The artilery was sending its missiles from hill-top to hill-top over the heads of the assaulting columns forming in the valley between, and the music of these shrieking shells exploding above their heads, and the ceaseless, stinging "zips" of Minie balls was the martial music to which these assaulting columns marched bravely on.

The grey-haired veteran Smith raised his cap on the point of his sword and led his men forward. With encouraging words he bade them "forward," then, when the rush was too rapid, came the caution, "Steady, men, steady." Cheers

came from the men as obstruction after obstruction was passed and the skirmish line of the enemy was routed from cover and captured or driven in.

Onward and upward Smith and his men moved, climbing the steep hill covered with ice and snow.

Everywhere the determined enemy was pouring down upon them, and across the valley, a fierce storm of lead and iron. Sharpened branches of fallen tree-tops were evaded, torn aside or crawled through; piles of logs were scaled, ditches were leaped. Onward and still upward they climbed, until, nearing the crest, with the artillery missiles from the Union lines flying thickly above their heads, aimed at the enemy in his works, they halted a moment to close ranks, load empty guns and take a breath. Then, at a signal, Smith's artillery became silent, and instantly his waiting men sprang to their feet and with wild cheers charged over the enemy's works, capturing prisoners, and, following the fleeing adversary, drove him out of his works on this part of his lines.

Immediately after the works were captured Smith's artilery was ordered to follow. The herculean task of clearing the way and hauling the guns and caissons up the precipitous hillside and placing them in position demonstrated what desperate men may do under such inspiration.

In a short time Smith's division, with his artillery, the Confederate guns captured in the works being turned, was in a position to command the citadel and control the Confederate works. But he was not destined to hold this captured position without another struggle.

Buckner, who was in command of these works, pursuant to their plan of attack agreed upon the previous night, had drawn out several of his best regiments to aid Pillow in the attack on McClernand and Wallace, and when he had been forced back within his lines further south, it turned out precisely as Grant had foreseen, that Bucker had not time as yet to redistribute his men along his works. But he was moving in that direction when Smith stormed and carried his lines. Immediately Buckner threw all his force on Smith in a desperate attempt to drive him out and recover the captured position. There ensued a battle royal,—one of the most stubborn conflicts in the series of battles of the siege. But Buckner, after assaulting Smith until he could no longer induce his men to attack, was driven off, and when darkness closed the sanguinary struggle, Smith was so securely intrenched as to defy dislodgement.

Thus the battle, or battles, raged along the lines from early dawn, and when darkness brought the conflict to a close, the enemy found themselves forced back within part, and dislodged from the rest of the works from which they emerged in the morning a brave, confident, and well organized army.

THE BATTLEFIELD AND INCIDENTS OF THE AWFUL STRUGGLE.

There were between four and five thousand men killed and wounded during the day; the losses on each side being nearly equal.

The battles of this dismal Saturday had swept back and forth through miles of forest, through ravines and over ridges, up and down steep and gentle slopes, and on plateaus; and over it all were scattered the dead, the wounded, and the dying of both armies. Some were torn and lacerated with shells and cannon balls; some were killed or held prisoners by falling trees torn and shattered into fragments by exploding shells; but most of the fatal injury was the work of the deadly Minie ball.

The snow and ice, tramped by contending, advancing, and retreating armies, were stained thickly with blood.

As the Union army on this dreary Saturday night rested in bivouac, close in front of the enemy's works, the moans of the wounded could be heard, and here and there in the rear, flickering

lights moved through the forest on errands of mercy. Darkness and silence fell like a benediction upon both armies. The men slept, or tried to sleep, with snow and ice beneath them, and the silent stars above them, ready, perchance, to renew the conflict on the morrow.

In caring for the wounded Grant directed that no distinction be made between friend or foe.

Late in the afternoon Grant and staff were riding near where the forces of McClernand and Wallace were fighting their way back over the ground of the morning, and he stopped on a prominent point to observe. He dismounted and scanned the position.

When he was about to remount his attention was called to a number of dead lying about, and to two badly wounded men quite near. One was a Union artillery lieutenant, the other a Confederate private. The lieutenant was trying to give the Confederate a drink of water from his canteen. Both were covered with blood. One had a leg shot away and a wound in the head; the other had an arm shattered and both feet lacerated. The poor fellows were suffering all the pangs of death. Grant was instantly touched by the spectacle. Having no flask, he asked Colonel Webster if he had one. Neither he nor Rawlins had any, but one of the other staff officers produced a small flask of brandy and Grant walked to the suffering soldiers and gave each a swallow. The Confederate was able to look in his benefactor's face and gratefully say: "Thank you, General," and then lay his head against a tree. The lieutenant was unable to speak, but he raised his eyes in thankful recognition of the kind act, and his hand in salutation. Grant said to Rawlins: "Send for stretchers, send for stretchers at once for these men." An aid galloped off and in a few minutes several stretchers were there. Grant had remounted and was again observing, but his quick eye noticed that the men started off first with the Union officer, and the others seemed to hesitate whether they were to take the Confederate or look for other Union wounded. But Grant said: "Take this Confederate too; take both of them together; the war is now over between them." And the wounded Confederate was carried away and treated as the other.

A little later, Grant and staff were riding quite rapidly along the right wing of his army where it had again swept over and regained the lost ground of the most desperate part of the battle of the morning, and the dead were scattered so thickly through the forest that the horses were kept constantly "shying" to avoid the bodies.

Presently Grant said to Colonel Webster: "Let us get away from this dreadful place; I suppose this work is a part of the devil that is left in us all."

As they passed out on more open ground, and through scattering wounded and limping men, hobbling and crawling towards the rear as best they could, Grant seemed more than ever affected by the suffering around h'm, and said to Webster and Rawlins that the sight of suffering always depressed him. After a moment's silence, he repeated Burns's couplet as they rode on — though he very rarely quoted poetry:

> Man's inhumanity to man
> Makes countless thousands mourn.

While the battle was in progress, Grant's active mind did not forget other duties. He sat composedly upon his horse and wrote an order directing the officer at Fort Henry to "send a company of cavalry on one of the transports up the Tennessee River, to destroy the railroad bridges, the position of which will be indicated by Captain Gwin of the gunboat Tyler."

Since long before light on the morning of that memorable Saturday, when he started from his headquarters, over the rough and frozen mud, to visit the wounded Commodore Foote on the fleet, until all was again quiet and safe along his well-adjusted lines, late in the night

Grant had not tasted food, except a hasty breakfast on the gunboat while consulting with Foote.

He had not been off his horse an hour during that day of days with him and his army. From the time he came galloping back into the midst of the battle-field, until darkness brought the conflict to a close, Grant was everywhere along the lines, with Smith, with Wallace, with McClernand; advising, suggesting, ordering; and he moved swiftly; was always cool, betraying no excitement; always confident, and, in some mysterious way, inspiring officers and men with a courage and confidence which always turned them into heroes in his presence, capable of the most daring deeds.

The student of psychology finds in Grant a remarkable study. That an officer who is brave, daring, demonstrative and ablaze with enthusiasm in battle should inspire his men to brave deeds, one can understand; but by what mysterious influence so quiet and undemonstrative a general as Grant, who never spoke above a conversational tone, never threw up his hat, never cheered, but was always methodical, calculating and deliberate—how such a man influenced every officer with whom he came in touch, to act with a swiftness and an energy that carried him to the performance of deeds bordering on the miraculous—this is the mystery!

Grant's confidence in success was at no time shaken. In every word and action he betrayed an invincible and inflexible resolution to fight it out to a successful issue.

In the afternoon, when the conflict was raging in all its terrible ferocity, two chaplains came where Grant and his staff were sitting on their horses, observing the movements of the armies. The good men were hunting for and helping the wounded and comforting them, but they were alarmed at this their first baptism of fire, and one of them ventured to ask Grant what provision he had made for retreat in case of defeat.

Grant replied, "There are the transports."

"Yes," replied the alarmed chaplain, "but they will not carry 10,000, and you have more than 20,000."

"But," answered Grant, "*when* we retreat, there will not be 10,000 of us left alive!"

THE SURRENDER.

The night was spent in a council of war by nearly all the Confederate field officers, and the conclusion was reached that there was nothing left for them but surrender or annihilation. Consternation, like that at Belshazzar's feast, seems to have suddenly seized Floyd and Pillow; it was one of the most remarkable scenes during the war.

Buckner, who was the only educated soldier, and whose force was in front of Smith, declared that he could not maintain his position half an hour in the morning. Floyd and Pillow were mere politicians, and had few soldierly qualities.

Floyd had been Secretary of War in Buchanan's cabinet and was charged with having betrayed his trust by unnecessarily removing arms and war material from Northern to Southern arsenals; and with having continued to hold the position long after he had conspired to establish an independent confederacy within the territory of the United States. Evidently he was in great trepidation as to what might be his fate if he fell into the hands of the National authorities.

In the report of the disaster made by Floyd ten days later, he said:

> I had a right, *individually*, to determine that I would not survive a surrender there. . . . I agreed to hand over the command to Brigadier-General Buckner through Brigadier-General Pillow, and to make an effort for my own extrication by any and every means that might present themselves to me.

Col. John C. Burch, an aid on General Pillow's staff, in his report made March 15th, *under oath*, tells us:

> General Floyd said that he would suffer any fate before he would surrender or fall into the hands of the enemy alive. At the

suggestion of someone present, he said that personal considerations influenced him in coming to this determination, and further stated that such considerations should never govern a general officer.

Major Haynes, Commissary-General under Floyd, in his report made on March 13, 1862, says:

General Buckner said that to attempt to cut a way through the enemy's lines, and retreat, would cost a sacrifice of three-fourths of the command, and no commander had a right to make such a sacrifice. General Floyd, concurring, remarked: "We will have to capitulate; but, gentlemen, I cannot surrender; you know my position with the Federals; it wouldn't do; it wouldn't do." Whereupon, General Pillow, addressing General Floyd, said: "I will not surrender myself nor the command; will die first." "Then I suppose, gentlemen," said General Buckner, "the surrender will devolve upon me." "Then, sir," said General Floyd, "I surrender the command;" and General Pillow, who was next in command, very quickly exclaimed: "I will not accept it; I will never surrender;" and while speaking, turned to General Buckner, who remarked: "I will accept and share the fate of my command," and called for pen, ink, paper and a bugler.

We have here, I think, a more picturesque and graphic view of this great historic event, written by Confederate officers in their official reports at the time, than anything Union writers or historians have ever produced.

The act of Floyd and Pillow in deserting their army in its hour of disaster and seeking their own personal safety has been justly execrated by all soldiers in both armies, and was strikingly rebuked by President Jefferson Davis, who immediately wrote his secretary of war, saying:

The reports of Brigadier-Generals Floyd and Pillow of the defense and fall of Fort Donelson are unsatisfactory. . . . You will order Gen. A. S. Johnston to relieve both of those officers from command.

Morning was approaching, and Buckner knew, with the instincts of the soldier, and from his knowledge of Grant's energetic habits of fighting, that his works would be assaulted at the dawn of day. As he began to use his ink and paper, Floyd and Pillow made their exit, and hastened to their boats.

Floyd hastily embarked his brigade, and amid the execrations of those left behind, departed for Nashville.

Colonel Forest, also escaped with about 1,200 cavalry, by wading and swimming through a submerged slough. General Buckner immediately wrote and sent off the following note, under flag of truce, with an officer whose bugler sounded a parley in front of General Smith's lines:

HEADQUARTERS, FORT DONELSON,
February 16, 1862.

SIR—In consideration of all the circumstances governing the present situation of affairs at this station, I propose to the commanding officer of the Federal forces the appointment of commissioners to agree upon terms of capitulation of the forces and fort under my command, and in this view suggest an armistice until twelve o'clock today. I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,
S. B. BUCKNER,
Brigadier-General C. S. A.

The letter was immediately carried to Grant, who had spent the night at a cabin in rear of the lines, near and ready for any emergency that could arise.

Without a moment's hesitation he wrote and returned the following answer, probably one of the finest specimens of energetic war literature in military history:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY IN THE FIELD,
CAMP NEAR DONELSON, February 16, 1862.

To General S. B. Buckner, Confederate Army:

Yours of this date, proposing an armistice and appointment of commissioners to settle terms of capitulation, is just received. *No terms other than an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works.*

I am sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
U. S. GRANT,
Brigadier-General U. S. A., Commanding.

This very emphatic answer being returned to general Buckner, that officer realized that if he would avoid Grant's threatened "immediate" movement "upon his works," it was necessary for him to "immediately" submit. He promptly returned the following *ungracious*, if not "ungenerous," reply:

February 16, 1862.

To Brigadier-General U. S. Grant, U. S. A.:

SIR—The distribution of the forces under my command, incident to an unexpected change of commanders, and the overwhelming force under your command, compel me, notwithstanding the brilliant success of the Confederate arms yesterday, to accept the ungenerous and unchivalrous terms which you propose. I am, sir,

Your very obedient servant,
S. B. BUCKNER,
Brigadier-General C. S. A.

White flags were hoisted along Buckner's lines as day dawned, and the two

armies rose up from the snow and ice on which they had rested during the night, and at first looked in silence at each other across the narrow intervening space; then, when Grant's army comprehended that the bugle-notes and white flags meant surrender, wild shouts of joy and loud cheers arose — first, in Smith's division, which occupied that portion of the works where the white flag first appeared — then the shouts of the armed host swept southward along the lines of Wallace, then swelled out into a mighty uproar as they passed along the ranks of McClernand's heroes in their circle round to Dover on the river bank, and died away in echoes over the waters.

THE SUICIDE.

A WILD, weird night it was, the sharp, curved moon —
A shining sabre hurled across the sky —
Cut through a ragged cloud; beneath each tree
Were shadows madly dancing to the high
Shrill piping of the wind, and to the beat
Of barren limbs that ever writhed and swayed
Above the frosty earth, above the form
Of her who hastened onward, undismayed;
Who stood upon the cliff's huge brow of stone
With floating hair, a raven banner blown.

Loud roared the sea below, and fierce he strove
To scale that crag, and climbed and surged and blew
From hoarsely laughing lips great flakes of foam,
Then in his awful rage reached up and drew
Her close against his breast; the deep caves rang,
The billows rose like mighty wings and seemed
To fan the very stars so brightly did
They burn; the whole vast ocean shone and gleamed
With phosphorescent light; the firs upon
The hill raised rugged arms and prayed for dawn!

Herbert Bashford.

THE LIBRARY FUND ENTERTAINMENT.

By Franklyn W. Lee.

"IT'S really too bad!" said Belle, petulantly. "If it would be of any earthly use I'd have a good cry."

"What is the matter, Belle?" asked Mrs. Sawyer, looking up in some surprise as her daughter cast herself disconsolately into a chair at the other end of the sitting room table. Belle was austere at times, somewhat impulsive, and therefore scarcely the soul of good temper; but she seldom reached a tearful point, and her mother sighed in anticipation, and rested from her knitting until she should hear the dreadful news.

"Everything is the matter! The library fund entertainment to-night will be a failure."

"A failure, dear!"

"Yes. Isn't it a downright shame, mother? I've worked so hard to make it a success—the whole responsibility, practically, has fallen upon me, and now failure stares me in the face."

"But what on earth has happened?" her mother asked, anxiously.

"Fannie Marble is sick, and can't appear."

"You don't mean to sit there and tell me that she is as sick as all that!"

"Yes," groaned Belle, utterly woebegone. "The doctor says she is threatened with diphtheria."

"Mercy on us! and I saw Mrs. Smith's young'n's over there this morning! Some people are so careless. These children will be down with diphtheria in a week, mark my word. I declare: mothers nowadays haven't a particle of sense." Maternal instinct, strong within her, made Mrs. Sawyer an alarmist.

"To think that she should get sick at a time when so much depends upon her!"

"She can't help it," her mother rejoined, sharply. "It is not to be supposed that the poor girl deliberately went and caught the disease just to worry you."

"Of course not; but what am I to do, mother?"

"Postpone the entertainment."

"A postponed entertainment is like stale soda water," quoth Belle, sagely.

"Is Fanny so necessary?"

"She was to have furnished two numbers—'Sheridan's Ride' and 'The Little Girl in a Hotel.' She is a general favorite, you know, and people will be disappointed. I hate to be identified with a failure."

"Then why not get Helen Farley?" her mother suggested, after pondering a little. "She speaks pieces very well, according to my notion. I heard her speak 'The Baron's Last Banquet' at the lyceum last winter, and it was just splendid. Everybody thought so."

"Helen has gone to Wellesley," said Belle, gloomily.

"Take Fannie's place yourself" her mother advised, a brilliant idea striking her.

"I might, but I am already down for two solos, and I don't want to give the whole entertainment."

"Well," sighed Mrs. Sawyer, "the only thing for you to do is to postpone the entertainment—unless," she added, by way of afterthought, "you can get Mr. Nichols to help you out."

This latter suggestion was but one phase of a current family joke; it was intended as such, and it needed no label to disclose the fact to Belle. For, be it known, Mr. Nichols was her pet aversion, and had been since the first day of his coming. To be strictly accurate, she was prejudiced against him before he came. She had never taken kindly to the thought of having a boarder around the house. A stranger, she very sensibly argued, invariably broke

the charm of the family circle, however unconsciously it was done, and checked the perfect, natural expression of family feeling, vitiating or disturbing the home atmosphere. A boarder, she radically held, signified the turning of the home into a commercial enterprise, a fact repugnant enough to excite prejudice against an intruder. When the son of an old friend of Mrs. Sawyer's girlhood begged that estimable, sympathetic woman to make room for a few weeks for a very dear friend of his—a quiet fellow, of studious habits, who had just recovered from a serious illness, and stood sorely in need of an abundance of rest, a little home life and a great deal of fresh air, Belle had stubbornly opposed her tender-hearted mother's disposition to accede to the request. She threatened all manner of things, for she was nothing if not self-willed and headstrong, but Mrs. Sawyer had maternal firmness, and in the end Nichols came.

Having, with feminine perverseness, made up her mind to do so, Belle disliked him heartily from the outset. "He is such a stick," she observed, more than once, with a toss of her head, because, forsooth, she liked life, impulse and emotion, while the boarder, though invariably pleasant and courteous, was retiring, reserved, almost inaccessible at times. He liked best to stroll by himself, penetrating to this or that nook in which nature reigned supreme. His evenings, as a rule, were spent in his own room; only now and then did he pause to converse with Mrs. Sawyer or her husband; but for the most part his presence in the house would not have been noticed, save at meal time, had it not been for the cough which sounded occasionally overhead. If he had cultivated Bell, if he had stopped to study her, to mentally note her graces, her attractiveness, she might have liked him in a way, and his stay might have been pleasanter; but he did not, and she scorned him with all the intensity of her eighten years. As absolute frankness was one of her characteristics, he could not help seeing, now and then, that he was in her eyes, *persona non grata*, but he never betrayed the realization. Sometimes, when she was especially sarcastic and perverse, mirth shone in his eyes and there was a suspicious twitching of his firm and sensitive mouth; but that was all; he was secretiveness itself. His knowledge of human nature told him whence came her dislike, and the fact amused him. Her father and mother saw it, and now and then they teased her about Nichols. Therefore, when Mrs. Sawyer suggested the boarder as a forlorn hope, Belle's eyes flashed fire, and with a curl of her upper lip, she stalked majestically from the room.

At supper, however, her mother returned to the charge, a twinkle in her soft blue eyes.

"Belle is all cut up over the sickness of a girl who was to have appeared at the church entertainment this evening," she remarked, casually, "and I suggested that perhaps you might be able to help her out, Mr. Nichols."

"That's so! Why not?" This from Mr. Sawyer, one of the bluff and hearty kind, looking at Belle.

His daughter ate on in dogged, noncommittal silence, and Nichols, perceiving the expression of her face and divining the mute opposition, curbed the smile upon the brink of his lips and inquired, with just a show of interest:

"What is to be the character of the entertainment?"

"Oh, just a musical and literary entertainment, for the benefit of the Sunday School library fund," Mrs. Sawyer hastened to reply. "The Sunday School is growing, and the library is very small. That library is Belle's pet hobby, you know, and she planned this entertainment to get money for books. The concert promised to be a great success, but one of the girls is not able to appear, and Belle is at her wits' end to fill her place."

"If Miss Belle is short a vocalist," he

said, with a faint smile, "I am afraid that I cannot aid her, but—"

"This girl was to have recited," Belle interjected, curtly.

"Then, perhaps, I can be of service to you in a small way," he said, gravely. "I used to recite quite frequently."

"There!" Mrs. Sawyer exclaimed, triumphantly. "Here you've been worrying yourself to death, with plenty of talent in the house. You may thank your mother for this, young lady."

"I do not pretend to—" Nichols began, but his modest protests were cut short by his host and hostess.

Belle, with a poor little sigh of resignation, responded as graciously as she could, mentally vowing that never again would she get up an entertainment for the benefit of any cause, however charitable; also, that if another meddling boarder ever came into the house she would leave, bag and baggage, even if she had to elope.

"You and father think you've done a world of good," she said to her mother, when she could speak without being overheard, "but you have probably made matters worse. I have been trapped into this, and I don't like it very much. I couldn't escape, as I did not wish to be rude, and you were so bent upon dragging him into it. I don't suppose he can recite "Mary's Little Lamb.'"

"Don't judge a chicken by its feathers. You are prejudiced and obstinate, Belle," her mother continued, sweetly. "Run upstairs and get ready, or you will be late. And while you are getting ready, thank your lucky stars,—for Mr. Nichols. It may make it easier for you when you get home."

When she had changed her frock and completed her toilet, Belle made an excuse to leave at an early hour, so that Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer and the unwelcome substitute went over to the church together. "The church isn't much to look at," Mr. Sawyer explained, as they walked along, but the congregation is all right, and that is more to the purpose." The church, in fact, was not only a modest little wooden structure, but it was rather shabby, even for a village edifice. Methodism, evidently, was not very potent in the place, for Nichols noticed that the Presbyterian church, which they passed, was of brick and stone, and that the Baptist chapel was more substantial. But the congregation, as his host had said, was "all right." The bright faces of those who had gathered there gladdened the stranger's heart and eyes, and their owners gave "Mrs. Sawyer's boarder" such a hearty welcome that he felt thoroughly at home, for the first time in years. No one seemed to know that he was there as a substitute. Belle had shrewdly refrained from mentioning the possibility of disappointment, preferring to have Miss Marble's absence and the boarder's presence figure as a surprise, pleasant or otherwise, as the fates decreed.

"He will give them 'The Raven' in sepulchral tones, probably," she muttered to herself, "and the children will have the nightmare."

Following his guides, Nichols took a seat in one of the forward pews, from which, after he had settled himself, he made his observations. He saw that varnish might be used with rejuvenating effect; that the cushions, apparently few in number, were sadly shrunken and their corners worn and torn; that the foot rests were superannuated; that the hymn books were hopeless wrecks and the Bibles disfigured after long usage. Looking beyond the initals cut in the back of the pew just in front, he saw that the traditional red carpet had received all the repairs it was reasonably entitled to for the preservation of its identity. The walls were somewhat discolored and the big galvanized iron heater in the corner tended to enhance the general cheerlessness. But what of that? The bright faces of the unruly children, the presence of manly lads and pretty girls, and kindly old people, supplied whatever the church

interior lacked, giving it atmosphere, color, life and warmth. In a handsome, more pretentious edifice, the gathering would have been less effective. It is by the contrast of happiness amid unfavorable surroundings that one gets the best effect.

As the pastor, a youngish man, with the color of youth to relieve the somberness of his cloth, was passing, Mr. Sawyer stopped him and introduced Nichols, saying in addition, that Nichols would take Miss Marble's place.

"Belle just told me that she had secured someone, but she did not say whom," the pastor observed, cordially taking the stranger's hand. As he spoke, he looked intently at Nichols, and by degrees an odd expression stole into his eyes, but Nichols, detecting it, placed a finger upon his lips, unseen by his sponsors, and shook his head. A smile played about the lips of the clergyman as he nodded understandingly, and the smile grew as he walked away.

Nichols confessed, to himself and to others, that he had not seen such an appreciative audience since his boyhood, when himself and chums had gathered in the old red schoolhouse on the edge of the wood and applauded with hands and feet. The piano solo with which the entertainment began was applauded to the echo. It was a simple selection, indifferently played, but the listeners understood it, and knew the player; a florid rhapsody executed by a celebrity, would have received at their hands only the half-hearted encore of courtesy. The next number was Belle Sawyer's solo, and she sang, "Won't You Tell Me Why, Robin?" but to Nichols, while her contralto was sweet, and her delivery smooth for one practically unschooled, the effort seemed lacking in expression. There was no soul in it; there was no soul in her face, and she seemed worried. Nevertheless, she received the enthusiastic indorsement of the gathering and finally responded with "The Clang of the Wooden Shoon." Then, when the applause had died away, the pastor ascended the platform, and after shaking his finger half-warningly at some youngsters on the front bench, went on to say:

"My friends, the entertainment committee has asked me to announce a change in the program. It was originally intended that Miss Fanny Marble should recite several selections, but I am very sorry to say that our sister is seriously ill and unable to be with us this evening." A murmur ran through the audience. "While we all regret this very much indeed, it gives me unusual pleasure, my friends, to add that the entertainment committee has succeeded in finding a volunteer—Mr. Nichols, from the city, who at present is visiting some of our friends. I feel sure," the pastor continued, smilingly and with emphasis, "that he will leave nothing to be desired. I have the honor to introduce Mr. Nichols.

The murmur gradually heightened until it developed into a hospitable burst of welcome as Nichols made his way up the aisle to the platform, there to be taken by the hand by the pastor, who formally presented him and then withdrew. Meanwhile Belle, seated directly in front of him, shifted nervously, as if in anticipation of the worst. Still Nichols was not awkward, nor yet diffident, in the slightest degree. He stood at perfect ease, awaiting perfect silence—not like a preacher, not like a lawyer, not like a politician, yet like a man accustomed to facing audiences. Once he looked squarely at her and she reddened when she saw laughter in his eyes, for the unduly merry little twinkle there seemed to say that the boarder was about to triumph in a double sense.

At last he began. Naturally, spontaneously, with none of the mannerisms of the elocutionist and none of the mere mechanism of misapplied delsarte, he recited the half-humorous, half-philosophical, wholly homely soliloquy of an

old man. The dialect, the intonation and the gestures were perfect. The older listeners laughed and nodded sympathetically, while the younger ones enjoyed it hugely, and even the children understood and appreciated. Belle sat stupefied, so completely bewildered as to be unable to join in the thunders of approbation. Her cheeks were burning and she longed for the chance of hurrying away to some secluded place where she might have a good cry over her folly. Of course he had to return, but she dared not lift her gaze to his, lest the mirth in his expressive eyes should overwhelm her.

He told in easy, flowing measures, the story of an uncouth German laborer who had been sent to tell a young wife how her husband had been killed by a falling wall. The pathetic little selection was rendered in the first person, and the dialect he used was so easy and so natural as to lend an added charm to the story. One might have heard a pin drop as the audience, having caught the spirit and the tender pathos of the theme,—he told how the young wife chatted and how the baby played while the visitor tried to find words with which to gently express the terrible truth, and when the scene closed with the widow lying in a swoon upon the floor and the baby playing with her flaxen braids, there was scarcely a dry eye, and out of the stillness came a sob. It was Belle's tribute, Belle's utter capitulation.

In vain Nichols, rising in the pew and bowing and smiling, sought to avoid a third display of his talent. There was an uproar most unseemly in a house of worship and the pastor was powerless to quell it. In response to his appealing glance Nichols again made his way to the front.

"I wish to say," the pastor observed parenthetically, "that Mr. Nichols will entertain us again, later in the evening."

This announcement had the effect of allowing Nichols a respite after he had given a dainty little child poem. Then, with a sigh of regret, the audience turned to listen to a violinist who kept time vigorously with his feet, and experienced considerable difficulty in keeping to the key, and in bringing out the full beauty of "The Maiden's Prayer." After his second effort, which was of the same general character, Belle sang again,—a tender ballad this time, and it was sung with such infinite tenderness, with so much soul, that Nichols nodded approvingly, and led the applause which recalled her. The piano soloist suffered, for the word passed from lip to lip that Nichols would follow, and they begrudged the player the time she wasted.

When the favorite reappeared he was given an ovation, and then, when the place was still, he began a dialect poem, telling a pretty domestic story in such simple, tender fashion, that it found each heart. It was called "Si's Wife." In deeper tone, and with a world of subdued expression, he skillfully painted the word picture. As Belle looked up at him he caught her gaze and held it. Fascinated, she could not help looking at him; but for all that, she scarcely heard, for a realization was beginning to dawn upon her, and her face paled a little. Finally, as he neared the close, he shifted his gaze to the pastor, who was eagerly drinking in every word, and Belle, with bowed head, sat in the sackcloth and ashes of her deeper humilation. She heard the applause and vaguely heard him speak again, and again, now something humorous, and then something quaint, but she did not heed, her heart was too full.

When the entertainment finally closed she hastily made her exit, and when Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer and the boarder, delayed by the delighted auditors, finally reached home, they found her lying upon a lounge in the sitting room, crying like a child.

Nichols would have passed on in silence and gone to his room, but instead,

he paused at the door, and after a moment's thought, turned and approached the lounge. Looking down upon her he said simply:

"Well?"

"I know you now," said Belle, tearfully, without looking up. "What you recited to-night was all your own. You are Hugh Nichols."

"I have always been Hugh Nichols, even to you," he contended, smilingly.

"But, how was I to know?" she faltered, lifting her head, and looking into his kindly face appealingly. "How was I to know that you were the poet Nichols? You never said so; you never talked about yourself. I ought to have known, I suppose, for I always read your verses, and have some of them pasted in my scrap book; but I did not dream of such a thing. I was surprised when I heard you recite so well, but when you gave 'Si's Wife,' I was humiliated, Mr. Nichols, for I knew you then, and felt that I could never look you in the face again. Please forgive me," she pleaded penitently.

"Shall I give you some proof that I forgive you freely for being so hasty in your judgment?" he asked kindly, laying his hand upon her shoulder.

"If you would!"

"Then let us give another entertainment for the benefit of the library," he suggested. "The fund can stand it. Let it be *our* entertainment. You shall sing, and you may announce this time that Hugh Nichols will read some of his idle rhymes. But perhaps you fear that I —"

"Please don't!" she whispered.

"You'll have to get the town hall for that, Belle, the church won't hold the crowd," said her father.

And thus it was. Need I add that the entertainment given in the town hall by Miss Belle Sawyer, penitent, and Mr. Hugh Nichols, poet, was a complete success, and that the library fund profited greatly thereby?

SANDSWEPT.

A WINDSWEPT, sandswept, prairie view
O'er-arched by a sky of gray,
A birdless desert, grim and bare
Where wind-cubs romp and play.

No sign of man, no sign of life,
Save tracks in the drifting sand,
But half effaced, of skulking beasts,
Which scud o'er the dreary land.

A plain outstretching beyond the eye
Where wolves and coyotes dwell,
A cheerless level of wind-combed sand
As flat as the floors of hell.

William Reed Dunroy.

THE HEROISM OF HELEN CARROTHERS.

A HISTORIC INCIDENT.

BY FRANK W. CALKINS.

AMONG the many authentic narratives of narrow escape, of unflinching courage and heroic devotion, told of that most terrible of all Indian uprisings, the Minnesota massacre of 1862, the story of Helen Carrothers is certainly deserving of wider circulation than has yet been given it.

At the date of the outbreak, Mrs. Carrothers, then a young woman, was staying, with two small children, upon a claim which her husband had secured in a settlement on Beaver Creek, six miles below Little Crow's village at the Lower Agency.

Mr. Carrothers was fortunately away from home.

Early in the morning of the 18th of August, Mrs. Carrothers was at the house of a near neighbor, caring for the wife, Mrs. Henderson, who was ill. While the family were eating breakfast, four Indians came and looked in at the open door. They had blankets thrown over their shoulders and their faces were painted in vermilion streaks.

Having lived for several years close beside the reserve, and become accustomed to the peculiar habits of their Indian neighbors, neither Henderson nor Mrs. Carrothers thought seriously of this visit.

But a little later a crowd of Sioux were seen catching horses in a pasture across the valley, and small squads of Indians were observed riding about. The little neighborhood became alarmed, but when they interrogated the Indians whom they met, the Sioux said they must have horses to fight the Chippewas, who were even then coming to kill themselves and the whites. The treacherous miscreants told the white men to fear nothing; they and their families should be protected from the "bad" Indians.

Nevertheless, a number of families with Mrs. Carrothers and her children were soon collected, in great alarm, at the house of a Mr. Earle. About this time a neighbor named Veightman, from near Little Crow's headquarters, came riding to them in hot haste. This man told them the Indians were killing all the white people at the Lower Agency.

With increasing fright the party of sixteen or eighteen men, women and children loaded themselves into the wagons of two-horse teams belonging to Earle, and one drawn by three yoke of oxen belonging to a neighbor, and set out in the direction of Fort Ridgely, which was some twenty-five miles distant down the river.

They had driven but a little distance when a squad of Indians rode up and surrounded their wagons. Three of the savages demanded the settlers' teams.

The men were poorly armed; there were but two or three guns among them, and they could make no resistance. They plead to retain the team which held the sick woman, Mrs. Henderson, and her children. The Sioux finally consented and the party moved on, most of them on foot.

Again the Sioux rode up and demanded the remaining span of horses. By this time the party of defenseless white people were demoralized by terror. They scattered away from the wagon and pushed on. The Indians immediately unhitched the horses and set fire to the wagon, throwing the feather beds upon which Mrs. Henderson had lain over the doomed woman and her children.

They then began firing upon the white men. One man was shot down at the first volley. The others, seeing that the Indians were not firing upon their women, fled in a body across the prairie.

Part of the savages followed after them, while others ran after and captured the women. Mrs. Carrothers and others were told they would not be harmed; but, after witnessing the burning of Mrs. Henderson and her children, the poor creatures felt small hope for themselves.

The party thus captured were four women and four small children; two of these, a girl of three and a boy of two, belonged to Mrs. Carrothers.

This wretched little band were finally loaded into a wagon and driven through the desolated settlements, past burning houses, and, with the sounds of shots and Indians' yells ringing in their ears, to the Lower Agency. Here the party were taken to the house of Little Crow and the tepee of his brother John. They were then told they must make them Indian garments and become the wives and children of warriors.

The cowardly Little Crow and his brother stayed quietly at home during the dreadful carnage, and received the plunder which their war parties brought in from time to time.

Mrs. Carrothers and her children and a Mrs. White were allotted to the tepee of John, where squaws took them in charge. Here they were made to change their clothing and don the short, blue, cloth skirt, calico sacque and moccasins — to dress, in fact, as squaws. Mrs. Carrothers, while watching for an opportunity to escape with her children, had the nerve and spirit to appear pleased with this adoption into Indian life. She even laughed heartily over the figure she cut in a squaw array. The Sioux women appeared much amused also, and called John and other Indians to the door of the tepee to look. The bucks laughed good-humoredly, while poor Mrs. White looked on in sad amazement.

That night there was much hurrying to and fro of Indians, and the Sioux remaining in the village spent the whole night in running bullets and preparing ammunition. In this Mrs Carrothers was compelled to help. In the meantime her companion in distress was taken to another lodge; she and her children remained in charge of two of John's squaws, who watched her narrowly.

But the next morning, after a breakfast of coffee and bread, fried in grease, one of the squaws went out and talked for a time with Little Crow and some of his men. Mrs. Carrothers heard them in earnest conversation, but could not tell what they said.

Presently the woman came in, and in broken English, told her that each of four Indians wanted her for his wife, and as they could not settle the dispute, the Chief, Little Crow, had decided she should be killed. The woman then told her to "come" and go with her. The wretched captive gathered her children in her arms and followed. The squaw led the way into a cornfield near at hand, and ordered her to take off her clothes. This Mrs. Carrothers refused to do unless others should be brought her. The squaw then returned to her tepee and brought out an old quilted skirt, torn and ragged, which she compelled the white woman to exchange for the garments she wore.

Then the woman left her, and Mrs. Carrothers took her children deeper into the field and lay for a time in hiding among the corn hills. An Indian came to look for her, and hunted for some time. He passed once within five or six rows of her, and she saw the gleam of his hatchet, while she held her hands over the little ones' mouths and hugged them to her breast to keep them quiet.

Then as all grew still save the noises at the village, she took her children and made her way softly through the field and out at the lower edge, where, covered from view of the village by the

corn tops, she crossed a potato patch, and gained the shelter of some woods upon the river bottom.

She followed the bank of the stream to the westward until she came to a wooded ravine which led up to the head of Tiger Lake, a short distance above the Agency. She spent that afternoon and night hid in the tall grass at the head of the lake, only leaving her retreat once, while her children were asleep, to steal down to the potato patch and dig some potatoes, which she carried back in the folds of her skirt.

When her babies awoke and cried with hunger, these potatoes, which she pared, and from which she cut small slices with her teeth, were all the food she had to give them.

That morning she made a detour, wading through the grass upon the prairie, around to a point on the river some two miles below the agency. Here she tried to cross to the Fort Ridgely side, but the river proved too deep for fording. After wading in to her chin, she could no longer manage her children, and their screams of fright increased her constant peril of discovery and recapture. Determined to cling to the little ones, at all hazards, she returned to the prairie and again hid in the tall grass of a ravine. That day she heard heavy firing, some distance down the river, volleys of musketry at first, then scattering and receding shots, which grew fainter and more distant.

It was the battle of the Ferry, and the retreat of Captain Marsh and a squad of soldiers from the fort, in which the ill-fated band were shot down, almost to a man, by an overwhelming swarm of Sioux.

For three days she lay hid in the tall grass, only venturing out a little distance at night, when her babes were asleep, in search of something to eat. The pillaged cabin of one settler and a heap of ashes which marked the site of another were near at hand, on either side the ravine. From the fields near by she succeeded in getting more new potatoes, small and unripe, no bigger in fact than plums. The corn in the fields was late, and the tender ears had no kernels on them. She and the children chewed the cobs and even the husks, sucking what nutriment they could from them, and ate the raw potatoes in ravenous hunger. The children often cried for "papa," and to go home, until she was compelled to take them in her arms and soothe them to sleep, singing to them in low tones.

More than once she heard the galloping of horses close at hand and knew that Indians were passing.

On the third afternoon she heard the crackling of flames above the ravine, and knew that the log house up there had been fired.

She determined to make one more effort to leave that dangerous locality. At fearful risk on the fourth morning she again took up her journey along the prairie and came to the river again some miles below.

Here she found a house, that of a man named Joe Campbell whom she knew. The house was deserted and pillaged and she took refuge with her children in the cellar. Here she only succeeded in finding some green cucumbers in the garden. Upon this unwholesome diet she and her children subsisted for two days. She had become worn and wearied from watching and caring for her little ones, and the miles she had carried them had told fearfully upon her strength. The little girl and boy, too, sank into a feverish stupor in which they remained most of the time asleep.

Twice, while they stayed hid in this cellar, Indians came into the house and rummaged about above. Each time she expected them to set fire to the place, and resolved to perish in the flames rather than be recaptured. For some reason the savages saw fit to leave the building stand. That they did not enter the cellar was probably because they did not discover the trap door under the stairway, which she had carefully replaced each time in descending.

On the third morning of her stay at the Campbell place she determined to make one more effort to get down the river to the Fort. There was a ferry a mile below, and after carefully scanning the river bottom to see that no Indians were in sight she again took up her march with the children in her arms. They cried but little now, and had almost ceased to fret.

She reached the ferry in safety, but the boat, a flat scow in which wagons were pulled to and fro across the river by rope, was gone. Just below, however, she found, lying on a mud bar, a small "box" boat made of plank, square at one end and pointed at the other. Near this old boat lay the body of a dead soldier, washed ashore by the current.

She shoved the boat into the water. There was no paddle, but she believed she could keep it afloat in the current by using her hands and a willow stick which she picked up on the bar.

She put in her little ones, and pushed the clumsy craft out into the current, wading until the water was above her knees.

Then she got in and used her stick as a pole to get further out in the water. The small vessel held its freight and floated easily at first. But the bottom leaked and it soon began filling with water.

This she did not discover until out into deep water and well upon the current, where she no longer had any control over its movements. At Campbell's house she had found an old tin cup, which she had brought for the children to drink from. With this cup she tried to keep down the water, working desperately with the boy in her lap, while the little girl, sitting in the rising water, cried piteously, "Mama, mama, we'll dwoun, we'll dwoun!"

The boat steadily filled, drifting out upon the deep water until, at last, when the current seemed about to pour over its edges, the half-swamped craft floated under some overhanging willows. Mrs. Carrothers took hold of some branches and carefully pulled in ashore.

She was now upon the same side of the river as the fort, with a plain road leading from the Agency, and known as the "Agency Road," upon the prairie above. The wretched woman had seen the bodies of no less than six soldiers along shore in the short distance her sinking boat had floated.

Little Crow had told her that all the soldiers would be killed. She now believed the Sioux had been everywhere successful in this dreadful massacre; for aught she knew the savages had swept the settlements clear to the Mississippi.

Wearily, alternately lugging and dragging her exhausted little ones, Helen Carrothers ascended to the prairie and tramped on in terrible dejection and despair.

The awful stillness of an empty, breezeless summer day rested upon a region blighted by pillage and massacre.

On every hand stood the empty houses of a thickly settled district. For some cause, probably hoping to find more plunder at their leisure, the Indians had burned but a few houses and outbuildings upon this side of the river.

The burdened woman staggered from house to house along the road.

Everywhere it was the same, the buildings had been plundered of food. In some the bed clothing and furniture remained intact, but of food and wearing apparel nothing was left. Here and there her sickened gaze rested upon the bodies of the naked dead. Weak and emaciated, lugging the weight of her children, her tramps were short. She took refuge from time to time in the cellar of a house or under some out of the way shed along the road.

During this slow and painful tramp she neither saw nor heard Indians or any living thing. Even the pigs and chickens of the settlers had been killed or driven away. On the eighth day from

her capture she found herself at a house which she again knew to be that of a German named Busche, and within three miles of the fort. She now dared not go any further. She feared the worst, having seen no signs of soldier or citizen. She fully believed that the Sioux had captured the fort, and, in that event, they might have armed the strong-hold with a force of their own as they had done at the Agency.

In the cellar of the German's house she found a bowl half full of sugar and a jar of butter, but neither she or the children could eat it. Their stomachs utterly refused both the grease and the sweet.

A fever, the fever of starvation and utter exhaustion, had seized upon both the little ones; they sank into a stupor of sleep. She carried a feather tick and a quilt into the cellar and made a bed for them upon the cool, damp floor. When they were thus disposed of, she rummaged the cellar further by the light which came from the open trap door above. Upon an old, rough table in one corner were some carpenter tools, a hatchet, a half keg of nails, a box of ammunition and a single-barreled shot gun. Evidently the Sioux had again missed discovering the trap door. She took the gun nearer the light and raised the hammer; the tube was capped and the weapon was evidently loaded. To make sure she drew the ramrod, thrust it into the barrel, took the measure with thumb and finger, then compared the measurement outside to make sure. She found a box of caps among the ammunition, and, now certain that the gun was loaded, removed the cap from its tube and put on a fresh one. She knew how to handle a gun; she had once shot a crane from the door of her own cabin with her husband's rifle. She felt safer; she had the means, at least, of self-destruction if the worst should come.

She laid down beside her children, intending only to rest, and to keep her ears open. But in her exhausted state the spirit of slumber stole over her. She was awakened by the sound of tramping above, or of something falling upon the floor, and started from her bed in alarm. She looked upward through the trap door, which she had neglected in her weariness to close. A savage was bending over the edge peering down into the darkness below. How plainly she could see the outlines of his ugly painted face, stooping and malignant, the ready rifle in his hands!

Swiftly and silently she caught up the gun at her side, and even remembering to press the trigger, noiselessly cocked and leveled the weapon. A shrill, wailing yell followed the gun's explosion, then the swift tramp of moccasined feet out of the doorway, and a moment later the clatter of a pony's feet.

Evidently there had been only one Sioux visitor at the premises and he was either badly hurt or badly scared. She now reloaded the gun, closed the trap door, quieted her frightened children, soothed them to sleep again and fell back upon their couch.

She was awakened again sometime in the night by the fresh tramping of feet over head.

Almost too much exhausted by hunger and suffering to feel alarm she nevertheless clutched her gun again. She believed the Indian had returned, bringing others with him. Instead, she heard a voice above calling softly, in broken German accent, "Voomans, voomans, vere bees you?"

Assured of the presence of a white man and a friend, she got up, climbed to the trap door, thrust it upward, and confronted the stranger.

The man was a German, who had made his escape from the upper settlements.

When he reached these premises, he said, three days before, he had heard heavy firing at the fort, which lasted for two days. Not daring to go on he had hid in an old hay shed, subsisting upon some raw turnips which he gathered in a field not far distant. While in hiding there he had seen the woman,

with her children, go past and enter the house. Then some time afterward he had seen a solitary Sioux ride down from the west, hitch his pony and go in. Then he had heard the shot, saw the Indian come running out, apparently wounded in one arm and shoulder. He had watched the Sioux galloping away, and had determined to go to the house when darkness came on.

The man was half famished, and inquired for something to eat. Mrs. Carrothers got him the sugar and butter, and he ate greedily of both, without apparent harm afterward. Mrs. Carrothers now believed that the fort had not been captured, or had been abandoned, and she succeeded in persuading the German to assist her in carrying her children toward it in the morning. When within a mile, the exhausted and wayworn mother and her helper came within sight of the fort.

Almost immediately a number of blue coats emerged from the gate and came to meet them. The soldiers had beaten off the Sioux, and were constantly on the watch for fugitives.

The heroic, perishing woman and her babes were thus snatched from the very jaws of death and nursed back to life and health again.

IN DOUBT.

IN EDITH'S smile there's hope and cheer
That quite dispels the somber gray,
And all the ills of yester-year
Are exiled from my dreams away.
When she is glad the world is bright,
Her merry laugh dull care beguiles,
Each burdened heart grows strangely light;
There's hope and cheer in Edith's smiles.

In Nellie's tears there's blest relief
From ills to large proportions grown;
In lessening another's grief
We quite forget the ills our own.
And be they tears of penitence,
Or tears of joy, each one endears,
The cause is of no consequence—
There's blest relief in Nellie's tears.

My heart is by a doubt oppressed,
My heart is but a vane that veers,
It knows not which it loves the best—
Sweet Edith's smiles or Nellie's tears.

Roy Farrell Greene.

HI. HAPGOOD'S WIFE.

By Maude Meredith.

"I NEVER saw a man more sot on p'operty 'n Hiram is; 'n he's about the best fixed of any one in the country, I reckon."

The speaker was tall and dark, and truth compels us to add, lank, also. He was a Missourian strayed off up into southern Iowa by some unusual moving inside his inert soul. For Jefferson Jackson was not noted for energy, or any of that restless dissatisfiedness of disposition, that afflicts so many Westerners.

"Yes, guess he is," answered a thin, nervous, little man, who sat on the bench alongside, whittling a bit of pine with quick, nervous strokes and hands that shook a little.

Jacob Haskins spoke rapidly. He always seemed to grudge the time one must spend in talking, and not only bit his words and sentences short off, but expressed himself in the most limited vocabulary. If some disciple of an omnipresent Volapuk had snatched away from him the word "guess," Jacob Haskins would ever thereafter have been a sort of speechless unrest.

"Hiram," he that was "sot on p'operty," was just now driving rapidly away across the dusty prairies, behind as fine and as intractable a team of roadsters as could be found in the state, and beside him sat the stranger, who had driven across from the nearest station last evening and over whom the straggling town had wondered for a whole half day.

They had wondered, but in a purely Western way. There was none of the intense curiosity of an Eastern village. No thin spinsters craning necks for a glimpse; no still more curious matrons in faded hats running into the store for five cents' worth of allspice, in the hope of "gettin' suthin' outen the store man about him."

Here a heavy German woman rested her hand on her broad hip, and gazed at the stranger as he passed, her blue eyes expressing nothing further than the fact that she was not dead.

A Swede, with thin face and pale hair drawn back into two tight braids, that were crossed and recrossed at the back of her head, stopped at her own door to slip her feet from the wooden shoes, and with her hand on the casing gazed back at him over her shoulder.

Mrs. Jefferson Jackson had slowly remarked to her spouse that she "reckoned some man hed come to buy hoags," and Jefferson Jackson had, in some mysterious way, transferred the great bulge of the left check to that of the right and answered, "Well, ourn aint fat, if he has."

But to Polly Haskins the matter had assumed more stirring interest. Now, Polly was a tall woman, tall and quite as thin as her lesser consort, and possibly quite as nervous. Polly saw the stranger when he drove down the broad village street, probably in search of something that could be called a hotel, and Polly had called Jacob in from the "shop" and sent him down the street after the receding team. When he came back with the meager report that the "feller hed put up at Streators, that's all I cud fin' out," Polly's soul was still unsatisfied, and from that time up to an hour since, she had kept Jacob's little dust-grimed shoes paddling over and back again for news. This time he intended to stay and see it out, and make his last report. Beside, Jacob himself was curious.

Now, the stranger had driven away with Hi. Hapgood, and that was all there was of it. Hi probably had a pile of something to sell, and would sell it, and transfer a pile of money to his own pockets. People knew how it was with

Hiram Hapgood. He always had crops to sell, always money coming in. Hiram was a prosperous man. He must be a happy one.

Out at the farm, when at last they reached it, Hiram had produce to sell, and what is more, he agreed to go into a sort of partnership with this man from Chicago. He to purchase and ship to this South Water street dealer, the best, the very best of certain products raised all about in this section. Hiram had never felt better in his life, nor more completely satisfied with any deal.

After the conclusion of arrangements Hapgood led the man into his house, a small, ungainly wooden affair of two rooms and a lean-to on the ground floor, and some bare unblinking chamber windows above, dull teary stains dribbled down at each corner, where the rain had dripped from the narrow sills, and washed off the thin, yellowish priming.

They went into the "front room," as the north room was called, and crowding around by the foot of the bed, Hiram pulled out a wooden rocker, which he offered his guest. From the cross-bar of the window he took a scant bottle of ink, and flinging back the cheap white spread from a little table in the corner, he opened his account book, and proceeded to write out the contract. For Hiram Hapgood was a far-seeing man, as well as an honest one. He never allowed himself to be tricked or defrauded by any carelessness on his part.

The stranger's eyes ran slowly around the room, from the faded rag carpet on the floor to the woolen "crazy" quilt, tucked so neatly on the bed. From the scant, hem-stitched pillow-slips to the crotcheted mantle drape, and back to the few books on the table. A Bible, some worn school books, a faded copy of "The Lamplighter," and a little book of hymns; three black wooden chairs completed the furniture.

"And yet this man is rich," the stranger mused. "He could sell that span he drove over with for money enough to make a—a nice little room of this."

The green paper curtains were rolled partly up, and out in front of the house he saw a great sagging bank of "Bountsing Bess," and beyond a neatly kept circle of bachelor buttons.

"I wonder if she does not care for pretty things," mentally he mused.

"There, guess that's about it," Hapgood said, wiping the pen on his hair, as he rose and half turned the old ledger toward his guest. Then stepping to the door he called, "Len., can't ye get on a bite right away, we want to be going soon."

The stranger did not catch the answer. It was nearly noon, now, he was sure, and he was glad it was so.

A half hour later the door opened and a low voice called, "We are ready now, Hiram."

In the center of the second room the small square table was spread. Spotless white the stranger noticed that first, and then, as he emerged into the room, he saw the woman, and heard Hapgood's "My wife, Mr. Camden."

"My wife" bowed slightly, and her lips moved, but she did not offer her hand, and she went directly into the kitchen, out in the lean-to, and returned, bringing the dinner.

Hapgood was a hearty eater; a very hearty eater, one would say, for a man of his medium build, and he talked incessantly as he ate, his mouth filled simultaneously with food and words, which his wide, thin lips somehow seemed to manage, the stranger alert and ready to whack him on the back if there came a collision that threatened strangulation.

The stranger spoke little, but he glanced often toward "my wife," something in her refined, sensitive face, and deep, yearning eyes appealing to him.

"No," mumbled Hapgood, in answer, "my hands don't eat here. You see it's too far to come. I've got a shack down there, benches, table, an' wife here

puts up the meals, an' boy hauls 'em down."

"But does not that give you extra work, Mrs. Hapgood?" Camden asked as she passed the pudding. During the entire meal he had marveled at the excellence and variety of the cuisine.

"Oh, I don't know," she said, with a level monotone of utterance that oppressed him.

"Ho, no, Len. has plenty of time for cookin'," Hapgood answered, "she's here alone all day nothin' else to do."

"Have you no children?" Camden asked.

He noticed the quick shadow that sprang across Mrs. Hapgood's face, as she turned quickly and passed out into the kitchen.

"Yes, oh, yes, plenty of 'em," Hiram answered. "Had six. Oldest boy an' two girls married an' settled on good places of their own. My children all done well, if I do say it. Married well, got considerable property."

"And the other three?"

"Oh, the three youngest, dead; little shavers, never's any help to me."

Camden pushed his unfinished pudding from him.

After a pause he asked "who runs things here while you are off buying grain?"

"Oh, wife."

"Stays alone?"

"Yes, of course. Why, she's got the dog. He's worth a dozen men. Besides there's no danger. Everybody knows Hi. Hapgood aint fool enough to keep money a layin' around the house. Where *I* go my *money* goes, er else into the bank," and he slapped the heavy wallet in his breast pocket.

The men rose from the table, and Mrs. Hapgood came into the room, her dull eyes gazing past them out at the open door, her hands motionless at her sides.

"Now Mrs. Hapgood, your husband and I have just concluded a business arrangement that may take him to Chicago at times, and I hope you will always come with him; we will see that you are agreeably entertained."

For one quick moment the great brown eyes flashed up into his, then the life sunk slowly out of them as she turned toward her husband with the low monotonous "I don't know how it might be. Thank you."

Camden opened his mouth, closed it again, and a firm little pucker showed at the corners, under his short cut mustache.

"Sent the dinners?" Hapgood demanded of his wife.

She answered "yes," her eyes again gazing out of the window, dully.

"Well, Camden, come on, I suppose you want to be going."

Hapgood saw Camden's hesitancy and said, "I want to show you my young Percherons. Come on."

Camden offered his hand as he bade Mrs. Hapgood good day. She laid hers, brown and worn in looks, warm and magnetic to the touch, in his for an instant, the intense look again flashing up in her eyes, as she essayed to speak. She was a dimpled woman, a pretty woman, a woman with a wonderfully impressive face, even yet.

But her eyes dropped, and the lifeless, exact voice answered quietly, "good day, sir."

Out in the sunshine, with the sweeping prairies of corn and grain all about them, the look of a big, prosperous farm all around them, the welcoming whinney of the handsome horses, the great, sleek Percherons in the enclosure beyond the big barn, the sheltering sheds for new, improved farm implements, and above all the exultant, energetic tone of the owner of all this, and against this Camden contrasted the living dead woman in the cheap house from which they had just come.

"Couldn't she take part in this?" he questioned himself. "Here's an honest, well intentioned husband, a glorious farm, stock to be proud of, and fields to write poems on, couldn't she enter into the life of it? Or"— and

his thought hesitated, "no," it decided, "she is not a selfish woman. She is not bound up in herself. She has been headed off, suppressed. That is the word. The life in her, the nature God gave her, has been suppressed. I'm sorry for her. Hapgood seems a well meaning, fellow, I guess I'll talk with him a little."

And so it happened when they were well on their way, for there had been no lifting of hats, or goodbyes as they drove off, the silent woman had not watched their departure, that Mr. Camden broached the subject to his man.

"Any society about here?" he questioned.

"Heh?" asked Hapgood.

"Any society? Have any social gatherings? Lodges, clubs, or the like?"

"Huh, good time we'd have for clubs. Why, man, you don't realize that my farm reaches fur miles, an' the house in the middle of it!"

"Church near?"

"Church, naw; we're too far out for church, beside there ain't none, much. One Catholic church over yonder somewheres, and I believe the Lutherans meet in a schoolhouse. T'other one's too far off, besides I can't keep awake on Sunday. I go to sleep and snore so's Len. takes on dreadful."

"What does Mrs. Hapgood do for company, now the children are—gone?"

"Len.? Oh, why, she—does same's I do. I'm around home a good deal of the time."

"Is your wife fond of city life?"

"H'i dunno. Never heard her say. W'y, yes, come to think on't, she used to be master fond of a merry makin'. W'y I never seen a girl any more fond o'n't. But she's steadied down, of course. See, Len. must be nearly forty-five. We married young; so did the children. But they all done well, done well; come into property, all three on 'em. I call that doin' well."

"Do you and your wife often visit them?"

"Oh, no; never did. They're too far off. Cost too much; beside we couldn't both leave. I mean to go. Perhaps next winter I can get off. Get a boy to stay with Len., and look out for the stock."

"Mr. Hapgood," Camden began seriously, "Don't you think your wife ought to have more company; hers must be a lonesome life, and —"

Hapgood bristled instantly, and Camden added, mentally, "Oh, yes, a well-meaning man, perhaps, but he's got the devil's own temper."

"Now, look here," snapped Hapgood, and Camden noticed how thin and bloodless his lips really were, "Whose been a stuffin' you? my wife been a ——"

"No, sir," answered Camden, curtly, "your wife has been a nothing; but this must be the life of a Siberian exile to her."

Hapgood's face flushed angrily, and, "My wife is the wife of the richest man in the county. He's got the biggest farm, and the best stock, and the most implements, an' the finest barn, and water without limit. She ain't needin' none of your sympathy."

"But I shall give it all the same," Camden answered.

"Len's a good worker, I'll admit that. A good cook. Nobody can beat her. And she keeps the finest garden, an' poultry; why, she raises a sight of poultry. Bought a new reaper and binder last year with what I got out of poultry, and our eggs alone pay all our store bill." Then, whipping at the grasses along the roadside, he went on, half to himself. "H'i don't know what ails Len. She can work well but somehow her heart aint in it. She's visionary, I guess. Allus wanted to be a paintin'; see them pictures in the north room?"

Yes, Camden had noticed several unframed oil paintings, small bits of hilly landscape, done on academy board.

"Well, them she done from memory. They's pictures of her home, East. But she got cranky, and after she'd painted a few grain fields and corn

stalks, and some lombards, she said there wasn't nothing more to paint—she can't make roses, nor horses, nor things that way—and she quit. And then she used to be great on writing verses. W'y, she got so folks from all over wrote to her, and said all sorts of stuff about her verses. I don't know. I don't see nothin in 'em. Some do, though. But it took a lot of paper and postage stamps. W'y I used to buy as high as twenty-five or fifty cents worth of stamps at a time. I told her she better quit, I couldn't stand so many stamps. Yes, it was forever more ink or paper, or su'thin. She quit. Then I found out later, that she'd taken to savin' up all the thin, brown paper that came on parsels, an' cuttin' it into sheets, and on that, with a pencil, she wrote a story. Long, you know, like that there Lamplighter story. She asked me once for paper to write it off, thought she could sell it. Fough! I told her she'd get more for one good, fat turkey cock than she'd ever git fer any book she'd write. I did think I'd buy some paper, but I never done it. Just as well, she's busy enough without, and I never did believe much in such things anyhow. I never read no story except that Lamplighter, and I don't see no sense in that. We take the *Agriculturist* and the *Weekly Sentinel*, anyhow."

It was mid-afternoon when the two men reached the little settlement, by grace called "the village." The blue-eyed Gretchen was slipping her bare toes into her wooden shoes, as they passed, and Jacob Haskins peered anxiously from his little shop door.

The stranger called for his team.

He held out his hand at parting: "Better take your wife and run over to Chicago, this fall," he said; "you can afford it, and it will do you good. We only live this life once."

"Well," Hapgood answered, pulling down his hat, "perhaps I'll be over some time. Good luck to you."

Hapgood was a good shipper. He knew the value of the products bought, and knew how to send them to market in first-class shape. Business ran smoothly for a couple of years, then, suddenly the man in the office on South Water street was surprised to see his man standing dejectedly before him one day, with a small package in his hand.

"Well, well, Hapgood," Camden cried, springing to his feet, and grasping his hand, "Glad to see you, glad to see you; where's — where's your wife, brought her, didn't you?"

Hapgood dropped into a chair, his thin lips working nervously, and the tears starting in his eyes.

"My wife 's—she's gone. Gone to the asylum. She's been crazy most three months, an' I aint got no one to cook, and the garden's all weeds, and the poultry's gone to the dogs, and I tell you it's a heavy blow on me; a heavy blow."

Camden drew out his hankerchief and wiped his forehead and his palms.

"Great God," he muttered under his breath; "Great God, but it's a pity."

"Yes, 'tis." Hapgood assented, blowing his nose. "Everybody pities me, but that don't do me no good. It's a hard blow."

"Was she—is she—" Camden began, but his lips quivered.

"No, no; she ain't a ravin' none. She aint spoke since she was took. I did not send her for a couple of weeks; she never spoke to nobody. She's still enough."

Camden looked out through the grimy window.

"Oh, here," Hapgood spoke with animation, "see, I found this. It was addressed to you, and I looked into it and see it was that brown paper stuff, so I just brought it along. I don't understand them things, but maybe you could get some money out of it after all."

Camden carried the package home that night, and in the bright, cherry library, opened it, telling the story to his wife as he did so.

It was a "story," as the husband had said, a story that was a cry from the depth of a baffled heart, but clearly and

artistically rendered. At the back of the package was a half hundred poems, exquisite, touching, but there was no word of comment accompanying them.

"Clement, publish the book for the poor woman," his wife pleaded. "It would not cost so very much. You have done more in charity than that. Publish the book and it may put life in the poor benumbed thing. It might restore her, who knows?"

And Camden had the book published.

He sent the first copy that came from the press direct to her.

. . . . . .

"It will be a big funeral of course, everyone will go," Polly Haskins said, pulling out the black bows of her bonnet strings as she tied them under her chin.

"Yes, I guess they will, Jacob assented."

"I reckon me an' you'll go," said the tall Missourian to his wife, and he went out to hitch up his team.

They could not get into the little house at Hapgood's, not a quarter of them, but it was a great comfort to Hapgood to know it was the largest funeral ever seen in the county.

The blue-eyed German laid great bunches of flowers all along the coffin, and beside the still, set face; and the placid-eyed Swede with the pale hair, said a goodbye in her own tongue, to the unanswering dead, as she took from the little table in the corner and laid on the still breast, the new, unopened book, the book that came too late.

WINGS OF A BIRD.

THUS to be free,
Ah me, ah me!
To lightly skim with gentle motion,
'Neath clouds that lie in yon blue sky
Like sea-foam on an upper ocean.

With wings so light,
O beauteous sight!
Above the earth serenely sailing,
What joy to feel around thee steal
The buoyant air, secure, unfailing!

With feath'ry sails,
And wafting gales,
Those ships sail on with gentle motion,
No rock-coast stands with ruthless hands
To wreck those crafts of upper ocean.

Anna Neil Gilmore.

Photo by R...

...SHOWING CRADLE, RIGGER'S ...

OUR CRUISERS IN WAR PAINT.

FROM DOCK TO ACTUAL BATTLE—THE KEARSARGE AND THE WILMINGTON—THE HOSPITAL SHIP, SOLACE.

BY MALINDA CLEAVER FAVILLE.

FROM the simple dug-out to the armored battleship of to-day is about the same distance of development as that which lies between primitive men with their stone hatchets and the trained squad which operates a twelve-inch rifled gun. The tactics of Paul Jones would not meet the demands of a fight between armored ships, with guns sighted to ten, twelve, or fourteen miles. Courage of the same sort that made our first Admiral a terror to enemies is still in demand, and the supply seems generous. Seven years ago, when the "Baltimore" lay in Baltimore harbor, receiving the congratulations of her sponsor, the question was asked her Captain, "When do you begin firing at an enemy, captain?"

"Just as soon as we can see the top of her masts," replied Captain Schley.

The eighteen-minute bombardment of Matanzas, at a distance of five miles, was an object lesson in the effects of American gunnery. A shot from the Puritan's twelve-inch gun blew wall, abattis and gun many feet high, and landed the ruins far back of where the gun originally stood. The heavy guns, and the smaller rapid fire ordnance both did serious mischief, over 300 projectiles being fired in eighteen minutes, from the three ships.

The Queen of our Navy, the Iowa, alone would keep the attention of her sponsors fixed on Havana. Bear in mind it is *our* navy once more, and hope for the day when an invincible "Virginia," fit to fight by the "Massachusetts" and "Iowa," will be the clasp of steel upon the bond of brotherhood between North and South.*

*Mrs. Faville, the author, is a resident of Norfolk, Virginia.

Our navy is the product of the last twenty years. A wonderful change has been wrought in it. Beside the steel-armored battleship of to-day, the old wooden man-of-war is as a wooden trunk to an improved safety-deposit vault. The building of armored ships is so recent that but few engagements have taken place between them: none of such magnitude as are likely to occur before this paper appears. So little fighting has been done that naval experts' opinions of battleships are almost entirely theoretical. It is said that the lessons of the Yalu fight revolutionized the interior plans of constructing battleships. Some people who ought to know, think that a few battles with the Spanish navy will result in changes equally great in the external conformation of the next war ships we build. We have a good navy, but if we had a better one, its reputed power might have saved us from foreign war.

The ship of any kind is first given form in the designing room. Of course it previously existed in the mind of the designer, where a conception of its peculiar features may have been hidden for a long time. A Herreshof designs fast sailing yachts, and a naval expert, improved battleships, as Edouard Frère painted *genre*, and Verestchagin, battle-pictures. In the designing room the constructer's conception is made visible. The deck plans are prepared, and a picture of the whole ship that is to be. A drawing to scale is made of each piece of casting for her complicated machinery, from shaft to deck-fittings.

Out beside the cantilever crane the keel is laid, stern to the water, upon a line of blocks rising one inch in twenty. The "angle iron" for the ribs is curved

Photo by Rusk & Shaw, Newport News, Va.

CHRISTENING PARTY OF THE "KENTUCKY."

The young lady holding the white cord of the bottle is Miss Bradley, the sponsor.

according to design, in the great bending shed, and the ribs fastened into place upon the keel. At this stage one sees the steel skeleton of a hull. The plates are then riveted to the ribs and to one another, making a steel shell five-eighths of an inch thick. The work of plating begins at the keel and ends at the top of the guards. When it is done the lines of the hull are readily seen. Each plate, before it is fastened on, is punched for rivets, and has any necessary openings cut in it. It is then properly curved for its place, in a machine resembling a gigantic clothes-wringer. The bulk-heads and decks are put in, and now the military masts and superimposed turrets into the hulls of battleships. "Bilge keels" are usually put on; they are the shelf-like pieces which keep the ship from rolling too heavily. They may be seen standing out on the hull of the Kentucky, like long, narrow fins. As the hull has grown, a small forest of props has been placed under it, and a net-work of staging has been built up to its very top. It is now ready to launch, the staging has served its purpose, and is taken down.

The "ways" are prepared by fastening end to end, enough pieces of squared 16x20 timbers to make a railroad from the prow into water deep enough to float the hull. They lie parallel, and their distance apart is nearly the breadth of the hull Midway of their length they rise a little to compensate for any settling of the ground under the enormous weight they are to bear. They are firmly braced, and four-inch plank are bolted on their outside edges to keep the sole-pieces from slipping off. Hundreds of pounds of tallow and beeswax, mixed, are spread upon the ways. The sole-pieces are then put in place. They are also 16x20 timbers, a little longer than the hull, and securely fastened to the ways at the upper end. Upon these sole-pieces under prow and stern heavy timbers are laid; the upper border of the pile shaped to fit the curve of the hull which is intended to settle into it as the keel blocks are knocked away. The hull is secured to the sole-pieces by cables passed over it fore and aft. This is the cradle. Then the christening stand is built; the flowers ordered for the young sponsor; the be-ribboned bottle prepared; and all is ready.

Early on the morning of the launch the hull is decorated with strings of flags, and the bottle of wine in its red, white and blue and gold netting is swung from the prow.

Several days before the launch of the "Kearsarge," notice was given of the date and hour she would take to the water — March 26th, ten A. M. By nine o'clock people were crowding into the big ship-yards, and the chartered boats, little and big, loaded to the limit, were drawn up in lines on either side the path the hull must follow in the water, and even tied to the roomy piers. Not less than 35,000 people had gathered to witness the ceremony, and every one of them seemed to be in sight at the same time. One by one the props were taken out and carried away, and the painter, with a long-handled brush, touched the spots which had rested upon them. Then a hush spread back from those immediately about the ways. It was followed by the ring of many hammers, knocking out the keel-blocks;

> The sound of hammers, blow on blow,

of which Longfellow speaks. The hull slowly settled, and, in a moment, the sound of far-away sawing came over the crowd. It ended; the great shell quivered with her sense of new-found liberty, the bottle was broken fair upon her prow, and she slipped away to the bosom of the waiting river. Would she roll over, with all that burden of upper works, that no hull before her had ever carried out? Not a bit. A mighty cheer from the crowd, a blast from every whistle welcoming her to the fellowship of the sea — the "ship of the Nation" rode majestically out upon the greatest harbor of our country. In an

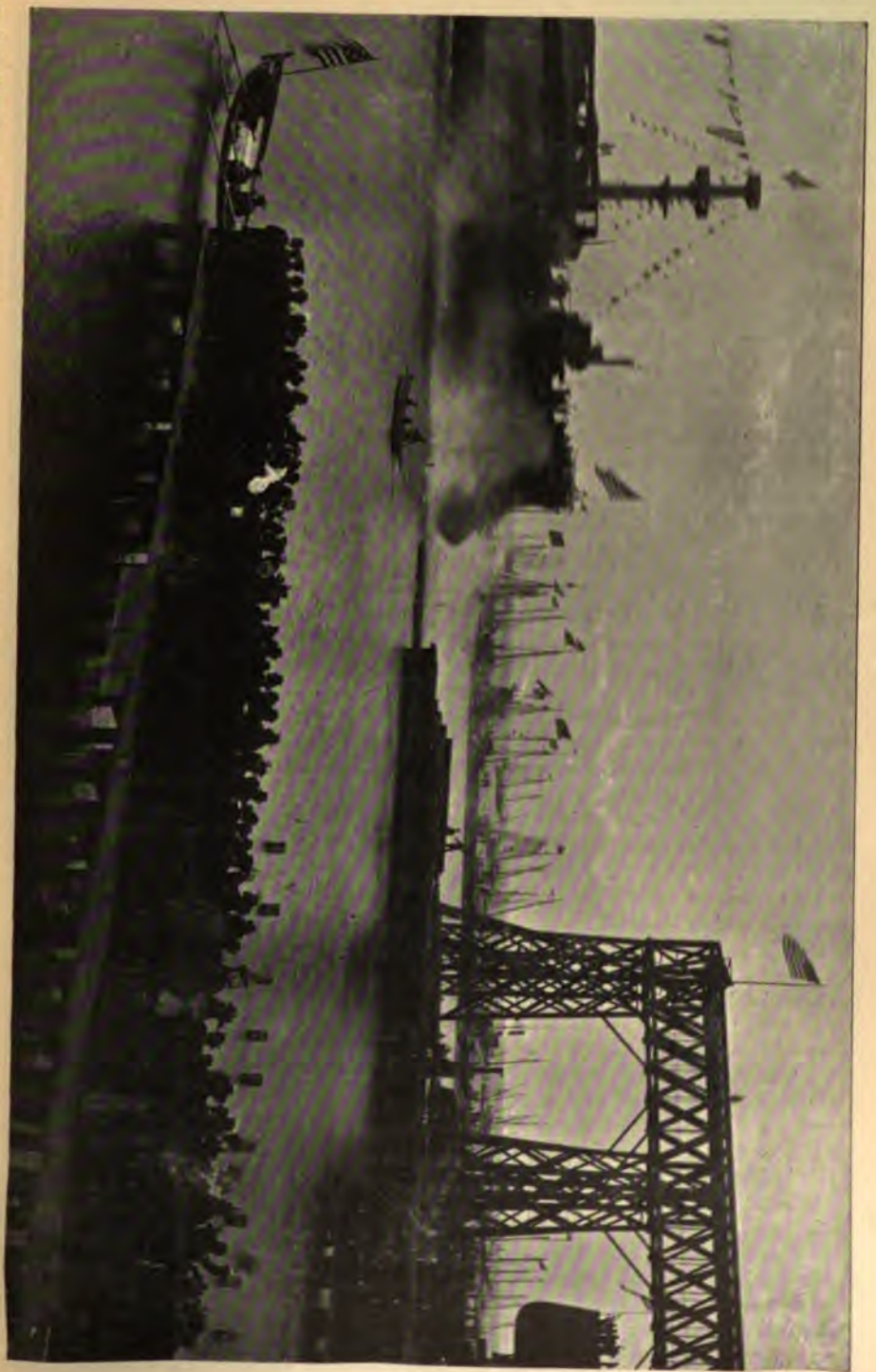


Photo by M. W. Tennant, Newport News, Va.

"KEARSAGE" ENTERING THE WATER.

hour and a half the "Kentucky" followed, from her ways a few yards distant. Just below lay the "Brooklyn" and the big monitor "Puritan," still in white and yellow. One thought seemed to be common to the great crowd — the prospect of war. Not once was anyone heard to say either "North" or "South" with an assumption of superiority. For the first time in forty years the spirit of brotherhood reigned.

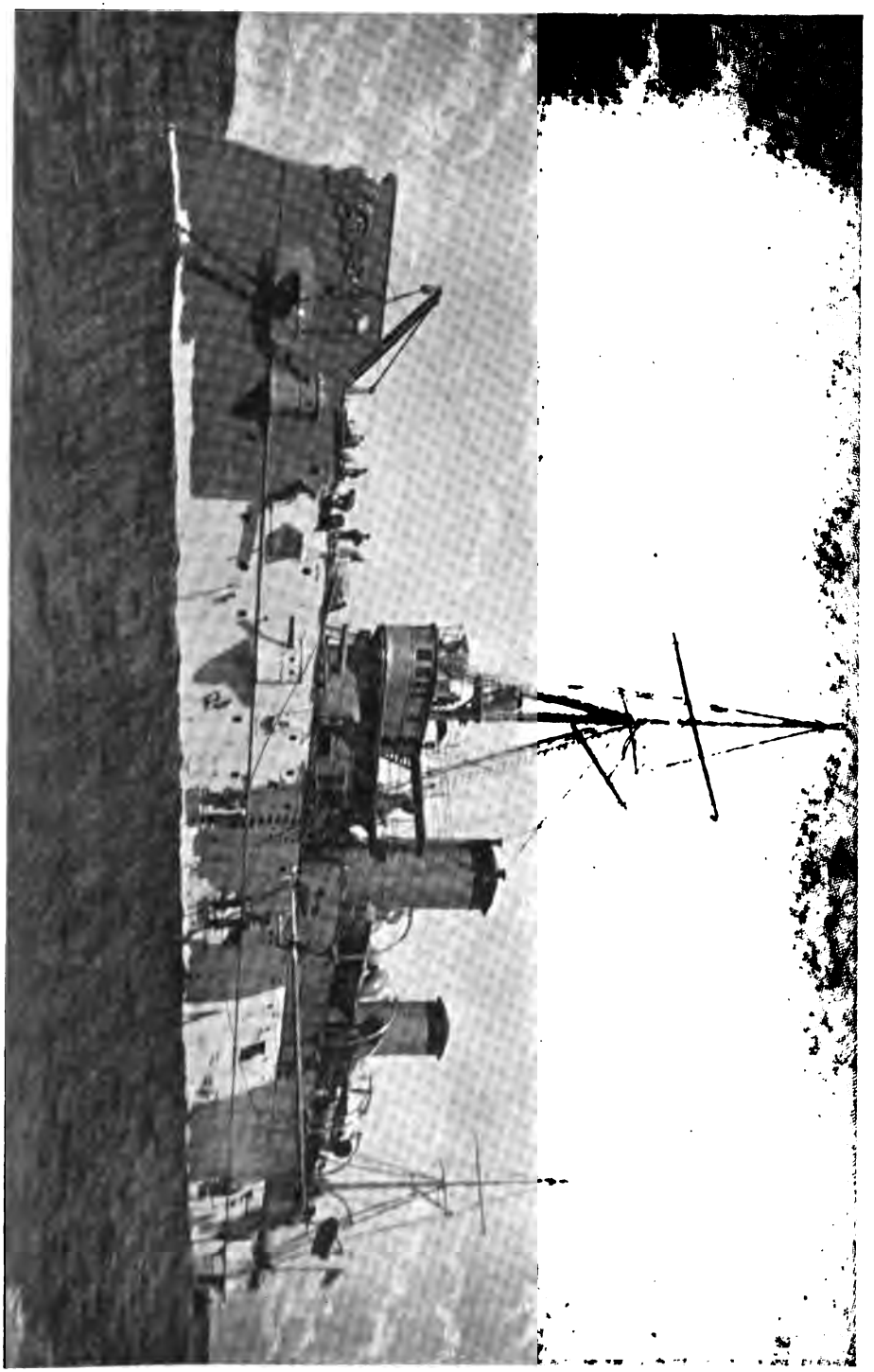
The hulls were launched within five minutes of the appointed times. Their keels were laid in July, 1896; under the emergency the ships can be ready to go into commission about the end of 1898. They are 378 feet long, 72 feet beam and over 10,000 tons displacement. Each is to have a belt of fifteen-inch armor Such a ceremony as has been described is a twin launch. In the autumn of 1897, the gunboats "Nashville" and "Wilmington," having been built one behind the other, were launched successively and successfully from the same set of ways. Of course the ways extended to the prow of the hull farthest from the water. The ways over which the "Nashville" passed were greased again for the passage of the "Wilmington," which followed her in exactly an hour. This was a "tandem" launch. When the gunboat "Helena" and the big Plant steamer "Grand Duchess" were launched upon the same day, it was called a double launch.

After the hull of the warship is safely launched, it is caught by a tug, towed to its berth beside the pier, and made fast. The ram and the internal framework to strengthen it, were built with the hull. The armor belt is next put on. The plates are cast in sections to fit the curve of the hull, and each one is numbered. The opposing ends have dowel-pins and sockets, like the extra leaves of an extension-table. The armor is sent to Indian Head, where a plate from each lot is tested by a shot from a heavy, modern, rifled gun. If it proves satisfactory it is sent to the shipyard; if not, it is returned to the company, who must try again. The armor is bolted to the hull and inner frame, from stern to prow, sinking the hull much lower in the water than when she was launched.

While work upon the hull has been going on outside, the parts of the machinery it is to contain are being prepared in the shops. The small scale drawings of detail are sent from the designing-room to the pattern-shop. The foreman of the shop enlarges them to their full size, on an enormous drawing-board like the floor of a small room. Skilled workmen then develop the plan in wood. Some of the finished patterns for castings are wonders of the wood-worker's art. The skill of the man who makes such things seems beyond the highest development of mechanics. A model for a big propeller-blade, standing higher than one's head, is beautiful in its perfection of joinery and finish. The patterns for castings go to the foundry, a mould is made over them and the metal cast in it. The casting is returned to the shops where it is perfected in shape, and polished in surface that it may cause no friction.

The designs for the necessary wood-work and for that used on the ships in time of peace, are developed in the carpenter shops. Only the wood finishings necessary to comfort are used, and almost all of these are removable, being taken out when there is time to prepare for war. In action there is almost as much danger to life from flying splinters as directly from the enemy's guns. This danger is indicated in the experience of the man at the wheel on the recently captured "Guido." A shot which struck the wooden pilot-house, sent a jagged splinter into his pleural cavity, and may cause his death.

The machinery and furnishings are slowly placed in the armored hull of the battleship, her guns are mounted, her bunkers filled, and she is ready for a trial trip to see if everything works well. She sails about in still water



"MINNEAPOLIS," ONE OF THE FASTEST SCOUTS OF THE FLYING SQUADRON, PUTTING ON HER WAR PAINT.

first. Almost always there are some needed changes to be made. Sometimes she is tried daily for a long time. When she behaves well in still water she goes to sea. When her builders are satisfied they have done their best, she undergoes her official trials. She is well manned and carries a board of naval experts and a representative of her builders. She is tried in every way, to see how she obeys her engines, and at last she goes to sea for her speed trial. Usually her builders agree to furnish a ship of a specified size, weight, power and speed, for a certain sum of money. If she fulfills all the other conditions and has greater speed than the contract requires they get a bonus for each knot. If her speed is below the mark, they pay a corresponding forfeit. If the ship satisfies the board of experts she is accepted and "put into commission," that is, a captain, officers and crew are detailed to her, and she is sent on a cruise.

A large ship is a complete community. It has accommodations for 250 to 500 officers and men, and coal and provisions for the cruise. The men eat, sleep, and work on board. They store their clothing in lockers or canvas bags, as the case may be, and each is required to keep his wardrobe clean, and neatly stowed. They eat on swinging tables on the 'tween decks. They drill, and scrub and clean regularly. In times of peace they go ashore in "liberty parties," find whiskey sharks waiting for them, and some of them get drunk. The officers have comfortable, well-lighted quarters. The larger ships usually carry chaplains, and the flag-ship has a band.

A war-ship is a study in cleanliness. There are no specks on white paint, no dusty corners. The wood is scoured, the many bits of brass are shining with elbow polish. The guns are as thoroughly clean as the proverbial English plate. They are speckless without, and in perfect order. Usually a canvas cover goes over each. The obliging young man who shows one about a clean, low-lying monitor will proudly take off the cap from the muzzle of a thirteen-inch gun and allow him to gaze in admiration into the shining interior of its long rifled barrel. When the order is given to "clean ship," the great machine is scrubbed from top-mast to water-line, and then "Jacky" washes his clothes and hangs them to dry from wires in the rigging. He may be seen in any protecting shadow, in limited toilet, washing the garments he has worn during the cleaning operations.

The improvement of tools has kept pace with that of finished products. It would be unprofitable to cut port holes in five-eighth steel plates with hand tools. It would be impossible to place the propeller shaft or lift the sections of armor plate with block and tackle. The modern battle-ship requires in its construction the application of steam and electric tools invented since men began to dream of great iron ships. Almost as much ingenuity is displayed in the designing of powerful tools as in that of the battle-ship itself.

Our navy now goes in sober gray, the war color, because the gray boat is not so readily seen, and when seen she presents an apparently flat surface. An armored broadside is not flat; beside the curve, it is usually broken by one or more barbettes. The white paint, which made our navy a thing of beauty, brought out every bolt-head in relief, and made the ship a much better target than does the neutral gray. The latter, as has been determined by experiment, is more difficult to see than any other. In the beam from an electric search-light it is scarcely visible. The ships are also "stripped for service," the wooden paneling being removed from the quarters, the wooden pilot-house and small properties, and any wooden boats being sent ashore and stored for a more peaceful time. Some boats use splinter-nettings to protect certain portions in action. Our battle-ships are now stripped of every superfluity, like a prize-fighter in the ring

"COLUMBIA," THE SWIFTEST OF ARMORED CRUISERS. THE OTHER SHOW.
(Photo by H. W. T.

Frequently the only wooden article on deck is the chest of signal-flags.

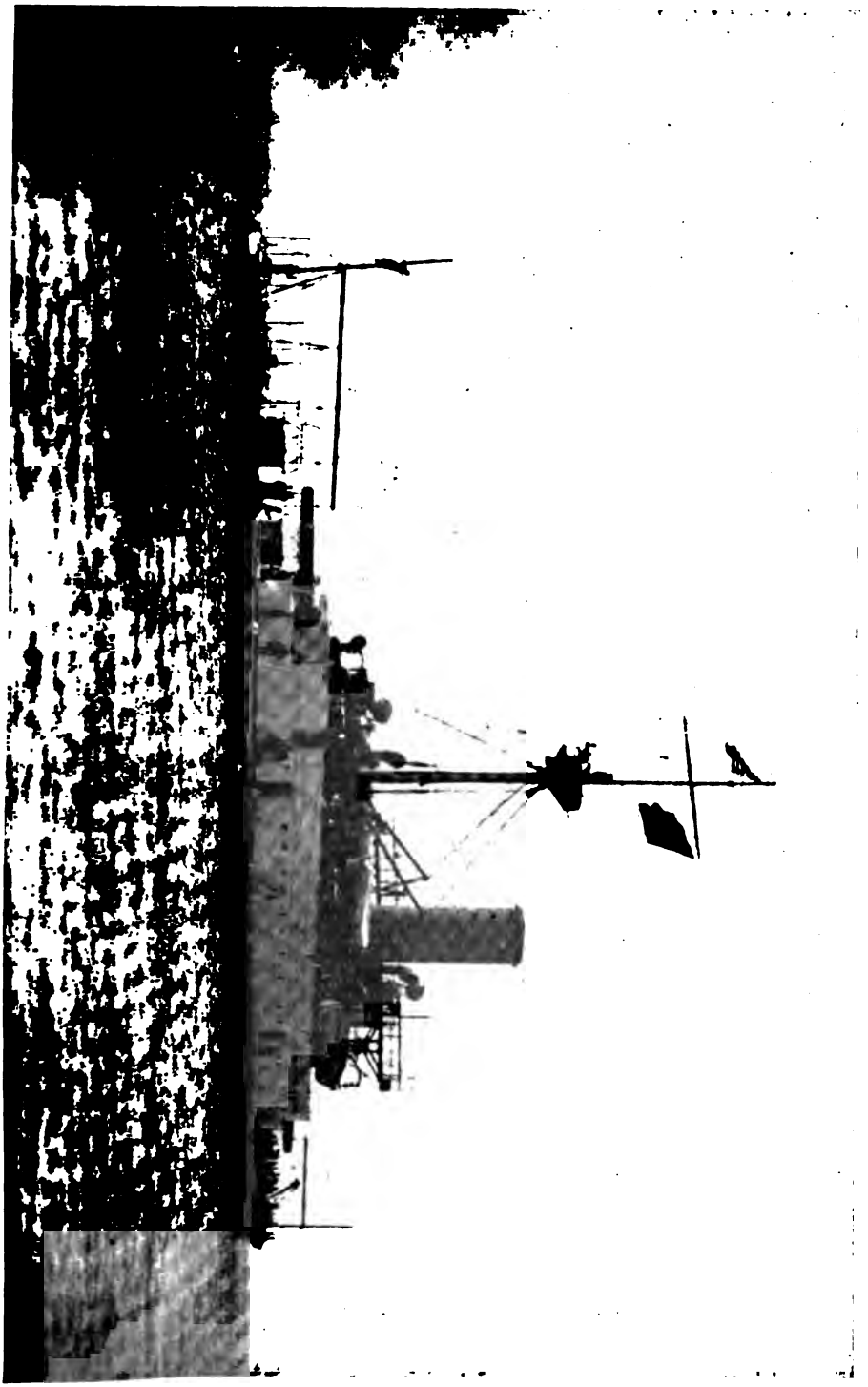
The crews are so constantly drilled that the present discipline of our navy is something to be proud of They have target-practice every day, and actually use the big guns once every three months. Several ingenious plans are in use to improve the sailors' accuracy in marksmanship. Records of target-shooting are kept on file in the navy department, and prizes are given to the best marksmen. Not only are the gunners drilled at target-shooting, but the officers have plenty of practice in maneuvering the ship. Every summer Admiral Bunce has gone to sea for "squadron-drill" — practice in the maneuvering of a fleet. It was expensive, but Admiral Bunce practiced it with vigor, even when the bright lights of Mt. Desert allured the young officers. Spain could not afford it; we could; and now we are thankful we had the man and the money to drill our navy in this, the most difficult of all the arts of war.

The flying squadron, now lying off Fortress Monroe, is thoroughly practiced in maneuvering, as is each group of our ships. At this writing it has not had an opportunity to show its discipline except in a heavy blow, when the flagship dragged her anchors and only her captain's coolness and her crew's thorough training in seamanship kept her from drifting upon the ram of the "Massachusetts." A midnight alarm that the Spanish fleet was near, called out all hands, and everything was ready for battle in less than a half-hour. The ships lie in the deep water close to Fort Monroe, their gray paint making them look flat against the background of gray and green. They are stripped of every superfluous stick, and only a shining point of brass is visible here and there. The smaller rapid-fire guns are uncovered, the big rifles poke their long noses out of the heavy barbettes, the smoke curls up lazily from the wide funnels, the gray launches are busy plying between ships and shore. The men look lazy, but they are ready. Everything from buttons to twelve-inch guns is in perfect condition, and the commander says he could get under way in fifteen minutes. The men want to go; they chafe at the waiting, when so many are on the open sea with Sampson. The new cruiser "New Orleans" will soon be with them, and perhaps the "San Francisco." One of the least assuming of men is the commander of the fleet; quiet, not big enough to attract attention, and personally neat to daintiness. Commander Schley is not afraid of anything between the equator and the highest north.

The war paint of the Flying Squadron was put on after the ships were stationed at Fort Monroe, and put on in a short time. The painters worked day and night till it was done. It takes a great deal of paint to cover a man-of-war from peak to water line. The color is a Quaker drab. It is the irony of fate that the chosen color of the non-resistant disciples of George Fox should be chosen to clothe our battle-ships for warfare. The big war dogs at Fort Monroe will bark and bite, too, spite of their gray coats.

The "Minneapolis," one of the greyhounds of the squadron, was just in from her cruise along the coast. She lay off shore coaling from a barge on either side. She has an appetite for coal; she took on 800 tons at one time, requiring about thirty-six hours to stow it. An armored ship can carry about coal enough for ten days' high speed, or eighteen days' half-speed running. Some of the auxiliary cruisers carry enough for thirty days at full speed. The St. Paul recently went to sea with 6,000 tons. Her magazines have coal protection, and all her freight space is filled with black diamonds and ammunition. Colliers are ready to follow the Flying Squadron to sea.

The hospital-ship "Solace" is more interesting than any other of the remodeled war vessels. She was the "Creole," a passenger steamer for the



Gulf. She is not very broad of beam, and has a high free-board and unusually graceful outlines She is painted white, with an olive band about her hull. She belongs to the United States, but sails under the Red Cross flag, and is therefore safe from attack by any nation subscribing to the Treaty of Geneva (1873). She is fitted with ample quarters for nurses, physicians and officers. She has a complete pharmacy and all necessary hospital stores. The forward cabin on the upper deck is the operating-room, supplied with white-enameled steel tables and all the best appliances. The long promenade-deck has been sheltered with canvas and supplied with spring cots for the sick, and the airy after-compartment on the lower deck is also fitted with cots. Elevators, fore and aft, carry the wounded and sick up and down. There are two steam launches, properly fitted, to pick up the wounded in battle. The "Solace" is supplied with Red Cross nurses. She sailed out of Hampton Roads on May 7th, carrying her complement of surgeons and nurses, and well supplied with all sorts of comforts for the sick and wounded. She will follow the North Atlantic Squadron, and act as a gigantic ambulance, picking up and caring for the wounded, and, when convenient, landing them at hospitals on shore. So we invent guns to pierce the heaviest armor, and provide hospital-ships to care for the victims of the guns.

More than "learning" and maneuvering go to make our navy men. Forty years of experience, including discipline under rugged old Farragut, prepared Admiral Dewey for Manila. All-round manliness underlies it all. Now as ever, "the man's the gold." Before these words are read, we shall probably have more naval heroes. At what cost? We, to whom some of their faces are familiar, add to patriotism, friendship. Heroic acts will be performed, which the people will not hear of. A boy from the Sunday school class is afloat on the "Puritan," and his mother watches at home. The big, friendly physician, the family ark of safety for three years, is with Sampson's squadron. The chaplain, overflowing with goodness and knowledge, always a strong hand to help, is ready to go to help the men live or die. The gentle Commandant, the idol of his many boy friends ashore, is patroling the Cuban shore, "turning on the hose" of bullets whenever Spanish soldiers come out to breathe. These men have as tender human ties as others; at home their little children cling about their knees. They are not exceptions; almost every officer afloat has an anxious family ashore. Many such men must go down with every ship we lose.

VAE VICTIS.

LONG sleeps Delilah; but at Gaza still
The shorn deluded Samsons sweat and grind
Amid the dust and clangor of the mill,
Treading their sordid round forever blind.

James B. Kenyon.

THE OLD SKID ROAD.

AN IDYL OF PUGET SOUND.

A FLASHING belt of emerald sheen,
Sweeping the cañon's walls between,
Its frayed and ragged edges
Fringed with the lace of drooping ferns,
Of feathered brake that sways and turns
To greet the lowly sedges.

In billowed waves the clover grows,
Shot through and through by summer snows,
The peerless Western clover;
In balls of white and crimson bloom,
Full-freighted with whose rich perfume
The air is running over.

The wild grape, clad in dainty robes
Of varied tints, her yellow globes,
Like golden censers swinging,
Responsive to the dogwood trees,
That, deftly to each fragrant breeze,
Their flags of truce are flinging.

The alder lifts its tasseled crown
To where the forest kings look down
In patriarchal greeting.
Vine maples join their slender bands—
Shy wood nymphs, clasping hands with hands,
The harmony completing.

. . . . . .

The music of the camp is still,
Dismantled, bare, the shack, the mill,
The skids no longer singing
Beneath the oxen's heavy tread
And giant logs, that overhead
And 'round the curves are swinging.

Time has transformed this ancient mart
Of trade to service of the heart
In weaving Cupid's story.
Rare trysting-place, the old skid road,
Where Love on mortals hath bestowed
His crowns of Eden glory.

—*Mary Bynon Reese.*

GLIMPSES OF THE FIFTIETH IOWA VOLUNTEERS.

BY A. B. S.

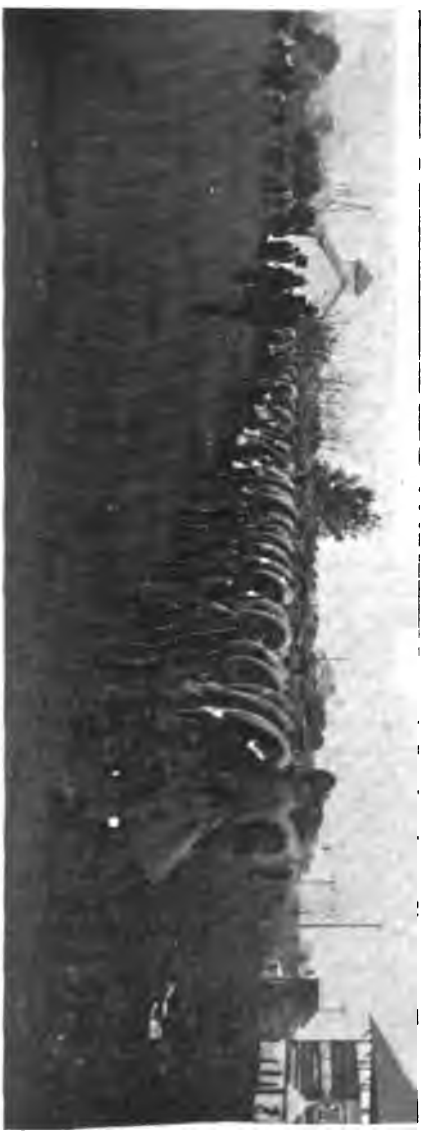
TAKING THE OATH.

WITH one of the best National Guard organizations among the states, it is rather anomalous that Iowa should be among the very last in getting her troops into the field. This situation was directly due to the fact that the call upon Iowa was for three regiments, while she had four; and her officers and men were too patriotic, and not quite military enough, to subordinate their enthusiasm to military precedence. After all, this is an easily pardonable fault in volunteers to battle, and perhaps to death, and it has had its compensations as well as its disadvantages.

Among the disadvantages of the tardy muster of Iowa troops, is the fact that their officers will rank junior to the officers of the other states.

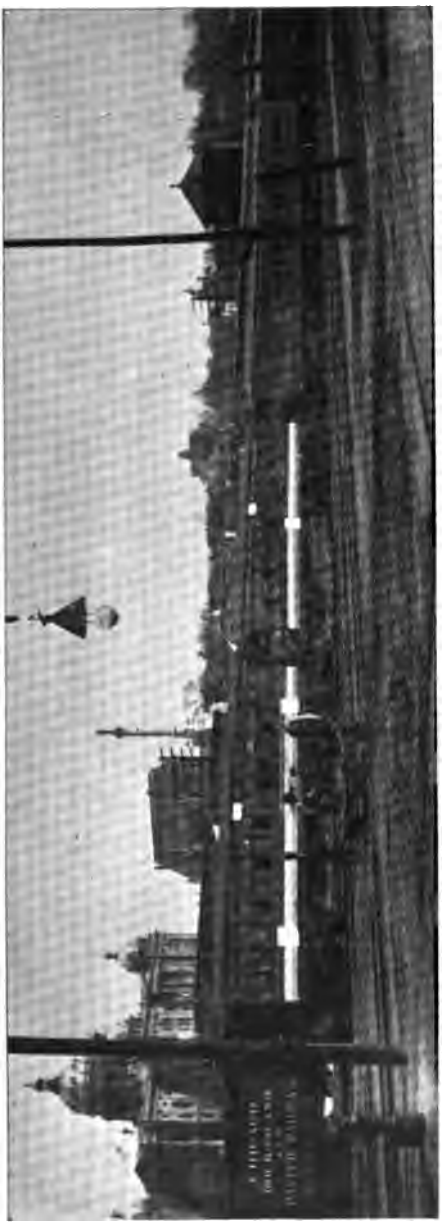
Among the advantages, it is to be recorded that the Iowa troops go to the front better equipped against climate and weather, and better perfected in organization than almost any command of the volunteer service. The fact that, among the soldiers of the rebellion, three times as many lost their lives from sickness as from battle, so impressed the Governor and Adjutant-General of Iowa, that they refused to send their men to the front until they were suitably provided. No troops will leave Iowa without full equipment of clothing, shoes, blankets and rubber blankets—the last, the prime requisite against sickness from exposure. Letters from Chickamauga and Tampa say that the troops from many other states are not fairly provided or protected, and the hospital records are correspondingly large. As high as ten per cent of the troops of some states have been on the hospital reports, while sickness among the Iowa troops has been less than one-fifth of one per cent.

Governor Shaw has been zealous and untiring in his administration of the



LEAVING CAMP McKINLEY FAIR GROUNDS DES MOINES.

WAITING FOR THE TRAIN.



OFF FOR CUBA—THE TRAIN LEAVING DES MOINES SHOWING THE STATE CAPITOL AND IOWA SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

complex and trying duties of mobilization. He has been fortunate in having a veteran of excellent judgment and cool temperment, Gen. M. H. Byers, as his adjutant. Both they and the state have been in the further good fortune to have the organizing services of Inspector-General James Rush Lincoln, who now becomes Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

The Fiftieth Iowa, formerly the Second Regiment, Iowa National Guard, commanded by Col. D. V. Jackson, was the first to go to the front, by reason of the seniority of its commander. It was mustered May 17th, and started for Florida on the morning of May 21st.

MIDLAND has a large number of illustrations of the Iowa troops at Camp McKinley for future use, but for the June magazine we are confined to a few views of the outgoing Fiftieth.

Whatever fortune may betide, it will be pleasant information to the friends of these citizen soldiers, that they went forward with eagerness and enthusiasm. Strong in youthful, physical vigor, and sustained by exalted patriotism, they are also protected by the kindly cloak of oblivion with which the Omniscient One shields us from extremes of feeling.

As, in the spectrum of colors, the human eye is sensible to only a limited range of the vibrations of light waves, while the extremes drift off into darkness, and as the sharper, swifter sound waves merge into silence to the ear, so through the wisdom of the Divine plan, the human feelings are tempered to human capacity to suffer, and the extremes of the heart's emotions are soothed into unconsciousness. The boys of Iowa, the pride, the honor, and the glory of the state, went forth to bloody battle, carnage and death, as light of heart as they ever went into a summer camp of instruction.

The accompanying picture, entitled, "Waiting for the Train," is thoroughly corroborative and illustrative of this truth. Camp had been struck; the

last farewells said to a life of peace and to lingering friends. The last formation had been made, and the men marched to the place of embarkation. While here and there was a soldier looking meditatively backward, or writing a final message to some dear one, the largest groups were those deeply engrossed in a game of "crap-shooting." Courage, hope and complacency marked the departure of the Fiftieth. May the God of battles watch over and return them in safety to the dear ones at home.

IN MEMORIAM.

GENTLE showers, and sunshine fair,
Ask of Earth her blossoms rare.
Zephyrs, whisper in her ear
Words which she will wake to hear.

Sunbeams, warm her loving breast
Till she grant us our request:
Tell her 'tis the month of May,—
Month of our Memorial Day.

Flowers we ask—for soldiers brave.
Flowers to strew on every grave;
Now your choicest garlands lend,
Gifts to father, brother, friend—

Husband, son and lover,— all
Who marched forth at Freedom's call.
Flag and blossom, prayer and tear,
Smiles and songs, from year to year,

In their memory will be brought,
Telling of their battles fought,
Till the last grand reveille
Wakes their shouts of victory!

Pearl Marie Dunn.

AN IOWA MEMORIAL.

By Bertha E. Bush.

THE magazines are full of war articles and reminiscences, but, nevertheless, to the generation which is growing up, the Civil War seems something very far removed from the living of to-day. Children at school study first the War of the Revolution, with maps and outlines, and then the War of the Rebellion, and one seems as remote as the other.

The children of the soldiers have grown beyond our public schools. Some of the school children have grandfathers who fought in the Civil War, but more trace their ancestry back to some "old country" beyond the ocean, and all need every bit of patriotism which Memorial Day and kindred exercises can instill.

"Who signed the paper that made the slaves free?" asked a primary teacher of her pupils last spring.

There was a general chorus of "George Washington," in reply, but the up-to-date small boy said with a sniff, "No, Cleveland."

The students in our older colleges do not realize that the very walls that shelter them have re-echoed to the sound of war songs when the words were like living fire to the singers, and that many a college boy, just like themselves in aspirations and purposes, closed his books at the call of his country and never opened them again.

In so far as this ignorance and sense of unreality are signs that peace has completely healed the strife, they are things to rejoice over. But the new generations need patriotism as much as the old, and every memorial that will inspire the hearts of young and old with love for our country and honor for our heroes is a priceless treasure.

There is such a memorial over the entrance to the chapel of Iowa College at Grinnell, and it has come down to us through fire and storm.

It is a marble tablet bearing the names of those students of Iowa College who left their course of study at the call of their country to fight and die in her service.

Eleven names are inscribed on its surface: Benjamin F. Cassiday, Thomas H. Carver, James W. Dowd, James E. Ellis, Francis E. Ford, Albert W. Hobbes, Benjamin F. Holland, Eugene R. Jones, James T. Loring, Joseph A. Shanklin and Samuel T. Thompson.

These were heroes who sacrificed their young lives when life beat the highest, and Iowa College can not honor them too much. Five were killed on the battle-field, four succumbed in camp to diseases brought on by the hardships and privations of the war. One, the captain of his company (and his name was Jones), was shot after the battle by a treacherous rebel as he stepped down from the breastworks of a surrendered fort to receive the sword of a Confederate officer. One died in Andersonville.

The tablet was placed upon the walls of the old West College December 12, 1879. There it remained until a cyclone swept away the college buildings June 17, 1882.

From beneath the ruined heaps of débris it was rescued unbroken, the only thing preserved uninjured to the college except the chapel bell. It seems a miracle that that frail piece of marble should survive the general destruction. What a story it could tell if it could only speak! The breathless heat and stillness of that summer night; the sudden rumble like a dozen loaded freight cars passing overhead; the crash and the wild confusion; the rain pouring down over the wreck till the high

campus was flooded to the depth of a foot; that dreadful second stillness when by the light of a flaring torch the roll was called and men and women, standing ankle deep in water about the ruined heaps, hushed their very hearts to hear who responded, and who lay dead beneath.

Those days seem very far off to the quickly changing generation of students who loiter along the beautiful campus or rush to class-work at the last tap of the bell; but to the partakers of the scene they still seem very near.

Who of them will ever forget President Magoun as he stood before the congregation on that Baccalaureate Sunday when the college lay in ruins, and preached from the text, "Stormy wind fulfilling His word"? All the material signs of his life work lay shattered; the man was the more preëminent.

The memorial tablet in its new place in Alumni Hall, which already seems old, tells a story of two epochs of Iowa College, and looks kindly down upon a third.

Year after year on Decoration Day, deft hands wreath it with flowers. A memorial of death, it looks down upon the gayest and most earnest life.

Yet it is not as a memorial of death that we treasure it, but of heroic lives which embody the inspiration that is meant to be in all our colleges. Iowa College and every college in Iowa stand ready if need be, again to give the most precious possessions to cast into a yawning gulf if, by that means, our country may be saved.

Let us teach lessons of patriotism in every educational institution from our primary schools to our colleges. Let us honor the dead, and, honoring them, make our own lives an inspiration and a power in our land.

MORNING.

UP from the east there comes a ray of light.
The stars grow dim, the clouds take on a glow
Which swiftly falls on hills and woods below.
The birds with merry voices, hushed through night,
Break forth in songs of praise. The dewdrops bright
Are sparkling on each leaf. With noiseless flow
The river catches up the gleam to throw
It back to hidden banks with flowers dight.
The sun 'mid clouds of shining gold doth rise
Above the distant hills. The world awakes
From sleep; and flocks and herds with joyous cries
Disperse through pastures wide. All Nature gay,
With song of bird and waterfall, now makes
A chorus sweet to welcome in the day.

J. H. Harvey.

Woman's Club Department.

By Harriet C. Towner.*

THE DENVER BIENNIAL.

As THE time draws near for the meeting of the biennial convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, which is to convene in Denver June 22d, it gives promise of being the most important gathering of club women that the country has ever known, also the most interesting. Unusual interest has been aroused in every State in the Union regarding the biennial, and it was only necessary to secure the one fare rate, plus $2, which the Western Passenger Association granted, and the Eastern Passenger Association will no doubt meet, to annihilate distance, and make of this the great event in club history.

The club women of the far East will journey to Denver in special vestibule trains, and each round trip ticket will include side trips to Colorado Springs, Manitou and "The Garden of the Gods." While in Denver the delegates and guests of the biennial will find every moment filled to overflowing, and will experience the generous and hearty hospitality for which Denver is so justly celebrated.

On Friday, June 24th, they will be given a morning trolly ride, in order to see "The Queen City of the Plains," while on Wednesday they will be the guests of the North Denver Woman's Club, and will be taken for a sunset ride, ending in a reception at beautiful Elitch Garden.

On Thursday, from 4 to 6, there will be a number of receptions given at private houses, to which the delegates will be invited by States, and in this way the visitors will see some of the palatial homes of Colorado.

Friday, as the sun is setting, a lawn fête will be given all press women and writers, by the Denver Press Woman's Club, at the home of Mrs. C. R. Gallup, which is one of the most beautiful spots in Denver.

On Saturday will occur the delightful trip to Georgetown and the wonderful "Loop," tickets to which will be issued to delegates with the credentials. Leaving Denver in the morning the guests will spend an entire day in the mountains, drinking in some of the wonderful scenery of "the Switzerland of America."

At noon a stop will be made, and the club women of Idaho Springs, a wonderful little city perched away up in the clouds, will serve luncheon, and a social hour will be enjoyed.

So much for the sight-seeing, and now for the program, which covers such a variety of subjects valuable to women. It has been prepared with the greatest care, and the leading addresses placed in the hands of women of national and international reputation. Each subject will be handled by a specialist.

The music for these great meetings will add greatly to their attractiveness, being, in a measure, a new feature. It will be furnished by "The Tuesday Music Club," a woman's organization; by the Woman's Club Chorus and the Junior Chorus, which is made up of the young daughters of the Woman's Club, themselves club members in good and regular standing.

No meeting will be crowded, the Biennial Local Board having prepared for overflow meetings by engaging Trinity, one of Denver's most beautiful churches, which is but a few steps from the Broadway theater, which has been chosen as convention hall.

Trinity will be in gala dress and ready for visitors, and whenever an audience exceeds the capacity of the theater, the program will be repeated there with simply a change in the order of the addresses. To provide for such a contingency the local board, at the suggestion of Mrs. Henrotin, has appointed the following list of assistant chairmen from the ranks of Denver's able women: Wednesday evening, June 22d, "Education," Mrs. Grace Patton Cowles, Colorado's Superintendent of Public Instruction. Thursday morning, "Civic Clubs

* Communications intended for The Midland's Club Department should be addressed to Mrs. Harriet C. Towner direct. Her address is Corning, Iowa.

and Village Improvement Associati n," Mrs. J D. Ward, President Denver City Improvement Society; "The Press," Miss Minnie J. Reynolds, of the *Rocky Mountain News*, and chairman of the Biennial Local Press committee; Thursday evening, "Uncut Leaves," Mrs. Charles Denison; Friday morning, conference on club methods, Mrs. J. M. Conine, President of the North Side Woman's Club; educational conference. Mrs. John R. Hanna, ex-member of Denver school board, and former chairman Educational Department Woman's Club of Denver; "Home Economics," Mrs. Henry Harrington, ex-chairman Home Department Woman's Club of Denver; "Art and Utility," Mrs. W. H. Kistler, ex-chairman Art and Literature Department Woman's Club of Denver; Sunday evening, "Spiritual Significance of Organization," Mrs. M. C. Benjamin, founder of Denver Section Jewish Women's Council; Monday, "Library Movement Society in the United States," Mrs. Mary C. C. Bradford; conference of literary clubs, Mrs. A. J. Peavey, ex-Superintendent of Public Instruction of Colorado.

The committee on decorations, ushers and pages has been enlarged to provide for these overflow meetings, and fifteen prominent society girls will act as head ushers, with numbers of younger girls as ushers under them, and little girls as pages.

Everywhere will be seen masses of the lovely wild columbine of the Rockies,—the State flower of Colorado,—and the little blue pin of the G. F. W. C., artistically done in flowers, will greet the delegates from the flowerbeds of the union depot grounds, as they enter the city, and from the gardens of City Park, while in convention hall it will be first to greet the eye.

The Denver Woman's Club will keep open house at its headquarters in Unity church, and here, also, some meetings will be held. A committee will always be in attendance in the club rooms to welcome guests, while upstairs will be found the rooms of the three great patriotic hereditary societies, Daughters of the Revolution, Daughters of the American Revolution, and Colonial Dames, who will keep open house together. The Woman's Relief Corps and the W. C. T. U. will also greet their friends in headquarters of their own. The Denver Woman's Press Club will have rooms at the Brown Palace, where they wish to extend the right hand of fellowship to all wielders of the quill, and all press women and authors expecting to attend are asked to send their address to the secretary, Mrs. E. A. Wixson, 1424 Clarkson street, Denver.

Miss Laura Parsons, 3145 Newton street, Denver, chairman of committee on hotels and boarding houses, and Mrs. C. H. Morris, 1822 Lincoln avenue, Denver, Corresponding Secretary of the Biennial Local Board, will gladly answer any inquiries made.

—*Helen Marsh Wixson.*

DENVER, Colo., May 9, 1898

IOWA...This will be the last communication to this department for this season, for the reason that the summer vacations will begin in June. The programs received have all been reviewed and the journalist wishes to thank the secretaries for their attention, and for sending their programs to her, but not all the programs of the federated clubs were received.

From Carroll, Iowa, comes the program of the Clio Club. The work selected for their study was Russia. In addition to this the club has established and is maintaining a public library at that place, which is in a flourishing condition.

The Boone Hawthorne Club was organized in 1894, and their course of study is very interesting. It includes the Roman history from B. C. to modern Rome. The President is Mrs. A. B. Gallup. They have seven social days during the year, fourteen members and two associate members of the club.

The Holley Press Club, of Belmond, Iowa, is doing and has done good work since its organization. Their motto is, "Step by Step we Gain the Heights." One unique feature of their program is response to roll call by concise original thought. There is also report of work done by each member, and special work. Their last meeting is held in June.

From the Marion, Iowa, Theristrial Club comes a small two-page folder. Their study is Susan E. Hale's trip through England. The club meets every Tuesday evening

Marshalltown, Iowa, is certainly the banner town for clubs and club calendars. All programs sent out are artistic and well arranged. The Entre Nous Club sustains the literary reputation of the women in Marshalltown. The topics of study are varied, and are devoted to travel, principally in the United States. They have guest days and social days. Their annual meeting is held May 30th, and they adjourn until October. The club was organized in 1889.

The Historical and Literary Club of Grinnell, Iowa, have studied the past year history and art. An examination of their program shows the subjects to be such as require a great deal of thought, and are very comprehensive.

The Fortnightly Club of Anamosa, Iowa, organized in 1882, is using the University Extension course of American history and literature. And for reading, the Social Spirit in America and the Growth of the American Nation. One topic for April 7th was, "Places of Interest in Iowa," by Mrs. Myrick. Another topic of discussion was "Modern Church Work. Is it Religious?" It is; Mrs. Noble. It is not; Mrs. Ericksen.

Estherville, Iowa, has a Town Improvement Club which has done considerable work for the time it has been organized. They have beautified their parks by digging flower beds and setting out shrubbery. They have put in two fountains. The Board of Charities which is connected with the club has fitted up rooms where plain sewing, cutting and fitting garments are taught. Last year a good sidewalk was laid to the cemetery, about a mile from the town, and the ladies furnished a dinner for the men who were doing the work. At the request of the club a flagman was placed at the railroad crossing. They also had about seventy-five large placards with a number of "don'ts" for school children printed thereon and placed in the public schools. The Secretary of the club is Mrs. Callie B. Letchford.

The Coon Rapids Women's Club was organized in 1889. Their membership is limited to eight members, but they have amended that and increased the number to twelve. Their program for 1897-98 has been current events, psychology, civics, original papers. They have social days and club evenings, when they entertain their friends.

The Tourist Club, of Cedar Rapids, was founded in 1881, and for seven years the club has traveled, and in that time made a tour of the world. This year they study Russia. From the outline of work it is sure to prove interesting and instructive, and will certainly require a great deal of study. The club owns a very good library. On the covers of their program they use a lithographic plate. The President is Miss Mar. aret S. Cooper. The last meeting of the club will be held the 18th.

The Muscatine Women's Club has had courses of lectures by Iowa editors, University Extension lecturers, and lectures by distinguished Iowa women. A charity fund was earned and given to the poor and the Old Ladies' Home This constitutes the work done outside of the purely literary work as planned by the club.

The Independence Club held two special meetings this winter and the programs presented were very fine. One was the twentieth anniversary of the club, and the other was a Victorian celebration. The club hopes to do something in the line of village improvement, and their city needs something in that direction, their Secretary states. One of their most valued members died this winter at the age of eighty-three years. A few weeks before her death she wrote a paper on "Arbitration." The subject for that meeting was the "Sandwich Islands." The Secretary of the Independence Club is Edna A. Blaner.

From Grundy Center comes the Midland Club, organized in 1897, and named in honor of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY of Des Moines. Their course of study has been Midland Researches. They meet once a month. The membership numbers thirty-three.

The Iowa Library Association have issued a circular to the members of the I F. W. C., asking for coöperation in furnishing the committee with information concerning library work of the various clubs, and also the libraries of cities. The circular asks what part the clubs took in establishing the library, and if there is a free library in the city, and many other questions regarding library work. The circular states: That since the withdrawal of the Iowa Library Association from the State Teachers' Association, the interest of the women's clubs throughout the State has been in the Library Association and its grand work. The committee considered it a part of the library work of the I. F. W. C. to further the interests of the Iowa Library Association and urge its needs upon the women of the State.

The Lotus Club of Marshalltown has elected its officers for the following year. After the business session a banquet was served, to which the ladies invited their husbands, and a short musical and literary program was rendered. The President is Mrs. S. G. Mason; Secretary, Mrs. F. G Stuart.—*Siddie F. Richards, Journalist.*

The Ladies' Literary Circle was the first literary society organized in Creston, Iowa. Its formation was the result

of an afternoon talk between two ladies, who felt the need of self-improvement, in fact, just the help that club work is giving women everywhere; so they invited sixteen ladies to meet one afternoon, and the Ladies' Literary Circle was organized. The members, appreciating the efforts of the two ladies, elected them to office; Mrs. G. W. Colburn, President; Mrs. G. E. McElwain, now living in Chicago, Secretary

The Circle is limited to twenty active members There are now two associate and six honorary members.

They resolved to study their own country first, so two years were spent in America, then two in England and two in France. The history and geography of each country was taken from the earliest period, with the literature and sketches of prominent people in their corresponding places in history.

The last two years they have been studying Shakespeare, with Topics of the Times papers and Current Events. Parliamentary drill is a feature of the present year. Germany has been decided upon for the next year's work.

The L. L. C. helped to form the State Federation in 1893. In April, 1897, the seven literary clubs of Creston formed a City Federation. Miss Grace Harsh, of the L. L. C., was elected President.

The social meetings of the Circle have always been most delightful. Social Day is the first meeting after the summer vacation; Anniversary Day is the 5th of February, and is always celebrated with an evening party, with the husbands as guests.

Individual members have enterta'ned the Circle in various ways. Other clubs in Creston, the Culture Club, of Corning, and the History and Clio Clubs, of Chariton, have entertained the L. L. C. and been entertained in turn. These are the events in club life that make the club woman feel thankful that she lives in this end of the century, when women's clubs have become such a boon to womankind.

—*Mrs. G. W. Colburn.*

MICHIGAN...Already plans are making for the fourth annual meeting of the State Federation, to be held in Manistee, October 25th, 26th and 27th. The study of Child-Nature, Ethics of Club Life, Forestry, and An Open Door, The Formation of Clubs in Rural Districts, are some themes to be considered.

Interest in the Denver Biennial increases as the time draws near. Michigan will send its quota of bright club women from its various affiliated organizations. The delegates chosen to represent the State Federation are the President, Mrs. Anna A. Palmer, of Saginaw; Miss Clara A. Avery and Mrs. Charles E. Fox, of Detroit; and Mrs. N. B. Jones, of Lansing. The Detroit City Federation will be the latest addition to the G. F. W. C. from Michigan, having just come into the the larger sisterhood.

Detroit is also agitating the question of a club home for its various literary clubs. Grand Rapids, Lansing and Schoolcraft are the Michigan towns where literary clubs own their homes. Jackson has several thousand dollars already in store for the project.

The custom of holding occasional open evening sessions for the benefit of husbands and gentlemen friends, is apparently growing in favor. Few club women are content to enjoy their literary gains selfishly and alone. When the folly of elaborate and burdensome feasts does not accompany the custom it is eminently worthy of extension.

Program-making is one of the spring problems in a literary club, like housecleaning or family sewing, more pleasurable in its results than in the doing. Expert guidance in program-building would be a boon to many a club where the most exacting tastes are often those least qualified to judge or to appreciate honest thoroughness or painstaking efforts in this direction. One sometimes hears the question whether the everywhere prevalent custom of changing leaders each year, or each two years is as conducive to best results, or to sincere and thorough work as somewhat longer terms. If every mother were a teacher where were the need of schools; if all are able to plan and guide why organize? Abundant directions for constitution-making and parliamentary drill are to be had for the asking almost, not so the skill to adapt the work of a year to the intellectual needs of each individual member. Exchange of programs is often suggestive and helpful, but can hardly be trusted to supplant the wise effort of choice souls to gather that which will stimulate the particular needs of each particular member. —*Irma T. Jones.*

NEBRASKA...The year book of the N. F. W. C. is out for 97-98, and is simply perfect. Its suggestions for club work are good, comprising art in the public schools, town and village improvement, and the establishment of rest rooms in the market towns for the

comfort and entertainment of the wives and children of farmers. There are seventy-three clubs in the Federation, with a membership of 3,[illegible]00, while there are many clubs, recently organized, which have not yet united with the Federation. Tecumseh has a young ladies' club studying United States history, not yet united with the State Federation. Seward also has a club of high school girls called the X. Y. Z. Federation. Their program is rather lively and in keeping with their age, for they are all in their teens. Their patron or chaperon is a member of the History and Art Club of Seward. Music, poetry, biographical sketches of prominent authors, questions of general intelligence, current events and charades go to make up their program. At each meeting an interesting magazine story is read aloud. Its object, the lesson to be learned, its literary merits and general influence is thoroughly discussed. The executive board of the N. F. W. C. at its last meeting decided to establish a state headquarters in Omaha, from June to November, 1898. It will be in the liberal arts building on the Exposition grounds, and will be furnished as a reception parlor. Club literature will be exhibited A congress of club women will convene in Omaha, June 18th, and delegations to the Denver Biennial, from St. Louis, Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Boston and other cities have given notice that they will be in attendance. Mrs. Stoutenborough, President of the N. F. W. C., will speak at the Kansas Federation on ethics in our schools. She will also speak at the Denver Biennial.

—*Mrs. D. C. McKillip.*

People who are interested in the library movement, and those who are working for a free library in their town, will do well to plan their summer vacation with reference to a week at Chautauqua Lake, where the conference of the American Library Association is to be held the week beginning July 4th. Trustees who wish to fulfil the obligations of their office, will realize the broadening effects to be received from contact with those eminent in library work, and for the advancement of their community, they will make it possible for their librarian to attend as well as for themselves; they will do all in their power to interest others in the meeting.

The beauties of Lakewood-on-Chautauqua are well famed and it is only necessary to call attention to the peculiar advantages to be gained there during the conference week. Anyone interested may gain full information by addressing Miss Emogene Hazeltine, Chairman Local Committee; James Pendergast, Free Library, Jamestown, N. Y.

FOSTERING PUBLIC LIBRARIES. III.*

V. ORGANIZATION PROPER.

This brings us to organization proper, or how to arrange the books most systematically, so that the public may gain the greatest good through them, and all in the shortest time possible.

The first duty of the librarian is to compare the books with the original order; after which the books must be collated to see that sets are complete and no signatures missing, so that imperfect copies may be returned. The books are then ready to be entered in an accession book which keeps in the library a complete history of the books. The number stamped in the book corresponds to the number in the accession book, under which it is entered. It records imprint, place, publisher, and price, thus answering the purpose of an insurance book. Six hundred entries a week is average work.

Classification.—Classification means the grouping of allied subjects. The best known classification schemes are Mr. Dewey's and Mr. Cutter's; the following of one of these will insure success and will allow of growth in the library without confusion.

Cataloguing.—The next process is cataloguing the books on cards. These may be written by hand or type-written —which is a saving of time and insures the library against complaints from people who might not be able to read hand written cards. The card catalogue is recommended, because it can be kept up to date. If this is done the necessity for keeping an order list is removed.

In a dictionary catalogue each book is entered under its author, or if the author be unknown, under the first word of the title; also, under the subject, except fiction, which has the title card. Thus each book has two cards at least. Seventy-five cards per day is considered a good record in cataloguing.

The catalogue card contains the full name of the author, the title and imprint, with place and date of publishing. The accession number should be given in every case, so that a book be-

* Begun in our April number.

ing lost the catalogue card refers to its place in the accession book which, in turn, gives the complete history of the book.

Mr. Cutter's "Rules for Dictionary Catalogue" is invaluable in this work, and is considered authoritative.

With a card catalogue it is not necessary to have a finding list; and as the library grows the local papers will be glad to publish bulletins of the new books. If linoted metal can be bought for a few cents and saved for the printing of a finding list, which will thus be at a minimum cost.

Shelf Cards.—The cataloguing complete the books are now to be prepared for shelving and each book must receive a mark which will indicate its place upon the shelf and distinguish it from every other book. This is the most perplexing problem to handle. The Cutter-Sanborne table offers the best solution; this consists of an arrangement of figures after each letter of the alphabet, and each book takes its number from its author, using the first letter of its author's name, with the figures according to the table. This allows, first, of alphabetic arrangement; second, numerical. There must be a shelf record kept in the library, and I think the card system the most satisfactory. In this way each card represents a book, and the position of the card in the case, in relation to the other cards, corresponds to the putting of the books on the shelves in relation to the other books. These shelf cards are used in invoicing, which should be done at least once a year, when the date is stamped on each to signify that at the time of invoicing the book represented by that card was in its proper place.

VI. Charging System.

There remains to be considered the method of delivering the books to the public. So many and various are the charging systems which are used by libraries, and so much has been written in defense of each, that there is little to be said, save to urge the new library to keep as much information as possible through the charging system, in the library; this is especially advantageous if the open shelf system is used. The book card can answer the questions, "Who has read the book?" "How long did it take him to read it?" The borrower's card can answer the questions, "What class of books have been read?" "How long did it take to read them?" and "How many books have been read?" The loan system which keeps this information in the library may require a little more work, but is justified in the knowledge gained of the books and of the borrowers.

VII. Opening Advertising.

As the organizing nears completion, all sorts of projects for a successful opening are discussed. Through the weeks of organizing the library has been widely advertised; each week there has been an article in the paper telling its needs, how it is progressing, its aims, etc. Each day school children and street urchins have spent wondering minutes peering in at you and noting the progress of books on the shelves, and many and various have been the people who have been called in to cut leaves, etc., hindering your progress somewhat, but materially stimulating interest from the outside world in the library. There remains but the culmination of all this fine work, brought to bear upon the night of the opening—it must be well advertised. Many libraries arrange to have a fixed program. If the library have only the one room it seems advisable to attract the people there by a little music, a few short speeches, and a privilege of freely examining the books, catalogues, etc., and it makes an excellent opportunity for giving out a great number of application blanks, and starts everything with a rush. For my part I regarded music unfavorably, and we compromised from a vocal number and a piano to a mandolin orchestra, but after I saw the delight of the poorer class in that part of the entertainment, I considered it as having a great deal to do with our success. As for the rest, the reading tables, which were easily seen from the street, were filled with little boys and men of the rougher element, early in the evening, who formed an excellent advertisement to passers by—so great indeed that I was accused of having bribed them to come early and stay late. At any rate, the fact remains that it does not so much matter "how," only that the opening is attractive, and that something is planned to offer special inducement to each class in the community, thus making the first night a grand success. The term of organization can be considered safely past and the library fairly launched upon its career of great usefulness.

Virginia Dodge.

HOME THEMES.

JACK'S SWEETHEART.

I've got a sweetheart too, I guess—
Dear little dimply blue-eyed Bess.
She gives me her dolly—and lots o' things,
And I give her my kite, an' box of strings.

I had a bright, new penny one day—
And I hated awful to give it away;
But I bought her a great big candy heart
And Bess she promised to give me part.

It had on a picture—a boy all red—
And Bessie nibbled the top of his head,
Nurse said 'twas a cupid, but how he should be
Just a boy without clothes on—I couldn't see.

One day Bess was angry and pulled my hair,
But I pertended I didn't care;
I was glad I didn't sass her back—
When she kissed me and said, "I love 'oo Jack."

Nurse says we'll marry, but I don't know
What she means by that -an' I told her so.
Less' its bein' good to 'er e-v-e-r-y day
An' always lettin' 'er have 'er way.

Why, I wouldn't pinch 'er for all the world,
Nor pull 'er hair when it gets uncurled!
I'm as good to 'er now as I know how—
If that's what she meant—why, we're married now.

Tena M. Abbott.

FAITH'S TELEPHONE.

My papa's in his office, away down town somewhere,
But when I ring the telephone he seems to be right there;
And when I ask for little things to bring his little man,
They're sure to come,—I know it, but I cannot understan'.

And God, He has His office away up in the sky,
But, when I pray to Him at night, He seems to be close by.
I guess He's got a telephone that's not so plain to see,
For what I ask that's proper is sure to come to me.

—*C. O. Carter.*

OLD FRIENDS.

Somebody sings, "I love old books, old times, old friends, old wine," and you may have all these except old friends, for, come to think of it, there are no "old friends." You may, only yesterday, have said "farewell," and to-day you will be disappointed if you expect to meet the same old friend. Some time between yesterday and to-day new thoughts have come, new aspirations, desires, duties. In the stillness of the night, new impulses, new resolves, new interests have taken the place of old ones, and instead of the old friend, it is a new one we meet.

We see a change too subtle to define, and wonder what has caused it, and in a vague way we feel hurt. If it were not for the fact of being grown up, the lip might quiver, and often, in spite of stature and years, "over our eyes there begins to move, something like tears."

He cannot see us in just the same light he did when he said farewell.

To-day he expects more. Perhaps we do not quite come up to the ideal he has made for himself out of the shadows of the night. So we grieve over the change we feel but cannot define, never dreaming that he too, is meeting a new friend. We, too, have changed; the little, shadowy plans of last night have grown, developed, matured. Our hopes, our fears, our sorrows, and our joys are not quite the same; never again will they seem just as they did in the gloaming, only last night. Last night! Why, it is really years ago! And the friend we left -somewhere in the misty past is still farther away, not the old friend at all when we meet to-day. There is something familiar in the well remembered smile, the love-light still lingers in the eyes; but the soft flush is gone, the dimples do not play hide and seek any more, the merry laugh—we wait for it, but it is no longer musical as silver bells. There is a hollow ring, a harsh note. The eyes grow heavy with unshed tears. We look again—sunbeams imprisoned in the soft curls, we used to say—how thin and faded, and yes, there are grey hairs now. Frost, not Summer sunshine, above the smooth, broad brow—No! No! not smooth! —there are lines of care, and, unconsciously, we say to ourselves, "Ah! but the years brought changes after, clouds to the sunny skies—care to the lips that curved with laughter tears to the radiant eyes."

If you do not want the chill of disappointment to blight your joys at every turn, stop and say, "I shall meet no old friends this morning—all will be new ones." New smiles to accompany new styles, new pleasures, new pains. New hopes to meet the new day, new heights to climb, new paths to choose, new idols to worship. Alas, everything is new, and all the old friends we have are the ones hidden long years ago under the daisies and the dew. They do not change; their memory never changes.

M. Truesdell Cooper.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

"THE GRAND OLD MAN."

No nobler tribute was ever paid any statesman than that embodied in the phrase by which the whole world knows William Ewart Gladstone. The career of "the grand old man," now ended, closes the case against those dwellers in the past who see no greatness in the statesmen of our own time, and are ever repeating the legend of a nobler past embodied in the phrase, "There were giants in those days." A common saying is that the history of the world is the biography of great men. We search history in vain for a name that can stand alongside that of Gladstone in all around greatness: nobleness of purpose and of life, range of information, scholarly attainments, literary accomplishments, gifts in oratory and practical results attained through statesmanship. England holds in high esteem the memory of Russell, Palmerson, Peel, Fox, Burke, Pym, the younger and elder Pitt and the rest; but all the powers of all these great statesmen seem to have been united in Gladstone. There is not a department of human industry in which this all-comprehending man would not have been a leader. Russell's sketch of his career makes a significant remark relative to young Gladstone's desire to take holy orders, a desire which ran counter to his father's will. "Had the decision gone differently, the most interesting of all the 'Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury' would still be unwritten." In philosophy, in theology, in classic literature and in science, as in statecraft, he was equally on his own ground. Short in stature, slight in figure, not indebted to "fine personal presence" for his command of men, the dynamic power of this man's mind was everywhere felt,—in the remotest regions of thought and investigation as in the uttermost parts of the earth. Far from infallible, his faults ever leaned to virtue's side, and his mistakes, few in number, were made in honest endeavor to aid the cause that, in his judgment and heart, deserved assistance. No voice was as eloquent for the oppressed Armenians and against the do-nothing policy of his government as was that of this octogenarian in his well-earned retirement. Had Gladstone been in power, there can be no question but that the processes of reasoning by which our President finally came to the conclusion that the war in Cuba must cease would have compelled British interference to stop the atrocities of the Turks in Armenia. There is no on coming Gladstone to take his place; but, of the smaller men, among whom will be divided the large responsibilities he bore almost alone, all have, more or less, come under the influence of this man's statesmanship, and the immortality of William Ewart Gladstone will be recorded in every chapter of Great Britain's future history.

***

"O THAT mine enemy would write a book!" is the one quotation from the Bible to which the critics are addicted. When you see this quotation, you know what's coming; you know that some new victim has been singled out as the "Tainted wether of the flock metest for death."

***

WE may learn at least one valuable lesson of the French Bodley's "France" bears this testimony to the fine literary enthusiasm of that people: "No matter how unsympathetic a Frenchman's trade, be he politician, lawyer, financier, or functionary, he rarely is destitute of literary instinct and conscience, knowing the reasons why he ought to admire the masterpieces of his language." Can we say

as much? With here and there a delightful exception, our busy people have little real first-hand knowledge and independent appreciation of the literary masterpieces of our language. Let us do better by our sons and daughters than we have done by ourselves in this important respect.

***

THE oft quoted saying, "Let me make the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws," is very significant to those who see anything whatever in it. To such, the chief significance of the saying clearly is that the poet who so well embodies in his verse the aspiration of a people as to compel them to use his verse when they would give heartiest expression to their feelings and purposes, is a greater power than the author of the law which afterward enables government to realize that aspiration The song writer crystallizes popular aspirations into a national purpose. The law-maker registers and effectuates that purpose.

***

THERE is no lack of ambition on the part of our poets at the present time to embody in verse the aim and purpose of our people to undo an ancient wrong and set free a brave and long-suffering people. Some good verse has been written and more will be written, but as yet no one can point to any single song or poem which is sure to live as America's poetic contribution to the history of this epoch. No one song has sung itself into the camp and the mess room, and into the hearts of men and women at home, as "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," with the inspiring refrain of "John Brown," made patriots out of common everyday men and women early in the sixties. But we have not yet reached the white heat of patriotic fervor in which such songs as *The Marseilles* and *Die Wacht am Rhein* are born. May the occasion for such soul-stirring words be happily averted! But, should the working out of the "unceasing purpose" compel a prolongation of the war until the last foot of ground now held by Spanish tyranny shall have been made free, doubt not that purpose will find utterance through some occasion inspired poet-soul, and the burning words will find a voice wherever men are found united in common cause against oppression, and wherever there are women whose heart-throbs keep time with the march of human progress.

***

One of the grand results of the recent uprising of our people against Spain and in behalf of the Cuban patriots, is the burial of that old grudge which we have long borne against England, and which the English have long treasured up against us. To this desirable end no individual influence has been more potent than that of Alfred Austin, the new poet laureate of England. Mr. Austin's appointment to succeed the great Tennyson called forth in England a fierce storm of protest, and in America no end of satire. But the new poet laureate's noble poem, "Britannia to Columbia," recently cabled across the Atlantic, has silenced protest, and turned the satirists of last year into panegyrists. There are lines in this poem which came from a full heart, inspired by a soul far broader and nobler than we had been led by English contemporaries to expect to find in any poet laureate possible under existing conditions. The poem deserves to be lifted out of the newspaper literature of the day and given a place in the history of the last decade of the century as the noblest verse thus far put forth for that most natural and logical movement of our time, for a closer union between the "sons of the self-same race." We give the poem entire:

What is the voice I hear,
On the wind of the Western Sea?
Sentinel, listen from out Cape Clear,
And say what the voice may be.
"'Tis a proud, free people calling loud to a people proud and free.

"And it says to them, 'Kinsmen, hail!
We severed have been too long;
Now let us have done with a wornout tale,
The tale of an ancient wrong,
And our friendship last long as love doth last, and be stronger than death is strong.'"

Answer them, sons of the self-same race,
And blood of the self-same clan,
Let us speak with each other, face to face,
And answer as man to man,
And loyally love and trust each other, as
none but free men can.

Now fling them out to the breeze,
Shamrock, thistle and rose,
And the Star Spangled Banner unfurl with
these,
A message to friends and foes,
Wherever the sails of peace are seen, and
wherever the war wind blows.

A message to bond and thrall to wake,
For wherever we come, we twain,
The throne of the tyrant shall rock and
quake,
And his menace be void and vain,
For you are lords of a strong young land and
we are lords of the main.

Yes, this is the voice on the bluff March
gale.
"We severed have been too long;
But now we have done with a wornout tale,
The tale of an ancient wrong,
And our friendship shall last long as love
doth last, and be stronger than death is
strong."

***

NOR is our English-speaking America unresponsive to the "voice on the bluff March gale." With quite as much sincerity, but with less inspiration, and consequently with less moving power, two of our minor poets have nobly responded to the call of their kinsmen over the sea.

Robert Underwood Johnson, in his "Songs of Liberty," thus cordially extends "Hands over Sea":

"True, there are those of our impassioned
blood
Who can forget but slowly that thy great
Misread the omens of our later strife,
And knew not Freedom when she called to
thee,
These think they hate thee!—these, who have
embraced
Before the altar their fraternal foes!
Not white of York and red of Lancaster,
More kindly mingle in thy rose of peace
Than blend in cloudless dawn our blue and
gray.

And Richard Burton, in his fine Memorial Day poem, utters this solemn amen to his brother poet's plea:

"Nay, on this day memorial ne'er forget
The visioned good, the revelation august
Of peace betwixt the peoples; may we let
Our martial blood be cleansed of any lust
Of war, and this America clasp hands
Close with the parent English, two proud
lands
Before the world who let their weapons
rest."

***

EDWARD BELLAMY, recently deceased, served his age well by setting it thinking along lines of social progress and reform, along which it had refused to think seriously until his cleverly told dream of a millenium compelled its attention.

***

THROUGH an error in the "make-up" the portraits of Commodore Foote and Captain Porter will be found transposed, that of Foote appearing over Porter's name in our April number, and that of Porter appearing over Foote's name in our May number. Several correspondents have remarked on the transposition, and doubtless many hundred readhave ers noted it.

GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

The second of THE MIDLAND'S prizes to go out of the country is the Descriptive Paper Prize in the April, 1898, Competition, which has been awarded to Carmen Harcourt, Guanajuato, Mexico. The title of the paper is "Our Sister Republic, Mexico." It will appear in July.

Mr. Zangwill in "The World of Art and Letters" in the May *Cosmopolitan*, scolds England for its deadness to the recent "event" of George Meredith's seventieth birthday. Strangely unjust seems to us to be Mr. Zangwill's declaration that England "is alone in her failure to realize that a nation's greatness may be increased in breadth as well as in length; that a noble piece of literature is as valuable a national acquisition as a new savage territory."

A. R. Spofford, the venerable ex-Librarian of Congress, is contributing to *The Atlantic*, a series of valuable "Washington Reminiscences." Mr. Spofford recently resigned his position and was succeeded by the veteran journalist and author, John Russell Young. Mr. Young paid his predecessor a gratifying tribute of respect by appointing him to a position as assistant librarian, indicating that his duties as assistant would be chiefly advisory.

Paul Laurence Dunbar has a sonnet entitled "Love," in the May *Cosmopolitan* which shows that this one negro poet in all the world is something more than a writer of negro dialect verse.

Frank W. Calkins is at work on a romance of the French regime at Prairie du Chien. He is making an exhaustive study of the real life of the Upper

Mississippi Valley in that romantic epoch. This book and Mr. Calkins' "The Evolution of a Cowboy," will be out next fall.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. write Mrs. Mary J. Reid that Edward Clarence Stedman's long looked for American Anthology is not likely to be published this year, owing to Mr. Stedman's severe illness.

Miss Ina D. Coolbrith, California's sweetest poet (whose name and poems have often been mentioned in THE MIDLAND), has been appointed librarian of the Mercantile library, San Francisco. It is an appointment which has given universal satisfaction

Dr. Robertson Nicoll says George Eliot was as coarse-looking as her portrait, and the older she grew the coarser-looking she became. Her sweet, low, contralto voice, the most charming voice he ever heard, atoned for the harshness of her features. He found her very conceited.

The woman-heart and the patriot are both revealed in a few lines written by Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr to Mrs. Mary J. Reid. After referring to her forthcoming book (which Mrs. Reid will review), Mrs. Dorr adds: "The war! we can think of nothing else. My Harry is on the tented field. I am glad — yet sorry; proud that he went, yet—."

Hamilton W. Mabie in "Books and Culture," admirably defines culture. He says it "is never quantity, it is always quality of knowledge; it is never an extension of ourselves by additions from without, it is always enlargement of ourselves by development from within; it is never something acquired, it is always something possessed; it is never a result of accumulation, it is always a result of growth."

And the characteristics of the man of culture are equally well described as "not the extent of his information, but the quality of his mind; it is not the mass of things he knows, but the sanity, the ripeness, the soundness of his nature. . . . The man of culture is he who has so absorbed what he knows that it is a part of himself"

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

Not all the art work in the artistically gotten-up *Cosmopolitan* is artistic. For instance, notice the set of the hat on the man in Mr. Small's drawing on page 109, and the non-appearance of the poppies in Mr. Loeb's "Woman with Poppies," in the May "Examples of Recent Art."

The most prominent magazine funerals of recent date are the following: *The Illustrated American*, in which much money has been sunk; and *Peterson's*, (*Peterson's* only in name) which comes forth re-incarnated in *The Argosy*.

John Tracy Jones recently wrote us that he had accepted the editorship of the *Nachusa Magazine*. And now comes *The Editor*, with Mr. Jones's announcement that he "has severed his connections" with that periodical. *The Nachusa* is said to be published in Chicago. Its founder must have found that name in "The Story of Ab," or some other pre-Adamite story of Chicago make.

One objection to ex-journalists as magazine editors is the fierceness of the journalist instinct for news and the consequent temptation to turn the magazine into a high grade Sunday newspaper Look at the announcements for June! One magazine exults over the capture of Captain Mahan for a naval article; another gladly takes what's left of Richard Harding Davis's *Herald* description of "The First Shot of the War," and threatens to follow that, a month later, with the retelling of the now old story of "The First Bombardment;" and still another lets us know that George Kennan has broken away from his dear Siberia long enough to chronicle a few choice experiences as a Red Cross relief in Cuba. Whither are our literary magazines drifting? If they abandon their field under temptation to contest the news field with the newspapers, they may waken some dark Sunday morning to find the newspapers, while holding their own in the field of news, have firmly planted themselves in the field of literature.

Andrew D. White writes in the *Century* of Constantine Pobedonastzeff, the great Russian civico-ecclesiastical minister, "the Torquemada of the Nineteenth Century." This is a new name to many Americans, but one that must be taken seriously. It might be well to take it in installments.

The Jenness-Miller Monthly changed its name to *The Woman's World*, and then again to *The Gentlewoman* — all within a few months. But we live in a world of change. Geologists tell us that even the atoms of the rocks—types of immutability though they be—are not wholly satisfied, and refuse to stay put!

After reading "The New Departure in British Humour" in the April *Scottish Review*, an American must fail to note any more of a "departure" than would be an opening of the doors and windows of the house after a long winter, and the spreading of a hammock in the dooryard for better enjoyment of the out door air. British humor is somewhat richer, broader, less conventional than it was.

The new *Newspaper Magazine* would be interesting to Walter Wellman on his North-Pole-climbing expedition, or to a Klondiker with a big overcoat pocket close and handy by, or to a landsman at sea with no newspapers in sight. But to the rest of us, who have newspapers till we can't rest, a magazine made up of newspaper clippings, be they ever-and-ever so well selected, is a very cold lunch served too soon after an overfull meal.

A writer in the *Ladies' Home Journal* tells how a home may be bought without cash. It's a question whether such counsel is not altogether bad in this period of trade and manufacture, when no man's tenure is certain.

Several heretofore unpublished letters by Charles Lamb appear in *Lippincott's* for May. In one of these is a bit of wholesome advice to a young friend who inclined to look on the dark side of life. He says: "You say that this world to you seems drained of its sweets. . . . O, Robert, I don't know what you call sweet. Honey and the honeycomb, roses and violets are yet in the earth. The sun and moon yet reign in Heaven, and the lesser lights keep up their pretty twinklings. . . . You may extract honey from everything; but do not go a-gathering for gall. The bees are wiser in their generation than the race of sonnet writers and complainers . . . who can see no joys but what are passed, and fill people's heads with notions of the unsatisfying nature of earthly comforts. I assure you I find this world a very pretty place."

MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

There is no nation on the face of the earth more interesting than France, no people more difficult to comprehend than the French people. Strange aggregation of inconsistencies! Studied by the light of history, the French are mercurial, intensely interested in affairs, always dramatic and not infrequently tragic. Viewed from the standpoint of personal observation, they are strangely indifferent to the trend of legislation and the *personnel* of ministries and legislative bodies, and almost hopelessly conservative in the presence of reforms which strongly appeal to them for support. By race proclivities and the education of centuries, they incline to a strong government and glory in one-man power. The new thought forced upon them by their great Revolution, and by the scarcely less resultful overthrow of the Second Empire, has so thoroughly committed them to republicanism that nothing but the advent of another overmastering soldier, such as the first Napoleon, or a great statesman with a Gambetta's possibilities rounded out into completeness, can overcome their predilection for a parliamentary government. And yet no people on the globe have less real sympathy with real republicanism. As Victoria is empress only in name, the actual rule of Great Britain being divided between her parliament and her prime minister; so the presidency of M. Faure is not a presidency in the sense in which we of America use the term, but is a limited dictatorship. No one other act has so strengthened President Faure with the French people as his recent visit to the Emperor of Russia, the accredited object of which was to effect an alliance with Russia for the development of a defensive and, if necessary, an offensive policy. Such a visit would not be tolerated in an American President. Strong as is the present tendency of our people toward an alliance with Great Britain, a visit of President McKinley to Queen Victoria, accompanied by an exchange of civilities such as one sovereign accords another, would be fatal to our President and to the contemplated alliance. The natural tendency of England and America toward an equilibrium of two great political parties is a condition which makes government of the people and by the people a fixity in those countries. In France no such tendency exists. The French Senate and Chamber of Deputies are divided into more than a half-dozen groups, and each group has its

sub-groups, and so on down to the individual. The masses, indifferent to party platforms and party cries, follow uncertain instincts, voting for a socialist at one time, a republican at another, and at another a royalist.

These are some of the anomalous conditions which confront the student of modern French history. To the thorough presentation of these and other striking conditions, and to the study of the French people in the light of a broad philosophy, Mr. James Edward Courtenay Bodley has given the study and thought of years, and the result is entitled *France*,*—a work recently issued and now finding its way into the libraries of English-reading people, the world over. Mr Bodley is an Englishman, of French descent, whose long residence in France and scientific study of French institutions enable him to treat his subject somewhat familiarly, as Mr. Brice has treated our "American Commonwealth."

Mr. Bodley's conclusions are far from reassuring as to the future of France. To him the nation seems to be indifferently, and at times sullenly, waiting for a change from the present era of small and mercenary men in authority. Aside from the philosophical deductions of the author, the work is replete with valuable information as to the practical workings of the French government In striking contrast with the pessimistic view of French statesmen and legislative bodies, the author pays strong tribute to the genius of Napoleon I in establishing the civil government of France upon a foundation so firm that the waves of revolution beat against it in vain. This gratifying condition also strongly impressed Dr. Albert Shaw, who, in his able presentation of the municipal situation in Paris, paid like tribute to the statesmanship of the First Consul—a statesmanship which, as the world moves on to the contemplation of the victories of peace, will more and more overshadow the military prestige of the conqueror.

Readers of the magazines of the period are familiar with the name of Eben E. Rexford—but not as a poet. Now comes this prolific Wisconsin *litterateur* with a blank verse tale of love and war, entitled "Brother and Lover—a Woman's Story."† It is a simple heart story of a woman whose love, after her mother's death, centered upon her brother. Her lover found her heart preoccupied. Brother and lover went to the war for the Union. The brother was killed by a saber-cut; the lover lost an arm in an attempt to save his life. There is real pathos in the meeting of the two mourners over the grave of the dead soldier, and the awakening of the maiden's heart to the great fact of life—to overmastering love.

"And overhead I heard the pine's low voice
Telling its troubles to the wandering wind,
While in the rustling grasses at my feet
I seemed to hear a voice all jubilant.

. . . . . .

Ah yes, *he* knew, and for love's sake was glad,
As was the bird that from its little nest
Upon his grave soared singing up the sky,
To tell the story at the gate of Heaven."

The Chouans (*Les Chouans*) and The Conscript (*Le Requisitionaire*) in one volume; also The Wild Ass' Skin (*La Peau de Chagren*) and other Stories, in one volume, are fair representatives of the elegant and inexpensive edition of De Balzac's complete works, translated by Ellen Marriage, with a preface by George Saintsbury, recently issued by the Gebbie Publishing Company, Philadelphia. The Chouans started Honoré de Balzac on the road to fame. It is a military adventure-novel, a French suggestion of Scott, and, like Scott's novels, it sometimes drags. It develops two strong characters, M'lle de Vernuil and Marche-á-Terre. The Wild Ass' Skin is an allegory and is loaded with moral. Its text, as Mr. Saintsbury says, "may be put religiously as, 'Know that for all these things God will bring thee unto judgment.'" Were one to form an opinion of Balzac from a reading of these two widely different works, he would incline to "take to the woods," for while both abound in suggestions of the French Shakspeare, neither book is wholly satisfying.

Uncle Henry's Letters to the Farm Boy,* by Henry Wallace, is a little book, big with suggestions, drawn from long experience and mature reflection. Its author knows how the farm boy feels, having experienced his isolation, his hopes, his ambitions He deals with the boy's relations with his father and mother, his chum, *himself*. Mr. Wallace has written a book that every farmer boy should read.

*Two volumes, $4. Macmillan Company, New York.

†John B. Alden, publisher, New York.

*Wallace Publishing Company, Des Moines.

THE · MIDLAND · MONTHLY

ILLUSTRATED

VOL. X. JULY-DECEMBER

JOHNSON BRIGHAM, EDITOR
CONAWAY & SHAW, PUBLISHERS
DES MOINES, IOWA

INDEX

TO

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

VOLUME X.

PROSE.

		PAGE
ALASKA, A BOY AND A CAMERA IN	*Eugene McCarthy*	483
ALPS, TWO MIDLANDERS AMONG THE	*B. J. Thompson*	387
AMERICAN NAVY, GROWTH OF THE	*Minna Irving*	195
AMERICAN POETRY, SOME ELEMENTS IN	*Caroline M. Sheldon*	57
AMONG THE MAGAZINES	92, 190, 287, 383, 478,	574
ARCHITECTURE IN IOWA'S CAPITAL CITY	*Ernest Edward Clark* 110,	205
ARMY CORRESPONDENT, SPOILS OF AN	*G. W.*	304
AUTHORS, GOSSIP ABOUT	92, 189, 286, 381, 477,	573
BANK OF ENGLAND, A VISIT TO THE	*B. J. Thompson*	526
BAY OF BISCAY, A NIGHT ON THE, AND ITS SEQUEL	*Daniel Evans* 234,	332
BOOK TABLE, THE MIDLAND	93, 192, 288,	480
BURTON EPISODE, A (Story)	*H. C. Vernon*	369
BY THE DOWN-TURNED THUMB (Story)	*Norman H. Crowell*	541
CARPENTER, EX-GOV. C. C.	*J. P. Dolliver*	75
CHIQUITA (Story)	*Anna Bishard*	521
COMMERCIAL TRAVELER'S TRIBUTE TO HIS WIFE, A (Home Themes)	*J. B.*	569
CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT	191, 383,	576
CORRESPONDENTS, TALKS WITH	93, 287, 383, 470,	574
CUBA'S CAPITAL BEFORE AND AFTER THE WAR	*Gilson Willets*	291
DEIGNAN, OSBORN WARREN	*Emma M. Clark*	24
DOLORES (Story)	*Georgie Lee Bruce*	440
DUCAT, CAPT. A. C.	*Francis Austin*	171
EDITORIAL COMMENT	88, 187, 283, 378, 475,	570
EX-GOV. C. C. CARPENTER	*J. P. Dolliver*	75
FIFTY-FIRST IOWA AT 'FRISCO, THE	*John Snure*	99
FIFTY-SECOND IOWA IN DIXIE	*Elizabeth S. McCullough*	214
FITZHUGH LEE, LIFE AND SERVICES OF	*Ella Letts McCrary*	42
FORMALITY (Home Themes)	*Ernest Avery*	474
FRANKLYN W. LEE	*John Tallman*	139
GLENDALOUGH, THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF	*Hattie Wallace Ashby*	17
GOOGAN'S CHRISTMAS (Story)	*Norman H. Crowell*	532
GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST (A History)	*John W. Emerson* 26, 225, 315, 409,	121 507
GREGORY, REAR-ADMIRAL	*J. A. Smith*	156
HARTFORD OF THE WEST, THE		353
HEART CULTURE (Home Themes)	*Maria Weed*	281
HERSCHEL BLUCHER (Story)	*Wm. A. Peterson*	49
HOME THEMES	85, 185, 281, 376, 473,	568
HONGKONG, OUR NEW NEIGHBOR	*J. Floyd Cole*	497
HUMBLE MIDLAND HERO, A	*Emma M. Clark*	24

		PAGE
IOWA CLUB NOTES	*Siddie F. Richards*	472
JOE'S CHILDREN (Prize Story)	*Emma Eggleson*	172
JOHN BROWN'S STAY IN SPRINGDALE, A WOMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF (Contributors' Dept.)	*Mrs. E. S. Butler*	576
KANSAS, TWO LITERARY CLUBS OF	*Sallie F. Tyler*	545
LEE, FITZHUGH, LIFE AND SERVICES OF	*Ella Letts McCrary*	42
LEE, FRANKLYN W.	*John Tallman*	139
LEWIS, WILLIAM	*E. A. W.*	451
LIBRARY MOVEMENT, THE	*Johnson Brigham*	547
LIEUTENANT'S SWEETHEART, THE (Story)	*Frances L. Bisby*	329
LIGHTHOUSE TENDER, LIFE ON A	*Alan Eric*	220
LOST ON THE PRAIRIE (Story)	*Frank W. Calkins*	462
LUMBER MILLS, PASSING OF THE	*Charles Wilber Daly*	223
LURILLA ANN'S DAY (Story)	*F. R. Sterrett*	554
MAN WITH A COUNTRY, A	*J. A. Smith*	156
MAGAZINES, AMONG THE		92, 190, 287, 383, 478, 574
MEXICO, OUR SISTER REPUBLIC	*Carmen Harcourt*	3
MIDLAND BOOK TABLE, THE		93, 192, 288, 480
MIDLAND HERO, A HUMBLE	*Emma M. Clark*	24
MIDLAND PHOTOGRAPHERS	*W. O. Reed*	65
MIDLAND TRAVELER ABROAD, A		48
MIDLAND TROOPS AT JACKSONVILLE, GLIMPSES OF	*Thomas U. Cantwell*	70
MILLENIUM LEAGUE, A (Home Themes)	*Maria Weed*	86
MINNESOTA, AN OUTING IN THE NORTH WOODS OF	*C. W. Stiles*	454
MISFITS (Home Themes)	*Mrs. Thomas Cole*	85
MOTHER GOOSE'S PHILOSOPHY (Home Themes)	*Maria Weed*	473
MRS. BROWN OF BROWNSVILLE (Story)	*Frank W. Calkins*	145
MUSICAL CENTER, A MIDLAND	*Sylvanus Urban*	257
MYSTERY OF RED LIGHT ISLAND, THE (Story)	*W. S. Kerr*	443
NATURE STUDY AMONG THE ABORIGINES	*Bessie L. Putnam*	154
NEBRASKA'S SACRIFICE FOR HUMANITY	*E. A. W.*	451
NIGHT ON THE BAY OF BISCAY AND ITS SEQUEL, A	*Daniel Evans*	234, 332
OUR SISTER REPUBLIC, MEXICO	*Carmen Harcourt*	3
OUTING IN THE NORTH WOODS OF MINNESOTA, AN	*C. W. Styles*	454
PAWNEE ROUGH RIDER, THE	*Helen W. Ball*	452
PHILIPPINES, SHALL WE KEEP THE	*A. L. Conger*	430
POLITICAL STATE CONVENTION, THE	*Emlin McClain*	535
POLITICAL VENTURE, A (Story)	*Elsie D. Troup*	37
POLLOCK, WILLIAM	*Helen W. Ball*	452
PROVIDENTIAL CIRCUMSTANCE, A (Story)	*George Bancroft Smith*	273
REMBRANDT VAN RYN (Contributors' Department)		383
REYNOLDS, MAJOR BELLE	*Clara Spaulding Brown*	106
SEVEN CHURCHES OF GLENDALOUGH, THE	*Hattie Wallace Ashby*	17
SHALL WE KEEP THE PHILIPPINES?	*A. L. Conger*	430
SOME ELEMENTS IN AMERICAN POETRY	*Caroline M. Sheldon*	57
SPOILS OF AN ARMY CORRESPONDENT	*G. W.*	304
STORY OF A FAILURE, THE (Story)	*Fanny Kennish Earl*	248
STORY OF A LITTLE SIWASH, A (Story)	*Sue O'Bannon Porter*	437
TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS		93
TANDEM RACING FOR HIGH STAKES	*Archie R. Eggleson*	433
TEMPERAMENTALISMS (Home Themes)	*Maria Weed*	185
"THE WOMAN WHO WANTS TO BE A MAN"	*Eugene Ulrich*	60
THROUGH A GLASS-BOTTOMED BOAT	*S. M. Kennedy*	398
TRIALS OF A PHILOSOPHER, THE (Home Themes)	*Maria Weed*	376
VAGABOND FROM EUROPE, A	*Harry Edward Miller*	132
VALAZQUEZ (Contributors' Department)		191
WOMAN'S CLUB DEPARTMENT	*Harriet C. Towner*	82, 184, 278, 374, 468, 561
WOMEN MUSICIANS AND COMPOSERS, OUR	*Gilson Willets*	401
WOMEN'S CLUBS, THE GENERAL FEDERATION OF	*Harriet C. Towner*	161

POETRY.

		PAGE
A CHILD'S PRAYER	*Ione G. Daniels*	506
A LILT	*Clara H. Holmes*	450
A MOTHER'S PRAYER FOR HER SOLDIER BOY	*Clarence Hawkes*	219
A NIGHT ILLUMINED	*Nellie Richmond*	170
A TRAGEDY	*Edward W. Dutcher*	344
AUTUMN	*Anna Neil Gilmore*	327
CHARACTER	*James B. Kenyon*	233
COLUMBIA'S MISSION	*Anna Slater Harsh*	246
CONTENTED	*Emma Eggleson*	400
DAYBREAK	*Pearl Marie Dunn*	131
DRIFTED WINDWARD	*W. H. Wynn*	544
FRIENDS IN THE DESERT	*Franklyn W. Lee*	155
FROM MY WINDOW	*Generzia D. Stone*	461
GRANT	*W. E. Lawrance*	109
HIS FIRST SUSPENDERS (Home Themes)	*Rosa Henderson*	185
JAKE LOUCKS'S SERMON	*G. M. Whicher*	552
LINES TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY (Home Themes)	*Corilla C. Letts*	185
LOVE'S PETITION	*Lillian Barber Beede*	69
MEN	*Douglas Mallock*	331
MID-SUMMER DAWN	*Albina M. Letts*	23
MOODS	*Lizzie Clark Hardy*	453
MY CREED	*Elizabeth A. Vose*	546
MY FRIEND	*Douglas Mallock*	160
OCTOBER	*Elizabeth F. Sturtevant*	352
OLD-FASHIONED FLOWERS (Home Themes)	*Emma Eggleson*	282
ONE PARTING	*Maude E. Smith*	560
ON THE PIER	*Cora S. Day*	153
PLAIN SPEAKIN'	*Clarence Hawkes*	56
RECOMPENSE	*Maude Meredith*	120
SOME RUSH TO SEE	*Robert McElvary*	551
SUBMISSION	*E. Carl Litsey*	467
SUMMER'S FAREWELL (Home Themes)	*Mary T. Downey*	473
SWEET IDLENESS	*Florence A. Jones*	496
SYMPATHY	*Blanche Kidd*	87
THANKSGIVING	*Charles A. J. Marsh*	397
THE AMERICAN SOLDIER (Home Themes)	*Ella Agnes True Connor*	316
THE BEDESMAN OF THE YEAR	*S. M. Hall*	399
THE COMING OF PEACE	*Clarence Hawkes*	256
THE END OF SOLITUDE	*B. O. Aylesworth*	138
THE LITTLE PLACE AT HOME	*Margaret E. Sangster*	368
THE POTTER'S CLAY	*James B. Kenyon*	144
THE PYRAMIDS	*Julia Older Carlton*	41
THE RHYTHM OF THE PRAIRIE WIND	*Flora H. Bailey*	540
THE TEST	*M. Truesdale Cooper*	64
THE WOE OF WAR	*Douglas Mallock*	222
VICTORY	*Sarah C. Wilbur*	183
VALE (Home Themes)	*Anna Elwood Wright*	568
WHAT HAS BEEN, IS (Home Themes)	*Anne H. Woodruff*	85
WHICH?	*Alice Hamilton Rich*	472
WORDS	*Clifford Trembly*	186

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

VOLUME X. JULY, 1898. NUMBER 1.

CHURCH OF LOS REMEDIOS, AT ZACATECAS.

OUR SISTER REPUBLIC, MEXICO.*

BY CARMEN HARCOURT.

RICH in natural resources, intensely interesting historically, and particularly active in progress during the past decade, is Mexico. Its domain contains 766,000 square miles, the main body of which is a tableland, traversed by mountain ranges of great length, with several peaks of extraordinary height. Owing to the rugged configuration of the surface, the river system is necessarily limited and the lakes small and few in number. The greater part of Mexico enjoys the climate of the temperate zone, owing to its elevation. Rising from the sea shore on either side to a he ght of nearly 18,000 feet, the climate ranges from intense heat to a very low temperature; and vegetation of every zone is therefore to be found within this area. The climate is divided into two seasons, the dry and the wet, the former beginning in May and ending in November, while the greater portion of the remainder of the year is without rain.

Leaving the city of El Paso, in Texas, we travel southward over vast, barren plains, not unlike in physical features the great American desert, of which, indeed, Mexico is but an extension. The settlements are few and far between, and the natives at the various railroad stations through the states of northern Mexico are wretchedly poor and beg pitifully for food and money, of which they are sadly in need, judging from

*Awarded the prize for the best descriptive paper in THE MIDLAND'S April competition.

[The entire contents of this number copyrighted by Conaway & Shaw, 1898. All rights reserved.]

the wretched rags which are insufficient to cover their attenuated bodies.

The first stop made by the average tourist is at Chihuahua, a city of 18,000 inhabitants, delightfully situated and made charmingly picturesque by the sawtooth peaks that rise from the surrounding mountains. The houses are of the conventional type seen from one end of Mexico to the other, namely, one story adobe, with thick walls, grated windows and flat roofs. In the center of the city is a beautiful plaza, facing which stands a noble cathedral, with a great dome and two high and graceful towers, forming an object of beauty which can be seen from a great distance. In the vicinity of Chihuahua are some of the largest and most productive haciendas (farms or ranches) in the Republic, and the mines in the adjacent hills have yielded many millions of dollars to their owners.

Leaving Chihuahua, the next city of interest is Zacatecas, the first glimpse of which reminds one of the Holy Land and Jerusalem. Indeed, a photograph of one might easily be mistaken for the other, so alike are they in physical features. Selecting as a temporary domicile the Hotel Zacatecano,—which was once a famous convent, and has walls many feet thick and keys a foot long to open the prison-like rooms,—one gazes with ever-increasing interest on the scene presented from the balcony. Far above the flat-roofed city is a mountain called La Bufa, surmounting which is the most curious church on the American continent. It is known as the Church of Los Rememios, and daily one may see penitents ascending the steep sides of the mountains on their hands and knees seeking forgiveness of sins, a self-imposed penance in all cases.

CATHEDRAL AT ZACATECAS.

There are rich silver mines in all the adjacent hills, and even the city itself rests above a series of shafts and tunnels of the famous mine of La Quebradilla. One mine in the district alone, the Veta Brande, has yielded its owners over $200,000,000. In strange contrast to the rich dons, who dash through the narrow, crooked streets on prancing chargers, and attended by outrunners, are the street beggars. Nowhere, not even in Rome or Cairo, are mendicants more persistent; and the words, "give me a cent," are constantly heard until the weary traveler almost hates the sound of his mother tongue, and execrates the unlucky mortal

MARKET AND THEATRE AT ZACATECAS.

from whom these four English words were acquired. The water supply is brought from an abandoned mine by stone aqueducts and delivered to rich and poor alike at stone fountains in various parts of the city. One could desire no more strikingly picturesque sight than is presented at early morning, as the people congregate to fill their *ollos* and various receptacles, all laughing and chattering like so many magpies, and apparently without a care or sorrow to mar their unvarying good humor. A handsome theater and fine market, as well as innumerable churches, more or less architecturally beautiful, are points of interest.

Six miles to the south and down a steep defile is the city of Guadalupe, connection with which is made by a tram road, operated by gravity one way and by mules on the return. Here is one of the most beautiful cathedrals in the Republic, with a tiled dome, and many slender, graceful spires. The altar is very chaste and elegant, with no suggestion of vulgar display which is so manifest in many of the churches of Zacatecas. Behind the altar is a fine picture of the Hill of Calvary, with the attendant Roman soldiers and Jews. Attached to the cathedral is an art gallery, containing some really fine pictures. The north chapel of the cathedral is considered the finest in the world, and is a magnificent symphony of rare onyx, gold and silver, and rare paintings. It was the gift of a wealthy Mexican lady, and cost many hundred thousand dollars.

Although most of the large mines now work their ore by modern reduction works, the *patio* system in all its ancient glory can still be seen in Guadalupe. This system of extracting the precious metals was discovered by a Spaniard named Bartolome de Medina, and was first put into practical use in 1557 at Pachuca. The ore is conveyed by pack mules to the *patio* from the mines on the hills above the city, and placed in an *arrastrar*, where it is crushed fine by heavy stones, drawn by mules, attached to a shaft extending through circular wheels of stone. The ore is then conveyed to the open *patio* where it is made into paste form and mixed with salt, vitriol and quicksilver,

and thoroughly mixed by mules. The precious metals unite with the quicksilver to form an amalgam, which is gathered and retorted. The "quick" passes off in liquid form and can be used over and over again. This method extracts about ninety per cent of the silver, and but a small percentage of gold. Almost all the mines of Zacatecas are silver producers, and until recent years the gold was not considered worth saving, so small was the quantity in the great mines of the district.

There, far away from the blessed sunshine and the blue dome of heaven and the eternal beauty of the stars, and the glory of the sun, work day after day, in the various mines of the Zacatecas district, over thirty thousand human souls, for the wretched pittance of forty to fifty cents a day in Mexican silver, a sum equal to about fifteen to twenty cents in United States currency, according to the present rate of exchange. These wretched beings often carry loads of from two hundred to three

CHURCH AT GUADALUPE.

There exists a superstition of ancient origin that the presence of a woman at the mines brings bad luck, and few of the gentler sex have ever seen the underground workings of the great shafts and tunnels that often extend for several miles into the earth. It was my privilege, however, to be permitted to enter one of the great tunnels and watch for half a day with ever increasing interest the busy *peons* passing in and out, and up and down through the labyrinths of the Mina de la Reina.

hundred pounds, the pack being attached to a strap which passes over the forehead. The average man carries about the same weight as the average mule or burro in the outside workings of the mine, and the little men are marvels of strength and endurance. Before the reform laws were in existence, the church imposed a tax of about two cents on every dollar of the miners' wages; but happily the day of church rule is a thing of the past, and wages have since been gradually rising in all parts of the

Republic of Mexico. In connection with each of the great mines is a church, varying in size and magnificence with the output of the property and the number of laborers employed.

The most curious city on the American continent and the most picturesque city in the world is Guanajuato, built at an elevation of 7,000 feet above sea level, and in a rugged region, securely hedged in by lofty mountains. As one passes along the steep, narrow streets, which in places are barely wide enough to allow the passage of a street car, one

STREET SCENE IN MEXICO

wonders what strange freak induced 70,000 people to make their homes in so barren and inaccessible a region. And it is only after visiting some of the ancient silver mines that one understands the *raison d'etre* of this remarkable city.

Guanajuato was founded by the Spainards in 1553, following the discovery of some rich silver "float," by a poor muleteer in the employ of a Spainard called Rayas, who grew fabulously rich from the product of the mine now known as Rayas, and who afterwards purchased the title of Marquis from the King of Spain. There was found to be an immensely rich vein of silver ore just above the site of the present city, and many of the mines have produced hundreds of millions of dollars. The Valenciana alone has enriched its owners to the extent of nearly one billion dollars, and is probably the richest silver mine in the world. In the olden times, when these mines were yielding "beyond the dreams of avarice," but little heed was given to the future, and when a depth of fifteen hundred to two thousand feet was reached, the shafts filled with water and the owners in few cases had provided for the expense of pumping plants, in consequence of which many of the lower workings of the richest mines are entirely submerged, and thousands of people are deprived of employment. In the days of its greatest production, the Valenciana mine alone employed three thousand men; now, there are scarcely so many hundred. The church of Valenciana is one of the most magnificent in the Republic, and wonderful are the treasures brought forth by the priests for the inspection

OPERA HOUSE AT GUANAJUATO.

of the visitor who has sufficient forethought to deposit a dollar in the poor box at the entrance of the church. One of the robes used on feast days for the adornment of the statue of the Virgin above the altar is trimmed with gold bullion valued at five hundred dollars. The interior of the church is in perfect taste, and the exquisite gray and gold effects are marvelously beautiful and restful to the eye, after the gaudy trappings of many other sacred edifices in the republic.

A good map of the city of Guanajuato would somewhat resemble a many-pointed star, the points representing

CASTLE OF GRENADITAS, AT GUANAJUATO.

"SO STRANGE, GRUESOME AND WONDERFUL A SIGHT AS THAT PRESENTED IN THE CRYPT OF THE PANTHEON, AT GUANAJUATO."

the arms that extend up the canons leading to the mountains with which it is surrounded There is literally not a rod of level ground, and the flat-roofed, adobe houses rise one above the other to dizzy heights on the steep hills from the main street at the bottom of the canon. The entire place presents the appearance of having recently suffered the visitation of an earthquake, so various are the crooks and curves of the streets. There is an ineffable charm about this strange place that impels the tourist to linger many days, and perhaps no other city in Mexico offers so many attractions to the lover of the strange, picturesque and romantic. The theater is the finest in the Republic and cost a million dollars, and was ten years in process of construction; and the mint is also said to be the finest in Mexico. The private residences are mostly constructed from a species of beautifully variegated sandstone, which is quarried from a precipitous mountain above the city. Graceful pillars in long colonnades, arched portals and corridors, and *patios*, in which grow every rare and beautiful flower, line the principal street above the business portion of the city. Many of the wealthy families are of pure Castillian descent and do not affiliate with the native born families.

Guanajuato was the scene of some of the most sanguinary battles in the history of the country during the revolution of 1810, and the Castle of Grenaditas still stands, a mute witness of the terrible massacre of the Spanish forces who were put to death by Hidalgo and his followers, after a long-sustained siege. The capitulation of the Spanish was effected only after a brave Indian placed a flat stone on his back and set fire to the gates of the fortress, unharmed by the bullets and missles that fell on him from the windows of the castle. The following year, the Spaniards took summary revenge on the patriot priest, when he was captured at Chihuahua. He was brought back to Guanajuato, and with three of his followers, tortured to death. The four heads were hung on hooks at the four corners of the fortress. The victorious Calleja took summary vengeance on the inhabitants who had followed the priest, and many were the innocents slaughtered before peace and tranquillity were restored, the streets literally running with blood.

Nowhere on the American continent can one behold so strange, gruesome and wonderful a sight as that presented in the crypt of the Pantheon, the burial place of the dead of Guanajuato. Enclosed within walls ten feet in thickness, is an acre of ground, crowning the high hill to the west of the city, and within the walls are receptacles for the bodies of the dead. For a certain sum of money, the bodies are allowed to remain undisturbed forever; for a lesser sum the receptacles are rented by the year, and if, at the expiration of the time paid for, the rent is not forthcoming, the bodies are taken out and placed in the underground crypt, a long, narrow chamber, walled with stone. Here a weird sight is presented. Some element in the soil acts as an embalment, and many of the bodies are found to be in a perfect state of preservation when disinterred or taken from the receptacles in the walls. The corridor is lined with these mummies, the women on one side of the charnel house, the men on the other, in strict accordance with the usages of polite Mexican society. One can fancy they are about to indulge in a "Virginia reel," and are only waiting for the musicians to appear. A toothless old dame, with scant, gray locks falling over a wrinkled and furrowed face, bends forward as if in the act of saluting the crumbling skeleton on the other side of the corridor; a ghastly male form, whose soul had evidently been called hence during a small-pox epidemic, with the lower jaw falling almost on his breast, leans rigidly against the wall and stares

stonily at the maiden with the Laocoon expression, beyond him; others stand, with folded hands, gazing upward, as if awaiting the summons for the reunion of body and soul; and in either end of the corridor are piled, like so much cord-wood, the bones of more than one hundred thousand people. The poor are interred in the ground of the open area, and are merely wrapped in a sheet, though a coffin is usually rented to convey the body to the Pantheon. The law compels the burial of a body within twenty-four hours after death, and this strange Golgotha usually witnesses several funerals a day, so high is the death rate among the poor.

Mounting the patient little burros once more, we leave the Pantheon, after taking a last, lingering look at the beautiful view afforded from that elevation, and return by the evening train to Silao, fourteen miles distant, and proceed to the city of Queretaro, made historically prominent from the fact that the tragic career of Maximilian was brought to a close within its walls. The city was founded by the Aztecs in remote ages, and is clean, beautifully situated and contains many costly churches and convents, one of which was the headquarters of the Emperor Maximilian and his troops, shortly before the execution of the "Dreamer of Dreams" from Austria.

The rich opaliferous district of Queretaro lies in the environs of the hacienda of Esperanza, a few miles northwest of the city. All the known varieties of this precious stone are found in the Simpatica mine. The rock in which they are found is a siliceous quartz, and the stones range in color from ruby to green and violet to pale yellow. The local demand for these beautiful opals is small, owing to the deep-rooted superstition that they bring ill luck to their possessors, but a rich harvest is reaped during the tourist season and the sales by peddlers at the railroad stations are very large. I have seen a *peon* ask five dollars for a stone which he would eventually sell for fifty cents, should the purchaser be familiar with the methods of "jewing down" the vendor.

After traveling through miles and miles of corn and grain fields to the west, on a branch road from the thriving little town of Irapuato, Guadalajara is reached. It is the cleanest and most beautiful city in Mexico, but lacks the picturesque features of some of the smaller and less cleanly cities. The cathedral is, indeed, a thing of beauty, and the public and private buildings are substantial and architecturally handsome. Especially beautiful are the *patios* of the residences, and no house is so poor as to be without one. Guadalajara has a population of 125,000 people, and is the second city in size in the Republic.

Out of the beaten tracks of the average tourist is the rich country lying south of Guadalajara, embracing the states of Colima, Michoacan and Guerrero. Having no connection with the outside world by railroad, the inhabitants preserve the characteristics of their progenitors to a great degree, and the people are practically as they were hundreds of years ago.

The climate of the coast lands, or *tierre caliente*, is very hot and unhealthful, but the scenery is magnificent; and one cannot say he has seen Mexico unless he visits some portion of the west coast states. There are enchanting forest views from the mountain heights, with timber of every description from pine to the most valuable rosewood, mahogany, sandalwood, and rubber, all practically untouched and only awaiting the advent of better transportation facilities to make the fortunes of scores of men who have the necessary pluck and capital to engage in the business of cutting these magnificent forests and placing the valuable timbers on the market.

All the Indian tribes of the coast states are vastly interesting to the student of ethnology. There are three

distinct tribes in the state of Michoacan, all of whom are wonderfully endowed with musical qualities. They manufacture their own instruments, and especially sweet is the music of the native violins. One of the tribes is known as the "leaf blowers," from the fact that they produce the most exquisite music by simply blowing on a leaf placed under the under lip. The leaf of the orange is usually chosen on account of its thickness and glossiness, and the effect of fifteen or twenty Indians playing in perfect time and unison is exceedingly sweet. One of my most treasured souvenirs of Mexico is a native guitar, the back of which is covered with the shell of an armadillo, and the body is of orangewood, carved with strange, symbolical hieroglyphics and three birds, the like of which were never on land or sea. As in the olden days, when the Aztecs were rulers of the land of the Montezumas, a forked stick is used for a plow, and the great haciendas of thousands and thousands of acres are plowed by this method, there literally not being a modern plow in that portion of the Republic. The introduction of modern gang plows and street-sweeping machines would undoubtedly cause a serious revolution in Mexico.

SHAFT HOUSE OF A SILVER MINE.

On reaching the city of Mexico the tourist has the choice of many good hotels, with excellent service, at reasonable rates, if figured by the American standard of prices. With the rate of exchange at $2.25 to $2.45 in Mexican silver for every dollar of gold, living is remarkably cheap. But if one remains in Mexico and earns his living in Mexican silver, he will find the expense of living even comfortably is very exhorbitant. There are several beautiful plazas, where the sweetest of music is daily played by the government bands, and many fine shops and government buildings.

The streets are clean and are daily swept by hand, even the leaves of the plants in the public plazas are dusted, thus giving employment to an army of poor people who otherwise would be a charge on the government. Street beggars swarm after the tourist and make life a burden until he grows stony-hearted and peremptorily drives them away.

The driveway known as the Paseo leads to the Castle of Chapultepec, the winter home of President Diaz, and the favorite residence of the Emperor Maximilian and the beautiful Carlotta. Grand indeed is the view from this stately edifice, and fair as a vision of paradise is the vale of Mexico, stretching upward to meet the snow-clad mountains of Potocatapetl and Ixtacci-

hualt. Every evening the Paseo is lined with carriages, and here are congregated all the wealth and beauty of the capital city of the Republic. The streets are very narrow, and for hours at a time it is well nigh impossible to cross a street during the season when the weather permits of driving

It is customary for all English speaking people to shudder with horror at the bare mention of a bull fight, but I have yet failed to meet a foreigner of any nationality who did not express a desire to go to the Bucareli ring when there was an unusually interesting fight in anticipation. It is certainly most brutal and demoralizing, yet, withal, a fascinating sport, and one soon reaches a point where but little compassion is felt for any of the participants but the poor horses, several of which are killed at every fight. The Mexicans are a very paradoxical people and the announcement that the proceeds of a certain bull fight, were to be presented to the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," drew an immense crowd of self-styled humanitarians And yet when two American football teams were in Mexico last winter, the Spanish papers denounced the game in the most bitter terms as degrading, brutal and altogether unworthy of a civilized people! *Chacun a son gout!*

Among the Mexican people of the better class, French is spoken with fluency, and most of the wealthy families send their children abroad to be educated. While it is still considered "bad form" for a lady to appear on the streets unattended by a servant or other protector, etiquette is not nearly so strict as formerly, since the advent of so many American ladies who refuse to conform to this ridiculous custom.

After visiting the school of mines, the art gallery and the museum, all of which contain much of interest, the visitor should not neglect driving out the beautiful Paseo de Reforma to the historical castle of Chapultepec and the grand old forest that surrounds it.

There are one hundred and twenty churches in the city of Mexico, and their size and magnificence are testimony of the wonderful power once exercised over the people by the Church of Rome. To the great and good General Benito Juarez is due the inauguration of the Reform laws, which caused the separation of Church and State, and made Mexico the enlightened and prosperous nation she is to-day. When

MINING SCENE—ASSORTING ORE.

General Juarez became President of the Republic, he was confronted by many grave problems, chief among which was the increasing power of the priesthood; and in his dilemma, he invited William H. Seward, then a member of Lincoln's cabinet, to visit Mexico and suggest a method of accomplishing the work which he knew was the only means of saving his loved people from abject slavery to the church power, which had been fostered by Maximilian. Mr. Seward advised President Juarez to issue a proclamation declaring that all church property was confiscated to the government and would be sold at public auction on a certain date. This heroic measure was carried into effect in spite of the most strenuous opposition, nine-tenths of the people espousing the cause of the church. The measure was carried out by the admirable tact of the President, and on the day set for the sale of the church property, there being no bidders, for no one dared to defy the church power, the entire wealth of the many church organizations was confiscated by the war department. There was no revolution, and the Mexican people have since been gradually advancing in educational, governmental and national importance until to-day Mexico takes high rank among the nations of the world. The name of Juarez is revered by the Mexican people.

The policy of the great Jaurez has been admirably carried out by General Diaz, who is now serving his third term as President. Of humble birth, Porfirio Diaz has risen to his exalted position by the sheer force of his native talents, and he will probably remain in the executive chair as long as he lives. His administration has been characterized by great firmness in dealing with friend and foe and the wonderful fidelity of his cabinet and constabulary. His wisdom, charity and freedom from corruption have placed him in the first place in the affection of his people. There are not wanting, however, adverse critisisms, on some sides, of the firm policy of the President in handling his people with such rigid discipline, but that very firmness is what makes

TARAROS AND PICADORS—ENTERING THE BULL RING.

Mexico one of the most peaceable nations on earth to-day. Internal dissensions are of rare occurrence, and revolutions, such as made the lives and property of foreigners unsafe a few years ago, are things of the past. The fifty-seventh birthday of President Diaz occurred on the 15th day of September last and the plaudits of the multitude upon his public appearance left no doubt as to his extreme popularity with the masses. A most regrettable occurrence took place the following day, when the celebration of the Mexican Independence Day was held. As the President passed through the streets on his way to the Moorish pavilion, where he pinned medals to the breasts of the veteran soldiers who survived the battles of Puebla and Queretero, he was violently assaulted by a young man named Arnulfo Arroyo, a half-crazed Mexican, who probably intended that his act would only bring him into local prominence, as he was unarmed. That night he was stabbed to death in the municipal palace by order of Velasquez, the prefect of police, who subsequently committed suicide, after his arrest and imprisonment, on the revelation of the infamous plot. After an impartial trial, thirteen of the participants in the crime were condemned to death, and are now awaiting execution. Thus are criminals summarily dealt with in the Mexican courts.

PRESIDENT PORFIRIO DIAZ.

To the casual observer, the Mexicans of the lower classes are filthy in person, dishonest and intemperate, and these charges are true in a measure. But to the close observer, and one acquainted with the condition of the masses ten or twenty years ago, their mental and moral progress has been simply astonishing. Free schools are maintained in all parts of the Republic and education is compulsory. The public school system is admirable and there are also schools where all the mechanical arts, jurisprudence and medicine are taught, free of charge.

The people are kind-hearted, amiable and charitable. If they have but a *tortilla* and a pot of *frijoles* in the poor adobe hut, these are at the disposal of the stranger, and in no country are the people more genuinely hospitable. The religion is still Roman Catholic, and the priests yet wield a wonderful power, in spite of the Reform laws.

During the past ten years, Mexico has made such progress as no other nation, with the possible exception of Japan, can show. Hundreds of miles of railroads have been constructed, important harbor works have been completed, and a complete system of telegraphic communication has been established throughout the Republic. But the greatest boon of all has been the continued peace that has reigned during the wise administration of President Porfirio Diaz.

ASSAULT ON PRESIDENT DIAZ BY A HALF-CRAZED MAN LAST MEXICAN INDEPENDENCE DAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1897.

"A basin set deep and rimmed with abrupt mountain spurs."

THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF GLENDALOUGH.

By Hattie Wallace Ashby.

IN THAT beauty garden of picturesque Ireland, County Wicklow, between lofty Mount Lugnaquillia split by the ravine of wild Glenmalure and rugged Mount Mullaghclovane, in the "vale of two lakes," sits enthroned upon her ruins, The Seven Churches of Glendalough, desolate and mute now, save the tongue of broken arch, carven cross or ivy-mantled tower, and the echo from the pass so confused that none can tell the true from the false. It lies in a hollow shut round by barren peaks beetling with rocky crags, and frowning, except here and there a smile of yellow gorse. Two small lakes glint or blacken in sun or cloud. The upper lake is a basin set deep and rimmed with abrupt mountain spurs, and dropping down the black side of one a burnished silver-gleaming waterfall—

"A lofty precipice in front
A silent tarn below."

About the lower lake are some scant fields—

"Where the mower whets his scythe
And the milk-maid singeth blithe"—

and the ruins of the seven churches and the ancient city in which St. Kevin lived and labored in that long ago. The way to Glendalough winds through the Vale of Clara, picturesque with many a changing mood, and in your ears the roar of rocky Avonmore rushing to join the Avonbeg in that vale—

"In whose bosom the bright waters meet"

some eight miles from Glendalough. There are fairies in the hills.

Glendalough is a tourist's paradise, and (a rare thing in the small towns of Ireland) there is a good hotel there. We saw the Glen under the mellow light of an afternoon September sun, when nature seemed as hushed as the broken ruins and the innumerable dead crowding the old churchyards, their graves neglected and themselves forgotten. There is a charm about these seven churches—all roofless save one—their crumbling arches, broken pillars

"Trinity Church, of which only a single arch and the foundation remain."

[On the right is one of the famous round towers of Ireland, about twelve feet in diameter and 110 feet high, supposed to have been built about the year 1000. Being found only in connection with churches, it is supposed they were intended as a place of refuge in time of persecution. The only entrance is about fifteen feet from the ground.]

and carvings of rare workmanship date from the Sixth century.. Towering above them in the midst is an Irish sphinx—a round tower from an age that has left no voice to reveal its mystery—a silent sentinel, proud in the granite that has withstood the ravages which have strewn the wrecks about its base, guarding the wasted treasures. The crows were cawing on the mountain-side where are dotted at intervals odd-looking white stones of square shapes. These were one-time sugar plums dropped from the pockets of Finn McCoul and now turned to stone. Finn, as you must know, was an Irish giant of the thirty-league-boot variety, and very fond of loaf sugar which was prepared in lumps suitable for the mouth of such a giant; and as he minced from peak to peak or crest to crest in his daily stroll up one side of Ireland and down the other in search of diversion, he carelessly let fall, or tossed to the pigmies, the lumps which are now stone and to be seen to this day. "And, faith, ye have the ividince before yur eyes!" Could we doubt it?

The smiling vale and the desola·e hills, the hum of life and the mute evidence of the dead, who, ages ago, gave life to the valley, caused a silence to fall upon our usually merry group. "They go up by the mountains, they go down by the valleys unto the place which thou hast founded for them. They shall perish, but thou shalt endure, yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment," one said softly. We answered, "Yea," and as we walked up the worn path and crossed the stone stile where had tripped the gay youth, and slowly climbed the aged in the year 595, we fancied we stood among that congregation of the long ago and saw the quaint attire and marked the reverent courtesy to "his riverince," and the obeisance to King O'Toole.

How disillusioned to be accosted by a guide eager to do the honors of the place for five shillings! He was a tall comely man with the air of a moun-

"Then off we were whisked to the chapel of King O'Toole."

taineer, and the traditional feather in his cap. One could have fancied him an Alpine guide had it not been for his Irish brogue. It seemed a sacrilege to offer a half crown, but we knew the guile towards "towrists" and were not surprised that our offer was quickly accepted.

At Trinity Church of which only a single arch and the foundations remain, his guideship said: "Any lady as walks under this arch with a gentleman will never afther have a headache." There was a general scurry for a gentleman's arm and the arch. We must believe the guide, else what use is a guide? Then off we were whisked to the chapel of King O'Toole, which is in excellent state of preservation. King O'Toole was a great man and King in his day; but he had his little weakness, and this weakness served St. Kevin a good turn. The guide will tell you how this came about:

*"King O'Toole was the rale boy and loved shport murtherin well, for the deer was plintier in the hills then than the sheep now; but in the coorse av toime the king grewn auld was hard put to for divartisments until he got a goose to divart him. And the goose was divartin' him by divin' for throut and by swimmin and flyin about the lake antil yud think King O'Toole would break his sides with the laughin'. An' this went on mighty well antil the goose got stretchen' in years, and bein' no longher in the fluhr av her blhume couldn't langer divart the king, and he was complately lost. Wan mawrnin as the king walked by the lake lamentin' his dull life with niver a divarsion except a wake now and then, St. Kavin appeared to him disguised as a young man.

"God save you," says the King.

"God save ye kindly sez St. Kavin, how's yure goose, King O'Toole?"

"How kem ye to know about my goose? sez King O'Toole. No one could av towld ye barrin the fairies, and they could show ye a crock av money as aisy as kiss hands."

"Niver mind how I kem to know,"

*Condensed from a guide story told by Lover.

sez St. Kavin, "but phwat will ye give me to mend yur goose good as new?"

"Whativer yez asks, sez the king, his eyes ready to jump out av his head."

"I'll take all the land she flies over in her fuhrst flight," sez St. Kavin.

"Dhune!" sez King O'Toole, and he could say it as he owned all the land for miles about, and he was growin dotish. No sooner said whan St. Kavin caught up the goose. "Criss av my crass," sez he, throwin' her up. "Whew!" sez he, givin' her a blast, an' away she fhlew like an aigle, an' cuttin' capers like a swallow, an she fhlew stout and stiddy all over the glen an' for miles about. Whan she at last dropped down at the king's feet an' he a standin with his mouth open. "Mavourneen, ye are the darlint av the wurlt," sez he, and to St. Kavin, "I'm behowldin to you, I am."

"An will ye give me all the land the goose flew over?" sez St. Kavin. "I will, an' welcome," sez King O'Toole, delighted as any boy, and he did and that's how St. Kavin kem to build the Siven Churches, and he was the greatest av all the saints because he wint to school with the Prophet Jeremiah."

In the chapel of King O'Toole is a large flat stone with a small hole through it, into which witnesses when being sworn in those days thrust their fingers instead of kissing the Bible as is now the Irish custom.

Nearby is the grave of St. Kevin marked by a large, ancient Celtic cross of antique design and quaint carving. "This is what all the ladies tries fer to span," said the guide, "and begging your pardon, ladies," he took our hands and bringing our arms around the upright of the cross, by an effort, made our finger tips meet. "Shure, Miss, and I do be thinking its yurself will be married before the year is out," he said to the young lady as her finger tips touched about the cross.

"And what of the married ladies?" I asked.

"Och!" said he, "and its not for me to be tellin ye" but later confided to our husbands—"Any married lady as spans the cross av St. Kavin never dies in child-birth."

The other churches are little more than heaps of stone covered with moss, but the place is full of charm, the ground consecrated to romantic legend, revivifying and clothing anew St. Kevin.

From the churches we turned our faces toward the upper lake to view St. Kevin's bed where the Saint endeavored to hide himself from the lovely Kathleen, whose tragic death Moore has described in undying verse. On our way we turned aside a moment to see the milking-stone and hear an Irish Romulus-Remus version. We saw two stones, one large, flat-topped, with five peculiar depressions in the top, and a depression much like the imprint of a leg down the front to the base, at which rested a basin shaped stone. The guide seated himself on the top of the large stone and resting his leg in its hollow and placing his fingers in the five depressions at the top, told us the following story:

"In St. Kavin's time a poor man stood here crying. His wife had died and left him with three helpless weans and not a sup av milk or a pratie in the cabin, and he was nigh onto distracted. Jist at that howly minute St. Kavin kem by and takin pity on the poor crathur's distrass towld him the weans should not come to want. Thin the Sa'nt sits down on this stone, jist as yez sees me, mam, and he prayed for the wild deer to come down from the mountains and leave their milk in this basin for the motherless bairns. An they did antil the weans were grewn up, and this is the hollow made by the Sa'nt's right leg and these the prints made by his finger tips as he prayed. Any lady or gentleman as sits here as I am sittin' and shakes his right leg three times in this hollow will never have the rheumatism, mam."

"Why didn't your Saint kneel when he prayed?" asked our skeptic.

"This is what all the ladies tries fer to span."

"Sure! and its myself can't say, sor, seein' as I'm no sa'nt, though I does walk in the fut-steps av wan every day," was the quick answer.

Farther up we passed some hay-makers with scythes and rakes. One of them, a tall fellow wearing a broad-brimmed hat, gazed at us steadfastly for awhile, then making a trumpet of his hand, called: "Have you seen her?"

"No," shouted our guide, and in a lower tone, "God help you; you never will."

Turning to us he said: "He is teched here," tapping his forehead, and then, glancing around cautiously as if he feared he might be overheard, went on, "You see its only five weeks the poor fellow was married to a likely girl, and its happy they were up in the bit cottage there antil a two-week since, whan wan evening he left the cabin to buy a bit tobaccy, and its sorra a sight has he had of her sence, or is likely to. Its little doubt the good people carried her off."

"Indeed! are there fairies about here?" I asked.

"Indade, mam, the hills are full av them and at times you may hear them whisperin' and laughin', and often you may hear the leaves rustle as they dance. And its myself wouldn't like to be out alone hereabouts after night."

Following hard upon this uncanny story, it was a little startling to have a little old woman clad in black, a red kerchief about her neck and a white cap on her head, suddenly emerge from behind a clump of low bushes, but her quaint curtsy and her, "God save you" soon reassured us that we were confronted not by a fairy, but by one of that class of ancient, genteel beggars of whom Ireland boasts not a few. "She is a hundred years old," said the guide, and it's silver she is expecting." This last from the guide was to warn us not to insult her by the offer of pennies as if she were a common beggar.

There are two ways to reach St. Kevin's Bed. One is to take the boat at the foot of the mountain and row around to the shelving beach near the cliff in which the Bed is situated. From this point rude steps have been

ST. KEVIN'S BED.

"Rude steps have been cut in the rock, and the ascent is comparatively easy." [The grotto is at the niche in the face of the bluff, a quarter-inch form the top of the picture; indicated by a very faint cross mark.]

cut in the rock and the ascent is comparatively easy. This is the ideal way for the lazy tourist. The romantic way is to climb the mountain spur, following in the path so laboriously made by St. Kevin so many centuries ago. We preferred the climb up the mountain side, and toilsome enough we found it and sufficiently seasoned with the spice of danger. But the pleasure repaid the toil and risk, though I am not sure that I would again try the climb. Once is enough with some experiences, although they be charming. I cannot describe the path; steep, single file, here pulled up, there let down, now led carefully by the guide. And when we found ourselves forty or more feet sheer above the lake, with a drop of six feet to the ledge below, which leads into the Bed, and the edge of this ledge on a line with the edge over which we must be lifted, we began to wish we had gone by the boat. The Bed, which seems to be the work of human agency, is a chamber in the solid rock, in dimensions seven feet long by four wide and four high, and situated some forty feet up in the side of the cliff, jutting slightly over the water of the lake at its base. The walls of the chamber are now covered with names and addresses of visitors. We noted one of the date of 1670. As we hung there in mid-heaven we heard the story of St. Kevin and Kathleen:

Kathleen was a rare Irish maiden of matchless beauty, as pure as she was beautiful. The poor girl fell in love with St. Kevin and her passion overmastered her. She followed him about, happy only when in his presence, and gazing upon him with rapture such as the devout give to pictures of the saints.

St Kevin was annoyed by this love of Kathleen's, as a saint may not wed, and tried in every way to rebuke it. It seemed to him a temptation from the devil for the destruction of his soul. Finally, to escape from Kathleen and the temptation of her beauty and love, he stole away to the mountain and spying out this recess, there laboriously

hollowed him his bed. But the eye of love is keen. Kathleen discovered his hiding place. The rough and dangerous path taxed her strength and her courage; the night air chilled her; but when St. Kevin wakened from his rocky bed after his first night's repose in it, congratulating himself that he had successfully hidden from the evil which had threatened him; lo! at the entrance stood the faithful Kathleen, looking upon him much as a dog might wistfully eye a kind master. The Saint was startled and frightened, thinking he must be looking upon some device of Satan. Let Moore complete the story:

"Ah! you saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And with rude, repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.
Glendalough, thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave!"

We were glad to be in the open again, away from the mountainside and its uncanny associations, and again to be in contemplation of what once had been a city and the educational center of Ireland. In that age Ireland was the only country in Europe in which the gleam of learning continued to shine with luster; but now nothing marks the spot save the ruins of the churches and the sites of the ancient graveyards.

The crows still cawed on the mountainsides and the shadows were falling on the lakes and in the valley when we came away, and the round tower seemed to beckon as though to say "Leave the world to darkness and to me."

MID-SUMMER DAWN.

A SOFT, mellow tint in the eastern sky,
A paling of stars in the west;
A tremulous breeze 'midst the forest leaves,
And a drowsy trill from a nest
Waking an echo here and there,
Thrilling with music the morning air.

Pale, shadowy shapes by the river side,
And the billowy hills between,—
Slowly floating away to the blue beyond,
May be guardian angels, I ween,
Who nightly watch o'er the children of men,
Thence back to the heavenly courts again.

And the fleeing phantoms' snowy white wings
Were rosy flushed as they fled;
While the air was ravished with incense sweet
From their shimmering garments shed;
And the trailing mists that melted with night,
Were filmy veils left behind in their flight.

. . . . . .

There were holden eyes saw nought but clouds,
And the fog that the morning's sun enshrouds.

Albina Marilla Letts.

A HUMBLE MIDLAND HERO.

FROM NOTES BY EMMA MAE CLARK.

IT IS with active pleasure and conscious pride that THE MIDLAND gives the public two good likenesses of Osborn Warren Deignan, the Midland boy who volunteered for the forlorn hope under Lieutenant Hobson, to sink the Merrimac at the mouth of Santiago Bay.

Illustrated journals, in giving portraits and personal details of men who have grown and are growing great, are primarily actuated by ordinary business motives. And while there is a moral compensation and gratification in publishing these high types, as examples for emulation, it is sometimes accompanied by a feeling that the subjects who gain this popular attention may be unduly magnified and heroized in the public mind.

This is clearly true of those officers of the rebellion who were so exalted in the public mind that their unknown and untried sons are vicariously promoted to high rank. Grant himself said that the men who won the victory were the men who carried the guns. It is inconsistent with the principles of civil equality, established in this nation at so dear a cost, that compensation for personal service, however conspicuous, may be bequeathed or transmitted as a legacy to sons, nephews, and other descendants. It has been decreed that there shall be established in this land no governing class. To pass down governmental appointments to sons of great men is a step in this direction which the people rightfully resent.

To foster and develop and recognize the true greatness which is constantly coming to the surface amongst the rank and file of our young men, is consistent with the best purposes of our government. From it comes the best pledge of the perpetuity of the nation. When, on the 1st day of June, Admiral Sampson asked for six soldiers to volunteer for a

service that seemed to mean certain death, it thrilled the heart of the nation to read that more than six thousand patriot sailors were ready for the sacrifice.

Osborn W. Deignan, who is now with Lieutenant Hobson's little band of hero prisoners in Morro Castle, was born at Stuart, Iowa, in February, 1877. His maternal grandparents were Scotch and Dutch, respectively, while his father's parents were French (Deignan) and Irish, illustrating the cosmopolitan character of our citizenship. John W. Deignan, the father, was conductor on the ill-fated train that was wrecked in the Grinnell, Iowa, cyclone in 1882, and was killed. Mrs. Deignan was subsequently married to Mr. Mahlon Grim, at Stuart, where they still reside. Osborn has a brother, Frank L., of Seattle, and a sister, Mrs. Magdalene D. Kandie, of Louisville, Kansas.

Young Diegnan is highly esteemed by his old teachers and friends at Stuart. He is of cheerful, happy and hopeful disposition, industrious and ambitious. He was very apt in school, being particularly interested in history, and fond of sea adventure. At fourteen years of age he started west to make his own way in the world, and within a year shipped as a seaman. He was fireman for some years, and few can appreciate the terrible life of a stoker on one of the ocean liners.

He has always been tender to his mother. When home two years ago he brought her presents from many lands. He soon entered the United States naval service, and in December, 1895, was first rifleman on the cruiser Lancaster. He wrote home from Maderia, Portugal, en route to the Cape Verde islands.

April 23, 1898, he wrote his mother he had enlisted for the Spanish war as seaman in the navy, and was ordered to join the flying squadron at Norfolk. He was assigned to the Merrimac, and wrote home how disappointed he was to be placed on a coal boat, as he wanted to be in the thickest of the battle.

The whole civilized world knows how, at 3 o'clock in the morning of June 3d, the little band of patriot heroes steamed into the maelstrom of shot and shell and sunk the Merrimac in the mouth of Santiago harbor.

GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

(A HISTORY.)

BY COL. JOHN W. EMERSON.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)
(Begun in the October, 1896, MIDLAND MONTHLY.)

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AFTER THE SURRENDER.

GRANT immediately mounted his horse, and with his staff rode into Dover and dismounted at Buckner's headquarters, where he was cordially greeted by that General, who was an old friend and classmate. On invitation Grant breakfasted with the captured General; and many of the officers on both sides being acquaintances, the fraternization was cordial and generous. General Lew Wallace had preceded Grant, and was breakfasting with Buckner. Wallace was always bright and cheerful, and did much to divest the occasion of embarrassment to the Confederate officers.

Grant's greatness as a soldier and the magnanimity of his nature were now seen. Here was a whole army of "rebels" captured entire; an *unconditional* submission to his will. Every item and thing that belonged to every "rebel" officer and soldier, and all public property, belonged to the government by capture, and was in the power of the victor. Custom had long made it a rule of war that prisoners retains only the clothing which covered them. If at times the victorious General courteously returned the sword of the opposing commander, history accounted it a noticeable mark of magnanimity.

Here was the first capture of an organized command. The blood of the country was hot. There had been crimination and execration of the "mendacious treason" of the "rebels," and whether they were to be court-martialed and shot, or tried for treason and hung, had not been settled.

But, in the face of all the passions and inflammable rhetoric abroad in the land, here was a *soldier* pure and simple, unaffected by all the excitements and passions of the hour, single-minded, brave,—and as generous, magnanimous and chivalrous as he was brave,—who without a moment's hesitation assured General Buckner that he had no desire to humiliate his prisoners; that he would allow the officers of the surrendered army to retain their sidearms, and that officers and men might retain all their personal effects. All public property of the enemy must be given up.

Thus was the surrender *immediate* and *unconditional*.

In the conversation at breakfast between Grant and Buckner, the latter stated that it had been their intention in making the terrific attack on Grant's lines the day before to cut their way out and retreat, but that Grant's counter attack had foiled them. He remarked with some humor that if *he* had been in command when Grant first approached with so small a force, "You wouldn't have reached Fort Donelson so easily;" to which Grant replied, "If *you* had been in command I would have waited for reinforcements; but I knew, and so told my staff, that Pillow would not come out of his works to fight, though I believed he would fight behind his works."

Grant thoroughly understood Pillow, having known him in the Mexican War as a man of more conceit and pretention than merit, and he had no fear of him. Pillow was in command at Fort Donelson prior to the arrival of Floyd on the evening of the 13th, the second day of the siege

Grant inquired of Buckner how many troops had been surrendered. General Buckner answered that he could not tell definitely, for his men had been deserting the fort all night after it became known that a surrender would occur, and no restraint had been placed on any who chose to leave and could escape, until the capitulation was actually completed. "You will not find," he added, "less than twelve thousand, nor, I think, more than fifteen thousand."

Sixty-five guns, 17,600 small arms, and nearly 15,000 troops fell into the hands of the victor. Much material had been thrown into the river.

Grant's modest announcement of this great victory was in these words:

FORT DONELSON, February 16, 1862.
Maj.-Gen. H. W. Halleck:
We have taken Fort Donelson and from 12,000 to 15,000 prisoners, including Generals Buckner and Bushrod R. Johnson: also about 20,000 stand of arms, 48 pieces of artillery, 17 heavy guns, from 2,000 to 4,000 horses, and large quantities of commissary stores.
U. S. GRANT,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

It was not until the 17th that news of the victory reached the North and intoxicated its anxiously waiting and half despairing people with joy. They had waited long over the apparently interminable delays of the Union Generals, and they were now thrilled with excitement. Cities were illuminated, in public buildings and private residences alike. Waving flags from every house attested the general joy. National salutes echoed from city to city, and Grant's name was on every tongue, cheered and praised,—all unknown to him far out at the front.

In his official report of this great achievement, written a few hours after the surrender, Grant, in referring to that correspondence with Buckner, which did as much as his courage and marvelous fighting qualities to make him immortal—"No terms except unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works,"—briefly remarks: "This morning at a very early hour a note was received from Gen. S. B. Buckner, under a flag of truce, proposing an armistice, etc. A copy of the correspondence which ensued is herewith accompanying."

Was an announcement of a great event ever before so quietly and modestly made?

Arrangements were rapidly made to take possession of and protect the captured property, and send the prisoners north *via* Cairo.

When Buckner was ready to depart he invited Grant to go on board the boat and see his brigade. Grant went with him and the prisoners crowded around their captor, curious, but respectful. Buckner told them that General Grant had behaved with kindness and magnanimity, and bade them remember this, should the fortunes of war ever place Grant or his men in their power.

It was on this final parting in the seclusion of the cabin that it was said Grant, supposing his old friend Buckner to be without money, offered to share his purse with him.

After the surrender General Grant, on request, gave General Buckner permission to send out detachments to bury his dead, and bring in any uncared for wounded. Under this mission Confederates passed the guards to and fro freely, and the guards became so familiarized with the sight of Confederates going and coming that large numbers passed out and escaped. General Grant says: "The most of the men who went in that way no doubt thought they had had war enough, and left with the intention of remaining out of the army. Some came to me and asked permission to go, saying that they were tired of

From photo of 1864, owned by Union League Club, New York City.

GEN. U. S. GRANT.

the war and would not be caught in the ranks again, and I bade them go."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE STRENGTH OF THE TWO ARMIES.

The actual numbers engaged in the defense of Donelson has been a matter of some controversy. The writer has spent many weary days in an industrious search of the records, both National and Confederate, and the statements of officers and historians, and believes that the estimate which General Grant makes in his Memoirs is substantially correct. He says: "The largest number admitted by any writer on the Southern side is by Colonel Preston Johnston. He gives the number at 17,000. But this must be an underestimate. The commissary-general of prisoners reported having issued rations to 14,623 Fort Donelson prisoners at Cairo as they passed that point.

General Pillow reported the killed and wounded at 2,000, but many were buried and cared for by Buckner's men after Pillow was a fugitive. It is known that Floyd and Pillow escaped during the night of the 15th, taking with them not less than 3,000 men. Forrest escaped with about 1,000 and others were leaving singly and in squads all that night. It is probable that the Confederate force at Donelson on the 15th of February, 1862, was fully 21,000 in round numbers."

As this is a matter of some interest to history the reader will be willing to peruse other estimates. In Badeau's Military History he gives the figures thus:

Captured and reached Cairo	14,623
Escaped with Floyd	3,000
Escaped with Forrest	1,000
Killed and wounded	2,500
Total	21,123

And he adds, "This is a low estimate."

The Confederate War Records show the strength of the different commands engaged in the defense at Donelson to have been, on January 31, 1862, only two weeks before the battles began, as follows:

Tilghman's division		7,465
Deduct loss at Fort Henry	100	7,365
Buckner's division		12,435
Floyd's division		4,355
Clarke's brigade		5,126
Total		29,281
Deduct for sick and absent 25 per cent.		7,320
Net Confederate force		21,961

General Albert Sidney Johnston, on March 18, 1862, answering the Confederate President, reported in relation to his retreat from Bowling Green to Nashville and defense of Fort Donelson as follows:

> I determined to fight for Nashville at Donelson, and gave the best part of my army to do it, retaining only 14,000 men to cover my front, and giving 16,000 to defend Donelson.

Add to this General Tilghman's division previously at Forts Henry and

JNO. A. RAWLINS,
Brevet Major-General, U. S. A., and Chief of Grant's staff.

Donelson (shown by the Confederate returns only two weeks before to be 7,465), we have an aggregate Confederate force at Donelson of 23,465, less the loss which Tilghman sustained at Fort Henry, probably less than 1,000 killed, wounded, prisoners and stragglers. And this is from Confederate records.

Another computation stands thus:

Prisoners at Cairo	14,623
Escaped with Floyd	3,000
Escaped with Forrest	1,000
Escaped through the lines (low estimate)	1,000
Killed and wounded	2,500
Total	22,123

Grant's forces on the field, up to the close of the battle of the 15th, did not exceed 23,000 men, nearly 3,000 of whom were engaged guarding the rear and the road to the landing. After all fighting of the forenoon ended, and during the afternoon and night, he was reinforced up to 27,000; and within one or two days after the surrender his forces increased to 35,000. But the actual siege and conquest were effected with an army of 23,000,— and the first two days of the siege with only 15,000.

The day following the surrender General Grant issued the following brief and modest address of thanks and congratulations to his army:

> HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF WEST TENNESSEE,
> FORT DONELSON, February 17, 1862.
>
> GENERAL ORDERS No. 2.
>
> The General commanding takes great pleasure in congratulating the troops of his command for the triumph over rebellion gained by their valor on the 13th, 14th and 15th instant.
>
> For four successive nights without shelter during the most inclement weather known in this latitude, they faced an enemy in large force, in a position chosen by himself. Though strongly fortified by nature, all the additional safeguards suggested by science were added. Without a murmur this was borne, prepared at all times to receive an attack, and with continuous skirmishing by day, resulting ultimately in forcing the enemy to surrender without conditions.
>
> The victory achieved is not only great in the effect it will have in breaking down rebellion, but has secured the greatest number of prisoners of war ever taken in any battle on this continent.
>
> Fort Donelson will hereafter be marked in capitals on the map of our united country, and the men who fought the battle will live in the memory of a grateful people.
>
> U. S. GRANT,
> Brigadier-General Commanding.

As soon as the news reached Cairo by boat, General Cullum, Halleck's chief of staff stationed there, telegraphed to Washington:

> *The Union flag floats over Fort Donelson.* The Fort surrendered Sunday morning. General Buckner and about 15,000 prisoners, and a large amount of material of war, are the trophies of the victory. Loss heavy on both sides.
>
> Floyd, the thief, stole away during the night previous with about 5,000 men and is denounced by the rebels as a traitor. . .
>
> We are now firing a national salute from Fort Cairo, General Grant's late post, in honor of the glorious achievement.

On February 17th, Halleck telegraphed from St. Louis to McClellan:

Make Buell, Grant and Pope Major-Generals of Volunteers, and *give me command in the West.* I ask this in return for Forts Henry and Donelson.

General Halleck published orders in St. Louis saying:

The Major-General commanding the department congratulates Flag-officer Foote, Brigadier-General Grant, and the brave officers and men under their commands, on the recent brilliant victories on the Tennessee and Cumberland.

But no copy of the order was ever sent to Grant. Badeau and other historians aver that "Halleck wrote no congratulations to the victor." But the writer has discovered in the war records, an order by Halleck, containing the extract last quoted. No other approving or encouraging word was given to Grant by the eccentric Halleck.

On the 20th, General Cullum, at Cairo, through whom nearly all Grant's reports and messages were sent to Halleck, wrote thus warmly:

I have received with the highest gratification your reports and letters from Fort Donelson, so gallantly captured under your brilliant leadership. I, in common with the whole country, warmly congratulate you upon this remarkable achievement. . . . The prisioners by the thousands have arrived here and will be sent off to-morrow to their respective destinations.

Mr. Stanton, lately become Secretary of War, wrote on the 20th for print:

We may well rejoice at the recent victories. . . What, under the blessing of Providence, I conceive to be the true organization of victory and military combination to end this war, was declared in a few words by General Grant's message to General Buckner, "I propose to move immediately upon your works."

From this moment to the end of the war Stanton continued the unfaltering friend of Grant.

Halleck, however, was industrious in attempts to give the honor of the victory to some one else. He telegraphed to McClellan, saying:

Brig.-Gen. Charles F. Smith, by his coolness and bravery at Fort Donelson when the battle was against us, turned the tide and carried the enemy's outworks. Make him a Major-General. You can't get a better one. *Honor him for this victory,* and the whole country will applaud.

Then he sent to General Hunter, at *Leavenworth, Kansas,* a message saying:

To you more than to any other man out of this department are we indebted for our success at Donelson.

What had General Hunter done, it may be asked, to draw from Halleck this praise? Simply to send two or three of his idle regiments! That, and no more.

Halleck himself had no other share in the great campaign than to get thoroughly frightened after Grant had plunged into the fighting, out of his sight and hearing. Then, indeed, there was no delay in sending forward material and reinforcements with a speed which did him credit. But the whole design and management of the campaign in all its details belonged to Grant, as chief, assisted in its execution by the brave officers and men under him.

General Grant immediately recommended General Smith for promotion, and he was appointed Major-General.

But the President and Secretary of War were not to be deceived. They knew that Grant was the organizer of the victory. The Secretary recommended Grant for Major-General, the President nominated him the same day, and the Senate at once confirmed the nomination, *without reference,* and the act was universally applauded.

The gratitude felt towards Grant was commensurate with his success. He rose at once into national fame.

CHAPTER XXXV.

GRANT'S STRATEGY AT DONELSON.

It does not require genius to be a strategist *on paper,* in the quiet of an office, with time to think and plan. But to create and apply brilliant strategy in the field, on the instant, is the office of genius.

The boldness of Grant's approach and investment with so small a force, allowing the enemy no time to escape; not waiting for reinforcements, the careful adjustment of his lines, all reveal the master mind. Then, at that supreme moment, when the enemy had thrown an overwhelming force against and partly crushed his right wing under McClernand, instead of ordering

Smith over from his left to support McClernand, as most generals would have done, he ordered Wallace to join the repulsed division and *regain* the lost ground; and with a flash of genius he saw the supreme opportunity, spurred his horse to Smith and ordered him to make the culminating assault with his *whole* division, and thus with one triumphant stroke ended the struggle.

It may be premature at this time to make the remark, but I venture to make it here, nevertheless, that in all Grant's campaigns he never made a strategetical or tactical mistake under any stress, under any haste, on the field of battle.

At the close of this brilliant and triumphant campaign, the reader is invited to reflect that General Grant began his march on Donelson on February 11, over a wild country, so rough, so full of ravines, water and interminable mud, as to be considered by the enemy practically impassable to a large army; that he boldly approached and promptly attacked one of the most formidable fortresses on the continent, defended at first by a force greater than his own, his army bivouacing for five days and nights in mud, water, snow and ice, fighting desperate battles the while; finally capturing the works and the entire opposing army with all its arms and material of war; breaking and annihilating for all time the great strategic line of the Confederacy, and with means and resources so apparently inadequate, mark this Donelson campaign as one of the greatest achievements in military history.

FIELD OF THE DONELSON CAMPAIGN.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

INCIDENTS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

There were too many interesting personal incidents connected with this campaign, to all have a place in a brief history, but one or two concerning a brave naval officer, who was a youthful playmate of Grant, and a schoolmate at the Academy at Maysville, Kentucky, 1836-7, may be related.

Capt. John V. Johnston* assisted Foote to equip the "Western Flotilla" in 1861, and was executive officer on Foote's flagship in the attack on Donelson. He was in about all the battles in which the fleet was engaged throughout the war, and Grant's special friend

When everything above deck was shot away at Donelson, he tied the flag to his arm and remained on the spar deck signaling until the close of the fight.

Next day when Grant send word to Foote to move the fleet up and open fire on the fort, the latter being disabled, Johnston was in command of the ship; temporary steering apparatus having been improvised in the meantime, his ship and others promptly went into

*Portrait of Captain Johnston appeared in the June MIDLAND.

GEN. ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSON,
Who opposed Grant at Shiloh, where he was killed.

MASTER JAMES VINCENT JOHNSTON,
Aged 6½ years. The youngest soldier of the rebellion.

action while Grant was making his grand assault on the enemy's lines, and that night anchored his ship below the batteries.

Early next morning the river was covered with floating articles of every imaginable kind, thrown in by the Confederates to prevent them falling into Federal possession. Many of the floating articles were taken on board the fleet. Johnston's men fished out and hoisted on board a barrel of Kentucky whisky which had just arrived for Captain Thomas, and had been tumbled into the river from one of the lower batteries. When Johnston saw the white flags on the works he steamed up near the batteries, and some one signalled from the shore. He sent a boat and brought out Captain Thomas, who proved to be the *late* owner of the whisky. He said he supposed it was in order to surrender to some one. Johnston said to him: "I have got your whisky, but *you* had better surrender to the land forces." The Confederate Captain looked at Captain Johnston, and, smiling, said: "I am a Kentuckian, and if the Captain has my whisky, I prefer to surrender to *him*." Captain Johnston felt the force of the argument, and hoisted the Confederate Captain on board, a prisoner.

In the naval battle at Memphis, Captain Johnston captured his own brother, who was an officer in the captured Confederate navy.

Another interesting incident connected with Captain Johnston's career in the navy I am tempted to relate, though possibly open to objection by *demurrer* for irrelevancy, being outside the limits of my story. But it is good enough to be tolerated by *grace*.

The fleet had done its work so effectually on the Mississippi that in 1864

there was little left for the gunboats to do but patrol, and while the officers were not permitted to be absent, their wives were allowed to visit them on their boats. Captain Johnston was in command of the "Forest Rose," gunboat, at Waterproof, Louisiana, and his wife came with their youngest boy of 6½ years. In a few days a force of 5,000 Confederates came from Western Louisiana, with two batteries of heavy field artillery, and attempted to cross to reinforce Joseph E. Johnston, who was confronting General Sherman in Georgia. For three days, February 13th, 14th and 15th, the "Forest Rose" bravely resisted all their attacks and efforts to cross. The vessel was riddled with shot, but Johnston was not to be frightened nor driven so long as his ship would float or he had men left to serve his guns. He attempted to tie the boy by his wife's side, but the little fellow succeeded in loosening himself several times and ran off among the gunners, where he seemed to be in his greatest delight during the excitement of battle. During the second day's fight the Captain, who had not long before tied his boy, while hastening along to give some orders, suddenly met the little fellow carrying a pouch of powder for one of the big guns,—black and begrimed with smoke and powder! The Captain, surprised to see his boy loose and thus engaged, asked him where he got his load. The child answered: "Why, Tommy [a colored powder-boy] had his head shotted off over there, an' I'm a-carryin' his powder;" and he hastened to the guns with his load.

The Captain concluded to let the irrepressible little warrior have his way; and during the remainder of that day, and the next, little "Jimmie Johnston," or "Admiral Johnston," as the sailors called him, did regular duty as powder-boy. Of course "Jimmie" was the hero of the battle, and the admiration of the sailors, who made the sailor-suit in which his picture was taken soon after.

In sending the picture of Master "Jimmie" to the author, Capt. W. R. Hodges, Commander of the Missouri Commandery of the Loyal Legion of the United States, says:

> I send herewith a photograph of Master James Vincent Johnston, taken soon after the fight at Waterproof, La., February, 1864, at which time the youngster acted as "powder monkey" on the "Forest Rose" taking the place of one who had been killed during the action. He was at the time 6½ years of age, having been, I believe, the youngest person discharging regular duties in battle during the war.

Captain Johnston is yet a "hale and hardy sailor boy," in charge of the elegant headquarters of the Missouri Commandery, Loyal Legion, St. Louis.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE CONFEDERATES ON THE FALL OF DONELSON.

That so great a disaster should produce a profound sensation throughout the Confederacy was but natural. The loss of between two and three thousand in killed and wounded itself filled the land with mourning. Added to this, a whole army defeated and carried off captive to an unknown fate, intensified the lamentations. To the misery, despondency and sorrow, came the shock to pride and sectional patriotism, followed by the sense of insecurity and alarm at invasion by "Lincoln hirelings," whom the people had been taught to expect would plunder and destroy the country. Their confidence in their invincibility had been so great that the awful defeat came as a surprise and an appalling calamity.

Next day (17th) after the surrender, General Polk telegraphed from Columbus to the Confederate Secretary of War, saying:

> General Johnston is reported to have abandoned Nashville and to be retreating to Chattanooga.

General Mackall, Johnston's chief of staff, telegraphed to General Crittenden, 17th:

> General Johnston directs you to move your command to Murfreesborough instead of Nashville, without delay. Fort Donelson has fallen and General Floyd's army is captured.

General Buckner, in his report, said:

It was the purpose of General Floyd to effect the retreat of the army over the ground which had been won in the morning, and the troops were moved from their works with that in view, but before any movement was organized a reconnoissance showed that the ground was occupied by the enemy in great strength. . . . General Floyd then determined to retreat across the river with such force as could escape . . . He left with some regiments of Virginia troops about daylight and was accompanied by Brigadier-General Pillow. . . .

I was thus left in command of the remnants of the army, the retreat of which had been discovered to be impracticable. My men were in a state of complete exhaustion The army was to a great extent demoralized. . . . I received from General Grant his reply to my proposal to negotiate for terms of surrender. To have refused his terms, would, in the condition of the army at that time, have led to the massacre of my troops without any advantage resulting from the sacrifice.

I, therefore, felt it my duty to accept the ungenerous terms proposed by the Federal Commander, who overcame us solely by overwhelming numbers. . . . This army is accordingly prisoners of war.

S. B. BUCKNER,
Brigadier-General, C. S. A.

General Johnston hurriedly withdrew all his forces from Kentucky, and the next day after the surrender of Donelson, he evacuated Nashville, and retired southward to Murfreesborough, leaving only a rear guard to ship such of the immense stores of Confederate war material as they could move before the expected arrival of the victorious Federal army.

Unfortunately, as will be seen, Halleck prevented Grant from immediately moving on Nashville, as he desired, and in consequence the Confederates were left undisturbed at Nashville, by either Buell or Halleck for *eight days* after the main army had retired.

NASHVILLE, February 18, 1862.
President Davis:
General Johnston left to-day for Murfreesborough. The army is in retreat for that place. . . . Moving our stores from this place.
W. J. HARDEE,
Major-General.

JACKSON, Tenn., February 18, 1862.
Gen. S. Cooper, Richmond:
Columbus, with present defensive resources, must meet the fate of Fort Donelson, with the loss of the entire army, as all ways of retreat can be cut off by the enemy. Should therefore now decide whether or not to evacuate the place.
G. T. B. (Beauregard.)

RICHMOND, Va., February 19, 1862.
Gen. G. T. Beauregard:
Your dispatch to General Cooper received. Evacuation of Columbus decided on. Look to safety of artillery and munitions. . . .
J. P. BENJAMIN,
Secretary of War.

When Johnston retreated from Nashville, General Floyd was left in command.

NASHVILLE, February 19, 1862.
General Johnston:
The enemy landed at Clarksville from three gunboats at half past four o'clock to-day.
JOHN B. FLOYD,
Brigadier-General.

WAR DEPARTMENT, C. S. A.,
RICHMOND, Va., February 20, 1862.
Maj.-Gen. Leonidas Polk, Columbus, Ky.:
. . . The correspondence which has been communicated to you by General Beauregard will no doubt have caused you to commence the movement for the evacuation of Columbus, and I have only to request that you will as promptly as possible use every endeavor to save the cannon and munitions of war, which we cannot replace and cannot afford to lose. . . .
J. P. BENJAMIN,
Secretary of War.

NASHVILLE, February 20, 1862.
General Johnston:
Federal gunboats landed at Clarksville yesterday at 3 o'clock. The bridges here were destroyed this morning. I am still attempting to get trains off, but the difficulties are immense. The troops will all leave here to-day.
JOHN B. FLOYD,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

As soon as the official reports of the fall of Donelson reached the Confederate government at Richmond, President Davis wrote Benjamin, Secretary of War, saying:

The reports of Brigadier-Generals Floyd and Pillow of the defense and fall of Fort Donelson are unsatisfactory. I can but hope that explanations may be made which will change the aspect given to the affair by their statements.

In the meantime you will order General A. S. Johnston to relieve both these officers from command. . . . Copies of the reports will be furnished me for transmission to Congress.
JEFFERSON DAVIS.

President Davis and General Johnston were warm friends. The latter was regarded as the ablest General of the Confederacy. Besides the warm personal friendship between the two men, President Davis had the utmost confidence in General Johnston's ability. In the midst of the censure growing out of the great disaster, one is obliged to feel a sense of admiration, not untinged with a shade of sorrow, for these two men (so mistaken, yet so earnest in a cause dear to their hearts),

as they express their sorrow and sympathy with each other. The kindliness of heart exhibited by Mr. Davis to his friend in his hour of misfortune does him credit.

President Davis wrote General Johnston an unofficial and personal letter, in which he said, in part:

> MY DEAR GENERAL—The departure of Captain Wickliffe offers an opportunity of which I avail myself to write you an unofficial letter
>
> We have suffered great anxiety because of recent events in Kentucky and Tennessee, and I have been not a little disturbed by the repetition of reflections upon yourself. I expected you to have made a full report of events precedent and consequent to the fall of Fort Donelson. In the meantime I made for you such defense as friendship prompted and many years' acquaintance justified, but I needed facts to rebut the wholesale assertions made against you to cover others and to condemn my administration.
>
> . . . You have been held responsible for the fall of Donelson, and the capture of Nashville. 'Tis charged that no effort was made to save the stores at Nashville, and that the panic of the people was caused by the army. Such representations, with the sad forebodings naturally belonging to them, have been painful to me and injurious to us both; but, worse than this, they have undermined public confidence, and injured our cause. . . . With the confidence and regard of many years, I am,
>
> Very truly, your friend,
>
> JEFFERSON DAVIS.

General Johnston replied to this a few days later, in a long letter pervaded by a tone of sadness, but instinct with the spirit of reciprocal friendship. Only a few sentences can be copied:

> I received your private letter by Captain Wickliffe. The necessity of getting my command across the Tennessee prevented my sending you an earlier reply.
>
> I anticipated all that you tell as to the censures which the fall of Fort Donelson drew upon me, and the attacks to which you might be subjected; but it was impossible for me to write and . . . to extricate my army and save the large accumulation of stores and provisions after the disheartening disaster.
>
> . . . I had made every disposition for the defense of the Fort my means allowed, and the troops were among the best of my forces. . . . I waited the event opposite Nashville. The result of the conflict each day was favorable. At midnight on the 15th I received the news of a glorious victory; at dawn, of a defeat. Nashville was incapable of defense. A rear guard was left, under General Floyd, to secure the stores and provisions, but did not completely effect the object. The people were terrified, and some of the troops were disheartened. The discouragement was spreading, and I ordered the command to Murfreesborough. . . . . This being accomplished, though with serious loss, I marched south and crossed the Tennessee at Decatur, so as to coöperate with General Beauregard and General Bragg for the defense of the Mississippi Valley, and my army will then be *nearly 50,000 strong.*
>
> The blow [at Donelson] was most disastrous, and almost without remedy. I therefore remained silent. This silence you were kind enough to attribute to my generosity. I will not lay claim to that motive to excuse my course. I observed silence because it seemed to me criticism were more likely to augment than to cure the evil. . . .
>
> A. S. JOHNSTON.

Which may be interpreted to mean that if the fact were made known that Grant had captured the great stronghold of Donelson and its army with a force but little superior to that of the defenders, it would have augmented, rather than allayed, discontent and the severity of "criticism."

On February 25th, General Johnston wrote from Murfreesborough to the Confederate Secretary of War, saying:

> The fall of Fort Donelson compelled me to withdraw the remaining forces under my command and abandon the defense of Nashville, which but for that disaster, it was my intention to protect to the utmost.
>
> I moved the main body of my command to this place on the 17th and 18th instant, and left a brigade under General Floyd with instructions to remain until the approach of the enemy, and then to rejoin me.
>
> General Floyd has arrived here. The rear guard left Nashville on the night of the 23d.

Here we have the evidence that Nashville was abandoned by all of the Conderate force except a "rear guard" as early as the 17th and 18th of February, the next day after the fall of Donelson, and even the "rear guard" was to retire "on the approach of the enemy," so tremendous was the panic resulting from that disaster.

If the author were to use his own language in describing the immediate effects of Grant's tremendous blow at Donelson he would likely be accused of too high coloring, hence the Confederate war records shall tell the story, and they tell it graphically. Here, as at Belmont, the Confederate accounts are most valuable.

On the 22d of March, 1862, General Floyd, in answer to questions propounded by the Confederate Congress, says:

> I arrived at Nashville on a steamboat, with a portion of the command rescued from Fort Donelson, at 7 o'clock on the morning of the 17th of February. Immediately on coming in view of the landing at the city, I beheld a sight which is worthy of notice. The rabble on the wharf were in possession of boats

loaded with government bacon, and were pitching it from the boats to the shore, and carrying what did not fall into the water, by hand and carts away to various places in the city. On the same day I was placed in command of the city, and immediately took steps to arrest the panic that pervaded all classes, and stopped the indiscriminate distribution of public stores by placing guards over them. Having thus secured them from the grasp of the populace, I commenced the work of saving the stores that were in the city. Day and night the work continued of transporting articles of government property from the wharves and storehouses to the railroad depots. . . .

I finally succeeded in loading the cars that were at the depot by 4 o'clock on the evening of the 20th of February. Much more could have been saved had there been more system in the transportation by rail. . . .

At 10 o'clock on the evening of the 19th, the destruction of the suspension bridge was commenced; the woodwork was burned and the cables cut At 3 o'clock on the morning of the 20th the railroad bridge was destroyed. . . . As I had no control over railroad transportation much that was valuable to the government was left and lost.

And the panic and conscience-stricken Floyd, *five days* before the Federals approached, bear in mind, adds: "At 4 o'clock P. M., on the 20th of February, I started with my staff for Murfreesborough, which point I reached on the morning of the 21st,"—so anxious was he to get farther away from the rapid moving Grant, who would have been in Nashville by that time if Halleck had not forbid.

Colonel Forrest, who had reached Nashville with his cavalry escaped from Donelson, lingered in and about the city until the Federals approached, and that intrepid and courageous cavalryman, in answering the Confederate Congressional questions sometime later, gives us a still more graphic picture of events. He says:

The stores in the quartermaster's department consisted of clothing, shoes, harness, etc., in large amounts, with much unmanufactured materials. The commissary stores were meat, flour, sugar, molasses and coffee. There was a large quantity of meat at the landing thrown into the river or carried off by citizens. The doors of the commissary depot were thrown open and the citizens in dense crowds were packing and hauling. The citizens were invited to come and help themselves. . . . The mob had taken possession of the city to the extent that every species of property was unsafe. Houses were closed, carriages and wagons were concealed to prevent the mob from taking possession of them. Houses were being seized everywhere. I had to call out my cavalry to so disperse the mob as to get to the doors of the departments to load up the stores for transportation. . . . I removed 700 large boxes of clothing, several hundred bales of Osnaburgs, also 700 to 800 wagon loads of meat. The shoes, etc., were mostly seized by the mob. I conveyed over 30 wagon loads of ammunition away after the enemy had reached the opposite side of the river (February 25th). . . .

A large quantity of meat was left in store and at the railroad depot. I cannot estimate the amount as several storehouses had not been opened up to the time of my leaving. All stores left fell into the hands of the enemy. Forty pieces of light artillery were spiked and burned, and other heavy guns on Fort Zollicoffer.

It was *eight days* from the time the quartermaster left the city before the arrival of the enemy With proper diligence all the public stores might have been transported to places of safety. . . .

The city was in a much worse condition than I can convey an idea of on paper, and the loss of public stores must be estimated by millions of dollars, while millions in value were sent off after the army had retreated.

Nothing could show so clearly as these extracts from official reports of Confederate officers the effect produced by the fall of Donelson.

But the writer has another object in presenting these extracts, namely, to show what an opportunity the Federal commanders lost in not moving promptly on Nashville after the fall of Donelson. As seen by the Confederate official statements, their army retreated from Nashville on the 17th, the next day after Donelson surrendered, and a single gunboat and a brigade could have taken possession and captured many millions of additional army supplies. It is estimated that more than $5,000,000 worth of Confederate war material and supplies were removed after the Confederate army retreated and before the arrival of the Federals on the 25th.

(To be continued.)

A POLITICAL VENTURE.

By Elsie D. Troup.

WILLIAM and I had been married two years, when he received a letter from an old friend and neighbor who was in business in Colorado offering him a position with a good salary attached and a promise of future advancement.

From the time of our marriage we had felt satisfied and happy with the modest income yielded by an honorable position in the town of L——— in Ohio, but, when a greater opportunity offered, we seriously considered it, and at length concluded to accept.

We made our preparations for the change with many heart-burnings, for the severing of old ties was hard to bear and as the last partings with childhood friends were said and the tree-clad hills disappeared, we felt somewhat less certain as to the wisdom of our choice.

But new scenes brought new thoughts, and soon our journey was at an end and the hearty grasp of Mr. Thomas' hand assured us that we had one friend in this new land.

We had heard much of the clear air and beautiful scenery of the mountains, and as we glanced over the little town lying at their feet, while from two sides a flower-sprinkled plain swept away to meet the sky, we felt a sense of joy and interest in the new life opening before us. The air of activity was in such contrast to the quiet life we had left, that it seemed we had stepped into a new world. We soon found ourselves merged in the busy whirl, for William's duties began at once and upon me devolved the arrangement of our new home.

Mr. Thomas had taken for us a house two miles from the town, and I welcomed its possibilities with delight, for I was sure no more cozy home nest could be found. The house was an unusually good one for a new country, having been the home of a wealthy Englishman who had returned to his own land.

It was built of strong mountain pine and stood where we could have a fine view of mountain and plain, and far enough from the road to afford seclusion.

In one corner of the yard stood a good stable, for the Englishman was evidently a lover of horses. We considered this fortunate as we had decided to buy a strong horse, that I might drive William to his work, and that we might, together, in leisure hours, visit the many beautiful places about us. I had no fear of being lonely, although the country was new and my only neighbor lived a mile away in a long, low ranch cabin.

I secured a strong girl to aid me in putting our house in order, and felt a just thrill of pleasure when the work was finished and I heard William's words of praise.

The dining room contained a beautifully ornamented grate, in whose wide depths the mountain pine burned gloriously, and upon its polished shelf I arranged vases of gay mountain flowers, while easy chairs, a bright carpet, soft muslin curtains, shelves for books, and a small piano, our only luxury, made the room complete.

A broad hall separated this room from the kitchen,—which was large, light and airy, and where Tillie reigned a model house-girl,—and from the hall a broad stairway with a spacious landing led to the sleeping rooms above, of which there were three. To give extra security against intruders there were double doors and strong outside shutters fastened by heavy bars.

As the autumn days came on, the charming drives and trips we took brought both health and happiness,

and when one evening William asked me to drive him to town after tea that he might attend a political meeting, and on the way informed me that our friend Mr. Thomas was a candidate for County Treasurer and had asked his aid, I little dreamed that it was the first cloud in our happy lives.

How clearly I remember that ride! I linger in memory over the delight I felt as our pony trotted gayly over the road that stretched away as smooth as a floor, while the mountains and plain were bathed in the soft moonlight. We talked of the future, of what might be the benefit to us if Mr. Thomas should be elected; we talked of the past, and the friends at home, little dreaming that over us was the shadow of a great calamity.

I returned home before the meeting, for William said he would walk back after it was over, and I spent the evening reading until eleven o'clock, when William came in flushed with victory, for it had been decided in caucus that Mr. Thomas would be chosen candidate for Treasurer. As William related the incidents of the evening I thought I never saw him so happy and full of the enjoyment of life.

As the days went on he was full of interest about the campaign and was rarely at home, for should Mr. Thomas be elected William would be his deputy, so he consoled me for the lonely hours I spent by picturing the added comforts and pleasures of the future.

November came with a clear, stinging cold, and no politician ever felt more satisfaction than I when, at dawn after election, William exclaimed, "We've won!" But much of my joy proceeded from the feeling that now I should have my husband's society again.

There was only one thing that caused me uneasiness. This new country was overrun with tramps and men seeking work and the banks in the town were not proof against burglary; so, as our home was very strongly built and quite secluded, William often brought home considerable sums of money for greater safety, feeling sure no one would suspect him of having done so. He had several good revolvers and no one ever molested us, so I had grown accustomed to having the money in the house. The sum had been steadily increasing and one night William remarked: "A hundred and fifty thousand dollars is considerable money for a poor man to have in his house."

Of late I had caught in my husband's face a new expression, one of dreaming and also a look of determination, but as he never explained his abstraction, I did not question him.

The autumn was well advanced and one day the clouds threatened storm as William and I drove rapidly home. The wind swept down from the mountain with a stinging, icy breath, and as we alighted at our door a swirl of snow came down upon us, so our cheery sitting room seem doubly delightful in contrast with the storm without.

William seemed to brighten under the cheery influence of a hot dinner and a fragrant cigar, and as he sat in the fitful firelight looking so strong and handsome, with his fine figure, his glowing black eyes and bright color, I felt a thrill of joy that he was mine. Suddenly he arose and coming over to me, said:

"Annie, I have an engagement with Mr. Thomas to-night to consult some men about certain bonds we are to take up in a few days, and, although the night is stormy, I must go back to town. I do not like to leave you, darling; but you are such a brave little woman I know you will not be afraid. You know I have the money for the bonds in the house, but, as no one but Mr. Thomas, you and I know it, there can be no danger."

I felt a wave of apprehension,—or was it a premonition of evil?—sweep over me, and I could only manage to say: "Oh, must you really go?" When there was a tap at the door and Tillie came in

to say that an old peddler sought shelter from the storm.

William went to the kitchen, but presently returned and said: "Annie, the man is old, and the night is so bad I have allowed him to remain and I think that after you see him you will feel that it is better than to send him on: and, too, I am sure you will feel more secure to have a man in the house."

My soul took greater alarm at the thought of a strange man and so much money in the house; but I tried to hide my cowardly feeling under a cheerful face. William took me in his arms and kissed me tenderly, almost too tenderly for an evening's parting, but the memory of that kiss is with me ever.

I assisted him to make ready for the cold trip to town, as he insisted upon walking, saying that he would be better off than in the buggy. I muffled him well and as I stood on the step after he went away it seemed that a real Western blizzard was beginning to rage, and when I closed and barred the door I felt a tightening around my heart, a mingling of fear and grief.

However, I went to the kitchen to look at the peddler and found a little, decrepit Jew of whom no one needed to be afraid, but I warned Tillie not to tell him we were alone and to take him upstairs to bed at once. Then we piled wood upon the fire and barred every window, and I sat down with a book to read until bedtime.

I had been reading two or three hours, perhaps, when I thought I heard a sound outside, but I listened and all was still. I closed my book and went up to my room to prepare for bed, for my husband would probably not return before midnight. I was surprised to find it was not later than ten o'clock, for the time seemed much longer with William away.

Suddenly I heard a sound that made my heart stand still. It was a steady creak as though made by a saw or some tool, and as it seemed directly below me I crept out into the hall and strained my ears to listen. Again I heard it distinctly. It seemed to come from the sitting room window, the shutters of which were fastened by a heavy wooden bar. I went back to my room and stood well nigh paralyzed by fear; but I determined to know what it was, so I went to my window, softly unlocked and pushed open the shutter so I could see down to the window below.

My worst fears were realized, for, by the fitful light of a lantern resting on the snow, I saw the outline of three figures.

I closed my window and my mind seemed to shake off its terror, as I tried to determine what to do. Then the thought darted through me that the old peddler was an accomplice. I went to his room and found him sleeping peacefully, so I felt relieved from the fear of an enemy within. I aroused him and said, "For the love of God, help me! There are burglars at my window!"

He was awake in an instant and said with great fervor, "Depend upon me, Madam," so I aroused Tillie and we three stood together on the landing, the peddler holding a revolver in his hand.

If William were only here to protect the money entrusted to his care! As I listened a new terror seized upon me and with this thought came the realization that he might return home any time, and if so would surely be murdered.

Presently the old peddler crept down stairs and in a loud voice demanded: "Who's there?"

There was no response, but almost instantly the shutter was thrown open and three men leaped into the room.

There was a sharp report, a flash of fire, a shriek, and the foremost man fell headlong upon the floor. The other two leaped out and vanished in the storm and darkness. The peddler stood with arm outstretched, ready to fire again, but after a moment of awful silence we knew that the prostrate figure would never more offer resistance.

I descended to the fire-lighted room

below, and in the dim light there was something about the figure stretched on the carpet that caused a feeling of horror to creep over me. I tore the mask from the face and gazed spell-bound upon the pallid features of—William, my husband.

No words can describe the scene that followed,—a scene that is burned into my brain. After all efforts to restore him had failed I was carried, crazed by anguish, from the last embrace of my dear one.

For weeks I was oblivious to all surroundings, and when I awoke to consciousness my mother's loving face bent over me. After months of tender care I was strong enough to hear the whole sad story and its terrible sequel. This is the tale they told me:

A terrific storm of snow and wind raged for two days after the fateful night, and Mr. Thomas was missing from the town. When the story of the attempted burglary was made known, great excitement prevailed and parties were organized to search for the men, one of whom, without doubt, was Mr. Thomas. It was conceded that they could not have gone far, on account of the severity of the storm, and must be concealed in some of the mountain passes. The feeling of indignation was intensified by the discovery that about forty thousand dollars was missing from the treasury, and a band of men, known in the West as vigilantes, vowed to find the treasurer and, if possible, the money.

After three days' search a party of men stumbled upon a cave in the mountains, in the farthest end of which were stretched two forms, which proved to be Mr. Thomas and an unknown man, but the stranger was dead from fatigue and exposure. Mr. Thomas was unconscious and badly frozen.

They were removed to the town and after much suffering Mr. Thomas began to recover, although his remorse and anguish were so great that he begged to die. At length he was able to make a clear statement of the whole affair and confessed that he was the instigator of the plot, and William only an accomplice.

He said that the clock at our house had been altered by my husband after his return home in the evening and was an hour slow, so they were able to be at the meeting in town at 10 o'clock, the time the attempt at burglary was committed.

They then came out to the house and did not dream of meeting with any resistance. They thought the presence of the peddler would throw suspicion upon him as an accomplice.

The money secured, the hired accomplice was to take it away and both my husband and Mr. Thomas were to appear at the office as usual next morning, and William would give an account of the burglary and plead the storm as a reason for not returning to announce it the night before. They were also to make every possible effort to trace the robbers. It seemed such a safe way to fortune, and, but for the unexpected resistance of the old peddler, would probably have succeeded. Mr. Thomas himself attempted to go back after the failure of the robbery in order to shield himself from suspicion; but, owing to his excitement and the storm, he lost his way. After wandering about until nearly morning, he knew detection was certain if he returned to town then, so he determined to escape with his accomplice, but the terrible storm and cold had overcome them.

The forty thousand dollars he said he knew nothing about and that my husband must have appropriated it; but there were murmurs of skepticism on that point, and there were strong threats of vengeance, as the more lawless element realized that the money they had almost starved themselves to pay in taxes, was gone, and men who lived in lonely ranch cabins with hardly the necessaries of life and none of its comforts, met in groups on the

prairies and vowed to recover the money or have vengeance.

Mr. Thomas was held for embezzlement and attempted burglary, and released on bail to await his trial. He had gone with his family for a visit to friends in the country and was returning to his home, when from among the sand hills rode wild looking armed men, closely masked, who surrounded and seized the carriage and with revolvers leveled compelled the doomed man to dismount; one of their number then took his place in the vehicle and drove the woman and children two miles toward the town, when he left them, telling them not to turn back on peril of their lives.

What was Mr. Thomas' fate was not known for weeks, although every effort was made to find him, and if still alive to rescue him; but one day the swift flowing river gave up its victim.

Among the dead man's papers were found certificates indicating that the forty thousand dollars of county money had been invested in a mining scheme which had collapsed. It was surmised that he knew detection and disgrace must come sooner or later, and driven by this thought, he determined to take what remained and escape before the loss would be discovered, and he had induced my William to join him in the undertaking.

I know my dear husband was never deliberately wicked, he was only overpowered by a stronger will, and I can only pity the weakness which was the sole flaw in a truly good and noble character. I know his love for me never wavered, and the thought that he could give me greater luxuries was doubtless the chief incentive which prompted him to attempt so dreadful a deed; but I wait resignedly the opening of all mysteries that I may fully understand that which the Divine One only knows.

THE PYRAMIDS.

O'ER leagues of land and wastes of ocean waves
Uprise the giant tombs of Egypt's kings,
Who set the stone that holds these mummied things,
With captives' hearts, and shriveled souls of slaves.

Uprising from the prairies' fertile plain —
Like piled-up promises of future good—
Out-trammeled labor's answered prayer for food,
Behold our pyramids of golden grain.

We build the state with manhood strong and true;
We know our hands, our hearts, our homes, are free.
We bless our fathers' God for liberty,
And build each year our pyramids anew.

Juliet Older Carlton.

MAJOR-GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE.

LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF FITZHUGH LEE.

BY ELLA LETTS MCCRARY.

FITZHUGH LEE, the eldest son of Sidney Smith Lee and Anna Maria Mason, his wife, was born at Clermont, Fairfax county, Virginia, November 19th, 1835. Of his boyhood, little has been said, except that he was a bright, manly fellow, full of fun, who cared more for the play ground than for his books. At sixteen years of age he entered West Point, and graduated in 1856, at the head of his class in horsemanship. He was appointed Second Lieutenant of the famous Second Cavalry that furnished so many officers during the war. His first duty was drilling and disciplining raw recruits at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania, where he gave evidence of ability in organizing troops. It was probably this ability that led, a few years later, to his being appointed an instructor of cavalry at West Point. Lieutenant Lee, after leaving Carlisle,

served on the frontier, against the Indians. Texas was the scene of most of his exploits. Twice did he have a single-handed combat with an Indian, and the first time was dangerously wounded by an arrow. His pistol shot killed the Indian, and it was thought he, too, was killed, and his comrades crowded around him with words of sympathy and offers of assistance. He dictated a letter to his parents which was necessarily brief, as his life blood was fast ebbing away, in which he said he was dying a soldier's death, the one he preferred above all others. He had a hard struggle for his life, and it was many months before he entirely recovered. In the second encounter, he and a big, burly Indian were locked in deadly combat. The Indian was about to get the best of Lee, whose pistol had been knocked from his grasp, in the scuffle, when he remembered a trick in wrestling, he had learned in his boyhood, and easily threw the Indian. As they both fell, Lee picked up his pistol and instantly dispatched the red man on a trip to the "happy hunting grounds." Lieutenant Lee was complimented in orders, by his Department Commander, and by the Commanding General of the army, General Scott, but no one ever heard him boast of his own achievements on the frontier.

The outbreak of the Civil War found Lee instructor of cavalry tactics at West Point. Every honorable effort was made to keep him there; but he would listen to none of these, and offered himself for service to his native State, along with his gallant father, noble uncle, Robert E. Lee, and chivalric brothers and cousins. He first served as Adjutant-General, on the staff of General Ewell, but was rapidly promoted, until, in 1865, he was given command of the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia, with rank of Major-General. To give a full account of all the battles in which he took part, of the raids and scouting parties he led, would be to write a history of the Army of Northern Virginia, so closely was he identified with them all. In all hazardous positions did he acquit himself with credit, and his active disposition and brilliant courage, gave him a high reputation in the army. Gen. Robert E. Lee repeatedly mentions his name in his reports, and in 1863, after the battle of Chancellorsville, wrote him the following congratulations: "Your admirable conduct, devotion to the cause of your country, and devotion to duty, fill me with pleasure. I hope you will soon see her efforts for independence crowned with success, and live long to enjoy the affection and gratitude of your country."

One of the most brilliant passages of Lee's military career, was in the vital campaign of '64, when at Yellow Tavern, six miles from Richmond, he, with his seven regiments, from 10 o'clock in the morning until 6 in the evening, contested ground with Sheridan's whole corps, and so assured the safety of Richmond.

Another was at Winchester on September 19th of the same year, when he rode at the head of his troops in the thick of the fight, until three horses had been shot under him. He then received a severe wound and was carried from the battle-field, not to return to active service for many months.

His movements during those last crucial days were all brilliant, and, although he fought on the losing side, he made a record that has ever been spoken of with honor, in both the North and South.

When the war was over, his fortunes gone and hopes blighted, he, with characteristic energy, went back to his desolated farm in Stafford county, to make a living. It was a big undertaking at that time, but there, too, he was successful.

Since the war, General Lee has sought for the things that make for peace, and his patriotic utterances have done much to eliminate the old bitter feeling between the two sections.

In 1874 he made a speech at Bunker Hill that attracted wide attention, and received flattering notices from the press all over the country for its patriotic sentiment.

On one occasion he was attending the commencement exercises of the University of Virginia, where many of his old soldiers were students. He was uproariously besought for a speech, and replied briefly in his usual, happy manner: "I thank you, comrades and friends, for your flattering call and cordial greeting. I would love to speak to you; but, there is in the state of Virginia, a little village called Appomattox Court House, and there, on the 9th day of April, 1865, I suddenly discovered I had nothing to say."

In the winter of 1882–83, General Lee lectured for the benefit of the Southern Historical Society, all through the south, and everywhere received a splendid ovation.

At the Washington Centennial celebration in New York, in 1886, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, at the head of the Virginia troops, received an ovation second to none in the parade. The same enthusiasm has been manifested on his appearance in different inaugural processions in Washington; but he always says it is not personal to him, but merely an expression of joy that the South is once more accorded a place in the gatherings of our common country.

In 1885 he was made governor of Virginia by the Democrats. His popularity, as well as the burial of the issues between the North and South, were proven at the time of his nomination, when congratulatory telegrams poured in upon him from prominent people of both sections. During his four years in that capacity he discharged his duties with entire satisfaction to the people of Virginia, regardless of race or political views.

A few years after leaving the gubernatorial chair, he figured for some time at the head of a large real estate syndicate, interested in Virginia lands. Later he was appointed collector of internal revenue at Lynchburg and resigned that position when President Cleveland appointed him Consul-General to Cuba, in place of Ramon O. Williams, resigned. Mr. Williams had been there twenty-two years, had grown rich and was finding the duties of the office burdensome. The state department was not satisfied with the reports from the island, which were vague and incomplete. Congress was trying to draw resolutions for the relief of the Cubans, but nothing effective was being accomplished because of lack of reliable information as to the exact state of the rebellion. It was thought best at one time to send a commissioner there who could report on the military situation and be the confidential adviser of the President. But the idea of having some one "prying into her affairs," as she termed it, was not agreeable to Spain, so that plan was amended. Consul-General Williams, resigning at that time, gave the President the opportunity of combining the two offices, and appointing a man conversant with military affairs who could also fill the consular office. Fitzhugh Lee was a warm personal friend of President Cleveland, who had offered him the position of Minister to Norway and Sweden. But this, Lee had declined, not caring to take up his residence abroad. In the present crisis, he seemed to be just the man needed. Having the instincts of a military officer thoroughly implanted by years of service, he would be able, in a brief while, to determine the extent of the insurrection and the chance of Cuban success.

General Lee was at first disposed to decline the Cuban consulate, but the President and some of his advisers urged the matter so strongly, he finally accepted. The Virginia delegation in Congress was not consulted in the matter, and when the nomination was sent to the Senate, April 13, 1896, it came as a great surprise. There were no

dissenting voices, however, and he was promptly confirmed. The approval was wide-spread, and the Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Albany and Pittsburg papers, as well as those through Virginia and the South, expressed their satisfaction in glowing tributes.

It was the 1st of June before Lee departed to take charge of his new duties. He was courteously received in Havana by the officials, but he was not long in discovering that a state of war existed in Cuba. A war of extermination, in which thousands of men, women and children were being starved, driven from their homes and the homes destroyed: Prisoners of war were shot; political suspects imprisoned by the thousands and retained without even a hope of trial; millions of property of American citizens destroyed, and the chances of redress more visionary than "castles in Spain."

There was no uncertainty after his arrival about the information from Cuba, and the President and state department have been fully informed for the past two years. He was always popular with the Cubans and did much in an unostentatious way to relieve their sufferings. Many a pitiful case received his personal attention, and, if possible, material aid.

The first of this year, as our relations with Spain grew more strained, the intelligent judgment of Consul-General Lee was relied upon by this government to determine whether the presence of war vessels was required in Cuban ports. The Maine was sent to Havana harbor, and upon her arrival, General Lee gave a banquet at the Havana yacht club house to her officers. He offered the toast. "Captain Sigsbee and the splendid officers of the Maine." Sigsbee gracefully responded and proposed, "The United States and Consul-General Fitzhugh Lee, its representative in Cuba."

Conditions were then quiet and apparently peaceful with the exception of some Spanish mutterings at the time of the De Lome affair, until the whole world was shocked and horrified by the blowing up of our battleship Maine, on February 15th. That was an extreme measure wholly unexpected; and during the weeks of excitement that followed, General Lee gave efficient service to his country in the aid he rendered the Board of Inquiry, and the detective measures he employed. He is not a nervous man. He has been under fire too often for that; but to be told by a Cuban friend of a conversation overheard, in which it was said the American representative would be killed on February 25th, was not exactly a pleasant bit of news. Anything might now be expected, but, happily, nothing came of it.

Early in March the Spanish officials began to complain of the acts of Consul-General Lee, the principal cause of offense being that he had reported to the State Department the failure of autonomy. The autonomist leaders were incensed, and General Woodford was requested by the Spanish government to notify this government that it would be agreeable to Spain if Lee were withdrawn. Woodford communicated with President McKinley, who immediately cabled back that he would not, for an instant, consider Lee's recall. When Lee was questioned about his recall, he said: "I shall continue to do my duty, which is to guard American interests in Cuba," and bravely he did it to the last hour he was on the island. Upon the call of his government he returned to the United States, leaving Havana on the evening of April 9th. He had been ordered on the 5th to leave at the earliest possible moment, but could not get all the Americans out on that date, and would not leave without them. The President's message to Congress recommending preparations for war was delayed nearly a week on that account.

He was the last American to leave Havana under the protection of the American flag; and when he hauled

down the stars and stripes that had floated so long over the American consulate in Havana, all diplomatic relations between the United States and Spanish representatives in Cuba were at an end.

Before boarding the American steamship Fern, that had been sent to bring him home, General Lee called at the palace to bid General Blanco good-bye, but was curtly told that Blanco could not see him. As he left the palace he was jeered at by soldiers and citizens, and the wharves were crowded with people who reviled the Consul-General and the American refugees as they went aboard the ship. General Lee sent this message back to General Blanco, by the pilot who took the Fern out of the harbor: "You may tell General Blanco for me," he said, "that the Fern is the last American ship that will ever go out of Havana harbor while the Spanish flag flies over Morro."

As the Fern swept out under the shadow of Morro Castle, someone brought out a bottle of champagne and Lee offered this toast: "Here is to the officers and men of the Maine that was blown up by a Spanish mine." Mr. Akers, an English subject, responded: "May fifty guns speak for each of the Maine's dead, and may each gun mean fifty Spanish lives."

After General Lee was a safe distance from Cuban soil, a contemptible Havana paper printed a statement, that at the last moment, terror had taken possession of the American Consul, and he had made his escape!

General Lee landed on American soil at Key West on Easter morning, April 10th. It was a triumphal journey all the way from Key West to Washington. From Tampa to Charleston, from Charleston to Richmond, and on through the "Old Dominion," where he is idolized, he received plaudits such as few citizens have been honored with. When he arrived at his own city of Richmond, his reception was one of the most remarkable and enthusiastic ever witnessed. Fifteen thousand people, headed by the Governor and his staff, were at the train to greet him. Many civic organizations pushed forward to pay their respects; the Major-General's salute of thirteen guns was fired and the band struck up "Dixie" in the midst of prolonged and deafening cheers. Wreaths of beautiful flowers were presented him and he bowed his acknowledgments. "Our Fitz!" "Our own Fitz!" came from thousands of throats, and the General expressed, in a few words, his pleasure and appreciation of the warm welcome given him by his own people. "I was reared a soldier" he said, "and I believe it is time now for action and not words" There was another outburst of cheers and the General said: "You fellows seem to want war." "We do! we do! if we can follow you!" came from all sides. The pause there was not long, and as the train pulled out, the people continued to cheer, the bands to play and the flags to wave.

At Washington, the triumphal journey ended, and he entered the city like a conqueror. A committee from the capitol met him at Alexandria, and escorted him in, and when the train rolled into the station, the streets in the vicinity were packed with people, and the American and Cuban flags waved everywhere. Devoid of anything official, it was a distinguished homage that greeted his arrival. A delegation of prominent officials met him at the train, and he was driven through the shouting crowds to the State Department. There the employes poured into the corridors, and as he passed, gave him three cheers and a welcome home. He was then driven to the White House where the President received him with hearty cordiality. The United States Marine band, joined by a band from New York, headed an enthusiastic procession that marched to his hotel, and he made them a speech from the balcony. The citizens and officials wanted to give him

the grandest reception they could arrange, but he was tired out with his trip and anxious to avoid so much pomp and display, so the plan was reluctantly abandoned. Besides, his time was largely occupied with official business. During his brief stay in the city he was constantly in conference with the naval and military authorities, and was able, through his superior judgment and wide experience in Cuba, to give them much valuable information bearing on the plan of the coming campaign. General Lee has kept a sharp watch on the improvements of the fortifications of Cuba, and has advised the state department from time to time, on their progress.

The reports made by him have been submitted to the strategic board, which will defer in many important instances to his judgment. His advice was solicited by all the important committees in Congress, bearing on the situation, and when it was known he was on his way to Washington, the Senate committee on foreign relations delayed its report in order to consult him.

General Lee was the author of most of the consular reports from Cuba included in the President's late message to Congress. The information dealt largely with the horrors of the Weyler régime, but he devoted considerable time to showing the failure of autonomy. His reports for some time before his arrival had been sensational, but his disclosures afterward were more so.

Inflexible in the protection of American interests, and active in his efforts to relieve the suffering Cubans, his official intercourse with the authorities has been such as to command universal respect.

As soon as his duties would permit, he hastened to his home and family in Richmond, where he is now enjoying a well earned vacation. After the General went to Cuba the family moved from Lynchburg back to Richmond, where they now reside. The Lee home in that city is typically Southern. It is commodious and handsome and dispenses a lavish hospitality. Fitzhugh Lee was married in 1871 to Miss Fowle, of Alexandria, and they have three daughters and two sons. Mrs. Lee spent some time in Cuba with her husband, and Fitzhugh Jr. has made two or three trips there during the past two years.

The General's letters home were always full of life, and jolly, but he has said that many times during the last few weeks in Cuba he never expected to return to Virginia alive.

One day the report reached a small town about twenty miles from Richmond, that Fitzhugh Lee had been assassinated in Havana. The business houses were all closed at once, crape tied to the doors, and word telephoned to all the neighboring towns for arms and ammunition. Can any one doubt after that, hero as he is to the rest of the world, that he is the idol of the "Old Dominion?"

He said, soon after his return, that he believed it was his due to be allowed to lead the first invasion on Havana; and that he possessed information that would enable him to take the city.

He has now received another honor to which he is fully entitled, that of being appointed Major-General of volunteers, and will no doubt play a very important part in the conflict now pending. Although his career has been unusually brilliant we still expect great things of him. But no eminence will ever make him arrogant, as no misfortune ever broke his spirit.

His is the kind of character we love to contemplate. For two centuries the Lees have been illustrious in the annals of the "Old Dominion," and have written their name on the brightest pages of colonial and revolutionary history. His is a long ancestry of noble and heroic men and beautiful women. But were this not true, the name would be glorified by the life and deeds of General and Consul Fitzhugh Lee.

A MIDLAND TRAVELER ABROAD.

B. J. THOMPSON is a young man who has received his education and business training in Iowa, and now proposes to see more of the world and enlarge his mental vision by comparing this with other countries of the earth. Mr. Thompson is a native Iowan, born

in Forest City, his present home, in May, 1872, the son of Jasper Thompson, the well known banker and capitalist. At the age of fourteen the son began to work in his father's bank, but at the age of sixteen entered Iowa College, graduating in 1894 at the head of his class. He was chosen to deliver the class oration at commencement. Upon leaving college he identified himself with the Winnebago County State Bank, at Forest City, of which his father is president, and the young man now holds the position of cashier. He is also vice-president of the Citizens' State Bank of Buffalo Center, and secretary of the Chicago and Iowa Western Land Company. He organized the Forest City Library Association and is its secretary; he is a member of the board of education and has taken an active part in the educational and church interests of the county.

Mr. Thompson sailed May 7th from New York on the steamer "Fulda," for Gibraltar, visiting the Mediterranean countries first. He will then in good time travel through northern Europe, Africa, India, China, Japan, and the Hawaiian Islands, returning from his globe-encircling trip to spend some time in California and other places of interest on the Pacific coast. As he speaks German and French fluently and is a successful amateur photographer, he will make an intelligent traveler. And being fitted by education and inclination for observing and telling what he has seen, he will entertain and instruct the readers of THE MIDLAND and some other publications with accounts of his tour, which will be doubly interesting, now that attention is so generally drawn to foreign affairs. Mr. Thompson is a fine specimen of Iowa's best product.

HERSCHEL BLUCHER.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

By Wm. A. Peterson.

HE WAS born just about the beginning of the great Civil War, and was christened by his eccentric paternal ancestor, "Herschel Blucher."

When he began to toddle about—which feat he only succeeded in accomplishing long after the age at which infants usually begin to learn to walk—and began to chatter a thick-tongued jargon which no one could possibly understand,—people began to think that he was mentally unbalanced—in plain English, that he was silly; and as years passed, and he grew to boyhood, his oddities confirmed this belief.

At the close of the War of the Rebellion, when the surviving "Boys in Blue" came home again, his father—among the rest—concluded to settle upon a piece of land in the then dense forest, and there carve out for himself and family a home in Nature's virgin wilderness.

This boy passed the years of his childhood in close communion with primitive nature, and with an impediment in his speech and his odd ways was little inclined to try to converse with anyone, and seemed, with the owl-like solemnity of his countenance and manners, to be continually meditating on the wonderful secrets Nature was whispering in his ear, and developing to his quick, though dull-looking, eye.

He early developed the power of imitating the sounds made by the birds and wild animals with which the forest abounded in those pioneer days, and by the time he had attained the age of ten or twelve years it was an open question to the inhabitants of this new country whether the hooting of the owl, the cry of the panther, or the howl of the wolf or catamount, heard ringing through the forest, was really the voice of the "varmint" or that "'tarnal fool o' Clark's, howlin." Not only could he imitate the sounds made by the denizens of this wild country, where not even a road existed—only a path marked by blazed trees,—but the very actions, to a certain degree, of anything and everything he saw.

Overgrown, awkward and clumsy though he seemed to be, he was an expert in climbing, jumping and long-distance running. His supple muscles seemed like bands of tempered steel, and his physical endurance was wonderful. No tree was too large for him to climb, and he could vault over huge logs, wide creeks and deep chasms with wonderful ease; and few full-grown men cared to keep pace with him on a long-distance run.

About the time he became ten or twelve years of age he saw his first train of cars, drawn by a noisy, puffing locomotive. He had also seen a river steamer laboriously ploughing her way against the current, coughing and plunging along as though stricken with a pulmonary disease and nearing the end of her journey. Of course ever after this he must imitate one or the other whenever he had any journey to undertake. He was trusty as to executing errands, and when his father had occasion to send him to neighbors, miles away, he at once resolved himself into a railroad locomotive, or a steamboat, imitating the piston-rods and driving-wheels with his long, ungainly arms and enormous hands; the escaping of the steam, the ringing of the bell, and the blowing of the whistle, with his mouth, and away he would go, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and at a pace few could equal. Nor would he stop for man or beast until his

destination was reached, his mission executed, and he had returned home, running every step of the way at the top of his speed, be the distance long or short

During the war, and shortly after, his region was infested by a band of horse-thieves. Many valuable animals had disappeared from barns and pastures; and a peculiarity of these thefts was that none of the owners could ever get any trace of the animals or clue to the thieves. They just disappeared. Every available means had been employed by the farmers, but all to no purpose, as neither the recovery of any of the animals nor the apprehension of the thieves had been accomplished; yet the horses vanished with uncomfortable frequency, and the inhabitants, who could ill afford to lose their teams, were never sure of finding them intact in the morning when they arose to begin the labors of a new day.

An "Anti-Horse-thief Association" had been organized in the hope of protecting themselves. In the early days of frontier life a lynching bee was not at all hard to organize.

One afternoon Herschel had wandered into the woods alone, allured by the cool shade, in the hope of escaping from the hot rays of the burning sun, which poured mercilessly down into the clearing where his father was at work. He strolled aimlessly along; watching the squirrels skipping from bough to bough; the chipmunk peering with his sharp eyes from some knot-hole; the owl's wide-open eyes blinking in the red-hot glare of the sun; or the stately partridge cock sitting proudly erect upon a hollow log, and anon drumming with a sound not unlike the distant roll of thunder.

Oh, how hot it was! The perspiration streamed down his face, and becoming weary and heavy-eyed he at length plunged deeper into the forest to obtain more shade. He seated himself at the foot of a huge basswood tree, upon the green moss that carpeted the ground for several yards around the base of this giant patriarch of the forest.

He was soon resting comfortably, listening to that mysterious song which nature ever voices on a still day; the chirping of a cricket, the whiz of the locust, the drowsy, droning buzz of the bee, together with the merry whisper or the soft rustle of the leaves. Soon his eyes began to close and the lids to droop He was nearly sound asleep when he heard a grunt and a snort, and upon opening his eyes discovered a two-thirds grown cub-bear, sitting on his haunches in a raspberry patch not far away, contentedly picking and eating the berries.

Herschel was wide awake and alert in a moment. What puzzled his clouded brain was the fact that the cub had a strong leather collar around his neck, from which was suspended a short piece of steel chain about two feet in length. Now Herschel was a great lover of animal pets, of which he had quite a collection, and the idea occurred to him that he could possibly catch this young bruin and lead him home. Cautiously arising, he slowly approached the brute, calling softly:

"Coom 'ere, cubby! Coom 'ere, cubby!"

"Cubby" looked suspiciously at the boy, shook his head, uttered a grunt, evidently not well pleased at being disturbed in his feast, trotted off a few yards, and again rearing upon his haunches resumed the berry picking. Herschel followed, and when he had his hands almost upon the short chain away trotted bruin again. This was kept up until the raspberry patch was left far behind, the trees became larger and the forest more dense, with but little underbrush, the animal just keeping out of the boy's reach. But Herschal never for a moment doubted that he would finally secure him, and trotted patiently on his trail.

Some four or five miles had been covered in this manner, Herschel being so

engrossed in the thought of capturing this prize that he took no note of the distance, nor of the fact that the sun was rapidly nearing the horizon, when they came suddenly upon a deep gully or ravine, into which the cub plunged headlong, closely followed by the boy.

The wall of this gully rose almost perpendicularly upon the opposite side, to a height of twenty or thirty feet, and at the very bottom of the ravine was an opening scarcely large enough for a man to crawl into. Bruin ran directly to this opening, and dashed in, closely pursued by the boy, who never stopped to think of fear, and was now jubilant, thinking he had cornered his game at last.

At first it was so dark that he could see nothing; but, hearing the clank of the chain dangling from the neck of the fleeing animal, he crawled along on his hands and knees, and was surprised to find that instead of cornering the bear, he had entered a long, narrow passage apparently leading down into the bowels of the earth. Soon he descried a faint light ahead, and could discern the cub fleeing along the tunnel, which soon enlarged enough so that Herschel could stand erect. He found that the dim light came from a crevice in the rocks overhead. All at once the animal disappeared, and Herschel, making his way along as rapidly as possible, presently brought up standing against a solid rock wall, nearly knocking the breath out of him.

Guiding himself carefully by his hands along the smooth face of the rock, he followed the wall a few yards, and came to a short turn to the right, where a bright light and a roar of laughter brought him to a sudden standstill. He was standing a few feet above, and gazing stupidly into a large cavern, filled on one side with splendid horses, saddles, arms and accoutrements; on the other side was a row of bunks, a long, rude table, piles of provisions, and a huge fireplace, around which were standing ten or a dozen bearded, rough-looking men, one of them holding the cub by the chain, and all laughing and talking at once.

"Thar, Bill, I telled ye the pesky varmint woud come back again," said the man holding the chain.

"Right ye are, Tom, and I'm glad on't, for he's got to be quite a pet among us. I'll swar I can't understan' how he got back here in that 'tarnal way tho'—jest as if he'd dropped from the clouds," replied the man addressed as Bill.

"Looks as tho' thar was another way inter this cave as we've never found out," remarked the first speaker.

"We'd better look inter that. If there is another entrance we're not so mighty secure as we've always imagined," suggested one of the men.

"Oh, your granny! He haint been out o' the cave at all! He's jest been clambering round 'mong the rocks, tryin' ter find suthin' sweet. Curis that stupid black nigger cook didn't see nor hear 'im," replied the man whom Herschel now recognized as Bill Wilde, one of their neighbors, evidently in authority among these rough-looking men.

"Thunder, man, you know that black cuss wouldn't hear a cannon if one was fired right over his head, when he's snoozin'; an' as for seein,'—he's so all-fired near-sighted, he couldn't see that rat that dropped into the soup the other day; jest stirred him right in," said another of the men, whereat there was a shout of laughter.

"Specs Marse t'ot dat soup 'markable good, somehow; he eat a big pile o' hit 'fore he foun' dat rat," grinned the darky, whereat the laugh was turned on the white man.

"How'd ye come ter find this ere hole in the ground, Bill?" inquired the man called Tom.

"Know'd this ere cave long 'fore the wah. The red-skins used it for a hidin' place an' storehouse, an' I reckon I'm the only white man as ever saw the inside o' it an' got out with his scalp

on, until arter the Injuns was licked in '62," replied Bill.

"How'd that happen? Never heard ye spin the yarn, Bill—let's hear it," said Tom

"Yes, spin us the yarn, Bill," chimed in a number of the men.

"Wa'al there aint much o' a yarn to spin. I was out deer-huntin' one day, an' run onter old Black Hawk an' about a dozen o' his braves We was supposed to be on pretty friendly terms in them days, but he was a treacherous old cuss, an' I allers tried ter keep my eye peeled when I was in gun shot o' him.

"Wa'al, I soon noticed a little gal 'bout fifteen or sixteen years old that didn't look like a squaw, an' while they tried to keep me from noticin' it, I see she was guarded pretty close, an' I kalkerlated there wus suthin' wrong; so I made up my mind ter foller 'em, an' I did it without their knowin' anythin' 'bout it."

"'Bout dark I see 'em steerin' for the river entrance to this cave, tho' I didn't know what wus here then. Wa'al, I waited an' watched till 'long 'bout 2 o'clock in the mornin,' an' then I sneaked in an found 'em all snorin' drunk; even the sentinel was boozy too, so I jest tapped him on top o' the cranium with the butt o' my six-shooter, an' sent him to sleep sounder'n any o' 'em."

"I found the gal had been kidnapped, but had a hard job to keep her still at first, she took me fur another Injun. Couldn't blame her much, as I had on a buckskin suit an' it was quite dark in here, an' the fire was gone down. Wa'al, I got her out finally 'thout any more trouble, an' got her back to her folks. An' that's how I come to find the cave. It come in mighty handy when I took you fellers inter partnership in the hoss trade Haint anybody ever foun' us out yet, anyhow."

"That's so, Bill; but I'm feared there's another hole inter it somewheres, from the actions o' that cussed ba'ar," said Tom.

"Oh, you go bang!" said Bill, contemptuously. "That's all monkeyshine! I've knowed the cave ever since 'fore the wah, an' have hunted these woods for nigh forty year, and am too old a coon to be fooled that-a-way all these years. I tell you there's but one way to git in here, an' that's by the river openin'."

"Wa'al, I spose ye know, Bill. I'll chain this 'ere critter up with a log chain now, an' I'll bet the next good hoss I git he don't git away agin," said Tom.

During all this conversation Herschel remained perfectly still where he had stopped when the light and noise had first burst upon his astonished senses, but now the idea began slowly to work itself through his clouded brain that something was wrong, and that if he should be discovered, some harm might come to him, and that he had best get away from there. Some sort of a dim notion also came to him—more from instinct than from any power of reasoning—that these men had not become possessed of all these splendid animals honestly. This idea was strengthened by his recognizing, even in the flickering firelight, several of the fine animals that had so mysteriously disappeared from the neighborhood during a few months past.

Tom now turned to the leader and said. "What's on hand to-night Bill; anything of importance?"

"Yes, I'm goin' to pay a visit to Tom Clark to-night, and jest lead off that black stallion he's so tarnation proud on. There's no moon 'till long arter midnight, an' bein' a leetle cloudy now I reckon it'll jest be a boss night fer sich a job," replied Bill.

"You bet," said Tom. "You black nigger, stir your stumps an' gft us suthin' ter eat; can't do good work on an empty stummick, Bill."

"Correct ye are, Tom. Hurry up, Pete, 'n get up suthin' good 'fore it gits dark, so's we can rest up a bit 'fore startin'."

"All right, Marse Bill. I'se got a good fat possum on the fire, 'n it's mos' roasted. Marse Tom he like fat possum I'll be boun'," replied the old darky, grinning.

"Bet yer life I do, an' I'm hungry as a winter wolf too. Say, Bill, I reckon that 'ar piece o' horseflesh 'll bring right smart o' yellow chink when we git 'im down river," added Tom.

"Sartin, boy, he's a good 'un; an' Tom Clark's so darn proud o' him. Kinder feel sorry for that 'ar half-witted boy o' hisn—he thinks so much o' the critter—can't be helped tho'; I've set my eye on 'im an' I'm goin' to have him to-night er bust my biler," said Bill.

"How many'll go out with you, Bill?" queried Tom.

"Only you an' Jim Powers. Three on us 'll be 'nough fer that job: you two'll watch the door, an' I'll git the hoss out. I know his stall like a book—was lookin' it over t'other day."

Now, this last part of the conversation roused all the vim and energy in the half-witted boy, and sent the hot blood coursing through his veins; for if there was anything in the animal world that Herschel loved fondly and passionately, it was that magnificent thoroughbred black stallion "Bell Founder," which had been raised from a foal on his father's farm, and was now about eight years old. Brought up together, his pet seemed to understand him, and appreciate that he was not like other boys of his age, and to fully return his affection.

The very idea of having anyone else having the care of "Bell" was more than he could bear, and his heart throbbed as the great tears forced themselves from his eyes. It is doubtful if the weak-minded youth fully comprehended the intention of the rascals, or gave it a second thought, if he did have a dim, shadowy understanding of their intentions. The predominating impulse was to get home as speedily as possible, before the men could get there, and plead with his father not to let anyone take his favorite.

Backing cautiously out of the passage, he soon reached the entrance betrayed to him by the bear, and found the sun just sinking behind the treetops. Taking his bearings with the unerring instinct of a boy reared in a great forest, he found no difficulty in striking a bee line for the clearing where his father had been at work, where he arrived in the course of three-quarters of an hour, only to find that Tom had quit work for the day, and gone to the house a half-mile further on.

Excited though he was, Herschel, in imagination, resolved himself into an engine, when leaving the cliff entrance to the cave, and with driving pistons and revolving drivers, he made good time through the forest, nor slackened speed until he had arrived within a few rods of the house, when he whistled "down brakes, shut off steam" and "pulled" laboriously up alongside the house, puffing and blowing like the veritable monster machine he was impersonating.

"Ahoy, there! Herschel Blucher! Wha'ar you been all this hot arternoon, never comin' home till arter dark? How'll you ever make a star-gazer, like Herschel, or a soldier, like Blucher, if you don' get around 'fore this time o' night, to git them chickens watered an' them cows pailed? Spect you're hungry, like all boys! Wa'al, git outside o' a bushel or so o' puddin' an milk, an then git at them chores! Wha'ar you been, anyhow?"

This from good-natured Tom Clark, his paternal ancestor.

"Been tryin' to cotch a ba'ar, pop!"

"Haw, haw, haw! been cotchin' a nightmare, more likely, I reckon. Wha'ar was you asleep? Couldn't find hide nor hair o' ye when I come in from work. Wha'ar was ye snoozin, boy?"

"Hain't been asleep 't all; I tell ye I's been chasin' a little ba'ar what had a collar on an' a chain hangin' to it; most got 'im, too—only he runned right inter de ground an' I follered 'im—most t'ot we pulled de hole in arter us, but I

pulled it out agin when I comed out, when I seed de men an' hosses in dar."

"Seen men an' hosses in wha'ar? are ye dreamin' yet? aint ye waked up yet?"

"Hain't been 'sleep," persisted Herschel. "I seed Bill Wilde an' Tom Somers an' Jim Powers, an' a lot o' fellers in dar, an' Bill says 'I'm goin' down to Tom Clark's place to-night an get dat black stallion he's so durned proud on!' Say, pop, yer won't let him have Bell, will yer?" said the boy, as the great big tears again dropped from his eyes at the thought.

"What in thunder is the young'un a talkin' 'bout? Are ye sick, boy?"

"Naw, I ain't! I seed de little cub wid a chain on an' I chased him a long way inter a hole up dar in Bennett's Ravine, an' I runned right in arter him; t'ot I'd got 'im cornered; but it war awful dark in dar, an' I couldn't see 'im; but I heerd de chain, an' I crawled along 'till de hole got big 'nough so I could stan' up; an' I runned bang up agin a stone wall an' nearly knocked my nose off."

"Wa'al, what then," said Tom, now evidently interested in the boy's story.

"W'y, I jest follered de wall along a ways, an' I seed a big light, an' heerd a big laugh; an' when I could see, tha'ar wus Tom Somers a holdin' my ba'ar by de chain an' talkin' to Bill Wilde."

"Wha' else did you see there?"

"A lot 'o hosses an' saddles an' blankets, an' a nigger cookin' supper on a big fire. An say, pop, I seed Ed Hull's ole Fan mare, an' George Bennett's Billy colt, an' lots 'n slathers o' other hosses that I knowed. What are they keepin' them there for? Why don't they get 'em home?"

"What did the men say?" asked Tom, now so intensely interested that he took no notice of the boy's questions.

"W'y, first dey 'lowed de ba'ar comed in dropped from de sky; an' den dey 'lowed he'd not been outen de cave 'tall, 'cause 'dar's only one way out an' in, an dat by de ribber way. Dere is, dough, fur de cub an I went in an' I comed out de hole in de bank."

Tom Clark listened with eyes, ears and mouth open to the boy's strange story, told in his simple-minded, disconnected manner, trying at first to make up his mind whether the boy had gone entirely daft and imagined all this wonderful tale, but by judicious questioning he soon came to the conclusion that the boy was telling the truth, though his feeble imagination might have somewhat distorted the real facts.

Was the mystery of so many stolen horses about to be cleared up by a mere accident to a half-witted child? If such a cave as Herschel described really existed, and the gang of thieves were really their near neighbors, then the sudden and complete disappearance of the animals was a mystery no longer. It was worth investigating, anyhow, and if Herschel had heard and remembered rightly, the proposed night raid could perhaps be turned into a trap to capture the whole gang.

He was a man who soon made up his mind; so telling Herschel to eat his fill and then "finish doing the chores," Tom set out for the home of his two brothers, half a mile distant, Herschel shouting after him, with his mouth full of pudding and milk:

"Oh, Pop! don't you go and let 'em get my Bell Founder—will you, pop?"

"Wa'al I reckon not to-night; don't worry!" replied Tom.

"Know'd ye wouldn't! Bill 'll git fooled!" said the boy, chuckling to himself, as he proceeded to stow away the pudding and milk as only a vigorous, hungry boy can.

Arrived at his brothers', Tom told, in as few words as possible, what he had learned from the disconnected account Herschel had given of his adventures.

The more they discussed the details of the story, the more they became convinced that there was something to it, and soon formed their plans. Quietly summoning half a dozen of their near neighbors—determined men, who could

be trusted—they repaired stealthily, under cover of the darkness, to Tom's place, and secreted themselves near the barn, armed to the teeth, and patiently awaited developments.

Nothing disturbed the wonted quiet of a country farmyard until near midnight, when the low hoot of a night owl attracted their attention. Surmising, with the cunning of woodcraft, that this was a signal that their leader had found the coast clear, each man nerved himself for what should follow.

A stealthy footstep was heard approaching the barn door, and a shadowy form was outlined against the sky; then a muffled blow or two as the lock was broken, and a muttered curse as the man struck his finger in the darkness.

The door swung noiselessly open, and the form disappeared within. Two more men now stole close to the door, their profiles outlined against the sky.

Now the chirping of a cricket was heard—the preconcerted signal among Tom and his men, and six stalwart fellows, silently as ghosts, closed in around the robbers. All was still as death for a few moments—when suddenly there arose from the barn a blood-curdling yell—then was heard a furious oath, the sound of a short, sharp struggle, then a cruel blow, and all was still again for an instant. Then the man emerged from the barn door, grasping the halter of the frightened animal, which was snorting and plunging frantically.

"Quick, boys, grab him, one of you, an' git; that cursed fool boy was in there an' gave that infernal yell before I could stop him, an' if he aint raised the dead it's a mir—"

"Throw up your hands, every mother's son of you, or you'll never see daylight agin," rang out the stern voice of Tom Clark, as the bright rays of his bull's eye flashed in their faces, and the command was emphasized by the muzzles of half a dozen rifles, in close proximity to their heads.

Taken completely by surprise, the order was obeyed without hesitation, for the stern tones of Tom Clark's voice plainly indicated that there was to be no trifling, and no man cares to be shot at even at long range.

"Now, boys, three of you keep the drop on these ducks, and if either of them so much as winks an eye without my command, shoot him dead on the spot. John and Charley, help me tie them good and fast," said the intrepid Tom, and in a very short space of time the three ruffians lay upon their backs, securely bound, scarcely able to move hand or foot.

"Now, boys, I'll see arter the kid. An' I tell you, Bill Wilde, if you have hurt that simple-minded lad, you had best be saying your prayers, for I'll kill you as I would a mad dog," Tom continued, and taking his lantern made his way to the stall, where he found Herschel sitting up, rubbing the great big tears from his eyes and blubbering dismally. Tom soon found that he was not hurt, as Bill's furious blow had glanced off his forehead, stunning him for a moment, and doing no more damage than to raise a lump the size of a hen's egg.

"What in thunder were you doin' in there this time o' night, boy? Why aint you in the house abed, where you belong?"

"Wy—wy—boo—hoo—wy, I didn't want anybody to take my Bell Founder away, an' I des t'ot I'd sleep in de stall aside o' him. Dey did try to git 'im, an' when I tried to hold onto him somebody hit me, an' I seen more'n a million stars. B-b-but dey didn't git away wid 'im, did dey, Pop?" sobbed the poor fellow.

"Not this time!" replied Tom, "an' I reckon they'll retire from business now fur a while at least."

"We must look arter the rest o' this gang now. Hersch, can ye show us that hole where you an' the ba'ar went into the bluff?"

"Yessir," said Herschel confidently.

Tom then detailed one of his men to stand guard over the captured villains

with a loaded Winchester, and instructions to blow their brains out without mercy, at the first sign of any attempt to escape.

Herschel immediately "got up steam" the driving wheels began to revolve, the bell rang, the whistle tooted "off brakes," and away he went in a bee line for the newly discovered cave entrance, at a gait that led the men a pretty snug chase to keep him well in sight.

The beautiful summer moon had arisen, full and round, and in her soft silver light the men pushed rapidly but cautiously toward the rendezvous of the thieves. Herschel found no difficulty in following the course and locating the entrance so providentialy disclosed to him a few hours before. Following his lead, the men were soon at the angle of the wall, looking down into the cave, and upon the sleeping men, who had apparently been indulging in a carousal in their leader's absence, and were well loaded with liquor, lying in a drunken stupor. Even the sentinel at the main entrance had succumbed to the warmth and the influence of his potations, and was dozing peacefully, his gun lying by his side, where it had fallen as it slipped from his nerveless grasp.

A quiet investigation showed a path by which an easy and noiseless descent could be effected, and Tom and his companions were soon among the sleeping men, and had "the drop on them."

Just as they were congratulating themselves on an easy capture a fierce growl broke the stillness and caused Clark's men to start, while the sleepy sentinel started to his feet, with a yell that aroused the whole camp. The bear had discovered the presence of strangers, and had sounded a warning.

There was a short, sharp fight, but the men were taken so utterly by surprise, and at such a disadvantage, that they were soon compelled to surrender, and not many minutes had elapsed ere they were securely bound to the stolen property and marched out through the river entrance, which was found to be very cunningly concealed, and opening right at the water's edge, so that a march of many rods along the river bed was necessary to reach it; and so back to Tom Clark's place, where their leader and his men were found captive.

Many were the black looks and loud were the threats of lynching when the neighbors found in the early morning what had transpired during that eventful night. But the cooler heads prevailed, and the men were hustled off to jail, tried, and sent to the penitentiary for long terms.

Herschel was allowed to keep his Bell Founder unmolested until he died of old age, and he was also enabled to add the bear to his collection of pets, after all.

PLAIN SPEAKIN'.

A LIE'S a lie, although we say o' late
The person "will sometimes prevaricate,"
An' slander's pisen in life's every walk,
Although we say the person "likes to talk."

Clarence Hawkes.

SOME ELEMENTS IN AMERICAN POETRY.

By Caroline M. Sheldon.

A SCHOOL of prophets exists, having members on both sides of the Atlantic, whose first duty seems to be to decry American work in all departments of art. They talk of the crudity of American civilization, of our absorbing interest in the accumulation of wealth, and of our utter indifference to everything that appeals only to the æsthetic sense and has no connection with money-getting. They tell us that the better part of our literature—especially our poetry—consists of imitations of European models and that the really American part of it lacks all the qualities of true literary art, because of its constant moralizing.

Such sentiments can be forgiven when expressed by foreign critics whose knowledge of our national life and character is derived from their study of the denationalized Americans who make up the so-called "American colonies" in foreign cities, or from observations taken in hasty tours through this country. To such observers as these, only the surface characteristics become known, and these only as manifested by a small fraction of the American people, and that a fraction striving with all its might to be as un-American as possible. These critics know nothing of the life of that great middle class which is not only the bone and sinew, but also the heart and brain of all the Teutonic peoples. From native Americans, who instead of studying American life at first hand, look at it through lenses colored by the study of foreign life and literature, such expressions are inexcusable.

We are credited with an enormous amount of national conceit, and are supposed to think everything American quite the best of its kind. We are thought to hail every new native artist or author with joy, and to make much of him, because of our want of critical acumen, and for the gratification of our national pride. Doubtless these accusations are, in a measure, true. We are too ready to hail every new writer of verse with loud acclaim, and trumpet his praise in rather indiscriminate fashion. But is this entirely because of our national vanity? Is not the real reason that we carry with us everywhere the New England habit of reserve and repression? As Lowell says:

"We, each pore alert with consciousness,
Hide our best selves as we had stolen them,
And each by-stander a detective were,
Keen-eyed for every chink of undisguise."

We have an awkward consciousness of the fact that we are not revealing ourselves truly and justly, and so we long for some one who shall be the Voice to speak to all the world, our tenderest feeling, our holiest aspiration, our deepest love of truth and right.

We, as a nation, have not passed through those earlier stages of childlike unconsciousness and delight in the mere joy of living, that gave the Homeric epics to Greece, and Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, to England. Our nation was founded by men of varying race characteristics, but all alike inspired by that longing for freedom, and that love of searching into the deep realities of life, death and the hereafter that stirred the awakening moral consciousness of Sixteenth Century Europe. What wonder, then, that the literature of colonial times took shape in the argumentative prose of the Mathers and Jonathan Edwards, and the doggerel poetry of the "Bay Psalm Book"? Life was intensely serious in those times, and to the colonists, rightness of thought was far more important than beauty of expression.

There came a time when our literature was provincial in character, when Bryant's poetry showed marked traces

of Wordsworth's influence, and Irving's prose smacked strongly of Addison and Steele.

With the stormy times of the anti-slavery agitation, a new spirit came into our literature, and while Longfellow was giving us Indian legends in a setting of beautiful verse, and translating into musical English the choicest gems of the older literature, and Holmes was instructing and entertaining the reading public with the wise and witty philosophy of the "Autocrat," two poets were developed whom coming times will recognize as the truest that our country has yet produced, Lowell and Whittier.

A poet is but a voice—if he be a great poet, *the* voice,—of that which is deepest and truest in his age and nation. No man who spends his life in weaving smooth sonnets or musical lyrics on indifferent themes, when his country's heart is stirred to its depths over some question affecting its welfare—perhaps its very existence,—is worthy of the name of poet; but he who, his soul on fire with the questions that agitate his time, utters words of warning, rebuke, or encouragement, he it is who wins the love of the elect spirits of his own generation, and the reverence of all succeeding time.

We are wont to hear Whittier spoken of as an anti slavery agitator, a sort of latter-day prophet in verse, and it is sometimes hinted, not very good verse. But, acknowledging all his defects of rhyme and rhythm, had he not after all, the true poetic spirit? It is needless to speak of the beauty and fidelity of the pictures of New England farm-life in "Snow Bound"; but what of the lyric fire and music in "A Hero" and "The Mantle of John de Matha"?

Dainty pictures of nature, drawn with the true artist-touch, we find scattered here and there throughout his work. Just let yourself see what he paints in these lines from "Revisited":

"Bring us the purple of mountain sunsets,
Shadows of clouds that rake the hills,
The green repose of Plymouth meadows,
The gleam and ripple of Campton rills."

. . . . . .

"The cradle-song of thy hill-side fountains
Here in thy glory and strength repeat;
Give us a taste of thy upland music,
Show us the dance of thy silver feet."

Or take this, from "My Psalm":

"Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall see its image given."

We might go on indefinitely, citing here and there exquisite woodland pictures, charming lyrical notes, with now and then a martial strain, which shows that something of the spirit of the "stout old Huguenot" ancestor was hidden under the Quaker garb of his descendant.

Lowell had all the advantages of school, college and travel, of which Whittier so often laments his own lack. He is the most versatile of our writers; he touches every side of our complex humanity, and touches each with sympathy. He is thoroughly human. His "Hosea Biglow" is only a mask behind which hides the face of our keenest and most sympathetic critic and our most virile poet. Hosea Biglow is an idealized Yankee farmer, yet not so much idealized as one might suppose. On New England farms there is much homely wisdom and keen wit, which crystallizes into terse proverbs and quaint figures of speech, many of which Lowell has used with consummate skill. Poetry is the primitive form of expression, and it is not unnatural, nor in any way untrue to life, for Lowell to represent his Yankee farmer as describing the spring flowers in such words as these:

"Half-vent'rin' liverworts in furry coats,
Blood-roots. whose rolled-up leaves ef you oncurl,
Each on 'em's cradle to a baby pearl."

The comparison of horse-chestnut leaves to "leetle hands," and of the bobolink's song to a "brook of laughter," are each equally fitting and true to the assumed character of the man who makes them. The Biglow papers won their first renown as successful satires, and this reputation of theirs has

blinded many readers to the fact that the satirist was also a poet.

Lowell preaches? Yes; so he does. So do all the Nineteenth Century poets; and in this fact (notwithstanding the dictum of many critics that true art must exist for art's sake, and is spoiled by a moral purpose) is one of their strongest claims to be considered truly "citizens of their age and country." This is an age of question, of introspection, of restlessness. Even Matthew Arnold, with all his striving after the old Greek calm, has not escaped the prevailing spirit. He would be a monstrosity if he had done so. It is just this intimate sympathy with his own time, this inability to separate himself from it and its interests, that is one of the essential elements in the make-up of a true poet. The form in which this insight and sympathy will find expression must be determined by the poet's own individuality.

There is one bit of Lowell's preaching that it would be well for every aspirant after literary honors to adopt as a text for his life work:

"No mortal ever dreams
That the scant isthmus he encamps upon,
Between two oceans, one, the Stormy passed,
And one, the Peaceful, yet to venture on,
Has been that future, whereto prophets yearned
For the fulfillment of Earth's cheated hope,
Shall be that past which nerveless poets moan
As the lost opportunity of song."

The poets of America have thus far found their greatest success in studying and representing, faithfully, lovingly, sympathizingly, American life and character. They need to know not only the outward peculiarities of habit, custom or dialect, but the inner spirit, and must realize that every human being is an individual and not merely a type. In this kind of work our short-story writers and one or two of our younger poets have done excellent service. A few writers have been misled by the idea that incorrect spelling adds, in some mysterious way, to the charm of a beautiful thought, or will even make up for a total want of thought. The dialect is of value in literary work, only when, by its genuineness and accuracy, it makes the picture truer. No one need be afraid to use our native dialects, if he is sure he knows them. Many so-called Americanisms are found in Shakespeare and others of the old English writers; and just as Burns gives an added touch of pathos to his lyrics by use of the Lowland Scotch, so a finer flavor comes from the skillful use of American dialects; but here as everywhere else "a little learning" is an exceedingly "dangerous thing."

It is careful and sympathetic study of American life and character, making us realize that they are of us and speak for us, that has given to Lowell and Whittier their high rank, and that will raise them still higher as the years go by; while Longfellow, true, kindly and delicate as he is, will seem like the remembrance of a faint, sweet perfume, not without charm, but wanting in that mysterious power that kindles other minds and souls into life.

There is no scarcity of material in our country, even in this so-called prosaic age. Our varied life is full of suggestions to the artist who looks at it with unprejudiced eyes, ready to see exactly what is before him, and then to paint, with either brush or pen, the picture that he has seen.

"THE WOMAN WHO WANTS TO BE A MAN."

A REPLY.

By Eugenie Uhlrich.

IT IS a common saying that the woman who wants to be a man does not know what she wants, and the common tongue is often without argument for its sayings, but rarely without truth. Mrs. Annie L. Mearkle's article in the February MIDLAND MONTHLY, presents some thoughts in the way of justification of the woman who wants to be a man; but her reasoning seems to move in circles. She says woman wants to be like a man because man is a superior creature, advanced morally and intellectually beyond our benighted sex; yet she denies that we want either equality with him or that we want to imitate him. She spurns masculine approval, yet insists that we are what man wants us to be. We have the faults of the undeveloped. "If women are vain, ignorant, narrow, capricious, cruel—so are boys, so are savages." But her point is that "men say we are so because we are women, not because we are young; but women do not remain young"—most of them are inclined to regret it—"and as they grow older, they grow stronger and wiser and more controlled, less like babies and more like men." As to this latter statement the thought suggests itself that if Mrs. Mearkle has found men wise and controlled and superior when still young, she must have lived in an exceptionally favored locality. The trouble with most communities seems to be that there are not enough of that particular kind to go around, a statement not made independently, but borrowed from so accurate a writer as Charles A. Dana. It would be a nice point to determine the relative ages at which the moral infancy of man and woman ends. Knowing in exact figures how many years longer it takes a woman to attain to the fullness of wisdom than it does a man, we would have a definite idea how much farther we have to climb to reach the rarified atmosphere of masculine heights.

The writer argues that when the conditions of men and women were more alike, men and women themselves were more alike,—that is, as savages; when nascent civilization made changes in their relative conditions, men and women showed greater differences; now, that an advanced civilization is creating like opportunities for both sexes they are again approaching nearer to the same standard. But they were never exactly alike and these varying degrees of similarity only show that their mental and moral capabilities respond relatively to the same influences. Men, too, have varied vastly as education, liberty, religion influenced them. Nevertheless the fundamental differences, "the functions which can not be delegated," as she puts it, remain unchanged.

In spite of this admission the writer maintains that the differences between the sexes are only of degree and not fundamental. Yet, it would seem that with the very blood in the veins of the two sexes showing distinct characteristics, these differences are plainly fundamental and ineradicable, and that they must naturally have their reflection in mental and emotional peculiarities, accentuated at different times by current conditions and customs.

It may be said generally that women are more imitative and adaptable than men. Show a woman how to do a thing and she will do it better than her teacher. Let her see what will please and even her own moral sense, unless it is trained to be very high and strong,

will become blurred in the effort to please, and she may cease to see what is right and what is wrong in the trying to be agreeable. In the natural conditions this imitativeness and adaptability throws the responsibility for her morals and her attainments back on the man, and perhaps this accounts for the primitive belief, still extant among the Chinese for instance, that women have no individual souls. But the Christian woman recognizes, or should recognize, her individual responsibility Her trained moral sense has taught her to try to please with modifications; and so, still holding fast to her native traits, she has been, by the devotion and the self-sacrifice that underlie her emotions and her arts, the most potent factor in leading man out of the realm of the beast. He has expected her to please, to attract, to fascinate, and if she has stooped to mean arts to conquer, it has been but to hold the fickle and fractious male to the best that was in him. If women still dress idiotically; if they do not always look at you straight and tell all they know and think; if they have jealous spasms; if they have moody spells of fears and doubts when their generosity refuses to extend itself beyond the family circle, perhaps they ought not to be blamed very much. They have to keep pace with a mate whom it is hard to break to a better gait than he wants to go.

And when woman separates herself from personal ties and becomes a priestess at the altar of humanity, is she not inspiring? Her unselfishness, her humility, her unwearying faithfulness—what is there in the bare mental excellence of man finer than these, where woman's love resolves itself into a holy zeal for her fellow creatures? Witness the grand sisterhoods who have been for ages devoting themselves to the ignorant, the poor and the sick. Witness, to-day, in our large cities, the trained and devoted women who are working to lift mankind out of its vices and its miseries—Clara Barton, Jane Addams and the rest. It may be objected that the sisterhoods were nearly all founded by men, and that the inspiration of the temperance movement and other reform movements have generally come from men, and that women here, too, have been only followers and imitators, as becomes moral infants. But it was a sublime imitation which took up the idea and nourished it and kept it alive, and without which the original would have been barren and fruitless. One was not superior to the other, because each without the other would have been useless. So there can be no question of superiority as between man and woman here, only an illustration of the everlasting interdependence of the masculine and the feminine in all true achievements of the human race.

Along with her moral infancy Mrs. Mearkle also deplores the mental shortcomings of woman as shown in the "babyish quality" of her work. Man is the breadwinner. As a sex he must work and he must sell his work. Whether he lays bricks or paints pictures, if it earns a living for himself and for his family his work has served its primary object. The desire to do it as well as possible and thereby increase his earning capacity, his own comfort and his family's, follows as a matter of course, if he is the right kind of a man. He becomes a specialist and puts into his specialty all his energies, strictly speaking, if he is happily situated, and not only his own energies, as there is upon him the spur of his responsibilities and at least the sympathy and the admiration of his wife, if no more active assistance. Life resolves itself into a single aim to which all things bring their quota of pressure

Now, how does a woman approach the problem of work? In the first place singleness of purpose is not held up to her as a standard to be reached. Her education outside of the home is not directed toward making her a specialist. If she goes to work it is generally

a makeshift, tiding over an immediate necessity of providing for herself, or for others, until such time as the necessity may be removed, possibly by marriage or in some other way. She approaches her work in a dual rôle—one part of which is to earn money like a man, and the other to retain her hold upon the distinctive peculiarities of woman.

Still, in spite of these drawbacks, she has crowded into the lower levels of labor that were once set off to man, until it is no longer a question of efficiency, but of the wisdom of an industrial competition between the sexes. In the higher phases of achievement as authors, painters, musicians and so on, surely the women of this generation have had the widest latitude. Indeed, our utilitarian civilization has favored them especially. Girls are permitted, and even compelled, to study music, art, literature, while the boys are set to work to earn the convenient dollar. Many more women than men are studying music at this time, but we have no female Liszt or Wagner. They paint, but they have no Millet, or Corot, or Rossetti, or Ruskin. They write poetry but they have no Tennyson, no Browning, or Longfellow, or even Keats, who is himself exquisitely feminine. They write novels, but they have no Lew Wallace, no Sienkiewicz, no Hugo. They dabble in politics and political economy, but they have no Gladstone, no Henry George.

Indeed, while it is true that genius has no sex, man seems to unite in himself more often the dual qualities which make it sexless, the masculine massiveness and virility, and the feminine delicacy and sweetness, than does woman; and therefore, he may be said here, too, to represent the race more truly than she does. Still, there are Rosa Bonheur, Harriet Hosmer, Harriet Beecher Stowe, George Eliot, George Sand, Mme. Adam, Mrs. Meynell, Sonya Kovalevsky, and so on. The work of none of these women would be classed as babyish. It has been as distinct and characteristic as that of any man. Neither did they find the "incubus of conventional limitations" crushing, though some of them knew to fullness the struggles that may come to the feminine heart combined with the masculine mind. Conventional limitations are often a pang, but never a hedge nor a boundary to true genius, either of man or of woman. And, it is safe to say that there are men as well as women whom conventional limitations would keep from working, though the limitations are not to be despised therefor. They do serve a useful purpose in keeping within the bounds of apparent decency and amiability a lot of people who do not think very much of the ten commandments, except as fashionably sanctioned.

Moreover, as to the practical value of woman's work—it is always to be remembered that, unless she has a great and peculiar genius, the mere doing of a thing by her as well as a man does it has added nothing to the world's achievements. Her lack of success is no general loss, except where she is forced to self-support, and to the support of others. Then her work has the value which belongs to that of man as a breadwinner; and, as her sex is often at least a physical handicap, she deserves every advantage that can be allowed her by man, though she by no means gets it—except in happy instances, rare as angels' visits. Where, however, she engages in money-making work without the need for it, it is a question whether such work in itself is not actually reprehensible. She encroaches needlessly upon the hotly contested field of the breadwinners. She is not doing the work of man better than he can do it himself; and she is not doing woman's work, which he can not do at all. There is, therefore, a narrowing of opportunities which legitimately belong to others, on one side, and a neglect of opportunities which legitimately belong to her and can

belong to no one else, on the other. If she has no ties of her own, there is yet woman's work crying to be done in the highways and byways. Slightly paraphrasing Tennyson, she might be enjoined to pray heaven for a woman's heart and teach the orphan boy to read, the orphan girl to sew.

Mrs. Mearkle objects that men do not want women to be like themselves, wise, strong, and generally superior. A man may not like a woman because she paints fine pictures, or talks interestingly, or is well informed in politics, or writes clever books, or plays golf well, or can sail a boat, or has red hair, but neither will he dislike her for any of these things. He may like her for any one of these or a thousand other reasons, or for none at all—it all depends on the man, and the time, and the temper and the mood of the man. But if he does not like her for the best reasons, it must remain true that there is something wrong with his own wisdom and superiority. It may be said in general, that the present man of even ordinary moral and intellectual qualities, appreciates high character and nobility and brains in a woman, sooner or later, and resents it if the woman who is his life-companion has not held him to the best that was in him—if, in fact, she has remained a moral and mental infant, where he expected her not only to keep pace, but to pull along a little. And he resents it none the less, even if it was the weakness of his own choice in the first place, or the narrowness and heedlessness of his treatment of her afterwards—he being the chief medium of her contact with the world—which is to blame. All of which shows that the superior male creature is a good deal of a fool on occasion. But even in spite of the occasional accident of a dull woman and a clever man, mismated, dull women are not to be deplored as an unmitigated evil. Sometimes they are restful. And again it must be admitted that if all women were clever there would be some very lonesome men in the world.

Neither does cleverness shut women out from pleasure in being praised and admired. It is a trait that all grades of the sex seem to have in common, and if there is any suffering it is oftener because extraordinary ability shuts woman out from the small amenities and surrounds her with an aura of superiority which holds at a distance, or confounds, even those who love her. Hardly ever does petting and admiration appear as an evil pointing to prussic acid as relief, "on the chance of being a man in a future state of existence." A little direct testimony from women whose husbands conscientiously abstain from praise or petting for fear of spoiling their wives, might clear up the point. It was the cynical Heine who said that a woman always works with one eye on a man. We might reject that, but nevertheless it must be a fact that the desire to be praised is the correlative of the desire to please.

As to woman being "a success exactly in the measure in which she remains a perfect female animal," is it not a truth to be preached from the housetop, rather than to be deplored? Perhaps an experiment made under the direction of one of the great Eastern colleges a few years ago will be remembered. Two composite statues, one male and one female, were made, according to measurements taken respectively, of 1,000 men students and of 1,000 women students in the leading colleges of this country. The male figure resulting was almost ideal, but the female was faulty, deficient; the shoulders stooped, the chest development was imperfect, the waist depressed. Did not the old Greeks think that the seat of the soul was in the waist? Perhaps we have here a very broad pointer to one difficulty with the woman who wants to be a man and cannot reach his efficiency in her work. Might it not be that in the two to six inches which the average woman insists in taking out of the vital part of her body, there is also taken out some of the genius and energy which might enable her to be "more

like men and less like babies?" Is not woman's attire a caricature, without regard to natural or decorative lines? It throws her body out of proportion in a way that is neither beautiful nor modest, and helps to bring many of her sex to the surgeon's table. Yet it is said that women dress to please and hold the capricious eye of man! But if that is true he can hardly be said to be a very superior creature, morally, artistically or intellectually. Further analysis along this line will not make him any better, either.

But, however a woman lives her life, either as a woman simply, or as a competitor in the occupations of man, must not her body furnish the driving power for her brain, just as well as it would have to if she were a man? If it is to his advantage to be strong physically, is it not doubly so to hers, because of the greater sensitiveness of her physical organization? And, having started out as a "female animal," how else can she be at her best except she first be a "perfect female animal"?

Let woman be educated not as if she were only an undeveloped, immature man, but rather with full recognition of her distinct characteristics All things in heaven or on earth are legitimate subjects for her brain, if her morals are high, her tastes refined, her common sense strong. Let her go to the bottom of things. She will find there simplicity, purpose, repose, progress, eternal beauty. There, also, she will be brought face to face with the ancient and unending struggle of darkness and light, old and new, flesh and spirit. She will find that she herself is the matrix in which are moulded the forces that make to-morrow good or evil; the inner essence of the powers that move the world. Her womanhood may be a crown of thorns to her, a seven-piercing sword, but if the end bring her the simple tribute, "She was a good woman," we need not wonder whether she will be a man in the next life. It does not take a great faith to believe that there may be better things in store for her.

Knowing the depths of things will teach her not to scorn the silent, the insignificant, the patient. These are the working ways of all great ends and she must put herself in tune with them. She may know political economy, but if it is her lot to apply domestic economy, she needs must know it equally well. She may study art, but the study of hygiene and physiology lead to ways of health, and health is beauty. The mysteries of heaven may be unfolded to her, but let her therefore not despise the knowledge of the things she puts into her mouth. Let her find the noblest, the truest, the most profound, the most helpful aspects of womanhood wherever she may be and live up to them and be a woman at her best; which is vastly more useful and heroic than to be a weak and attenuated likeness of man, a fifth wheel on the wagon, an afterthought which is an insult to Providence.

THE TEST.

BY PETTY trials, strength is measured best;—
When bravely borne, success is strangely sweet;
Upon a boulder, pilgrims worn may rest—
The tiny pebbles bruise the weary feet.

M. Truesdell Cooper.

F. W. Medlar. G. S. Coman. J. R. Hall.

W. H. Dinsmore. M. G. Maxwell. C. W. Smith. W. O. Reed. M. J. Reynolds. Mrs. Strow. E. S. Frey. Schaeffer Sisters.

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS, 1890.

MIDLAND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

BY W. O. REED.

IN THE latter part of the year 1889, Mr. J. D. La Tier, of Waterloo, addressed a circular to the photographers of Iowa, in which he called attention to the need then existing for an organization to promote and protect their interests.

Low prices were then the great evil, and in fact are yet the source of considerable sorrow to the ambitious photographer.

The public and a certain class of photographers had steadfastly adhered to the ideas of their grandfathers in regard to the art and business of photography. Once the cost of the material used was insignificant, and the work required rather trifling: no great outlay was needed for the purchase of furniture, backgrounds and accessories, and although there were a multitude of perplexities about "baths," chemicals and crude apparatus, yet but little attention had to be given to niceties,—no great thought to the composition of the pictures, and no long hours of patient labor, to retouching; while the prices were very remunerative.

Many young men, commencing business, held to these inherited ideas, and with all the characteristic commercial instinct of our race, concluded that by scaling down the prices more business might be had and more money made.

In the meantime, the progress in photography had carried it far from these

primitive conditions. Each new process had opened the door to new possibilities and the public learned of the advantages readily, and demanded all of the better qualities, even in advance without giving a thought to the increase in cost, nor to the extra amount of skill and labor required to accomplish such results. So Mr. La Tier reasoned that with the cost and labor at a maximum and the compensation at a minimum, it was high time to call the workers in this art together to confer as to what remedies might be found for these evils.

The circulars sent out by Mr. La Tier were good seed sown upon good ground and many photographers became interested in the idea. A meeting was held in Waterloo and an organization effected, Mr. La Tier being elected the first president of the Photographers' Association of Iowa. This was the first state association organized, and the credit may be given to the progressive photographers of Iowa in general, and to Messrs La Tier and John Verran in particular, for originating state associations for photographers. Now nearly every state in the Union has its photographers' association, and the Photographers' Association of America has taken on new life since our advent.

CUP AWARDED F. W. MEDLAR, SPENCER, IOWA, FOR 1898.

The first annual convention of this Association was held in Des Moines, on September 2, 1890, and was attended by about sixty Iowa photographers. At this meeting some changes were made in the constitution and prizes were offered by the publishers of the "*St. Louis and Canadian Photographer*," and by J. W. Tinsman, a manufacturer of backgrounds, for the best exhibits of twenty-four cabinet photographs, to be made at the next convention, the "*St. Louis and Canadian Photographer*" giving a $50-lens as the first prize, and Mr. Tinsman giving two backgrounds as a second prize. This established the custom which has since prevailed, though in a somewhat modified form, of making at each of our conventions competitive exhibits of our work.

At this convention and at subsequent ones the subject of prices has

Miss Ada Kelly. Mrs. E. S. Fry. Miss Nellie Sampson.

A GROUP OF FAIR MIDLAND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

always been discussed with more or less spirit, yet the Association has never deemed it advisable to adopt a fixed scale of prices.

The reason for this became apparent when the pictures made by different photographers were exhibited side by side. There was shown to be a great deal of individuality in the work of the different members as well as some difference in absolute quality, and added to this it was found that the conditions prevailing in different towns and cities, which greatly affect the cost of conducting our business, were so different that no good basis could be had from which to compute a scale of prices. It then became apparent that the best way to cure the cheap photographer was to educate him to the point where he could make photographs that would command good prices; and from this time on, our Association has grown to be, more and more, a school of photography.

About this time a great change took place in the process of photographic printing. The photographers had always been in the habit of sensitizing their albumen coated paper by floating it upon a bath of nitrate of silver, and then shutting it up in a box and fuming it with strong ammonia.

Now a new paper appeared on the market, already sensitized, cut to the regulation cabinet size and neatly put up in boxes containing just a gross. This paper did not have to be printed and toned within twenty-four hours as the albumen paper had to be to keep it from spoiling, and it did not stretch one way more than another, making the face either longer or wider than was natural, so we all became interested in this new paper. But it gave a great deal of trouble by curling up in the wash waters and baths and cracking and scaling on its surface.

The manufacturers now came to our rescue and sent numerous demonstrators to our conventions. These gentlemen brought with them the very finest photographs made in the United States (and that means the best in the world), and they not only strove to teach us how to use their particular kinds of paper, but they also endeavored to go further, believing that it was best to begin by teaching about artistic composition, graceful positions, pleasing light and shade effects, and how to make negatives having the proper

ESTHER FAY LONG,
Granddaughter of Secretary Hall. This photo was used on the badge of 1898.

qualities to transfer these effects to their new papers.

The representatives of the plate makers were equally interested in showing how to work their plates to make the most artistic pictures.

At the conventions of 1894 and 1895 a number of interesting and instructive papers treating on different subjects pertaining to our art, were read by some of the leading photographers of our State, and this custom has been kept up since then, and to this has been added practical demonstrations of posing and lighting in the operating room, by some of our most competent members.

Another forward step was taken at the last convention, when Prof. A. H. Griffith, director of the Detroit Museum of Art, was induced to give one of his popular and comprehensive lectures on art and photography.

And thus this Association, first conceived as a trades union to fix fair prices, has developed into an association that is wholly educational in its aims and methods, and so knowing the benefit that each member attending these conventions has gained, it is astonishing to learn that only about one-sixth of the 500 photographers of Iowa attend them.

The Association gives medals as prizes for the best exhibits in the several classes and there is considerable rivalry for these prizes, which can only be awarded to the few, but everyone takes home a grand prize,—in good things learned.

Much progress has been made in photography in the last decade. The manufacturers of plates have succeeded in greatly increasing the sensitiveness of the wonderful dry plate, and at the same time have very much improved its capacity for giving a better rendering of form and detail.

Isochromatic photography uses plates more sensitive to visual or yellow rays of light, and less sensitive to the blue or chemical rays, giving pic-

G. W. SKILLING.

tures that have a more nearly correct color value, yellow appearing light and

blue dark. In ordinary photography blue has always appeared lighter than yellow.

Isochromatic photography is being used some in portrait work, and promises great possibilities for the future.

In the printing papers there has been much ebb and flow to the tide of progress. Albumen paper was displaced by the more glossy and brilliant aristo collodion paper, which, because of its tendency to crack and scale, was in its turn superseded, to some extent by the gelatine paper with its gluey surface. The gelatine surface has been hardened until much improvement has been noted; however, all glossy papers are being forced out of popular favor by the new matt-surface collodion paper that prints out a silver image and is toned with platinum.

This new paper combines the greatest medium for artistic expression, with the greatest permanence of any of the papers that have been commonly used, and now photographers are studying *art* more than they are studying *chemistry*, the good results of which are most apparent in the works of the ambitious photographers. Photographs are becoming more and more artistic pictures, as well as excellent portraits.

LOVE'S PETITION.

FORGIVE, dearest love, the harsh word that was spoken,
That sprang from my lips like a demon set free;
The walls of its prison by passion were broken,
And ere I could chain it, its fangs were in thee.
Beside thee, O darling, remorseful I'm kneeling,
To press faltering lips to the wound I have made,
And draw forth the venom that soon would be stealing
Away to the heart where love's treasures are laid.

Forgive and forget; dear, I bow in contrition,
My heart sobs in grief; I have given thee pain.
Forgive and forget; dost thou heed my petition?
Can'st give, then, the wayward thy heart's love again?
My love like the gold in the ore faintly shining,
Now mixed with the earthly and dross, it is true,
May gleam with a purer light after refining;
God knows I will pass through the fire then, for you.

Of all that life brings to me, thou art the dearest,
Uplifting my soul to the pure air above;
Of all that is near to me, thou art the nearest,
Enwrapping about me thy mantle of love.
Then smile again, dearest, thy smile is my heaven;
O clasp me again to thy dear, loving breast,
And though undeserving, O whisper, "Forgiven,"
And there in thy arms let the penitent rest.

Lillian Barker Beede.

LAUNDRY AND LAVATORY, CAMP CUBA LIBRE.

IOWA SOLDIERS AT JACKSONVILLE.

FROM NOTES AND PHOTOS BY JAMES V. CANTWELL, HOSPITAL STEWARD, FIFTIETH IOWA.

WHILE there was some criticism of the slowness of Iowa troops in getting to the front, the advantages of thorough equipment and better drill have been manifest. The discipline has been perfect and the Iowa troops receive frequent comment on their soldierly bearing. They are, moreover, attracting some attention for their good size. The Southern boys with whom we are brigaded are unreserved in compliments, or exclamations rather, on the stature of our boys. And most of the boys from the Sunny South are the cream of the blue bloods. The Virginia boys, with whom the Forty-ninth Iowa is brigaded, can nearly all write "F. F. V." after their names. This is in marked contrast with the troops from Tennessee, Alabama and other Southern States, who are camped at Chickamauga with the Fifty-second Iowa. Our boys write that the Governors of those states would not commission the officers of the National Guard, but insisted on making appointments on personal grounds, with the result that the Guard organizations disbanded and went home. The officers by favoritism then filled their companies with a class unknown in the North, called the "poor whites." Of course I don't mean that we have no poor white people in the North, but poor or rich, all are educated, progressive, respected and self-respecting. It was a sad disclosure to the Iowa troops, and has been very humiliating to the princes of Northwest Iowa to be in daily association and contact, and put on an equality with, a class of young men who cannot read or write, and who are slov-

enly and shiftless. Miss Ophelia, in Uncle Tom's Cabin, struck the exact adjective to describe them—they are *shiftless.*

We at Camp Cuba Libre, Jacksonville, are fortunate. We are in the Seventh Army Corps, commanded by that magnificent officer, Fitzhugh Lee, and both regiments are in the Second Division, commanded by Gen. H. W. Lawton, whose brilliant record, covering thirty-seven years, is widely known. The Forty-ninth is in the Third Brigade and the Fiftieth is in the Second Brigade.

The Second Division is composed as follows: First Brigade, Second Illinois, Fifth North Carolina, Second New Jersey; commander, General Burt, U. S. A. Second Brigade, Fiftieth Iowa, First Wisconsin, Fourth Illinois; commander, General Bancroft. Third Brigade, Forty-ninth Iowa, Third Virginia, Fourth Virginia; acting commander, Colonel Baker, Third Virginia.

Camp Cuba Libre is delightfully situated just on the northern outskirts of Jacksonville, a city of 35,000 people. It is about ten minutes' ride from the business center on the street cars, and lies for the most part in pine woods. Iowa's troops were fortunate in securing one of the shadiest and highest points, and are flanked on one side by the First Wisconsin, on the other by the Fourth Illinois, and on the rear by the Fourth Virginia.

The weather here, while hot in the middle of the day, is very cool in the evening, and nothing could be more nearly ideal than to sit in a hammock, or under a tent with the sides raised, and enjoy the cool, bracing salt breeze as it comes through the pine forest. Many of the soldiers have taken advantage of the delightful weather and built small huts, or "shacks," as they are called, to lounge and sleep in. They are usually built of small pine trees, with pine boughs for a roof, the bed

"SHACKS," OR OPEN-AIR QUARTERS.

FIRST MEAL IN CAMP.

being made of rope covered with pine boughs.

The soil is pure sand and, as it is flat and level, it soaks up the rain like a sponge and the water runs under our tents. Some officers have, therefore, bought lumber and floored the tents of their companies. The health of the

STREET BETWEEN COMPANIES B AND D, FIFTIETH IOWA.

LOUNGING CORNER, COMPANY B, FIFTIETH IOWA.

camp is wonderful. While the drills are hard, they are at so favorable hours — from 6:30 to 8:30 in the morning and from 4:30 to 5:30 P. M.— that we endure them well. There are no active duties during the hot portions of the day, and the men are at liberty to come and go at will, within certain limits. Each evening ten men from each company can stay outside guard lines until 11

MAIN STREET, FIFTIETH IOWA.

o'clock, but if one is not on the list, it means a sentence by court martial of two or three days' chopping stumps or digging ditches to be caught outside. The guard is armed with ball cartridges and ordered to shoot if a man does not halt at command. Still we are not perfect soldiers yet, either on duty or off.

A Virginia man on guard, the other night, halted a man and called the corporal of the guard. In the meantime the man ran away, and the guard couldn't remember anything in the guard manual to cover the case, so he yelled: "Corporal of the guard, never mind; the man has run away!"

Several men have been shot at, but we have a suspicion that the guards could aim better at a Spaniard, for there have been no hits. Four men tried to run the guard the other night, but a .45 calibre bullet whizzing over their heads stopped three of them as though paralyzed. The fourth escaped, and by the fate of war was soon sent on guard. And the prisoners he was put in charge of were his unfortunate whilom companions, serving out a hard labor sentence.

One entire company is detailed each day as provost guard, to patrol the city and prevent breaches of the peace by the soldiers or others. In this way all get to see the city fully, and while on guard they are fed by the city and live as high as though they were in Iowa.

The rations in camp are good and ample As yet we have not been put on hard tack, but have fresh meat, potatoes, rice, beans, tomatoes, coffee, bread and molasses.

Water pipes from the city run through the camp, with taps at the rear of our quarters. The water is good, but warm. Some of the officers have provided material to erect shower baths, and the soldiers are putting them up. This ought to be done in all the regiments, for cleanliness is essential to good health in this climate. The river affords good swimming, but it is distant. It also offers good fishing, and many a meal is supplemented by fried fish or sea-crabs. Darkey boys are always on tap, selling pies, cakes, lemonade, fried fish and hoecake.

The heavy dews of night make it necessary for one to sleep under shelter of some kind, and render our rubber blankets invaluable. They also serve admirably as rain coats.

Another story is told of a raw recruit, who couldn't find a command for the emergency, in his guard manual. A shower came up while he was on duty, and he called out with all the earnestness he would have used at the approach of the enemy: "Corporal of the guard: R-u-b-b-e-r blanket!"

But the recruits and the ex-guardsmen at Camp Cuba Libre are rapidly becoming disciplined and hardened, and are ready and eager for any duties. It has already been shown at the battle of Quasena that the volunteers have courage to fight, and the troops from the peaceful valley of the Mississippi will uphold the standard placed so high by the Iowa heroes of the civil war.

Our men have the highest confidence in and respect for Colonels Jackson and Dows and their well-trained field and line officers.

General Lawton, through personal prowess, rose to the rank of Colonel at nineteen, and at the close of the rebellion, entered the regular army as Second Lieutenant. His gallant service has given him steady advancement.

Probably of no man in this war is more expected than of General Lee. His record is familiar to the American people. His powers of organization are already being manifest, and, given the opportunity, he will place the Seventh Army Corps well to the front in the strife. This will fill the hope and ambition of every Iowa soldier at Camp Cuba Libre.

EX-GOVERNOR CYRUS C. CARPENTER.

BY J. P. DOLLIVER.

THE death of Cyrus C. Carpenter has removed one of the strong men of that remarkable group of pioneers who laid the foundation of the commonwealth of Iowa.

He came to the State shortly after its admission into the Union, and for nearly fifty years has been among its most honored citizens. He was a Pennsylvanian, having been born in Susquehanna county, in that State, though his ancestors came originally from Massachusetts. In the days of his youth he enjoyed the advantages of a country boy who takes from the hard work of the farm, time for study and self-improvement. That such surroundings in boyhood are an actual advantage to a man in this country, is proven by the innumerable company of successful men, whose career began on the farm. It is thought by some that the pressure of poverty is in the nature of a discrimination against a man in the race of life;

but the truth is that the old fashioned country homestead has produced nearly all of the successful men of this generation, because it produces health of body and mind, as well as of moral disposition, three things that are the chief conditions of success.

The young farmer lad did not have to be sent to school. He went of his own accord, and by the aid of a neighboring academy, was not long in preparing himself for teaching, an experience which in itself goes far in the direction of a liberal culture. He soon found that there were better fields for individual effort than the already crowded section of the country in which he was born. Therefore he turned his face, like so many thousands of others, towards the larger opportunities of the West.

He had no money and there was nobody to give him any money, and not being familiar with the more recent philosophies intended to cover a situation like that, he set about to get it by the exercise of such talents as he had. He taught school for two years in Licking county, Ohio, as he journeyed in the direction of Iowa, the State he had picked out for his residence, without knowing much about it except, as he was often heard to say, that "he liked the looks of it on the map."

Nobody who knew him doubts that had he been unable to get a school, he would have done with his might whatever his hands could find to do.

It was in June, 1854, that he reached Des Moines, on his way to Fort Dodge, then a military outpost in the wilderness of Northwestern Iowa. The character of the man is illustrated by the reminiscence of the hotel-keeper at whose house he was entertained for his first night's lodging in Des Moines. It took all his money to pay his bill, but when the proprietor, knowing the long distance that was yet before him, offered to trust him, the sturdy young man declined the offer, paid his account in full and started out on foot over the unbroken prairie to his destination, more than eighty miles away. These things are referred to here, not because they are in themselves important, but because there may be some encouragement in them for the youth of to-day who are sometimes tempted by the hardships that surround them, to give ear to false theories of life.

It was an interesting society of pioneers which the young man found at Fort Dodge. They had the courage of the frontier in their hearts, and the whole future of Iowa constantly on their lips. They were the builders of homes, the makers of civilization, and while half a century has passed since the old Wahkonsa House first sheltered these hopeful and ambitious travelers, neither the city which they built, nor the surrounding country which they opened for settlement, has even yet come up to the hopes and dreams of their advertisement.

The traveling school teacher was also a surveyor and the public records of Webster and Kossuth counties preserve the evidence of the fidelity and industry with which he did his work. These labors, which kept him busy during the summer months, left him free to teach school in the winter, and it is one of the cherished traditions of Fort Dodge, now foremost among the cities of Iowa in the reputation of its public schools, that he was the first schoolmaster of the primitive settlement.

It ought to be said also that in the midst of his other labors, he found time to study law and was admitted to the bar. It cannot be doubted that if he had devoted himself to the practice of that profession, he would have become as famous as a jurist and advocate as he afterwards became as a statesman and orator. It has been said of Governor Carpenter that he was in public life almost continuously after he came to Iowa. It used to be said of him by those who looked upon his career from the standpoint of their own personal ambition, when he was about to be

ominated for an office, that he had
ad enough. But somehow the people
lways felt that however much he had
ceived, the public had received more,
y reason of the fidelity and efficiency
! his service. For that reason the
nors which came to him, came, if not
ithout his seeking, at least without
y of the importunity which usually
es with office holding.

It would strike a false note of eulogy
say that the offices which he held
re forced upon him. But he never
ld an office which the people did not
ncerely wish him to hold. It has
en said that he was not a politician.
e was a politician, and in many re-
pects the wisest and most successful
at has ever lived in Iowa. I do not
ean that he was capable of the low
d vulgar arts of politics. I mean that
s wisdom and genuine interest in the
blic welfare, enabled him to deal
th the people on terms so agreeable
d persuasive that he was instantly
mitted into the confidence and good
ll of all. He knew how to approach
se whom he wished to influence and
ide, and while he could neither use
e and questionable weapons for him-
f nor protect himself against them in
hands of others, he was throughout
public career the ideal type of the
ight American politician.

He was an orator of wonderful re-
rces and power. The writer has
rd from others that those who lis-
ed to the Governor in the last twenty
rs of his life could form little im-
ssion of the extraordinary vigor and
luence of his earlier speeches. Tales
still told among the old settlers of
canvass for the Legislature in 1857.
district was larger in territory
n any Congressional district of to-
, and the means of travel meager
n for a new country, yet there is not a
ghborhood in that vast region where
do not, even now, tell the story of
campaign which resulted in his first
tion to the Legislature of Iowa.

he Civil war was approaching and, of course, this young man, who had inherited the politics of a Whig and the principles of the Abolitionists, could not keep out of the army. He enlisted as a private and without anybody's suggestion, Senator Grimes, knowing the qualities of the man, secured his appointment as Captain and his assignment to active staff duty. He was not altogether without experience in the discipline and hardships of military life, for the northern counties of Iowa had long been required to protect themselves against the incursions of wild Indian bands, and in the winter of 1857 he had marched with his company to the rescue of the settlers at Spirit Lake, at the time of the Indian massacre of that year, an expedition which probably brought more hardships to those who participated in it than any they afterwards experienced during the Civil war.

He never had much to say of his exploits during the war, but the records show, and the testimony of his comrades proves, that he applied to military service the same qualities that distinguished him in private life. He served with Rosecrans and afterwards with General Dodge, a sketch of whose life he wrote recently for the *Annals of Iowa*, and was mustered out of the service with the rank of Colonel, on the staff of General Logan.

In 1864 he was married to the daughter of one of the earliest settlers at Fort Dodge, Susan C. Burkholder, a woman worthy to stand by his side and share the honors of his career. They were always together and no more beautiful picture of domestic happiness was ever seen than these two in their own home, furnished without ostentation or luxury, sitting together about the evening lamp, the table covered with the current magazines and the whole house rich with the atmosphere of books.

There are those whose reception in that house was always so kindly, that the world will seem poorer since the hand which so often opened that hospitable door, is vanished, and the sound

of the voice which so often spoke the words of welcome, is *still*.

When the war was over, Colonel Carpenter, by reason of his special qualifications, and as a recognition of his growing popularity, was elected Register of the State Land office, a place of great responsibility and influence in those days. He not only filled the office acceptably, but by his complete mastery of the details of the business, he contributed, through a carefully prepared book on the subject of surveying, to the successful administration of the office, in after years.

The most important post he ever held was the office of Governor of Iowa, to which he was elected in 1872, and two years later re-elected. There has been a tendency in our politics to disparage the office of Governor, but there is nothing in the history of the State, or in the list of great names connected with that office, which warrants any such view of it. It is true the salary has been meager, and many of its duties small and insignificant, but after all it stands for the dignity of the commonwealth. About it are associated the legends of the splendid progress of the State. It has been filled always by men of strength. Scandal and suspicion have never stained it. Small men have not dared to aspire to it; no unworthy man was ever elected to it. Whoever stands in the state parlors of our Capitol and looks upon the faces of the long line of our chief magistrates, sees the history of Iowa. And among the treasures of that stately chamber, there is no portrait worthier to hang beside the faces of Grimes and Kirkwood, than the Iowa artist's faithful picture of Cyrus C. Carpenter.

The years in which he was Governor were years of social and industrial transition. The schoolhouses were located, but the problems of popular education were becoming more and more troublesome. The railroad builders had finished their work, in the midst of blunders innumerable on their own part, and on the part of the law-making power, leaving a thousand problems arising out of their relations to the State, to be solved by them, or by the people themselves. The public lands had all been taken up, but the Iowa farm was only beginning to approach a solution of those questions which from that day to this have been prominent in the minds of the people everywhere.

In all these things it may be truly said that Governor Carpenter gave the State a coherent and intelligent guidance, which has saved us from the disasters that have afflicted other Western communities. It was a time when we needed a leader who could be trusted both by the people and by the strangers who had invested their capital in Iowa. He had the confidence of the people because his own experience identified him in thought and sympathy with them. He could speak to them in terms which in other men would have struck the note of insincerity and affectation. His public utterances are filled with homely wisdom, and are as compact and full of sense, as the maxims of the ancients. The people believed him because he told them the truth. He had no patience with the street-corner statesmanship that was abundant at that time. "The blessed gospel of work," said he in his second inaugural address, "is a conservator and promoter, not only of the material greatness, but of the morals and decency of the world."

No young man ever gained the idea from Governor Carpenter that there is any road, new or short, to wealth or any other kind of success. "The world's material advancement" said he on the same occasion, "depends upon the proper direction and protection of the men with the disposition to toil, to dare and to save." He had no sympathy with the notion, not yet altogether extinct, that the schools of Iowa cost too much money, and lay the hand of taxation too heavily upon the possessions of the rich. "If citizens of large

wealth," said he, "would place a guard over their treasures more reliable than locks or bolts, the per diem of jurors, or the salaries of sheriffs and judges, that safeguard will be found in enlarging and perfecting the common school system of Iowa, until no citizen can reach maturity without obtaining a fair education."

But if the people believed in his integrity and his wisdom, men seeking in Iowa an investment for their capital, in lands, in factories, in railroads or in any other department of business, found in him a conservative and prudent man, anxious for the welfare of the State, but with no trace in him of the demagogue or the political adventurer. It was a fortunate thing for the State, in that time of the adjustment and settlement of old quarrels between the people and the railroads that a man having thus the confidence of both parties, was in the executive chair.

Under his administration the laws were framed and successfully defended in the courts, which set the first limits upon the reckless management of Western railroads, which at one time promised not only to despoil the community, but to ruin the roads themselves. Governor Carpenter found the railroads overcharging their customers, discriminating between neighboring towns, giving special rates to favored individuals, communities and lines of business, covering their movements by rebates and underground agreements, and altogether conducting their affairs with small regard to the public welfare and little interest in the real welfare of the corporations concerned.

This broad-minded man looked into the subject and when he had finished his investigations, stated the case of the Iowa farm against the railroad managers of that day, in a single sentence which will live, like the proverbs of Lincoln, as long as men appreciate truth in the garb of humor. "The exorbitant railway rate," said the Governor, "is the skeleton in the Iowa corn crib." He never lost the confidence of the people, and if the railroad corporations respected him and afterwards followed his counsel, it was because he was willing to tell them the truth, and without the malice which seeks to destroy was anxious that they should exercise the wisdom that preserves. In his message to the Legislature of 1874 he anticipated the platform of peace and mutual advantage upon which the people and the railroads of Iowa now stand together. Of the corporations he said, "the fact remains that railroads are dependent for life upon the prosperity of the country." Of the industries of the State he said, "the future of productive industry is equally dependent upon the successful management of railways." "They are two inter-dependent interests" he said, "side by side which must stand or fall together. It seems to me that a common ground where the interests of both will be secured upon the old theory of live and let live may be reached and will be mutually beneficial." If that common ground has not already been reached it will surely, one day, be attained, and the name of no man in any State will be more honorably connected with that result than this great and fearless Governor of Iowa.

After the expiration of his term as Governor, he held an important office in connection with the Treasury Department, under the administration of General Grant, the acceptance of which, and his resignation soon after, if the story were told, illustrated the singular generosity of his character. Returning to his home he was appointed a member of the Railway Commission, then recently established by an act of the Iowa Legislature. In that position he was specially useful in the organization and equipment of the board. But he soon resigned, because the people of Northwestern Iowa were already talking of selecting him as a candidate for Congress, and as his ambitions led him in that direction his sense of justice

to the other candidates would not permit him to hold the office of Railroad Commissioner and at the same time seek to promote a candidacy in another field.

His service in the House, unfortunately shortened by the re-districting of the State, and by the operation of crude political methods which once prevailed in Iowa, was long enough to gain for him the friendship of every public man with whom he associated. It has been sixteen years since he left Washington, yet there is not one of the older members of the House or Senate who has not been heard to recall pleasant reminiscences of Governor Carpenter's service in the Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh Congresses. When he died, the writer of this sketch was kept busy all day answering the inquiries of old friends The Speaker of the present House, who sat at the same table with him in a Washington boarding house, the President of the United States, who was his close friend in the House of Representatives, Mr. Cannon, of Illinois, and Mr. Dingley, of Maine, who knew him intimately, and many others found occasion to speak of his distinguished service and to affectionately recall their association with him.

The record of the two Congresses in which he served contains an enduring monument of his industry and statesmanship. It has become a favorite weapon in the hands of cynical critics to disparage the record of public men by bluntly demanding to know what they have done. This form of criticism is vicious, because it overlooks, or at least disguises the fact, that the great bulk of what a man does in this world, he does in coöperation with others and that our greatest names would lose their lustre if school children were compelled to name the bills they had introduced into Congress.

The one intellectual quality which stands the test is that which never fails, after having contributed its share to the common purpose, to sustain that purpose with steady and invariable good sense. In that view, Governor Carpenter, throughout his life, was great, for he never was in a position where the road was open in many directions, that he did not select the wisest path and walk steadfastly in that. The greatest faculty of the human mind is not the imagination, nor the memory, nor the emotions; it is the unerring judgment which, dispensing with fads and fancies, rising superior to uproar and clamor, holds modestly and inflexibly to the truth. With that great faculty Governor Carpenter was endowed, and if he had never introduced a bill or added a word to the debates, he would still have been an honored and useful member of the House.

His speeches, though not numerous, were always listened to with attention, because he never spoke unless he had something to say, and seldom unless the business before the House concerned his State. He served on the Committees on War Claims, Agriculture, Levees of the Mississippi River, and Education and Labor, and at the end of his service, as a special mark of distinction, and probably as an expression of the regret of his colleagues on his retirement, he was appointed a member of the special committee to call upon the President and announce that Congress awaited his pleasure to adjourn.

His speech on the National Finances in the second session of the Forty-sixth Congress, was a masterpiece of reasoning and sound philosophy. It was temperate in tone, simple in manner, fortified at every point by the lessons of history and experience, while throughout it all the play of a genial wit lighted the rugged strength of his argument. Without inquiring whether he was right or wrong in his ideas about gold and silver, banks and bonds, greenbacks and their redemption, it is an interesting thing for one who has studied the speeches of the public men of this generation on these questions, to observe how nearly every one of them

has suffered by having his path of present duty obstructed by opposite opinions contained in old speeches. This speech of Governor Carpenter, delivered nearly twenty years ago, does not contain a word which called for explanation in view of his utterances in the last Presidential campaign. Of course, the part of wisdom is to change your opinions if you find them wrong, but there is, after all, a subtle form of satisfaction in finding out that the vicissitudes of twenty years, instead of refuting your original notions, have only verified them by the tests of experience and time.

Probably the most important service of his Congressional life was his contribution to the successful effort made in the Forty-seventh Congress to create the Department of Agriculture. In that debate Governor Carpenter, being a member of the committee which framed the bill, was specially strong and persuasive. The speech itself reveals his deep research into the needs and resources of the country and his wide information in respect to the progress of agriculture throughout the world. It enabled him, also, to give his estimate of the relation of the American farm to civilization of the country and his comments upon that aspect of the question are not only instructive but inspiring in the noblest sense.

The writer was a member of the convention which nominated Governor Carpenter's successor in the House, and while in common with all his supporters, he felt a disappointment deep enough for tears, yet when the Governor rose to speak and thanked his friends for their devotion, and spoke in terms of eulogy and personal good will of his successor, closing with a statement of his own feelings, so serene and tranquil, that it silenced every voice except the voice of admiration, those who were attached to him by the ties of personal affection, as well as the bonds of local interest, realized as never before that he was more than a politician, so much he seemed like a philosopher and a saint.

Of Governor Carpenter's later service in the Legislature and in important local positions, it is not necessary to speak. It is enough to say that while in his long career he held many offices great and small, including the greatest in the gift of Iowa, yet he was greater than any office which he ever held, an incorruptible patriot and statesman, a beautiful example of the truest Christian manhood.

While he was in Congress he spoke a few words in the House at the memorial exercises for his friend, Rush Clark. The speech was not pretentious, but seemed to get its inspiration from a funeral address made by Rush Clark himself, in respect to a colleague whose funeral he had recently attended in South Carolina. Governor Carpenter seemed to be impressed with his colleague's description of how the village in which the dead was buried, had gathered about his grave, all the neighbors crying as if their own households had been bereaved, and it evidently was in his mind that poor Clark did not know that he was describing, not the funeral of another, but his own. In this brief tribute to a friend, Governor Carpenter unconsciously showed what he thought of life;—that in his valuation, better than monuments and all transient marks of public distinction, is the loyalty of friends at home, who know you as you are and love you for what you try to be and do.

If that was his ideal ending of our brief span of life, it was beautifully realized when, on the first day of summer, the whole population of the city and the old settlers of every neighboring town, together with the public officials and distinguished citizens of the State, gathered about the homestead, in which he had lived for so many years, to look for the last time upon his face and speak their simple benediction upon his memory.

Woman's Club Department.

By Harriet C. Towner.*

BEFORE this number of THE MIDLAND appears the greatest conference of club women the world has ever known will be over, but its echoes will not have died away in the hearts of those who have enjoyed those memorable days in Denver, and the hundreds of women speeding homeward will be living over again in memory the delights of the fourth "biennial." Fortunate the club whose delegate to the convention has a talent for word painting, that those who remain at home may thus enjoy, through her, the varied discussions, the inspiring and suggestive papers, and the charming excursions and social events planned by Denver's hospitable club women. To many clubs the message will come in time to be of value in planning the work for next year, for in every department of club activity helpful and practical suggestions will be carried home.

The discussion as to the relative merits of the large and small club still engages the attention of club women, and much is hoped from the consideration of the subject at the Denver conference. The fact that large clubs are proving so helpful and important a factor in the communities where they exist, is the best argument in their favor. The objection to the large club most frequently urged is that the individual is lost, and that among so many there is less opportunity for individual development. Experience, however, has proven this untrue. Those large clubs are always the strongest and most successful in which the individuality of members is most strongly developed. In the history of the civilization of the world we find that with the assertion and recognition of individual rights, has come not separation but unity, not discord but harmony. The only bond of tribal unity was force, the bond of modern society is sympathy. As much as love is stronger than hate, as much as peace is stronger than strife, as much as sympathy is stronger than rivalry, so much is the unity of the present stronger than that of the past. Thus we have the seeming anomaly that mankind is most mutually sympathetic, harmonious, and united when individuality is most strongly developed. But a still h'gher step in human development than the assertion of individual rights is the acknowledgment and performance of individual duties, which reaches its highest manifestation in helping others. All education, all culture should have as its ultimate object the happiness, the good of others. These things are not of themselves the objects of life, but are acquirements necessary to the individual for usefulness, are added capabilities of service. We need a broader sympathy in our club work; a sympathy that will recognize, and cheer, and help all striving for the better, in the depths as well as on the heights. Individuality is not lessened but strengthened by association. It is only by the reflection of association that the human mirror pictures us to ourselves. It is only by the stimulus of sympathy that aspiration is strongly stirred.

Among the lessons taught by association is the great modern law that is more important, more vital, more hopeful than any ever born into the minds of men, that duties are more important even than rights; that equality of privilege, though a great good, is not the highest good; that the great opportunity of life is service; that the greatest blessing of life is usefulness.

Let us, therefore, by all means have the large club. Mrs. Sarah S. Platt, President of the Denver Women's Club, says in a recent article in the *Club Woman:* "If you have only time for one club, join the great club, organize the great club, because of the blessed help and inspiration you may give to others and the world's work."

The traveling library plan increases each year in public favor. The Utah Federation has recently adopted a plan

* Communications intended for THE MIDLAND'S Club Department should be addressed to Mrs. Harriet C. Towner direct. Her address is Corning, Iowa.

similar to that so successfully carried out by the Nebraska Federation. In Utah cases of books are to be sent to club towns of the State, and although club women will have the books in charge, they may be used by anyone. The state federations of Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, New Jersey, Wisconsin, Connecticut, Georgia, Kansas, Kentucky, and Maine have also adopted work for traveling libraries as a distinct department of federation work.

A noticeable feature of many of the larger clubs is the quiet, but rapidly growing, interest in sociological questions, and the study of social facts illustrating the most characteristic features of human relationships invariably leads to a desire to improve existing conditions. It has been said with truth that in morals woman's influence and power may be most effectively exerted. All issues which have in their ultimate analysis to meet the test of right or wrong are moral issues. The every day affairs of life, the government of a household, the concerns of a neighborhood are very largely moral questions. The education of children, social relationships and duties, and business methods are deeply affected by, and should be largely influenced and moulded by moral considerations. Politics and affairs of state are vitally influenced by moral forces operating for the righteous determination of disputed questions and for the amelioration and elevation of the people. Of the clubs holding membership in the General Federation, nearly two hundred and fifty have departments devoted to the study of social economics or allied subjects, and these questions are being studied with a degree of earnestness not given to any other subject.

Meetings of the state federations of Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Washington were notable club events of the early part of June. The Connecticut Federation met in Waterbury, June 1st. It has forty-two clubs enrolled, with an individual membership of two thousand. The Massachusetts Federation numbers one hundred and twenty-three clubs, and is honored by having as its President Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Kentucky has thirty-five federated clubs and announces as its specific work the establishing of traveling libraries in the mountains, together with efforts for securing more liberal library laws for the State. The Washington Federation reports a membership of forty-four clubs, and is working along educational, literary and civic lines.

The club women of Wisconsin assisted materially in the celebration of the semi-centennial of their State, which occurred at Madison, June 7th, 8th, and 9th. On June 8th a Women's Club Congress was held under the auspices of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, which extended a cordial invitation to all other organizations of Wisconsin women to join with them. Representative women from each of these gave an outline of the aims and methods pursued in their respective organizations. Besides the representatives of the State Federation there were representatives from the D. A. R., W. C. T. U., the Y. M. C A., and the Milwaukee Women's Relief Corps. The Wisconsin State Federation has now a membership of eighty-six clubs, all doing effective work in their various departments.

The report of the reciprocity bureau, which has just been issued, giving lists of manuscripts, talks and lectures for the use of federated clubs, is one of the most complete yet issued by any state federation.

Never before have Iowa clubs been as active in pushing village improvement work. In many towns the efforts made are already yielding surprising results, and Iowa will not long be behind Massachusetts in the cleanliness and well kept appearance of her smaller towns.

CITY FEDERATIONS OF WOMEN'S CLUBS IN MICHIGAN.... Cooperative effort through city federations of women, one of the most recent phases of club life in Michigan, finds expression in Detroit, Jackson, Lansing, Grand Rapids and Saginaw. Some contend that city federation is a needless multiplying of organizations,—a "useless wheel within a wheel," and, perhaps, with reason in cities having fewer than ten thousand inhabitants. But when in a large city literary clubs are located in widely separated neighborhoods, with few opportunities for acquaintance or reciprocity, arguments for their utility are neither few nor weak The following facts concerning city federations in Michigan suggest various practical possibilities of united endeavor.

To Detroit belongs the honor of being the oldest federation and of having the largest number of clubs enrolled. The

Detroit Federation was organized in the fall of 1891, and numbers thirteen clubs. Mrs. A. G. Boynton was its first President, and Mrs. Robert Patterson, the corresponding secretary of the M. S. F. W. C., its present presiding officer.

In November, 1896, the Detroit Federation entertained the State Federation in a manner far beyond the power of any single club of ordinary size. This organization believing in the value of fraternity and coöperation, and that many workers can accomplish results impossible to a few, has established a Protective Agency for women and children, which, for two years, has done a noble work in aiding defenseless women and children.

A long-time ambition of Detroit's club workers has been the erection of a Woman's building suitable for a home for the many organizations springing into active life in a great city. At a recent meeting of the Detroit Federation two friends pledged $1,000 each for such a purpose, and it is hoped that the coöperative efforts of the City Federation will succeed in giving to Detroit in the near future a building which will do credit to the beautiful city of the straits.

Scarcely less noteworthy is the Grand Rapids Federation, which was organized in the autumn of 1896, and represents twelve clubs, composed of one thousand or more women. Mrs. Loraine Immen was the inspiring prime mover of the undertaking and its first President. She was succeeded in office by Mrs. E. B. Newton. The topics discussed have been: "The Curfew Bell," "An Art Room in the Public Library," "Woman's Interest in Municipal Affairs," etc.

The benefits already reported from this federation are a better acquaintance among the club women of Grand Rapids, greater sympathy, and an increased interest in the kindergarten, a quickened regard for the work of the public school. In the words of the first President, they are sowing that others may reap a golden harvest by and by.

The Saginaw Federation also comprises twelve clubs, some of which are among the oldest and most influential in Michigan. It was organized in April, 1897, in order to promote sympathy and fellowship among the clubs, and to carry forward to success any needed undertaking. It is valued as a means of communication. Like its Detroit sister, the Saginaw Federation handsomely entertained the State Federation in 1897. Its meetings are held on the call of the Executive Committee, and its dues are ten cents per capita for each member of a federated club. Its annual meetings are held the last Thursday of May.

The Jackson City Federation of clubs was organized in 1894, by Mrs. James O'Donnell, for the purpose of creating a common interest for the numerous literary clubs of the city, and to enable them to procure from abroad lecturers who have made a notable success in some specialty. The dues were one dollar per capita, and anyone could join by paying that sum. The individual membership at one time reached two hundred and fifty, and the lectures given were thrown open to the general public at a suitable price for each. In 1896 the name was changed to City Federation of Women, hoping thus to widen the interest of all. Mrs. Lucy W. Bancker is President of this organization, which has several thousand dollars at interest toward the elegant woman's building which is desired. This Federation has held two reciprocity days, and a course of four lectures on Household Economics, beside lectures by Mrs. Henrotin, Miss Caulfield, Mr. Kingbiel of New York on American Folk-Song, and one by Miss McDowell of the Chicago University settlement. Much pleasure and instruction has thus been gained, quite impossible to achieve without coöperation.

The Lansing Federation includes six clubs, and represents two hundred and twenty-five women. It was organized in the spring of 1896, to promote mutual helpfulness and acquaintance, as well as to further any work of general benefit. It has a standing Library Committee to cooperate with a similar committee of the Board of Education in advancing the interests of the Public Library. It has held two important public meetings, in which industrial education and the public school system of Michigan were discussed. In the year to come this Federation will work to advance the cause of education and to aid the teachers of the public schools in securing the best results possible for the children of the beautiful capital city.

—*Irma T. Jones.*

MINNESOTA....The Minnesota Federation received a request from the Omaha Exposition to send them an exhibit of its year books, and its president's portrait. This has been done, and it also contemplates sending a spe-

cial car-load of delegates, who will stop on their way to the biennial of the General Federation at Denver, to accept the hospitalities so generously offered by the Omaha people.

The greatest activity among the clubs at present is among those who are interested in town and village improvement work. Reports are coming in every day of this work from all parts of the State.

Parks are being laid out, railroad "rights of way" beautified, schoolhouse grounds decorated, school children supplied with flower seeds, and unsightly rubbish piles disappearing, and all through the influence or direct work of these clubs.

HOME THEMES.

WHAT HAS BEEN, IS.

What has been, is! 'Tis there in our remembrance,—
The sunset glow on mountain, vale and hill;
What gave our humble home to Heaven a semblance,
Is living still.

Tho' dear, familiar forms have long since vanished,
Their tender, loving voices hushed to rest;
And we from that loved spot in exile banished,
By woe oppressed—

Still do we see the sweet, love-lighted faces,
Hear tones whose music we can ne'er forget;
On mem'ry's magic strings the strains entrancing
Are ling'ring yet.

What has been, is! Is evil then immortal?—
All we regret?—The deeds of wicked men?—
Do sorrow, pain and anguish pass Life's portal
To harm again?

Ah! He hath said all darkness shall be banished;
All sorrow, tears and sighing flee away.
When 'neath oblivion's wave they all have vanished,
Then, perfect day!

—*Anne H. Woodruff.*

MISFITS.

Gunton's Magazine for June, in its Arraignment of Organized Charities, puts before our unwilling minds the fact that the effect of many a scheme to assist unfortunate members of the community "can only be to lower the standard of living and the social quality of those it touches, and tend to make permanent a form of semi-mendicancy that otherwise might only be temporary."

We all admit that indiscriminate giving tends to pauperism, yet no one of us has a right to let a starving fellow creature go on his way unfed. The consciousness of our responsibility—the conviction of every intelligent person that he is in some sense his brother's keeper—has led us from private acts to organized effort; but we are told that this collective effort produces much the same result on a large scale that individual giving does in a less degree. It is said that, "All the forces of education, private contributions, and organizations should be directed, not towards feeding the misfits, but towards preventing the economic and social machinery from producing industrial depression, enforced idleness and old age dependence."

This has a fine sonorous sound—a suggestion of unopposed power. We are to add our little contribution to the general stock of accumulated raw material and then stand aside to watch the "social machinery" work all our puzzling problems into organized shape.

Is there not a certain vagueness about this? Is there not an element of personal effort left unaccounted for? And is there not some way by which private enterprise can work on correct lines and yet allow itself the indulgence of extending to a disheartened fellow man that brotherly-kindness which may bring back hope and courage for the life struggle?

For instance, while merchants and other prominent citizens of the metropolis are strengthening the bonds between the sister republics of our western hemisphere—attempting to provide against future "industrial depression"—cannot a private individual find some means by which he can help, in a substantial manner, a victim of the existing depression?

The trend of population is toward the cities and it is not easy to win aliens back to their former homes; yet, in some comparatively clean corner of one of the overcrowded city hives, one may find a man whose hope is gone but whose physical strength is simply in abeyance, a man who regrets, too late, the despised opportunities of his early life. If our philanthropist has, on his

own farm, as is not seldom the case, an empty cottage with neglected gardens, the former son of the soil may be transplanted to his natural habitat and independence will be the result.

Surely it would not interfere with "industrial institutions" if every vacant cottage and every bit of waste land, with possible productive power, were made the beginning of a new community fostered by the guiding hand and open purse of those who cannot aid in the development of republics and who will not allow their substance to be wasted in the channels of false sentimentality. *Mrs. Thomas Cole.*

A MILLENNIUM LEAGUE.

That there is "an atheism which repeats a creed," who can doubt? That the influence of this condition is bearing fruit after its kind, who will deny?

A creed is often made to perform the office of an elaborate gilt frame, namely, that of ornamenting a wretched production.

The mistake here is obvious, as it only serves to emphasize defects and render more apparent the lack of proportion and general faultiness in the character of those who seek to screen themselves within shining boundaries.

The most approved life-preserver would be detrimental to the safety of a man in a cyclone, and to be effective, formulas of belief are equally dependent upon natural and necessary conditions; they are only salvationary when they become the outward expression of a surcharged soul whom divine truth has emancipated.

A doctrine is often held responsible for the shortcomings of its advocate, then again even the dogma of predestination is made to appear the twin of universal redemption, when it has passed through the regenerate heart of the love-conquered Calvinist; hence the responsibility for results rests with the disciple, and it is safe to measure the spirituality of Christians by the quality of their faith and the dimentions of their *Hope.*

An honest appreciation of one's heirship to an eternal kingdom is always accompanied by some visible demonstration. It takes the form of brotherly love in all instances, and this means a world-wide interest in the welfare of humanity. It broadens and clarifies one's moral vision until the heart becomes a veritable messenger of love, a discoverer of hidden burdens and sorrows which are sustained and comforted by the application of Christ's remedy, Sympathy.

"The kingdom of Heaven is within you," we are told; but how much space are we allowing for its influence? Are we seeking "the communion of saints," or does that term include only the exclusive fellowship of those who indorse our views in the matters of "election" and baptism?

There is no question as to the sad lack of what may be called Christian courtesy. Christ always judged a Jew by his own law and we are justified in following the same course; and there is not an orthodox church to-day whose articles of faith do not condemn the attitude of the various sects toward their brethren of different folds.

The effect of this is most disastrous, and its evil results in coloring the thought, and consequently the character, of the young, cannot be estimated.

At the celebration of Solemn High Mass last Easter, a priest of the Roman Catholic church invited a musical society, whose members were Protestants, to render a beautiful mass which they had been studying.

The singers were devout Christians and their interpretation of the music was devotional and reverential in the extreme, so that there was the exquisite harmony of spiritual accord between these followers of the same Lord, and in the outpouring of their united tributes of love the jarring discord of dogma was forgotten. As the soprano sang the *Agnus Dei* her soul was lifted far above the things of earth and the kneeling figures of those about her added inspiration to her supplication, while the "rosaries," visible everywhere, typified the oneness of the redemption and the sacredness of the relationship which bound them to the Redeemer of the World.

That such transcendent conditions can be attained for a moment, proves that they may be captured and retained for a longer period. It seems to be a law in this life that we shall learn everything worth knowing through the agency of contrast, and a moment later the truth of this promise was established beyond a doubt.

"In Rome, do as the Romans do, except in the Romish church."

So proclaims tradition; and in accordance with this discourteous modification of a valuable maxim, the choir maintained pronouncedly upright positions in the intervals between the musical numbers where the service required the congregation to kneel.

A little son of one of the singers—true to his unsullied instincts—knelt beside a pious Catholic "in the beauty of holiness," and, imbued with the spirit of the place, remained for a time in this attitude, then, unfortunately, he glanced in our direction, and in that instant comprehended *the miserable difference.*

Slowly and apologetically he rose and took a seat beside his father, thereby acknowledging his allegiance to the religious code of the latter, regardless of its nature—and thus was the seed of dissension sown in the child's trusting heart and the rock of Christian brotherhood riven!

In our anxiety to gather the lambs into our own cherished fold is it necessary to decry and criticise the spiritual pasturage of another?

No denomination has as yet reached the degree of perfection which will justify it in claiming a monopoly of the truth as it was reflected in the life and teachings of our common Lord. Ah! that all who desire to "lessen every vice and enlarge every virtue" would assist in the organization of a Christian fraternity which should be known as "The Millennium League," whose mission should be voiced in the sentiment so beautifully expressed by David Swing, namely:

"If education is valuable, the age must double it; if art is high, we must double its richness and might; if philanthropy is divine, we must double its quantity and tenderness; if religion is valuable, double its truths and hasten with it to more firesides; if man's life is great, let him count more precious all its winters and summers. All such wisdom, kindness, and piety are rapidly forming into a river, the streams wherof will make more and more glad the world of our humanity and our God."

Maria Weed.

SYMPATHY.

THE sun rose up from the eastward,
In all of his beauty and power,
And flooded the world with brightness,
From pebble to lofty tower.
My heart gave a bound of gladness,
My song ran up the scale
Like the notes of the happy linnet
Whose mate nests down in the vale.

A cloud came up from the westward,
And at noon passed under the sun;
A dullness enfolded the landscape,
And its fullness of glory was done.
My heart had a leaden feeling,
My song seemed a mournful wail;
The notes that swelled high in the morning
Had now crept down the scale.

Blanche Kidd.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

SOME seem to be worried over our right to the Philippine Islands, should our conquest be completed by General Merritt's army of invasion.

Let us go back a little. Juan de la Concepcion in his *Historia General de Philipinas*, published in Manila in 1788, affirms that the Spanish Kings inherited a divine right to these islands, their dominion being prophesied in the eighteenth chapter of Isaiah. This writer insists that if God gave the land of Canaan to the children of Israel, with equal force may it be claimed that God gave the Philippines to the Spaniards.

Pious Spaniards who believe this should not forget the hard Scripture, "The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

Historian Juan de la Concepcion declares that this concession from Heaven was confirmed by apostolic authority, and (we quote) "by the many manifest miracles with which God, the Virgin and the Saints, as auxiliaries of our arms, demonstrated its unquestionable justice."

Having comfortably settled the question by a single reference to Isaiah, that pro-Spanish historian of the Philippines closes his case by quoting from Saint Augustine the declaration that he considered it a sin to doubt the justice of a war which God determines.

Mr. John Foreman, though a good pro-Spanish pro-Spaniard, dissents from Senor Juan's pious conclusion and builds his argument of justification for Spain on the historic ground of right by conquest. In his work on the Philippine Islands, published by the Scribners about eight years ago and dedicated to General Parrado, ex-governor of a province in Cuba and later of a province in the Philippines, Mr. Foreman maintains that the civilization of the world is but the outcome of wars; that the benefits derived from war generally exceed the losses war inflicts; that nearly every step of the world's progress has been reached by warfare; that the right of conquest is historically undeniable; that as stature impels man to seek dominance over his fellow mortals, so nations strive to gain ascendancy over other nations. He adds:

"There is no argument beyond force, and the Spaniards exercised their instinctive right in invading the Philippines, dethroning its kings and appropriating their territory."

Thus considerately has the apologist for the Spaniard prepared the way for General Merritt's army of invasion now headed toward the possessions of Spain on the other side of the globe.

***

SPEAKING of the destructiveness of modern naval warfare, the English poet laureate, Southey, was something more than an idle dreamer of dreams. He sometimes enjoyed the gift of prophecy.

In the eighth colloquy of his "Progress and Prospects of Society," published by John Murray, London, in 1829, he thus suggestively talks of war:

"More than two centuries elapsed after the first appearance of fire-arms in European warfare, before any material effect in war was produced by them, and nearly a third before the whole system of war was changed in consequence; so greatly did his [Roger Bacon's] intellect outstrip the march of ordinary minds. That the discovery should have been less immediately destructive than he had feared, proves only the extent and quickness of his foresight."

Bacon had predicted that the discovery of gunpowder was a perilous secret, which, whenever it was divulged, would prove terribly destructive. Though gunpowder has made sieges

more terrible, Southey foresaw that they would not last as long, and for that reason they would become "less ferocious, less disgraceful to human nature."

The author remembers to have read or heard of a soldier in the then late war, who was told by his officer to take aim when he fired and make sure of his man. "I cannot do it sir," was his reply. "I fire into their ranks, and that does as well; but to single out one among them and mark him for death, would lie upon my mind afterwards."

This was used to illustrate the point that gunpowder had lessened the individual intensity of the combatants, and that "in war it is manifestly better that men should act as machines than with an individual feeling."

Southey notes another effect of the introduction of gunpowder in war. It rendered the lot of war equal between leaders and the led. Theretofore the leader was encased in steel from head to foot, while his men were provided only with corselet and head-piece which could afford little defense against the spear, the battle-axe, the mace, or the sword.

This leveling tendency induced a common feeling between officers and men, tending to raise the military character in public estimation.

But Southey's prophecy, to which allusion has been made, is in the assertion—then novel but in our own times become common—that the rapidly increasing destructiveness of war with gunpowder as a basis would do more for peace than all the peace societies could do. There must come a time, Southey predicts, when "men will not be induced by any motives to face such engines as may be brought into the field." This condition, he thinks, will first be seen in maritime war.

With an Englishman's well founded complacency, he fears nothing for England from foreign enemies. "There is, however," he adds, "an end to naval war, if it be made apparent that whenever two ships engage, one, if not both, must inevitably be destroyed. And this is within the reach of our present science. The chemist and machinist will succeed where moralists and divines have failed."

Then follows an allusion to "an invasion of gun-boats" and rafts "built upon whales,"

"And dragons in 'em that spit fire ten miles,"

—a quotation from Beaumont and Fletcher—all together showing that the terrible execution of naval warfare in our half of the century was anticipated by Southey early in the first half, and dreamt out by the Elizabethan poets three centuries before our time.

***

RENE BAZIN says, "the Spaniards of to-day feel themselves the descendants, legitimate and undegenerate, of the Spaniards of the time of Charles V." This all are prepared to believe who know the story of the all-conquering Charles V and the legacy of injustice and oppression to Holland which he left his son, Philip II.

***

"LITERARY CHAT," in *Munsey's* for June, has added a new figure of speech to the general stock on hand. It may not seem elegant and it may not be true, but it's new. He says: "The book review is the dog biscuit of modern literature. It contains all the essential parts in a compact form, and will sustain intellectual existence for an indefinite period. A man can swallow fifteen reviews while he would be mastering one book, and so has fifteen chances of appearing intelligent instead of one chance of really being so."

Clever,—but misleading. It is estimated that the output of books, last year, was over twenty-five thousand volumes. The number of books one actually reads through in a year ranges, we will say, all the way from zero up to a hundred. While there are those

who study the book reviews that they may appear intelligent, or at least "well read," the great mass of book readers go to the reviews to find out what's going on in the literary world. Physically unable to read at least twenty-four thousand nine hundred of the twenty-five thousand books put upon the market in a given period of time, yet, through the indefatigable and, in the main, well directed labors of many men of many minds, they are enabled, through the service to cover the whole world of literature in a general way, and thus the better to select and to measure the relative value of the few books which they may elect to read.

***

MRS. CRAWFORD, in the *Contemporary Review*, puts forth the theory that Alphonse Daudet failed to reach the highest round of the ladder of success because he was too well married.*

There may have been literary men—not many surely—too well circumstanced and happily surrounded for the production of their best. It has been said that Barry Cornwall would have been more to the world had his family and home been less to him. But the world can well afford to live on without Barry Cornwall's best, having had in his career a wholesome and delightful example of the truth, too much obscured by writers about literary folk, that literary men may do rare work and lead noble lives, though happily married and well homed. We can find no reason for the conclusion that a less fortunate union and a less happy home would have resulted in anything of more value to the world than Proctor's lyrics, including such heart-satisfying verse as "The Poet's Song to his Wife," beginning:

"How many summers love,
Have I been thine?"

Or "A Woman's Question," in which occur such soul-searching words as these:

"If thou canst feel
Within thy inmost soul
That thou hast kept a portion back
While I have staked the whole,—
Let no pity spare the blow, but in true mercy
tell me so."

Or "The Nights," in which the passing of Winter is exquisitely pictured as dying "in a dream of rain."

To have lived the life he aimed to live; to have done the work he felt impelled to do; to have so impressed the world with the rare quality of this work that edition followed edition; to have won the friendship and love of Lamb, Rogers, Leigh Hunt, Thackeray, Dickens, Browning, Tennyson and other of his contemporaries; to have given to the world that second self, his poet daughter, Adelaide Proctor, and to have died lamented and honored, and to be read and studied by all who find delight in lyric poetry,—this surely is success enough for any one poet.

***

BUT let us return to Daudet. What reason has Mrs. Crawford for concluding, or even surmising, that Daudet's art would have prospered more in the Latin quarter or in some provincial village than in the elegant Faubourg St. Germain? Why charge Mme. Daudet with placing her husband's work "on too high a plane," with consequent "great loss of spontaneity and grace"? Let us first take the great novelist's testimony on this point. M. Daudet is quoted by a writer in a recent number of *Scribner's* as confessing that he owed "all the success as well as the

*But it seems to me a question whether the life of a prosperous *bourgeois*, which, thanks in a great measure to his wife's admirable supervision, the novelist was enabled to lead, served the higher interests of his art—whether it might not have prospered better in a garret of the Quartier Latin, or better still, in some Provencal village, and whether all the circumstances of his marriage did not interpose a barrier between him and that Provincal life from which he drew all his best inspiration. The tendency of the whole *milieu* in which his latter life was spent was to place the novelist's work on too high a plane, and to urge him into methods of composition quite foreign to his natural heart, with the inevitable result of a great loss in spontaneity and grace, his two most valuable qualities. And in this tendency, I cannot but feel that Mme. Daudet had her share of responsibility.—Virginia M. Crawford, *Contemporary Review*.

happiness of his life" to Mme. Daudet. A man knows whether his wife is a help or a hindrance to his success. If he doesn't know, who does? We might quote one after another of his contemporaries to prove that Daudet's art was helped, not hindered, by the brilliant yet soundly practical woman who early came into his life. But Mrs. Crawford herself supplies all the suggestions necessary. This writer in one place speaks of Daudet's "lamentable inconception of his own literary mission, in attempting to smother his natural optimistic temperament beneath the dead weight of realistic pessimism." Had he been prodded to his task by poverty and had his environment been one of sin and misery, might he not have succeeded all too well in smothering that natural artistic temperament beneath the dead weight of realistic pessimism? Had he not early come into enjoyment of that prosperity which enabled him to live at his ease, a prosperity due largely to his wife's thrifty management of his affairs, his imagination might have been narrowed to his early Provencal life, or to the Bohemian life of the Latin quarter, and the world might have missed what it persists in regarding as Daudet's best work, his humorous *Tartarin* series, and his more pretentious *Numa Roumestan*, which draw freely upon his own experience and observations while abroad. Mrs. Crawford elsewhere remarks that "Daudet's limitations were the inevitable outcome of his qualities." Then surely they could not have been the result of the ennobling life he led at home. Zola has well said that "benevolent nature put Alphonse Daudet at the exquisite point of view where poetry finishes and cruelty begins."

ALFONZO DAUDET.

There are passages in Daudet's works which strain our acceptance of these words of praise—passages which—like whole chapters and even volumes of Zola—reveal the bestial and the devilish possibilities of the human soul. As we near them, we mentally shudder at the thought of what might have been, had not this impressionable young genius from Provence found just such a helpmeet as the one who at the early age of twenty-six, came into his life, one of whom M. Filon writes: "A loving, intelligent wife, who was to be to him, in the words of the Holy Scriptures, 'a companion of his rank,' a wife who was not only to become a help and comfort, but a literary adviser, a moral guide, and a second conscience far more strict

and exacting than his own; a wife who taught him how to direct and husband his precious faculties,—how to turn them to the noblest use and highest deeds."

***

WHEN shall we hear the last of that abomination, the so-called comic history? Notwithstanding the rough handling which its immediate predecessor received, now comes a "Comic History of Greece"! A writer who would deliberately sit down to be funny over the history of "Fair Greece—sad relic of departed worth,' would take notes at the funeral of his benefactor,—an' faith he'd "prent 'em."

***

IF this sort of spirit were universal, we might speedily furl our battle-flags and make ready to celebrate the incoming millennium. A young girl won one of the ten prizes in our Twenty Question competition for June. She directed the publisher to send THE MIDLAND for a year—the prize awarded—to another young girl in her town, and added:

"She was one who tried last month and failed. She is a poor orphan girl, and I found that she wanted the magazine, O, so bad! I thought if by sending it to her I might do her as much good as my friend, Mr. M———, did me by sending it to me. I'd like to have you turn over my year's subscription to her."

Why are such instances so uncommon that one feels like relating them? One would think that the profitlessness of receiving and not giving, and the profitableness of freely giving as we freely receive, would early become so apparent that generosity would soon grow to be a habit of the soul.

GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

The current *Outlook* has a fine sketch entitled "Maple Seeds," by Mrs. Bertha Horak Shambaugh of Iowa City. It is illustrated by the author. Mrs. Shambaugh has contributed some excellent papers to THE MIDLAND, notably one on the Amana Colony.

Albert Bigelow Paine, the Kansas poet, is winning his way in New York. He is now a frequent contributor to the *Century*, *Munsey's* and other Eastern magazines. Another Midland writer in verse and prose, Ellis Parker Butler, of Muscatine, has struck a humorous vein to which the *Century* frequently responds.

George Kennan is trying his hand at a made-to-order story of the Cuban war. He is dredging for material under the banner of the Red Cross.

A curious study of Palmistry, by F. W. Fitzpatrick, is forthcoming in THE MIDLAND.

Mark Twain has come out alive from the gauntlet of the critics and, after paying his much-advertised debts, is presumably comfortable, if not positively happy. His "Following the Equator" has evidently satisfied a reasonable expectation. After reading the sample of the book which its publishers gave the public in *McClure's*, we feared that a great disappointment was in store for both author and publisher. There seemed to be in that installment an over straining after the humor that made "Innocents Abroad" the great success it was. Here is a touch of Mark Twain's happy combination of humor and philosophy, one of the many evidences which the book affords that its author has not yet lost his rare power of putting our every-day philosophy into rememberable words. Speaking of the difficult task of withholding our scorn from those who don't think as we do, the philosopher says: "If the man doesn't believe as we do, we say he is a crank, and that settles it. I mean it does nowadays, because we can't burn him."

Frank W. Calkins can write a love story as well as tales of adventure, as MIDLAND readers will soon be convinced. Look out for his "Mrs. Brown of Brownsville."

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

What ails Chicago? Mr. Ellsworth, of that city, is going to take his noble collection of paintings to New York "on account of Chicago's atmosphere." So says the art editor of *Munsey's*. This writer does not tell us whether the objection to the atmosphere is material or moral. But as the same objection "brought Mr. Charles Yerkes' magnificent pictures to Gotham," we may infer that it is material.

Good Housekeeping's publisher has been forced into bankruptcy by a wicked creditor who maintained that what's his is his'n.

Munsey gives us another look at his half-tone collection of battleships, and prepares us for the worst by saying: "They cannot be pictured too often." It may occur to this enthusiastic picturer that even battleships pall in time.

The Overland is struggling through a long and tedious contest of amateur photographers. It has reached the eighth installment of views. As its readers have been given a reduction in the price of the magazine they are keeping still.

Pickwick is the latest attempt to find out what Chicago wants. It is a five-center.

Timeliness will be a feature of the August MIDLAND. Papers descriptive of characters and scenes in the Spanish-American War will be included in the table of contents.

TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

(1) Why was my descriptive paper thrown out? (2) Was it not well written?

(2) It was well written, but (1) the pictures were not satisfactory. They are half-tone prints which would not reproduce well, and, to add to their non-availability, they had been pasted on thin sheets of paper, and hence presented a wrinkled, rumpled appearance, which would have been fatal to reproduction had they been the best of pictures.

---

(1) Do you always read manuscripts to the bitter end? (2) Don't you sometimes spare yourself such infliction? Please answer in THE MIDLAND.

(1) No. (2) Yes. To illustrate: Let us take a manuscript before us—one no better and no worse than many others that come to us. The first sentence reads thus: "To those who have lived in the valley lands all their lives, we presume they can scarcely imagine the absolute joy and pleasure that can be derived from a few weeks' sojourn amid the delightful scenery and unexpected surprises constantly presented by the grand old Rockies." The faults of construction in this initial sentence and the evidence given therein that the writer has but faint comprehension of word values, raised so much question as to the author's ability to write for the edification of others that only a few sentences more were needed to convince us of the impossibility of making any use of the manuscript, and it was laid aside. No manuscript thus faultily begun has any place in a magazine that aims to present the best in descriptive writing.

THE MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

THE BEST YOUTH'S HISTORICAL NOVEL EVER WRITTEN.

The advance sheets of a long expected story are lying upon THE MIDLAND Book Table. Which is the more delightful, the unexpected or the expected book? In the present instance, the expected book, marking, as it does, the outermost trend of the century, yet displaying the ripe scholarship and inimitable style characteristic of the school of Longfellow and Holmes, gives the greater pleasure. About two years ago, Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr wrote me that she was planning a youth's story which would illustrate the life of the little Duke of Gloster, the only one of Queen Anne's numerous children who lived to be so old as eleven years. Often Mrs. Dorr had to lay this book entitled, "In King's Houses,"* aside, on account of severe illness, or because some poem, as "The Sanctuary Lamp," impressed itself upon her mind with greater insistence than the fortunes of the boy, Gloster, and his chosen friend, Robin Sandys. Then, too, ye young writers, who scorn to revise your articles, thinking what editors call "hot stuff" good enough for publication,—Mrs. Dorr is in the habit of putting the first drafts of her stories, sketches of travel and poems away to leaven; for when the ingredients of a story are once mixed up, it is surprising how many obscure notices and remarks in newspapers, books, conversations, suggest some new ingredient, and add to the final flavor of the book. Mrs. Dorr is also a fortunate finder of charming bits of history; almost as fortunate as the Goncourts in France. Like the aunt of these celebrated brothers, Mrs. Dorr has always had a passion for old bric-a-brac, Venetian glasses, objects in ivory, old tapestries, letters and manuscripts, everything, in fine, which forms the fragments of history, the blocks from which the statue is formed.

But Mrs. Dorr does not believe, as did Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, that a period must be known solely by its queens of the left and right and its dinner-menus; a courtly period must be sought out amid its fetes and its attire. Mrs. Dorr takes a wider view even in this youth's story of "In King's Houses." Herein her profound knowledge of old English cathedrals, celebrated halls, castles, cottages, scenery, costumes, fetes, religious festivals and ceremonials has all been brought into play, as well as curious fragments of history which she plucked out of the Seventeenth

*I. C. Page & Co., Boston.

and Eighteenth century waste basket, gleefully eluding the clutches of old Father Time's relentless fingers. Out of shreds and patches then (for, beyond Bishop Burnet's account, little has heretofore been known in authentic history of William, the fifth Duke of Gloster) Mrs. Dorr has reconstructed for the girls and boys of the Nineteenth and Twentieth centuries the life and brief career of this promising little duke. And she has done her work so well that "In King's Houses" is destined to be a youth's classic. It will be to the children what Thackeray's "Henry Esmond" is to their fathers and mothers.

Robin Sandys, the hero of the story, was the reputed grandson of Dame Dorothy, an old nurse of Queen Anne. Dame Dorothy reared Robin as her grandson, giving him, however, every possible chance in life which opened before him. He was in reality the son of Sir Henry Waldegrave, and was left in Dame Dorothy's charge after the battle of the Boyne, for Sir Henry Waldegrave had served the Stuarts all his days, and was, like the good Bishop Ken, a faithful adherent of the Stuarts, although a Protestant. All the romance of those days in song and story was associated with the Stuarts, and this is the side that children love. I well remember, when I was a girl, how "The Children of the New Forest" converted me to the Stuart cause,—against my good father's protests. Later reading (including many studies of Macaulay and Carlyle) made me change my position. But my advice always is: Let the children love the Stuarts, for as Mrs. Dorr says: "As long as valor is, and loyalty and devotion endure, so long shall the noble men who followed the Stuarts to defeat and death live in the hearts of mankind. . . Unstable as water, 'tis a fated race, yet oh, how well beloved!" It is unwise to tear down the myths of childhood and show children only the cold, bare facts of history and life. One reason why children love nature so much is because the ancient mother covers up the bare trees, the bare hills, and the bare meadows. Children love life, and color, and valor, and patriotism, and love. At least this is Dame Dorothy's philosophy of life. Dame Dorothy is a type of the old-fashioned English nurse. Without any great knowledge of books, beyond the Bible and the Horn book, she yet has a practical knowledge of children and childish lore. She is faithful, discreet, has a rare wit and a quick, although prudent, tongue. She is a stately figure, who never quite forgets that she was once nurse to Lady Anne Stuart.

Portraits of Queen Anne have not been drawn with a loving hand by either Whig or Tory. The good Queen Anne was overshadowed by the brilliant men and women of her court. Her domestic virtues were depreciated in an age when it was not fashionable to be virtuous. Mrs Dorr's portrait of Queen Anne is certainly more human than the celebrated description of Marie Antoinette by the two Goncourts, and will bear comparison therewith. *Les Goncourt's* pen portrait of Queen Marie Antoinette is as follows:

"The Queen possessed all the characteristic marks which men's imagination requires from majesty in woman; a serene benevolence; a figure made to fill a throne; hair forming a diadem of pale gold; the most beautiful and brilliant complexion possible; a perfect neck, perfect shoulders, and perfect hands; the rythmic step that heralds the approach of the goddesses in the ancient poems; a royal poise of the head; a superb air of welcome and protection, the dazzling remembrance of which strangers carried away with them."

In quiet contrast to this adulatory description of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette is the living figure of Queen Anne in "In King's Houses."

"The Princess had been extremely pretty in her early youth, with her round, pliant figure, her fair, fresh, English complexion, her luxuriant, dark brown hair and her dainty hands and feet; and although she had of late years grown too stout for perfect comeliness, she was still fair, with a royal dignity in the poise of her well-shaped head, and much of the charm that belongs to beautiful womanhood. . . . Queen Anne's chief accomplishments were her knack of writing pretty little notes and making graceful little speeches. My lords were charmed with her grace and dignity. She had a certain sweetness of voice that was remarkable even in her childhood, and she had been well trained in the use of it. All through her life she retained the power of swaying an audience by this subtle charm of voice and manners, which often stood her in good stead where brilliant intellect and rare wit might have failed her.

She was now thirty-seven, in the very midsummer of her womanhood. Too large in person, she yet retained much of the simple beauty of her girlhood, her fresh English coloring, her wealth of softly curling hair,—brown with a glint of gold in it, and the perfectly moulded hands and arms that were said to be the most beautiful in all Europe. The people loved her,—all the more, perhaps, because she was neither learned nor brilliant, but merely a simple, kindly woman whom they could understand. So they greeted her with loud acclaims, rejoicing that the sun rose on her coronation day; and regarding it, after the literally stormy weather of the preceding reign, as a favorable augury for which it was meet to thank God and take heart of grace. They called her then, as they called her always, "Our good Queen Anne."

To write a youth's classic in one's seventy-second year, putting into it the substance of many travels, the pith of many readings, the essence of one's mature thought! Could any fairer work be found for a woman-poet?

The illustrations by Mr. Frank T. Merrill are picturesque, show a close study of the book, and are fairly accurate as to costume.

MARY J. REID.

When a poet raises his voice anywhere in the West, it seems as though there was a conspiracy of busy men and the elements to drown his voice in an uproar of their own making. The elemental strife into which the pioneer is drawn develops men of strength who do and dare, and whose real greatness they do not themselves comprehend. Not till after the fight is made and victory or death attained, does the poet-interpreter get a hearing. The rough riders who, a few years ago, rushed over the border line into the then Indian Territory, carrying under their broad hats the sovereignty of which States are made, needed an interpreter who should do for them what Bret Harte did for the Forty-niners, dig down underneath the phenomenal movement and find the soul of it.

Take an instance. Foremost among the pioneers of Oklahoma was the notorious raider, Captain Payne, once

pictured to the world as an outlaw and treated as such by the government. To the poet of Oklahoma, Mr. Freeman E. Miller,* this criminal before the law was revealed as a man of the John Brown type, whose claim to greatness lies in his one idea that there in the Indian Territory was land too good to be left unredeemed, and just over the border in Kansas were homeless thousands, eager to redeem the wilderness and only waiting the man, and the word.

"A new Crusade
He preached, a second Hermit,
A savage land from wilderness to redeem;
He slowly made,
Whatever fools may term it,
A mighty force that realized his dream."

The heroic side of the cowboy's wild life also needed an interpreter. But not until the fencing in process of the present decade began to fence out the cowboy, did the poet come to picture that hero of the plains at his best. His all-day and all-night devotion to duty, his unfaltering, death-defying courage in a stampede, the heart side of his nature as revealed by an incident sometime after his death—these are phases which only the poet could bring out at their best. We quote from "The Stampede," by Mr. Miller:

"Him I found where the cattle rushed in the wild of their wandering,
Broken and beaten by scores of hoofs, a crushed and a mangled thing!
. . . . . .
I found a locket above his heart, with a picture there of grace
That showed a girl with a curly head and a most uncommon face;
Hero, you say? Well, maybe so; for I know it is oft confessed
That he's the kind of a man it takes for the work here in the West."

Mr. Miller is professor of English language and literature in the Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College, and is doing good work in the embryo State, with which his name is already closely identified. Governors come and go; but the poet who saw and felt and pictured "The Opening of Oklahoma," though yet a young man, is a permanent part of the history of that on-coming State. The only real historians are the poets. It matters little that history, so called, begins where Homer left off; for the most luminous portion of the real history of Greece is found in "The Iliad," and "The Odyssey." After reading Mr. Freeman's "The Opening of Oklahoma," one finds the tale is there told:—all else, however valuable it may be as data, is data only.

*Songs of the Southwest Country. Freeman E. Miller. Stillwater, Oklahoma. $1.50. The Knickerbocker Press, New York.

Clarence Hawkes is coming into his own. When "the blind poet of New England" put forth his first book, "Pebbles and Shells," it became evident that though much of the verse was crude, there was much of promise there. "Three Little Folks" followed, of which the same remark might be made. But of the latest book from this source, "Idyls of Old New England,"* somewhat more may be said. The poet's soul is expanding His mind is becoming more exacting. The poet's judgment as to what themes are his and what belong to greater souls is asserting itself. As Hezekiah Butterworth well says in his introduction to this volume, "Such work as his is near to the people's hearts; in such poems the old home, its elms, its purple swifts, its flaming orioles, its orchards, meadows and grasses, and all the sacred habitude of social and domestic affection come back again." The poet has repeopled New England with the old-time folk whose dialect we wouldn't change if we could and couldn't if we would, whose droll protests against modern innovations, far from irritating us, afford us no end of enjoyment, for memories of the old times make it easy for the reader to put himself in the protestant's place for the time being. Take as a single instance the following dialect verse:

"I see the college chaps in town,
A swellin' round in style,
A lookin' mighty dandified,
As though they knew a pile;
An' then I read when I got hum
O' how they've done some trick
That would have put ter shame the brains
O' any lunatic.

"An' then sometimes I see them all
A-marchin' up an' down,
With night dresses an' nightcaps on—
They call um cap and gown';
An' some o' um go in for sports,
An' some go in for canes;
It makes you feel real sorrowful
That more don't try for brains."

The volume includes several hundred quatrains, some of them innocent of suggestion, but most of them containing a thought quaintly expressed. The poet's sympathy with nature, felt in many of the poems, develops in a few of the quatrains, as for example:

*Picturesque Publishing Co., Northampton, Mass. $1.50.

'Is it the woe inherent in all mirth,
The finite life that crowns a higher birth,
That nature feels, e'en like your heart and mine;
When on the air soft sighs the darkling pine?"

But the best part of the book is the picturing of the homely cares and joys of New England country life.

The work is elegantly printed and profusely and handsomely illustrated.

That the new light in Middle-Western literature, known by the name of Elia W. Peattie, is not a fitful and uncertain light is demonstrated. Mrs. Peattie's second venture before the public, "A Mountain Woman and Other Stories" commanded the earnest attention of the critics and found many readers. It evinced rare powers in picturing the hardships of isolated pioneers on Nebraska farms and in the mountains beyond. The tragedy of the all-consuming mortgage was told with feeling "too deep for tears." There was in the tale so much of realism that champions of the poor mortgaged farmers of Nebraska utilized it for campaign purposes, though it was written with no such end in view. Mrs. Peattie's second book is entitled "Pippins and Cheese"—"Being the relation of how a number of persons ate a number of dinners at various times and places."* Some of the stories have appeared in the magazines and found interested readers. Most of the stories are in lighter vein than those of the first book above referred to, but a few of them strike the chord of love with a touch of pathos which is irresistible. "Pippins and Cheese" reveals reserves of material and power which promise greater work than has yet been achieved by its author.

RECEIVED.

The Old Thirteen, Patriotic Song; words by Corrilla Copeland Lewis; music by Harriet Hayden Hayes; 25 cents. 5832 Jefferson Avenue, Chicago, or Chariton, Iowa.

---

*Way & Williams, Publishers, Chicago.

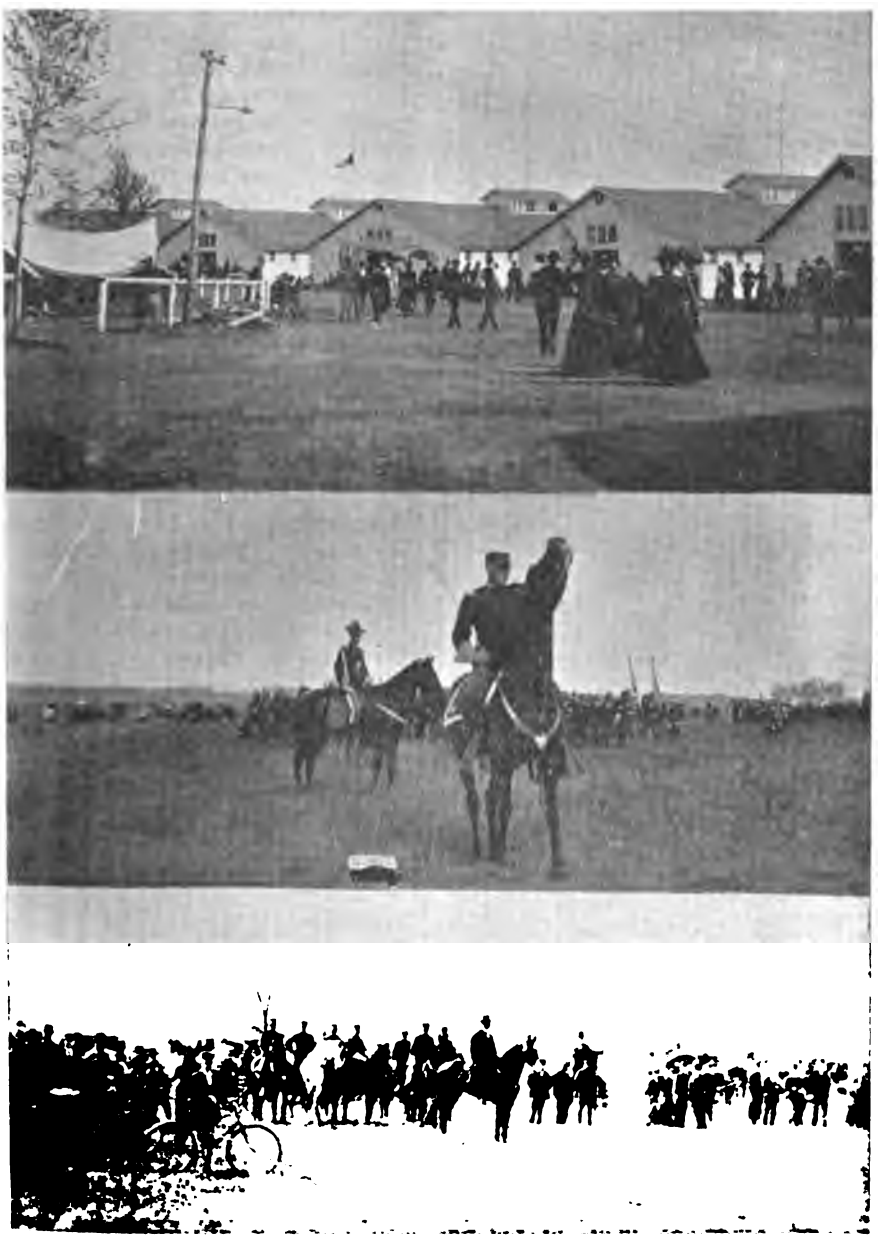
Contributors' Department. L'INFANTE MARGUERITE—VELAZQUEZ.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

VOLUME X. AUGUST, 1898. NUMBER 2.

THE FIFTY-FIRST IOWA AT 'FRISCO.

BY JOHN SNURE.



(1) THE FIFTY-FIRST QUARTERS AT CAMP McKINLEY, DES MOINES—(2) THE REGIMENT WAITING TO EMBARK FOR 'FRISCO—(3) GOVERNOR SHAW'S REVIEWING PARTY, CAMP McKINLEY.

ONE OF THE FIFTY-FIRST COMPANIES—A, OF DES MOINES—WILLIAM GIBSON, CAPTAIN.

THE Fifty-first Infantry Iowa Volunteers, the old Third Regiment of the Iowa National Guard, is now encamped at San Francisco. Its tents cover a stretch of sand in the extreme northern part of Camp Merritt, from whose ridges the blue waters of the restless ocean are visible. More than a month has gone by since the first of the Iowa Volunteer troops were ordered to the Pacific coast to join the Philippine Islands expeditionary forces, this being the official designation of the army lying at San Francisco, or already sent to Manila. It was late Thursday night, June 2d, that the orders to move west were received at Camp McKinley, Des Moines, where the Regiment was then stationed under Brig.-Gen. James Rush Lincoln, who was ordered to Mobile. Little more than two days later, Sunday, June 5th, the Fifty-first started on its journey of 2,000 miles to the western edge of the continent, stirred and enthused by the prospect of being able to serve in the far off islands of the Asiatic seas. Five days later, June 10th, the Regiment crossed the bay from Oakland to San Francisco. A reception that amounted almost to an ovation was tendered it, and amid the cheering acclaim of vast throngs that lined the streets, it marched out Golden Gate Avenue to Camp Merritt, and pitched its tents amid the waste lots near Laurel Hill cemetery.

In accordance with orders from Washington, the Regiment had to be recruited up to the line of 106 men to the company. Recruiting details were left in Iowa, and in little more than a week, the newly enlisted men began to arrive and join the Regiment. Within two weeks from the time it started west, the Fifty-first was recruited to the limit and all the recruits had joined the Regiment at San Francisco.

The history of the Regiment since reaching San Francisco may almost be told in the single word—drill. The weeks that have passed have been weeks of hard work, of unrelaxing effort.

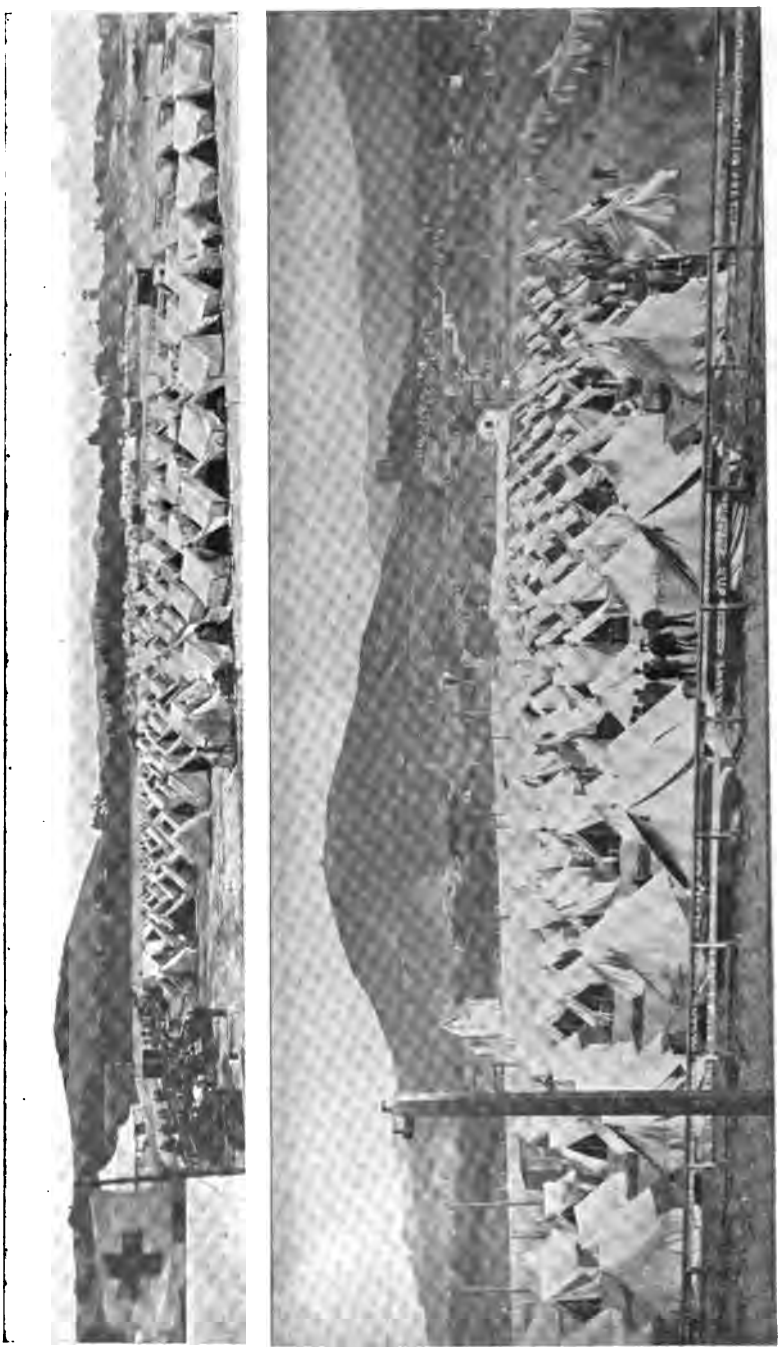
COMPANY B, OF VILLISCA—A. F. BURTON, CAPTAIN.

This has been all the more necessary by reason of the large accessions of recruits. By tireless activity, these have been moulded and shaped from civilians into soldiers, and in point of efficiency, the Regiment now ranks with the first in Camp Merritt. As rapidly as possible, it has been equipped, and to-day it could take the field on a few hours' notice if necessary.

Had it not been needful to add hundreds of recruits, there is little doubt the Fifty-first would by this time have been far on its way to Manila. But the necessity of breaking over four hundred raw men into service hampered it greatly and in consequence other organizations preceded it to the antipodes.

The Philippines has been all along the field of operations preferred by the Fifty-first, and each day that passes increases and intensifies the ardent desire of officers and men to set sail for the other side of the Pacific. As yet no orders to go have been received. Should they fail to go to Manila, the troops hope to reach the Sandwich Islands at least.

During its stay at Camp Merritt, the Iowa men have been treated with every mark of consideration by the people of San Francisco. No courtesy or kindness has been omitted. The Red Cross and other societies have done much for the Regiment, and at a recent Red Cross benefit entertainment at Mechanics' Pavilion, it was chosen to give an exhibition, in preference to several other regiments. The exhibition drill was witnessed by 5,000 people and was pronounced the finest ever seen in the city. To the sick of the Regiment, every attention has been shown. Fortunately the serious cases have been few, but those needing extraordinary care have been received beneath the roof of the Hospital for Children and the Waldeck Sanitarium. Both the ladies of the Red Cross and of the Catholic Truth society, have been active in their care of the sick. The hospital department of the Regiment is fully equipped, and a



TWO VIEWS OF FIFTY-FIRST IOWA, CAMP MERRITT, SAN FRANCISCO.

recognition of its efficiency is seen in the recent appointment of Major W. H. S. Matthews, Regimental Surgeon, as Sanitary Inspector for Camp Merritt.

The following are the field officers and staff of the Regiment:

Colonel—John C. Loper.

Lieutenant-Colonel—Marcellus M. Miller.

Majors—William J. Duggan, John T. Hume, Sterling P. Moore.

Regimental Adj't—J. T. Davidson.

Battalion Adjutants—George A. Reed, Frank M. Compton, Herbert C. Lane.

Quartermaster—John D. Cady.

Surgeon—W. H. S. Matthews.

Assistant Surgeons—Donald E. Mac Rae, David S. Fairchild, Jr.

Chaplain—Herman P. Williams.

BRIG.-GEN. JAS. RUSH LINCOLN.

The Fifty-first Iowa is a member of the Eighth Army corps, commanded by Major-General Otis. It is brigaded with the Seventh California and the First South Dakota Infantry, under the command of Brigadier-General H. G. Otis. For a short time, its brigade commander was General Arthur MacArthur, but following his departure for the Philippines, with the third expedition, General Otis was placed in command.

The first death in the regiment was that of Private J. E. Ritter, of Company M, on Monday, July 11th, after an operation for an intestinal cancer, at the brigade hospital. On Saturday, July 24th, Private L. E. Rogers, of the same company, died from an operation for appendicitis. A brother of Private Rogers came and escorted the remains to their home at Minburn, Iowa. Deceased was an old member of the Red Oak Company where he was at the head of the science department of the public schools and director of athletics. He was widely known as a football expert, having been a member of the Iowa Agricultural College team. The illnesses most common to the troops are sore throats, colds and similar troubles incident to the "demnition moist, unpleasant weather." All serious cases are reported to home friends promptly.

There now seems to be no longer a doubt that the Fifty-first will soon be on the Pacific, en route for the Philippines, the goal of its anxious hopes for weeks and months. When this news spread through camp the air was rent withcheers, and volleys of applause by squads, platoons and companies, thundered through the camp. The Fifty-first Iowa enlisted for the front and not for a sand-lot camping party. Iowa boys would select some other place for a summer camp.

The companies of the Fifty-first Regiment are from the following southern and largely southwestern Iowa cities: A, Des Moines; B, Villisca; C, Glenwood; D, Knoxville; E, Shenandoah; F, Oskaloosa; G, Creston; H. Des Moines; I, Bedford; K, Corning; L, Council Bluffs; M, Red Oak.

OFFICERS OF THE FIFTY-FIRST INFANTRY, IOWA VOLUNTEERS, AT 'FRISCO.

MAJOR BELLE REYNOLDS.

BY CLARA SPAULDING BROWN.

THE newly elected President of the Woman's Parliament of Southern California, Dr. Belle Reynolds, of Santa Barbara, enjoys the proud distinction of being the only woman regularly commissioned as an officer on the rolls of the United States army. The rank of Major was conferred on her April 7, 1862, by Gov. Richard Yates, of Illinois, and it is not an empty title, won by favoritism or happy circumstance. It was earned by bravery and unselfish fortitude in a time of great personal danger and privation. Now she is entitled to the military salute whenever she visits an army post or fort.

Mrs. Reynolds was born in Shelburne Falls, Mass., but moved to Iowa with her family, at the age of 14. They settled in the wilderness, but the daughter was afterward sent East to complete her education. She became the first teacher in Cass county, Iowa, walking several miles, and fording a river every day, to the little log schoolhouse.

In April, 1860, she married Mr. William Reynolds of Peoria, Ill., and went with him to the war a year later, he being a lieutenant on General McClernand's staff. When they were at Bird's Point, Mo , in August, 1861, the order came to break camp, and the young wife marched with the troops, or rode on the back of a mule, over the rough roads, partaking of the rude fare and sleeping on the ground.

They went to Cape Girardeau, Mo., where the regiment remained several months. In the battle of Fredericktown, Mrs. Reynolds had her first experience with warfare, as she went on the battlefield, after the fight was over, and cared for the wounded. The battle of Fort Henry soon followed and again she performed her task of mercy. Just before the surrender of Fort Donelson the troops were ordered to march in ignorance of their destination, and "the Daughter of the Regiment" was not permitted to go. Her husband now held the rank of Adjutant

When, a few weeks later, the army of the Southwest was massed at Shiloh for the battle

MRS. MAJOR BELLE REYNOLDS.

of Pittsburg Landing, Mrs. Reynolds was permitted to join her husband.

Fighting began in earnest on the 6th of April, 1862, after preliminary skirmishes between the two armies encamped opposite each other.

Soon the shells flew over the camp where Mrs. Reynolds and a nurse were and they were ordered to retire toward the river. Meeting wounded men, and surgeons, the two women stopped to give assistance, but instructions came to move the wounded to the river, and they proceeded to the quartermaster's boat. The troops were hard pressed and some of the new recruits endeavored to get possession of the boat, but were held back by officers with arms, Mrs. Reynolds standing guard, pistol in hand, with the rest.

By 10 P. M. the boat was loaded with wounded men, and went to Savannah. All through the night Mrs. Reynolds tended the sufferers, though consumed with anxiety about her husband, of whom she had heard nothing for several days. The next morning she and two other nurses picked their way through the dead of both armies to the little church at Shiloh, where fifty Union men lay wounded. Surgeons were amputating their legs and arms, and they were calling vainly for water. Mrs Reynolds could not endure the sight. "Who will go with me to the river?" she cried, and a squad of men volunteered to procure a supply of water. That night was spent on the boat, caring for the wounded; and, the next day, the young nurse went on a larger boat to perform the same duty, though the gruff surgeon declared that he wanted no women around. Noticing some bales of white flannel shirts on board, she broke them open and put them on the sufferers in the hospital. The men were most grateful for her kindness.

For a week Mrs. Reynolds kept up this arduous labor, sleeping only at intervals in a chair.

When Governor Yates arrived with a corps of physicians, she was ordered home on account of her haggard appearance, and went on the steamer Black Hawk, in company with wounded members of her husband's regiment. Everyone was talking of the battle of Pittsburg Landing. She, having been an eye-witness, was questioned about it, and her descriptions showed the Governor what part she had taken in it. He declared that she deserved a commission, and filled out a blank making her a Major, as the reward for meritorious conduct in camp and on the battle-field of Shiloh. This was duly signed and endorsed.

The following is a copy of the commission:

ILLINOIS STATE MILITIA HEADQUARTERS,
SPRINGFIELD, Ill., April 16, 1862.

To all whom these presents shall come, greeting:

Know ye, that Mrs. Belle Reynolds, having been duly appointed to the honorary position of "Daughter of the Regiment" for meritorious conduct in camp and on the bloody field of "Pittsburg Landing:"

I, Richard Yates, Governor of the State of Illinois, and Commander-in-Chief of the Illinois State Militia, for and on behalf of the people of said State, do commission her to take rank as Major from the 7th day of April, 1862. She is, therefore, carefully and diligently to discharge the duties of said office, by doing and performing all manner of things thereunto belonging; and I do strictly require all officers and soldiers under her command to be obedient to her orders; and she is to obey all such orders and directions as she shall receive from time to time from her Commander-in-Chief or superior officer.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the great seal of State to be affixed.

Done at Pittsburg Landing, this 16th day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the independence of the United States, the eighty-sixth.

By the Governor:

RICHARD YATES,
Commander-in-Chief, Illinois Militia.
C. M. HATCH,
Secretary of State.
ALLEN C. FULLER,
Adjutant-General, I. S. M.

[Attest.] JOHN MOSES, A. D. C.

Registered in index book No. 2, A. G. O.

Two weeks later Mrs. Reynolds returned to the army and was presented with a beautiful horse by Governor Yates. She entered Vicksburg with the victorious troops and followed the regiment until it was mustered out in 1864. After the war, she studied medicine and surgery, and practiced several years in Chicago. She is a member of the American Institute of Homeopathy and

ILLINOIS STATE MILITIA.

HEAD QUARTERS.

Springfield, Ills. APRIL 16th 1862

To all to whom These Presents Shall come, Greeting:

Know Ye, That Mrs. Belle Reynolds having been duly appointed to the honorary position of "Daughter of the Regiment" for meritorious conduct in transport on the bloody field of "Pittsburg Landing."

I, RICHARD YATES,

Governor of the State of Illinois, and Commander-in-Chief of the Illinois State Militia,

FOR AND ON BEHALF OF THE PEOPLE OF SAID STATE, DO COMMISSION HER TO TAKE

Rank as Major from the 7th day of April 1862.

She is, therefore, carefully and diligently to discharge the duties of said Office, by doing and performing all manner of things thereunto belonging; and I do strictly require all Officers and Soldiers under her command to be obedient to her orders; and she is to obey all such orders and directions as she shall receive, from time to time, from her Commander-in-Chief, or superior Officer.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the GREAT SEAL OF STATE to be affixed.

Done at ~~the City of Springfield~~ Pittsburg Landing this 16th day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two and of the Independence of the United States, the eighty-sixth

BY THE GOVERNOR:

Rich'd Yates

Chas. M. Hatch Secretary of State

Attest John Moore A.A.G. & Ins. Gen.

Registered in Book No. 2 Page 190 Allen C. Fuller Auditor Public Accounts

THE ONLY AMERICAN MILITARY COMMISSION ISSUED TO A WOMAN IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

other prominent medical societies. She has visited China and Japan, and taken trips to Europe in company with patients Some years ago she removed to Santa Barbara.

Two of her three brothers, both lawyers by profession, reside in Iowa, one of them, Mr. J. K. Macomber, at Des Moines; the other, F. J. Macomber, at Lewis. The third is a physician in Pasadena, Cal.

The organization of which Dr. Reynolds is now the president is one of great value to the women of Southern California, and through them, to the community at large.

Composed of four hundred of the most intellectual and progressive wives, mothers and daughters of that fair land, its object is to give representation to all localities, and independent treatment of every subject worthy the consideration of women at the present time. Religious convictions, social distinctions, diverse lines of work, form no barrier to membership in the Parliament. Meetings are held quarterly, the annual one always at Los Angeles, the others in the various large towns of Southern California successively, and each session attracts, on an average, a thousand people.

No favoritism is manifested in assigning the papers, and each speaker is invited to express her ideas with the utmost fearlessness Discussion follows the introduction of each subject, bringing out many brilliant thoughts and courteous, though opposing arguments. Church work, child training, education, heredity and environment, dress, physical culture, literature, art, domestic life and other vital topics, have been lifted out of the narrow light of individual or local effort into the broad atmosphere of a great general movement. Incidental to this beneficial object, has been the promotion of personal acquaintance among the members of the Parliament, living in widely scattered homes.

The organization is now in its sixth year of existence, and is firmly grounded as one of the valuable institutions of Southern California. The plucky "Major" of Shiloh is a fitting head for such an enterprising body.

GRANT.

FULL panoplied, crowned victor in advance
Of serried lines where marched earth's chivalry;
Grant won his fame, and such the world's decree:
No granite shrines in cold remembrance
Such name as his. The eagle, bold and free
Among his native crags, sweeps with his glance
The world below: imprisoned, still he reigns
No less a king! So here, not time nor place,
Nor wreaths, nor granite tomb, nor sculptured vase
With ashes filled, can add to heights and plains
Of limitless renown the hero gains,
Illustrious in life's immortal race.
There is no goal to limit such, when run,
No more than Shasta marks the set of sun

W. V. Lawrance

IOWA STATE CAPITOL.

ARCHITECTURE IN IOWA'S CAPITAL CITY.

BY ERNEST EDWARD CLARK.

IT IS a bold man who undertakes to resolve into its elements the charm of any work of art. If it has a charm at all it is one which words can not express. An attempt to convey it from one to another by such means must always fail. Personal experience alone can realize it. Neither can one hope to adequately express the reasons why such a creation has the power to charm, or to lay down a series of rules or regulations by which an unskilled observer may know whether a song, or a statue, or a picture, or a building is or is not artistic. But if we can not do this, it is not forbidden us to think and talk about the arts and, with eyes more freely open, endeavor to approach their sacred mysteries.

There is no one of the fine arts more closely connected with home life than architecture. Every man must live in a house and most every man expects to build at least one. All are in some way connected with the organizations of men that build churches and schoolhouses and other public buildings. Aside from personal interest all must look upon the houses built by others. From their very nature they must be ever present and always in view, and whether charming in outline or painful by reason of ugliness, they are features of the landscape which none can escape. It is the people's art, and if its full development ever comes to us it will be when the plain people have learned to appreciate and enjoy it.

The man who can add to the beauty of the landscape by a successful building, does himself a service and is a public benefactor. He has added to the world a new source of inspiration and pleasure.

The State Capitol has much to commend it to the people of Iowa. It stands upon a commanding site, from which its golden dome can be seen for many miles. No Iowan who has a

clean heart and wholesome State pride can catch a glimpse of that dome, when approaching the Capital City, without a thrill of pleasure. That first glimpse comes with no other part of the city in sight, with a background of moving clouds or clear sky, when its connection with the earth is out of view, and when its form and beauty are alone sufficient to touch our emotions. There is no more pure and personal pleasure than that which comes to us all unsought through the eye. Elusive and evading it is none the less real. A man who has learned to note it and realize it has got a little deeper into the pleasure of living than one who has not.

To this side of our nature it is that architecture appeals and justifies its claim to a place among the arts. When one wakes up to the fact that a dome in the air—not lived in, not used at all—has such a quality as gives him pleasure, he becomes ready to justify its erection and to enter upon the enjoyment of a part of his own nature as a being of æsthetic and artistic parts.

One is disposed to linger upon the value of distant views of this central dome, because it is really the best part of the whole building from the artistic standpoint. Even the four little domes stiffly disposed about it are not able to greatly diminish its importance. The Capitol, like most of the public buildings of the country, is designed upon classic lines. Its style is a tribute to the architectural instincts of ancient Greece, to the achievements of Rome, to the Renaissance and to modern needs. There are to be seen columns and pediments of the Grecian type, the dome of the Roman and the provisions for suitable lighting, which the use of the building for offices makes necessary.

The influence of that old civilization on the shores of the Mediterranean is not more marked in any department of life than in the form it has given to the work of architecture in all quarters of the globe. It is not a little remarkable that after so many centuries the people of another hemisphere should go back to it for the ruling idea displayed in their buildings.

The Capitol is a very fair representative of the State for which it stands. Large enough to command respect, built of good and honest material, adapted to the uses for which it was designed, it is a monument of which the people of the State are justly proud. They are warranted in a proper pride in the history of its construction, for it was paid for when the stones were laid, without the contracting of debt and without its fair walls being tainted by any suspicion of extravagance or corruption. Its interior does not shame its outward seeming. The rotunda and liberal halls are appropriate to its character as a public building. Its display of marbles from distant lands is interesting, and its ample offices, with well chosen mural decorations, afford a suitable home for all departments of the State government.

Architects of this day have had to deal with a form of building hitherto unknown. The need of high business buildings upon grounds of great value, made possible by the use of elevators, has called for an unfamiliar structure. It is interesting to note how the problem as presented has been met. The most usual solution has been found by enlarging the various parts of the building heretofore familiar. The basement instead of ending near the ground line or at most at the top of the first one has been built up through two or three stories. Strong and heavy material, massive arches and piers have followed up the line of building to such a height as to permit a basement, which occupies a share of the entire elevation something near the same as appears in the proportions of the older buildings. Above the basement towers the main body of the edifice, which is outlined at the base and at the top by strong horizontal lines. It often happens that

THE EQUITABLE BUILDING.

the cornice is extended so as to occupy the height of one or more stories.

The Equitable building of Des Moines affords a very fair example of architectural work in this line. It has one advantage over most of the high buildings erected in the larger cities, in that the value of the ground is not so great as to compel the architect to abandon granite and brick as materials in order that he might save space by making thinner walls. In other places this and some other considerations have led to a steel construction covered by a terra cotta imitation of stone. Those critics who are wont to demand that every building must show honestly, on the outside, of what material and in what manner it was built, have been compelled to withdraw their demand or to keep silent in the presence of a majority of modern sky-scrapers. The building before us, however, rests upon a wide and deep foundation, and boasts a two-story basement of granite that satisfies every observer that it has the strength to bear the stories which tower above it. The openings in the first story are roofed with single arches. The objection sometimes made to arches in the basement of high buildings, which is based upon the lack of sufficient walls to secure them, does not apply here where the strength of the piers, particularly of the corner ones, seems ample to withstand the thrust of the arch and to warrant its use. The grouping of two window arches in the second story gives variety to the heavy walls without taking away the idea of strength everywhere suggested.

The next division of the *façade*, comprising the third and fourth stories, while admirable in itself, is not so satisfactory as a part of the whole. Its interposition here with the horizontal line at its top serves rather to dwarf than to magnify the apparent height of the building. If the columns which start above it had been planted on the granite, it seems that the unity of the structure would have been more clearly displayed and its height comparatively increased.

The walls above the basement are constructed of vitrified brick from the beds of which the well known Des Moines paving brick are made. Their indestructible character and deep red color harmonize well with the Maine granite of the building. The idea of solidity, which pervades the building, is strongly brought out in the second section in which there is a recurrence of the single arch of the basement, held by a comfortable extent of solid brick wall. Just above is placed in terra cotta, a course upon which is outlined the familiar Greek fret. Mr. Ruskin condemns it as an ornament upon his oft-used argument that it resembles nothing in nature; but the ladies, who are often pleased by finding it upon patterns of their apparel or upon their household linen, will not be disappointed to see it strongly displayed in so honorable a place.

The deep walls which have been carried up flush with the foundation are here boldly recessed through the fifth, sixth and seventh stories, except for the broad angles at the corners and in the two broad pilasters on the longer side, and in the recesses are placed ample columns of rounded brick crowned with Corinthian capitals of red terra cotta. The columns and pilasters are joined by brick arches.

One is willing to subdue his regret that the columns should have been built up of brick instead of being made of monoliths, when he remembers the satisfaction which comes from unity of material and realizes the pleasing impression made by this inspiring colonnade. The eighth story is somewhat disappointing in its lack of vigor and ornament. The cornice which boldly overshadows it bears a striking likeness to the forms designed for the crowning member of a certain Italian palace of the Sixteenth Century.

The building is a modern one in every respect and does not lend itself

kindly to classification under the well known styles. However, upon a general view, it presents marked features of the Italian Renaissance, and in its arches, columns, capitals and ornaments appear some of the characteristics of that school. The same idea is carried out in the egg and dart molding of the wood work and in the forms of the iron work of the interior. If solidity, unity, honest and enduring material, and adaptation to the uses for which it was designed, are to be considered, this may safely be pronounced a most satisfactory piece of architectural work.

The most thoughtful piece of architecture in the city of Des Moines is St. Ambrose Roman Catholic Church. The cathedrals of the old world represent the best of human endeavor in the building art. It is doubtful whether the wonderful achievements of later times in the way of mechanical devices will lead to the devotion of so great accomplishment to such purposes. The spirit of devotion and sacrifice which brought to the altar of God such magnificent offerings in art, and wealth and labor, and which served for generation after generation to inspire men to design and build such splendid temples, now mostly finds other outflow. It has persisted, however, in some measure, in the channel it then made for itself, and results in our day in the cultivation of artistic ideas in the architecture of houses of worship to an extent more marked than in any other field.

St. Ambrose Church has a most happy location. From the busy street car corner one's eye can find its way up Sixth avenue, which is partly broken in direction, and rest upon a sight which will relieve the weariness of waiting. From that point there is in view a tower of most graceful proportions, a mass of unbroken wall and roof lines which lead up to the tower in a very graceful and friendly way. The material of this church is Bedford stone from the street line to the tower cornice. How much of its charm is due to that fact is hard to say, but it is about the most satisfactory foundation for favorable judgment which can be imagined. The builder who hopes to give pleasure by introducing a variety of material will ever be wondering why his composition fails to impress any one but himself.

There is no more certain way of affording pleasure in ornamentation or decoration than by the repetition of similar forms. Looking at this tower one can hardly fail to find special pleasure in the series of round-topped openings which succeed each other from the first broad arch to the charming little colonnade just below the cornice. The succession is interrupted only by a course of small square-topped windows, where there seems hardly room for round arches, and the same idea is freshly renewed in suggestion by the half-round indentures in the stone cornice above.

This square tower with its ample proportions, its unity in design and material, its roof and its glittering cross of gold, is a thing of beauty of which one need never tire. How many a weary and tired soul has been refreshed by a view of it, who shall say?

The charm of the church, however, is not exhausted when one has become familiar with its tower. The fine sweep of the western line of the front gable, leading up to the tower roof, is one for which the observer may well thank the designer. In fact the simple lines of the roof, in uniting the walls in the simplest way, is one of the most pleasing features. The roof of the sacristy on the east juts out from the main building and runs off to the wall beneath it in a thoroughly artistic way. The architect's love for symmetry has led him to cut off the roof as it appears in the western line of the gable of the front. One can hardly help wishing that he had continued this cornice line on down to the western wall of the church, trusting to the weight of the

ST. AMBROSE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

tower to balance the longer roof line on the western side.

The size of a building has much to do with the artistic effect. The proportions of this church are sufficiently noble to command our respect. The repetition of buttresses and windows on its eastern side pleases that fancy for succession of similar features referred to before. But it is to the front of the building that we return for the view of the tower and *façade* which will remain with us. The commanding outer lines of the tower and walls and

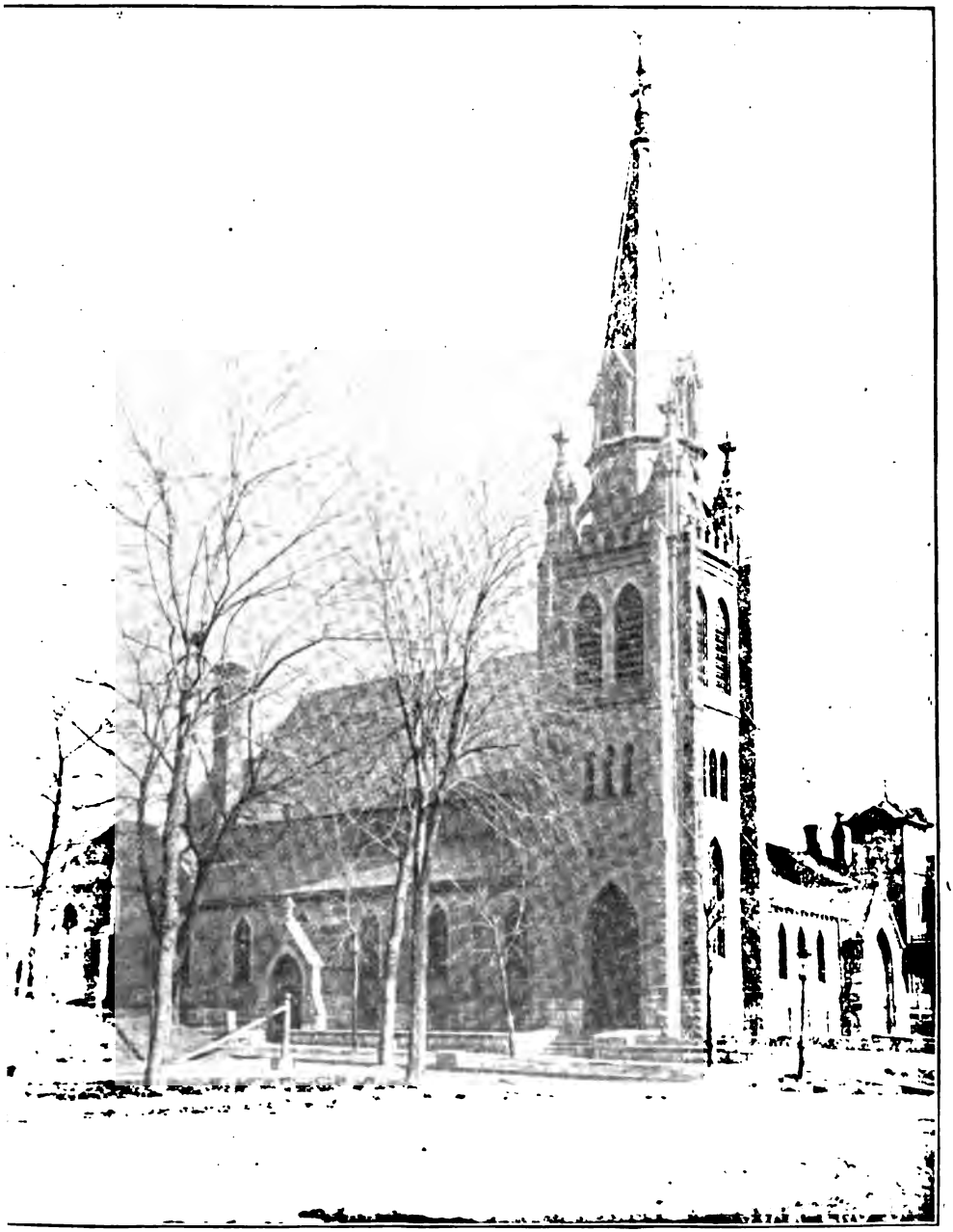
the relation the roof bears to the tower are the best part of it, but the mass of unbroken wall presented with its well arranged openings is worthy of attention. No device can take the place of a mass of wall in supplying that sense of strength and endurance which we are always glad to recognize in a building. It is so often frittered away by our builders, sometimes with no better device than sham window-caps and sills, that we can appreciate all the more the art of the designer that will give us such an amount of clean stone as is here to be seen.

The first division of the *façade* is well supported, the one above is solid save for two narrow arched openings which do not seem to weaken it, while the four grouped, slender windows in the upper division are amply supported on either side by unbroken walls. The entrance is of good proportion and extension, but one can hardly help regretting that more time and labor had not been spent upon its ornamentation. The columns with appropriate capitals on either side and the sculptured band of stone in the pediment over it are well done, but the ornament immediately about and over the door is weak and meager at the very place where we would expect to find the crowning triumph of the sculptor's art.

The church follows very closely the lines Romanesque and is a very good illustration of the satisfactory way in which that strong style lends itself to use in church architecture.

Northern Europe was the birthplace of Gothic architecture. Its long, steep roofs were suggested by a climate in which rain and snow were to be expected and provided against. They would never have been built in a southern climate where the flat roofs of the classic style were developed. The deeply-cut stones which mark the sculptured part of its walls were also due to the lack of that constant sun which brought out lines of light and shade upon the more lightly-cut stones of Venice. The forms which were worked out in that style found their early use in ecclesiastical work. They can best be studied in the cathedrals, which were works of such magnitude as to make the towns in which they were situated beautiful by their presence alone.

The Gothic influence in America is largely confined to church architecture. That influence is to be seen in Des Moines to a greater or less extent in many of the churches, but in none of them is the style carried out with sufficient strictness to make a very marked impression. The nearest approach to it is to be found in St. Paul's Episcopal Church at Ninth and High. It shows the buttressed walls of stone, the high roof, the clerestory, above the roof of the aisles and below that of the nave, and the characteristic pointed arches of that style. Its square tower, with the true Gothic spirit, starts boldly up, but the spire which surmounts it seems hardly to belong there and the point at which tower and spire meet is sadly jumbled. One does not find here all the insignia of Gothic design. The flying buttress is missing at the place where it might have been expected, but there is a glimpse of its form to be seen at the joining of tower and spire. The mass of recessed columns with carved capitals, which adorns so many Gothic doorways, is wanting, and most of all, is missed that wealth of sculptured ornament in which the Northern builders delighted. The modern builder, however, is free to choose how far he shall follow in the footsteps of designers of the olden time and his principals may properly limit the extent of mediæval ornament for which they are willing to pay. There is little to criticise and much to admire in this noble church, which is fashioned upon lines so well established in public favor, and is built of such enduring material that it bids fair to remain, as the years go



ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

on, a monument to the wisdom and good taste of its builders

There is fashion in buildings, not quite so subject to change as in some other artistic lines—as for instance, in the milliners' windows but so marked that one can often determine very closely the date of the buildings in one of our older cities by the style in which they are constructed, or from the ornaments they bear. About once in a longish lifetime the forms with which it is started come around again.

Some thirty or more years ago there was quite a revival of Gothic forms in this country and it was carried into the building of dwellings. It must have been about this time that the dwelling now standing on the southwest corner of Sixth avenue and Park street was built. It is interesting as being one of the earliest houses in Des Moines to show a thoughtful design upon scholarly lines. Plain and unpretentious as it is, no one interested in architecture is likely to pass it without notice. The interest it now excites would reward the builder, if he knew of it, for the care and thought he must have put upon it. He worked upon Gothic lines and built a house in wood, which must have been noticeable at a time when the educated architect had very little to do with the erection of houses in this city. To the memory of Mr. John Brownee, who designed and built it, the architects of this city owe respectful reverence.

It is curious to note in the cornice, window-caps and other ornaments, how the forms which were plainly designed to be finished in stone, appear when the material is changed to wood. There is very faithful adherence, in all details, to the Gothic forms.

One of the most striking buildings in Des Moines is that erected by the Young Men's Christian Association. It occupies a lot which is of rather unusual shape, situated at a bend of Fourth street, the main entrance to the heart of the city, down which its south front looks. One can not pass upon the architectural merits of a building while leaving out of consideration the limitations which its surroundings impose. It must be remembered here that the western side is upon the lot line and that while now exposed to view, it would hardly do to build it upon any other theory than that it would at some time be hidden by buildings of good elevation upon the adjoining lot.

One other limitation was doubtless kept in mind: Buildings within the limits of the business districts do not bear obtrusive ornamentation, and a certain reserve in architectural features is imposed by the character of the environment. At the same time the fact that this is not a business block, but is rather a public building, ought to be clearly indicated upon its exterior. Looking now at the south front one can see how this character of the structure has been brought out in the unusual roof, the gable, the two story oriel bay, and the absence of the usual store entrance as well as, upon a nearer view, by the name on the sculptured stone.

One walking up from the railway station would not be likely to miss asking about this building or to be surprised when told what it was. The roof so freely exposed strikes one as quite unusual, and has not escaped criticism. It must be admitted, however, that it unites the walls in a strong simple way and leads the eye to the satisfactory blending of their lines. It was intended that the final story should be used as a picture gallery and be lighted from the top, so that the breaking of the roof lines by skylights, which sadly interferes with their effect, was excused by the apparent necessity for their presence.

The marking of a strong gable line against the wall, by means of a cornice starting from the top of the fourth story and leading to the apex of the front gable,—set somewhat lower than the

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING.

roof behind it,—was an ingenious device for lowering the apparent height of the building and giving it a more homelike and inviting appearance. For, however much one may like to count the towering stories of a commerical edifice, it is plain that in a home for young men something is gained by thus lowering the apparent elevation and binding the stories together in a unit, which almost suggests the charm of coziness.

One needs to walk down toward the river on Grand avenue to obtain the best view of this building. From this point one can see the low tower with its Moorish covering and note what freedom the architect has given to his imagination in diversifying this wide

front, and how completely he has made the outline, the various openings, the roof line and the grand entrance, to keep themselves in entire harmony. Without leaning upon any of the schools for a design this side, when viewed from a little distance, is seen to be well entitled to the name of picturesque. One who, putting aside preconceived opinions, will endeaver to study this front from the standpoint of the designer can hardly fail to find points of interest in it.

Let the eye, for instance, follow the line—only suggested, not marked out—from the inner side of the entrance to the short colonnade above, up the successive steps marked upon the side of the tower, to the top of the gable upon the north end of the eastern front. Let him note the projection from the north-east corner of the upper story of the tower, and in what a charming way it is snuggled up against the tower. Let him observe the round quoins of stone which appear here and there upon the angles of this front and the rounded lines which appear in the tower roof. Let him make a frequent study of the southern and eastern exposures, and when he is full of the inspiration which comes from this study, and from the life and spirit to be found in the bricks and stones here piled up, he will be ready to take pride in a house which is, in more ways than one, a credit to the city that built it.

RECOMPENSE.

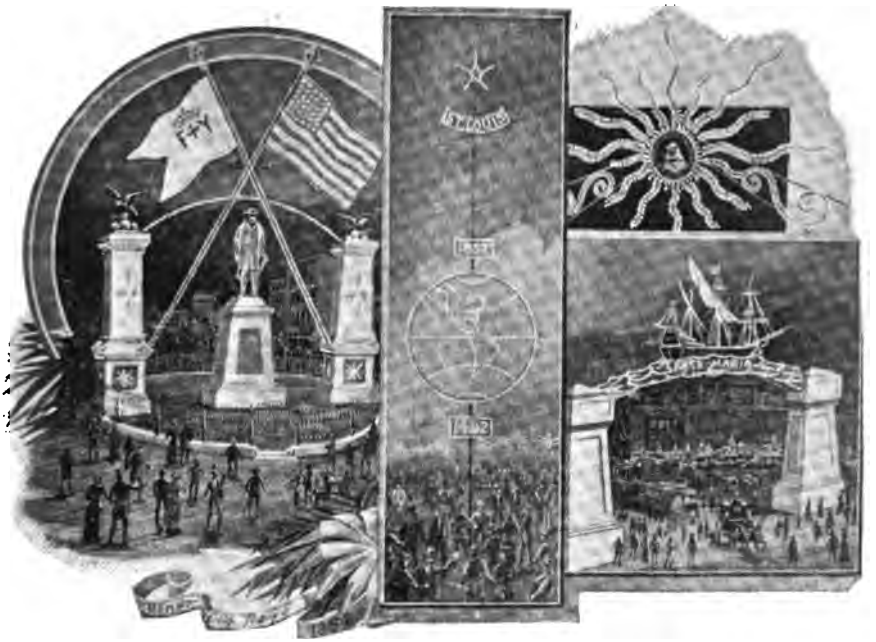
I WONDER if for those who try, but fail,
Sleep comes complete?
For those who grope alone up Life's hard trail
Is rest more sweet?

Through all of outward life we see and know
That, soon or late,
For every loss, some sturdy strength shall grow
To compensate.

Then, shall the spirit that has met defeat
By Fate's accord,
For all the battles bravely met and fought,
Have no reward?

I wonder if for those who try, but fail,
In Life's sure plans,
Some end of justice will, at last, prevail?
I wonder if through all th' enshrouding veil,
God understands?

Maude Meredith.



HONORING THE GRANT M NUMENT IN ST. LOUIS WITH ELE TRIC ILLUMINATIONS.

GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

(A HISTORY.)

BY COL. JOHN W. EMERSON.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)
(Begun in the October, 1896, MIDLAND MONTHLY.)

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

BUELL'S SLOW MOVEMENTS.

FROM the inception of General Grant's advance on Donelson, President Lincoln and General McClellan had been very urgent that General Buell should move towards Nashville to prevent the enemy concentrating his forces against Grant. The entreaties were urgent and frequent, but unavailing. Johnston began the evacuation of Bowling Green two days after Grant captured Fort Henry, viz: on February 8th. Buell had now an army of 71,000 men and 160 guns Little advance being made by him, McClellan appealingly asked him, February 20th: "How soon can you be in front of Nashville?" Next day he again urged: "The advance on Nashville is of the greatest importance. . . Both you and Halleck keep me too much in the dark. Your reports are not sufficiently numerous or explicit."

Notwithstanding the urgency for haste, Buell was ten days moving sixty miles, and did not reach Nashville until Johnston's army had been fleeing southward *eight days*, during all of which time millions of dollars in value of Confederate war material was ready to be taken possession of by any force, however slight.

Johnston retreated from Nashville

February 17th, as we have seen by his official report; but *two days thereafter*,—February 19th,—Buell, who seems to have been as easily deceived and alarmed by the enemy as Halleck, telegraphed McClellan: "Our news indicates that the enemy are concentrating at Nashville."

He had no adequate excuse for not reaching Nashville with a division in light order by the time Johnston departed on the 17th (nine days after Bowling Green began to be evacuated), and thus have captured *all* the vast materials and supplies there collected.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

WHAT GENERAL GRANT WAS DOING.

Having seen what the Confederates and General Buell were doing a little to the south and east of Grant's operations, let us see how General Grant was deporting himself.

The surrender having been effected, the dead were to be buried, the sick and wounded of both armies were to be collected, the prisoners guarded and sent north. The captured material was to be cared for. His army was being rapidly augmented by the arrival of fresh and undisciplined regiments. This enlarged army must be reorganized. Abuses and irregularities, always incident to fresh troops in an enemy's country, must be corrected. The flush of a great victory, too, brings with it a species of demoralization, or a tendency to license, by men who are not well disciplined soldiers. All this Grant met with a promptness and energy that at once put his whole army, old and new, at work. Orders were issued covering every phase of army duty, and to meet every emergency. Drilling was incessant. Men were prohibited from pillaging, straggling or marauding; and the officers and men felt and saw that a master's hand was over it all.

Scarcely had these details been attended to, and the prisoners and wounded removed from his camps, when his active mind turned to the invention of new aggressive movements against the enemy.

Having made conquest of new territory, the new district of "West Tennessee" was created, and Grant was assigned to its command. In the midst of other perplexing duties, on the next day after the surrender, he issued the following order:

FORT DONELSON, February 17, 1862.
GENERAL ORDERS. }
No. 1. }

By virtue of directions from headquarters Department of the Missouri, dated February 15, 1862, the undersigned has been assigned to the command of the new military district of West Tennessee; *limits not defined.*

U. S. GRANT,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

On the 18th he sent a force across to Fort Henry to operate up the Tennessee.

His instincts and sagacity as a soldier assured him that the rapid pursuit of the enemy was most important, yet he knew that Halleck's temper was choleric; that he was exacting, excitable, and not disposed willingly to extend to his subordinates any discretion, and Grant could only suppress his impatience, and talk over with Foote, Smith and a few others the importance of pushing on.

On the 19th he reported to General Halleck, through the latter's Chief of Staff, saying:

Clarksville is evacuated, and I shall take possession with one division, under General Smith. If it is the desire of the General commanding department, *I can have Nashville on Saturday*. Please inform me as early as possible of the desire of the General. As soon as I got possession of Fort Donelson I began to send the sick and wounded to Paducah. No distinction has been made between Federal and Confederate sick and wounded.

The amount of supplies captured here is very large—sufficient, probably, for twenty days for all my army. . . Of rice, I don't know that we will want any more during the war. I think I will send you the tail of the elephant to-night or in the morning.

To General Smith he ordered: "Hold your command in readiness to take possession of Clarksville and garrison it. . . . There are no Confederate troops there at present, but it is a matter of importance to move as rapidly as possible. Commence the movement at once."

At the same time (19th), Grant wrote Sherman at Paducah:

> Send all reinforcements up the Cumberland. I shall occupy Clarksville on Friday, *and Nashville Saturday if it meets the approval of General Halleck.* I have written him to that effect
>
> I feel under many obligations to you for the kind tone of your letter, and hope that, should an opportunity occur, you will win for yourself the promotion which you are kind enough to say belongs to me. I care nothing for promotion so long as our arms are successful and no political appointments are made. U. S. GRANT.

General Sherman's letter could not be found in the war archives, but this correspondence was the beginning of a friendship which has few parallels in history. It stood the test of all apparent rivalries. It withstood all influences to shake it or weaken it. It grew stronger and warmer under every stress and every test, and endured, with growing confidence and affection, a comfort and a solace to both to the end of life.

On that day (19th) Grant's Chief of Staff, Colonel Webster, with two gunboats under Flag Officer Foote, approached Clarksville, and next morning took possession of the forts and city with immense stores of military supplies.

In his report, Commodore Foote says:

> I ascertained that two-thirds of the citizens had fled from the place panic-stricken. In short, the city was in a state of the wildest commotion from the false rumors that we would not respect the citizens either in their persons or their property.

Assurances were given that all would be protected, and the panic subsided and most of those who had fled returned to their homes

General Grant went thither and order and confidence were restored.

Next day (21st), General Grant wrote Halleck's Chief of Staff, Cullum:

> I am now in possession of Clarksville, but will move only General Smith's force there until I hear from General Halleck.
>
> There is a considerable amount of army stores at Clarksville, particularly flour and bacon, which it may be necessary to remove. . . . It is my impression that by following up our success Nashville would be an easy conquest, but I only throw this out as a suggestion. White flags are flying from Donelson to Clarksville, and rumor says the same thing extends to Nashville. At Nashville I understand one party put the white flag on the state-house, but it was torn down by another party. . . . I am ready for any move the General commanding may order.

Grant was confident that he could capture Nashville and all its vast army supplies with a division and a couple of gunboats; but his opinion did not influence the fierce and excitable Halleck, who was trying to "campaign" in the wilds of Tennessee while sitting in his office in St. Louis. Grant's sense of army discipline and of obedience compelled him to await orders. Indeed, while averring that "Nashville would be an easy conquest," modestly and timidly (lest Halleck would think him impertinent and encroaching upon his prerogative) adds, "*but I only throw this out as a suggestion.*"

Grant was ready and intensely anxious to hasten on and make the further conquest which his previous victory had left open to him, but he was chilled by the receipt of the emphatic order of Halleck:

> Don't let gunboats go higher up than Clarksville. Even there they must limit their operations to the destruction of the bridge and railroad, and return immediately to Cairo. Mortar boats to be sent back to Cairo soon as possible.
>
> H. W. HALLECK.

When Grant wrote Sherman, as he was commencing to move on Clarksville, saying, "I shall occupy Clarksville on Friday and Nashville, Saturday," he little suspected that a military "injunction" would stop his progress half way.

Halleck was convinced that he knew better how to command the army from his office in St. Louis, though it required several days to reach the front by wire and boat, than Grant, who was on the ground.

As early as the very day that Donelson surrendered to Grant, and before it was known at Washington or St. Louis, General McClellan had emphatically ordered Halleck:

> *Should Donelson fall, you will move on Nashville by either route which may at the time be quickest.*

And on the 19th, the very time Grant began to move on Clarksville and

Nashville, Assistant Secretary of War Scott wrote Halleck from Louisville that Buell had been urged from Washington to advance, saying:

LIEUT. CHAS. B. STEELE,
Adjutant-General of Colonel Grant's Twenty-first Illinois Infantry, 1861-64.

He is desirous of your co-operation in the movement upon Nashville with a portion of your forces and four good gunboats. His own force available for absolute movement upon the city will be about 40,000. . . . A number of small fortifications are erected on the river between Clarksville and Nashville. Of these points General Grant must satisfy himself before acting.

Again McClellan telegraphed Buell:

The great object is the occupation of Nashville. . . . How soon can you reinforce Grant? The advance on Nashville appears most decisive.

Grant did not need, and did not ask for, reinforcements. He needed only permission from Halleck to advance, but this permission could not be extorted and never came.

Grant, too modest and sensitive to again approach Halleck on the subject, persuaded the blunt and courageous sailor Foote, to once more make the following begging request of their irate commander:

FEBRUARY 21, 1862.

General Grant and myself consider this a good time to move on Nashville. Six mortar boats and two iron-clad steamers can precede the troops and shell the forts. We were about moving for this purpose when General Grant, to my astonishment, received a telegram from General Halleck not to let the gunboats go higher than Clarksville. . . . General Grant and I believe we can take Nashville. Please ask General Halleck if we shall do it.

Commander Phelps, of the gunboat Canestoga, also sent a message, saying:

From information gleaned at Clarksville, we believe the panic at Nashville is very great, and that the city will be surrendered without a fight if a force proceeds at once against it.

Halleck, who seemed at this time to be paralyzed with some sort of terror, after reading these begging messages from the men at the front, sent off a message (February 21st) to Assistant Secretary of War Scott at Louisville, saying:

Advices just received from Clarksville represent that there is very little preparation for a stand at Nashville. General Grant and Commodore Foote say the road is now open and they are impatient to move. Can't you come down to the Cumberland and divide the responsibility with me? If so I will immediately prepare to go ahead.

H. W. HALLECK,
Major-General.

But the Secretary of War making no response, Halleck's nerves or courage failed him, and in the evening (February 21st) he sent a dispatch to General Cullum at Cairo:

. . . Everything must remain in *statu quo* till to-morrow. I am awaiting messages from Kentucky and Washington. If possible notify Grant, Phelps and Commodore Foote to *make no further moves till they receive orders.*

And with this military *quietus* served upon this trio of fighters—Grant, Foote and Phelps—the movement was suppressed, and the grand opportunity to gain further laurels for themselves and capture millions of military stores from the enemy was lost.

Grant, thus held in check by Halleck, worked with great industry in the reorganization of his army, and its drilling and discipline, awaiting Halleck's pleasure.

To General Sherman, who appealed to him to know what disposition should be made of the large reinforcements arriving, Grant answered:

I do not know what work General Halleck intends me to do next, therefore I cannot say where it is best to have them.

On February 24th Grant wrote General Cullum at Cairo:

> Yesterday a steamer was down from Nashville with quite a delegation of citizens. The ostensible object was to bring surgeons to attend their wounded at Clarksville - real object, probably, to have some assurance that their property would be protected . . .
> I have just returned from Clarksville, where I arrived last evening.
> General Nelson reported to-day with his division. *I sent them immediately to Nashville*, with verbal instructions, to have his men under wholesome restraint, and written instructions as to his movements; a copy of the latter is herewith accompanying.
> I have only four small regiments at Clarksville, and do not propose sending more until I know the pleasure of General Halleck on the subject.

The instructions which he gave to General Nelson's division were as follows:

> FORT DONELSON, February 24, 1862.
> You will proceed with the division under your command to Nashville, Tenn., keeping in rear of the gunboat Carondelet with all your transports.
> From Nashville you will put yourself in immediate communication with General Buell. . . .

In his anxiety for the early capture of Nashville, he ventured to send General Nelson's division and a gunboat, —exceeding this much the orders of Halleck, and yet only doing of his own volition the very thing that Halleck had positive orders from Washington to do as early as February 16th.

GRANT IN 1867.

He had not heard from Halleck for several days, and was growing anxious. He knew the advantages incident to his victory were great if followed up with energy, and he saw that the golden hours and the supreme opportunity were passing.

On the next day (25th), he wrote General Cullum:

> The rebels have fallen back to Chattanooga. . . . I shall go to Nashville immediately after the arrival of the next mail, should there be no orders to prevent it. . . . Orders have been given for the evacuation of Columbus (by the Confederates).
> *I am growing anxious to know what the next move is going to be.*

It is interesting to know that, in defiance of Halleck's restraints, this division and gunboat which Grant ordered on to Nashville, did reach, capture and take possession of that city in advance of Buell, who had been "moving" for ten days over the sixty miles between Bowling Green and Nashville. Grant and Foote would have been there *four or five days before* if Halleck had not ordered them peremptorily to "make no further moves until they receive orders."

On the 25th, Col. J. Ammen, who was second in command in the division which Grant had sent on to capture Nashville, wrote of the success of the move as follows:

> *February 25th*—Dawn; something like a battery on the bank a mile up the river is observed. General Nelson orders me to land with some companies and make a reconnoissance. When we reached the battery (Fort Zollicoffer, five miles below Nashville) the rebels had deserted the place. Twelve large cannon dismantled; four six-pounders, all spiked, cannon balls and shells in large quantities
> We proceeded to the city and took position in the public square. General Nelson crossed the river to meet Generals Buell, Mitchell and others (who had not yet reached the city), and remained absent until towards evening.

It is not very surprising that General Buell should let his angry passions rise at finding that Grant would not be content with the honors of Donelson, but must thus thrust himself, as it were, under his nose and ahead of him, and seize the prize of Nashville, also! But

capture was made, nevertheless, as we have seen from the war records, *pursuant to, and in consequence of*, General Grant's orders

General Buell hastened to grumblingly recognize the situation.

He immediately sent orders to General Smith, of Grant's army, at Clarksville, saying:

GENERAL—The landing of a portion of our troops, *contrary to my intentions*, on the south side of the river—(Buell's force was still on the north side)—has *compelled* me to hold that side (Nashville) at every hazard. . . . I have to request you, therefore, to come forward all the available force under your command. So important do I consider the occasion that I think it necessary to give this communication all the force of orders.
. . . .
D. C. BUELL,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

On the next day (February 26th), General Buell, reporting the events to McClellan at Washington, said:

I arrived opposite the city with Mitchell's division, about 9,000 effectives. The enemy's cavalry were still in the city in small force. *I did not intend to cross until I could do so in sufficient force to run no great hazard, but General Nelson arrived with about 7,000 men, and landed before I was aware of it.* I deemed it unadvisable to withdraw them, lest it should embolden the enemy and have a bad effect on the people, and so I determined to cross with all the force at hand, and *we are now crossing*. I have dispatched steamers to bring up the force at Clarksville.

And so it came about that Buell was *forced, against his "intentions"* to "*move*," in order to protect the force which Grant's orders had thrown into Nashville.

Grant had no hesitation in throwing Nelson's 7,000 into Nashville, and yet Buell, with his "9,000 effectives," and 30,000 more approaching, sat down quietly on the opposite side of the river, waiting for his large army to come up, while "the enemy's cavalry in small force," a few hundred yards distant, were carrying off millions of dollars in value of Confederate stores, and spiking and dismounting valuable cannon!

General Smith's division of Grant's army, having thus advanced from Clarksville to Nashville, and Grant, receiving no further orders or communications from General Halleck, he proceeded to Nashville to investigate the situation, look after his troops, and consult Buell, who was supposed to be in the city. Finding that General Buell was not in fact yet in the city, but had his headquarters north of the Cumberland River, he wrote Buell as follows:

HEADQUARTERS
DISTRICT OF WEST TENNESSEE,
NASHVILLE, February 27, 1862.

Gen. D. C. Buell, Commanding Department of the Ohio:

I have been in the city since an early hour this morning, anxious and expecting to see you. When I first arrived I understood that you were to be over to-day, but it is now growing too late for me to remain longer.

If I could see the necessity for more troops here I would be most happy to supply them. My own impression is, however, that the enemy is not far north of the Tennessee River. I was anxious to know what information you had on the subject. . . To-night I shall return to Fort Donelson, but will take up my headquarters at Clarksville the next day.

Should you deem the command under General Smith unnecessary to your security, I request that they be ordered back.

I am in daily expectation of orders that will require all my available force.

U. S. GRANT,
Major-General Commanding.

Two things are to be noted of this letter. It was the first official paper signed by Grant as *Major-General*, so far as the war records disclose.

Secondly, it is dated at "Headquarters District of West Tennessee, *Nashville*," and is addressed to General Buell, "commanding department of the *Ohio*, whose department was located *east* of the Cumberland; thus showing that Grant considered Nashville in *his* district, as it had been captured under *his* orders, and was *west* of the Cumberland.

On Grant's return in the evening, his boat touched at Edgefield (opposite Nashville), and he there met and conversed a few moments with General Buell. Grant repeated to Buell his conviction that the enemy was hastening south and would not return; but General Buell insisted, with some spirit, that he "knew" there was danger of an attack. Grant replied: "I do not *know*, but this is my information."

The truth was, the enemy was then forty or fifty miles distant, and hastening to get south of the Tennessee River into Alabama and Mississippi.

The reader will observe that the author has allowed these actors to speak for themselves, believing that the story is thus more graphic than any generalization of his own; and the story told in their own official writings at the time, long hid away in the archives of the war office, establish the facts beyond cavil; indeed many of them would be discredited if they rested merely upon the assertion of the historian.

On his return to Donelson, being absent but one day and two nights, Grant employed himself as usual with his army, and anxiously awaited orders from Halleck for further operations.

There was much confusion in the transmission of dispatches from Cairo, through which everything came. They were detained on the way from two and three days to as many weeks, some at Paducah, some at Smithland. Some of the dispatches were lost in attempts to send them part of the way over "a rickety telegraph line" (as Sherman called it), the operator at the end of the line having deserted his post and carried the dispatches south. There seemed to linger in Halleck's mind the desire to supersede Grant, and we find him anon casting about for the new man.

One is amazed to find him, the next day after he received the glad tidings of Grant's marvelous victory at Donelson, renew his plotting for that General's overthrow or supersedence, and yet such was the fact.

On the 18th of February he wrote General Buell at Louisville, urging him in almost supplicating tones to "come down to the Cumberland and take command. The battle of the West is to be fought in that vicinity You should be in it as the *ranking General* in *immediate command*. Don't hesitate. Say that you will come and I will have everything for you."

Up to that time Buell had not shown himself possessed of the slightest ability on the battlefield, in fact, had not been in any battle of this war. Grant had well proven his capacity as a field General. On the next day, Halleck again found leisure from other duties to return to the subject; and without waiting for any answer from Buell, telegraphed to General McClellan at Washington: "I think Hunter will consent to go under me and *command the central column*. If not, leave him where he is."

CAPT. C. C. CLUTMAN,
Who fell at Donelson.

First it was Hitchcock, then Buell, now Hunter.

CHAPTER XL.

How Beauregard and Halleck Amused Themselves While Grant Awaited Orders.

While Grant was thus delayed and held from moving, there was in progress of enactment a bit of what now seems to us a farce of another sort,

which illustrates how easily Halleck could be deceived and his fears could be played upon, and how unfit he was for command in the field. A great theoretical strategist, and yet quite destitute of *stratagems*.

We have seen that immediately upon the fall of Donelson, Beauregard had reported to President Davis that unless evacuated, Columbus would speedily suffer the fate of Donelson; and that on the next day the Confederate secretary of war ordered General Polk to evacuate Columbus. Instantly the work began, and it was urged with all the energy which the alarm of the Donelson tragedy could inspire. Steamers came up from Memphis to carry away the war material.

General Grant, at the remote point of Donelson, learned that Columbus had been ordered evacuated, and sent a dispatch to Halleck, saying: "Orders have been given for the evacuation of Columbus." But Halleck treated the information with indifference. Possibly he regarded it as a bit of impertinence in Grant to send such incredible information from the interior of Tennessee, when Columbus was almost within sight of Cairo, literally under his own eyes, and how could *he* be mistaken? He was in a state of great excitement, and in fear of an attack from Columbus, hastened all available forces to Paducah and Cairo.

MONUMENT ERECTED TO GENERAL GRANT AT GALENA, ILL., BY CITIZENS, IN 1885.

On the 23d General Fry telegraphed Halleck from Louisville:

> General Buell wants boats to transport a large division up the Cumberland River. Send all the large Ohio river boats from Cairo . . . to Louisville so they will reach here to-morrow night.

To which the irate and excited Halleck sent this reply:

> I cannot understand how you can want boats sent to Louisville to transport troops up the Cumberland. We have no transports to spare. On the contrary, I have asked Assistant Secretary Scott to send down all he can spare from the Ohio.

This was a specimen of the "cooperation" between Halleck and Buell. It was also an exhibition of the *manners* and *temper* of Halleck when excited.

To successfully evacuate so great a fortress as Columbus, with all its tremendous armament and material of war, required the greatest energy and skill on the part of the Confederate Commanders, being situated only twenty miles from Cairo, on an open river, subject to attack any day by the Federal fleet. It was necessary for them to use every stratagem and expedient to deceive Halleck, and in this art the wily little Frenchman (Beauregard) was an adept and knew well how to excite Halleck's fears.

As soon as the work of evacuation was well under way (February 21st), Beauregard wrote an elaborate dispatch, addressed in a formal way, to General Van Dorn, who was far away in Northwest Arkansas, saying, amongst other extravagant things:

> If you can join me at New Madrid or Columbus with 10,000 men we could take the field with 40,000; take Cairo, Paducah, the

mouths of the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers, and most probably, also, would be able to capture St Louis. What say you to this brilliant programme?

And then to make the scare more effective, he cunningly adds a postcript saying: "I expect also the coöperation of twelve gunboats from New Orleans."

At this time Van Dorn was 200 miles west in the wilds of Northwest Arkansas, preparing for the approaching battle with Curtis at Pea Ridge, and the trick ought to have been instantly detected by Halleck as a sham. But it was not. Beauregard sent the decoy dispatch by a courier across Southern Missouri, instead of by the safe route of interior Arkansas, and managed to have it captured by Federal cavalry on the way, and when it reached Halleck, in St. Louis, he was so paralyzed with apprehension that all aggressive work was suspended in preparation to meet this fancied invasion by Beauregard and Van Dorn.

To understand what a palpable fraud this was, a fraud deemed fair in war, read what Beauregard said the same day, *before* writing the foregoing pretentious dispatch and "brilliant programme" to Van Dorn.

He had sent off to the Governors of Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, urgent letters for aid telling them the terrible straits the Confederacy was in, saying:

The fall of Fort Donelson, with large loss of officers, men, arms, and munitions, have so weakened us . . . that Nashville can only be held by superhuman energy, determination and courage. The direct communication of the forces at Columbus with those under Gen. A. S. Johnston is broken, and the two armies effectually isolated from each other. . . . The position at Columbus is so endangered from a land approach that its fall must be regarded as certain unless extraordinary efforts are made to reinforce its present small army of occupation. I need not dwell upon the consequences of such a disaster. Suffice it to say it would involve the immedia e loss to the Confederate states of the Mississippi River and valley.

In view of the situation I am instructed to evacuate Columbus and take up less vulnerable positions in the vicinity of Island No. 10 and at New Madrid. *In the execution of this measure, however, much will depend on the energy with which our enemy may follow up his late successes, and whether he will give us time to withdraw and receive his onset elsewhere* . . .

Columbus is now occupied by about 12,000 men of all arms.

This expressed the true situation, and is in amusing contrast with the Van Dorn dispatch, prepared for Halleck's benefit.

HALLECK FRIGHTENED.

Halleck suddenly became greatly alarmed lest the Confederates at Columbus should attack Cairo. In his excitement he telegraphed Buell, saying:

Beauregard threatens to attack either Cairo or Paducah. I must be ready for him. Don't stop any troops ordered down the Ohio. We want them all. Help me, I beg of you.

To his Chief of Staff, whom he had sent to Cairo, he telegraphed:

Act in my name, and assume command over any and all. A large force passed Memphis four days ago—fifteen steamers loaded with troops—to *reinforce Columbus.* Look out for an attack on Cairo or Paducah. Get ready for them. We must be ready for them.

Halleck became still more frightened and more excited. He telegraphed again to Buell:

Reinforcements have reached Columbus and steamers have fired up for a move against us! Don't stop any reinforcements coming down. . . . They are bound to attack us somewhere from Columbus. Show this to Scott.

To Cullum he again telegraphed, the same day:

All troops at Smithland or on the Ohio River should come to Paducah or Cairo. Countermand, in the name of the Secretary of War, all orders issued by General Buell or any one else about the troops halting or going to Kentucky.

And a few hours later he again wired:

Look out for Columbus. Hold all troops ready for an attack on Paducah or Cairo. Fifteen steamers loaded with troops from New Orleans have reached Columbus.

The same day, to General McClellan, he said:

Columbus has been strongly reinforced from New Orleans. They have steam up on all their boats, ready for a move-probably on Cairo. This will make it necessary for me to withdraw a part of my force from Forts Henry and Donelson. So send me more troops.

McClellan answered: "The enemy has no force at New Orleans that he can spare to reinforce Columbus." And again: "The enemy will not attack you."

Same day to Assistant Secretary of War Scott, Halleck telegraphed:

If General Buell will come down and help me with all possible haste, we can end the war in the West in less than a month.

The same day to Sherman, at Paducah:

Don't let any troops go South to Kentucky, but hurry them down to Paducah and Cairo. Look out sharp for a movement from Columbus.

McClellan, at Washington, was able to understand better. He telegraphed Halleck on the 20th: "I think Cairo is not in danger. I think Columbus will be evacuated within a week."

HALLECK SEEKS ENLARGED COMMAND.

But there seems to have been some "method in his madness," for under the pressure of this alarm Halleck sought his own promotion. Within two hours from the moment he heard of the fall of Donelson he telegraphed McClellan at Washington: "Give me command in the West. I ask this in return for Forts Henry and Donelson."

On the 19th he again telegraphed: "Give me the Western Division and I will split Secession in twain in one month."

It was an enlarged command, to include Buell's army, which he sought.

A few days later he renewed his importunities to McClellan, saying: "I must have command of the armies in the West. Hesitation and delay are losing us the golden opportunity. Lay this before the President and Secretary of War. May I assume command? Answer quickly."

McClellan responded promptly and rather sarcastically the next day, saying:

Buell, at Bowling Green, knows more of the state of affairs than you do at St. Louis. . . . I cannot see necessity of giving you entire command. . . . I shall not lay your request before the Secretary until I hear definitely from Buell."

Instantly Halleck laid his own appeal before the Secretary of War, by wire, in the following energetic form:

One whole week has been lost already by hesitation and delay. There was, and I think still is, a golden opportunity to strike a fatal blow, but I can't do it unless I can control Buell's army."

To this Secretary Stanton replied on the following day:

Your telegrams of yesterday have been laid before the President, who, after full consideration, does not think any change . . . at present advisable. He desires and *expects you and General Buell to cooperate fully and zealously with each other.*"

Thus ended for the time, Halleck's clamor for an enlarged command and for the control of all the armies in the West. His scheme was a good one, for the indifferent "cooperation" between himself and Buell was ruinous.

HALLECK'S FAILURE — THE EVACUATION OF COLUMBUS.

So hurried were their proceedings and so alarmed were they about an early attack, that Beauregard and Polk, on the 21st of February, ordered the outlying camps in rear of Columbus destroyed, and Colonel T. H. Lagmood, who was sent to execute the order, reported: "I have destroyed the railroads as well as I could within five miles south of Mayfield to Fulton station. All the bridges are destroyed as far as Viola. I destroyed the engine and some of the cars. As directed by you" (General Polk), "I set fire to that camp;" (Camp Beauregard).

These acts of destruction—burning camps, railway cars, and bridges, and tearing up railway tracks—must have been open and visible to everybody, and quite notorious; and there must have been many things going on in the removal and shipment of material from Columbus that should have been known to Halleck. Yet, quite strange it now seems, he could not be convinced, and would not believe what Grant wrote him, or what McClellan assured him, and what could be easily seen; did not send a scouting party to reconnoitre; but remained on the defensive, waiting for an attack; and on the 28th he wrote Buell, saying: "Columbus is not evacuated. It has been reinforced. They are mounting more guns there and at Island No. 10."

What incomprehensible, what fatal obtuseness! Every hour the work of evacuation had been progressing, and on the 2d of March, General Polk sent off to the Confederate Secretary of War the following triumphant dispatch:

COLUMBUS, March 2, 1862.
The work is done. Columbus gone. Self and staff move in half an hour. Everything secured. L. POLK.

In his more elaborate report, Polk says:

Upon receipt of instructions from the War Department to evacuate Columbus (February 19th), I proceeded to arrange a plan and to execute it with as much celerity as the safety of my command and the security of the public property at risk would allow. . . . . The last shipment of value was made on the 1st. I remained with the cavalry until the next day, and the quarters and other buildings erected by our troops were consigned to the flames by our cavalry, and at 3 P. M. (20th March) myself and staff followed. . . . The enemy's cavalry, the first of his forces to arrive after the evacuation, reached Columbus in the afternoon next day, *twenty-four hours after the last of our troops had left* . . .

We had removed the accumulations of six months, taking with us all our commissary and quartermaster's stores, an amount sufficient to supply my whole command for eight months; all our powder and other ammunition and ordnance stores . . . and every heavy gun in the fort. . . .

The whole number of pieces of artillery composing our armament *was one hundred and forty.* L. POLK,
Major-General Commanding.

Halleck suffered the herculean task of evacuation to go quietly on for more than ten days, *within twenty miles of Cairo*, while he had more than 75,000 idle men within easy reach of it, one-half of whom could have been moved against the place Caught in the act of evacuating the position, 15,000 or 20,000 men would have been ample to capture Polk's *entire* army and material.

He stood paralyzed by the shallowest deception and stratagem of his opponent, and let everything escape him; suffering only a handful of cavalry (400), to cautiously enter the abandoned position *twenty-four hours after the enemy had departed!*

And yet this did not discredit him. He was honest. He was an admirable bureau officer. He had reduced chaos to order in Missouri; and he was a terror to thieves and evil-doers.

(*To be continued.*)

DAYBREAK.

THE grey dawn streaks the eastern skies—
The night's dense curtain lifting;
The wind, it comes in broken sighs
The long black shadows shifting.

The clouds hang low upon the moor—
The far-off sea is sobbing;
The waves are kissing the wild shore,
The dawn with pity throbbing.

The weary watch at length is past—
The awful night of waiting;
The sweet lips stir in prayer—their last—
Th' Eternal Day is breaking!

Pearl Marie Dunn.

A VAGABOND FROM EUROPE.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

BY HARRY EDWARD MILLER.

THOUGH the subject of this paper is an inhabitant of all Europe, it is designated throughout the United States and Canada as the English sparrow; and, indeed, it is doubtful if we shall ever call the bird rightly, the European house sparrow. Our name for the bird arose at the period when members of his tribe were being imported from England, and the title has clung with unusual persistence to the individual ever since.

More than twenty centuries before the introduction of this sparrow into America, it was recognized by Aristotle as a menace to mankind, while in every century after this Greek philosopher, observers have been alarmed over the bird's numerous depredations. These warnings should have been considered before the sparrow was brought to the United States, to become a most obnoxious addition to our nomenclature.

Some gentlemen, who imagined that our foliage would be saved from destruction by caterpillers, had eight pairs of the European house sparrow sent from England to this country in 1850; and this was the beginning of the parasite's existence on the Western continent. By 1864 they were permanently established in Quebec; and in 1869 the city of Philadelphia made a single importation of 1,000 birds. From the last dates given up to 1875, they were rapidly introduced into various towns and cities of the United States and Canada. Every encouragement that could be given to the stranger was freely tendered by the "sparrow enthusiasts" of America; while our European cousins looked on with wondering and amazement, as shipments of the nuisances were being continually expressed to Brother Jonathan's much humbugged country.

With all the generous protection afforded him, the English sparrow began at once to be no longer a rarity. When we consider that nearly every variety of food sustains him, contrary to the habits of the many native birds, we have found a principal cause explaining why the birds are so abundant. Moreover, there has never been, perhaps, a bird which more easily adapts itself to all climatic conditions than the house sparrow, whether in the Canadian winters with the thermometer at 30° below zero, or in the summerland of the gulf states.

Wherever this sparrow has located he seems to exist in defiance of all heat and cold, and to thrive whatever be the character of the weather. Then it is no surprise to learn that with all these conditions in his favor, coupled with his marvelous powers of fecundation, the sparrow was established in thirty-five States and five Territories, by the year 1886. From 1880 to 1885 the plague spread more than 500,760 square miles; and in the year 1886 alone, over 516,500 square miles. Of the new country invaded between 1870 and 1886, the bird annually occupied, when an average is taken, more than 59,000 square miles, a section about equal to the combined areas of New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut. Never in all the history of ornithology has a bird increased so speedily as the English sparrow in the United States.

The introduction of this parasite into America was opposed by intelligent naturalists, not to forget many foreign residents who know how worthless the bird is to the European country. Yet, regardless of these objections and in spite of all the warnings from England and Germany, our "sparrow enthusi-

asts" not only persisted in bringing the vagabonds from Europe to our shores, but had laws enacted for their especial welfare. Any one who injured a house sparrow at that time was considered as a public malefactor. But within recent years there has been such a change of sentiment that it has now become a misdemeanor to intentionally harbor the English sparrow in the State of New York, while Ohio and Michigan come forth to place a bounty upon the bird's head. But apparently, all these good intentions have come too late, as the sparrow seems to be a foe that can never be driven from America.

Many readers will have no difficulty in recalling the "sparrow craze," which swept like an epidemic over this country. And the less a man was acquainted with ornithology the more enthusiastic he became over the supposed economical value of the birds, until, as a culminating result of the mania, the English sparrows were sold for such a price in New York City that many found it not so expensive to import the "rats of the air." These birds were of inestimable worth to certain Americans three or four decades ago! To-day we would be rid of all their descendants.

As an illustration of the English sparrow's pleasant reception when he arrived on America's shores, the well meaning people of Cambridge, Mass., erected a dozen sparrow houses to every pair of those birds in their city. It seems never to have occurred to those who so eagerly assisted the house sparrow in becoming acclimated on the Western continent that the American birds needed their esteem and protection far more than this parasitic alien. For the first twenty years after the sparrows arrived in the new world, they probably received more recognition than has been given to the native birds in all the years before or since.

While to many people it has at last become apparent that the English sparrow is no longer deserving of respectful attention, they yet believe that his uselessness has been exaggerated, and that if his presence in America is causing any serious alarm, it is only to a few old fogy naturalists. Let us see if their suppositions have a foundation of truth.*

The European sparrow destroys garden vegetables, and nearly every variety of fruit, as grapes, cherries, strawberries, raspberries, apples, currants, pears, plums, tomatoes, blackberries, peaches, figs, gooseberries, mulberries, apricots, corn, peas, lettuce, radish, cauliflower, carrots, beets and cabbage. This is but a partial list of his destructions; and not only does he injure the ripe or ripening fruit and vegetables, but their buds and blossoms suffer from his vandalism. Such shade trees as the maple, elm and evergreen have millions of their buds and blossoms made useless by the same plague. Unwilling to confine his operations to the orchards and gardens, flocks of English sparrows visit the grain fields, there to injure wheat, oats, rye, barley, field corn, sorghum, rice and buckwheat Early in 1817 it was estimated that the house sparrows of France annually consumed 10,000,000 bushels of wheat. If this grain was worth not more than 10 cents a bushel at that time in France, the country yearly suffered to the extent of a million dollars from the devastation in the wheat fields by this bird. If the sparrow was so destructive to one grain, what would be the sum when other grains are considered?

Both Australia and New Zealand having imported the European house sparrow not many years since, are now slaying the birds by every possible means,

* Just here the writer wishes to call attention to that valuable work on the English sparrow issued in 1889 by the United States Department of Agriculture. It is entitled "The English Sparrow in North America," and was prepared by Walter B. Barrows, assistant ornithologist, under the direction of Dr. C. Hart Merriam, ornithologist. The statements presented in this volume of 405 pages are conclusive, since hundreds of observers acknowledge this sparrow to be the enemy of man. The work is probably the most complete of any volume ever devoted to the habits of one bird, and so it has been found of important assistance in the preparation of this paper.

though [their strenuous opposition against the scourge seems to be most unsuccessful. Australia has found that the sparrow is a most serious plague, and as hard to combat as the countless rabbits swarming over her dominions.

As has been remarked, the English sparrow was brought across the Atlantic because many imagined that great hordes of insects would thereby be destroyed; and we yet have citizens, though they are becoming more and more scarce, who ludicrously assert the bird to be invaluable for this particular reason. If such people observe the English sparrow around the grain fields, the fruit trees, or the gardens, they at once conclude without looking farther that the bird is waging terrible havoc among the insect tribes; and, undoubtedly, it would be difficult to convince these individuals of their false reasoning.

Be it said to the bird's credit that a few insects are disp tched by him, and be it also said to his credit that in seeking the grain fields he destroys some seeds of noxious weeds. But not all the insects deprived of life by him are hurtful to agriculture; and with all his great variety of food, insects do not comprise more than *three per cent.* This has been abundantly proven by the government department of entomology, which dissected for the purpose a half thousand English sparrows from many sections of the United States. Where other food is plentiful, I have doubts as to the bird using even this small percentage of insects, since all these birds that I have observed seemed never to include the food described in their diet. Worse than all, the house sparrow is continually driving away from man's habitation such birds as the flycatchers, whose habits are entirely insectivorus Says a high authority on this scourge from Europe: "The English sparrow is a curse of such virulence that it ought to be systematically destroyed, before it becomes necessary to deplete the public treasury for the purpose, as has been done in other countries."

From many records, which interested students have gathered, it has been ascertained that the house sparrow molests over seventy species of our native birds, by destroying their nests, eggs, and young, driving them away from feeding grounds, and annoying them in every conceivable manner. Many American songsters withstand the rowdy, until he hastily gathers his companions around him and mobs the inoffensive bird without delay.

This is the particular reason accounting for the defeat of plucky birds like the purple martin, house wren, and bluebird. Not dissimilar to the cowardly wolf, the house sparrow is most courageous when he far outnumbers his opponent; and although the latter may struggle with commendable valor, he must at least yield to the superior strength of the European vagabonds. Even the kingbird, which can usually defeat a half-dozen English sparrows in a single battle, is rapidly succumbing before the increase of these usurpers, which not alone drive other birds from the parks, dooryards, and gardens, but threaten before many decades to monopolize all the fields and woods.

The only martin colony which I know as yet remaining in a certain part of the Empire State is in a large bird house, which apparently has been the scene of a compromise, as half of the dwelling is occupied by martins, and the remainder by English sparrows. To the regret of every bird lover, the purple martins are disappearing year after year If such birds as these are not permitted to nest around man's dwelling they migrate to some locality where the house sparrows are not yet in authority, if a locality thus favored is to be found. The same is true of the barn and eave swallows. The bluebird, though very courageous, no longer rears his young with confidence around our habitations, since he is unable to cope with the foreign tyrant. And that master of bird

musicians, the mockingbird, suffers from the attacks of the merciless house sparrow, who is without doubt jealous when he compares his discordant notes with those of a genuine musician.

A ramble in Central Park, New York, or Lincoln Park, Chicago, will leave the impression that the only birds of America are the English sparrows. By the presence of these vagrants we are not only losing some of our most beautiful songsters from around the parks and dooryards, but the birds most highly prized as insect destroyers are slowly being driven into the woods and fields.

This matter of a bird's economical value will be recognized when it is reported that a pair of thrushes during a period of three weeks will feed their nestlings over 12,600 insects. For a week's family supplies, a pair of sparrows (not English), says an observer, will require 3,360 caterpillers, or 13,440 in a month's time. Another student of nature writes: "From observations made in Paris it is calculated that a single titmouse destroys more than two hundred thousand eggs of abnoxious insects every year. Could the wisest agency of man accomplish this?" If it were necessary, a thousand examples could substantiate the ones presented to prove the incalculable worth of our birds.

When in one year a single species of the insect tribe damaged the agriculture of the Mississippi valley to the extent of a hundred million dollars, we can see why nature has wisely ordained that the feathered population should be the greatest opponent of such ravages, which would devastate the earth were it not for the presence of the birds.

Not many years ago the great-northern shrike, which comes from the north during the late fall to spend its winters with us, invaded the parks of Boston with unusually large numbers. The shrike is one of the few birds known to slay the English sparrow; consequently these parasites began to experience a sudden decrease in their population. The excited park authorities, without the least hesitation, employed a gunner to destroy the shrikes; and thus was their dearly beloved English sparrow guarded from the northern marauder, and thus did they slaughter their friend and magnanimously cherish the enemy. Both the screech owl and sparrow hawk are partial to a house sparrow diet; and yet when either of these birds ventures around the farm buildings or into a village, they do so with the liability of being despatched by a gun or rifle, since a most unreasonable prejudice exists against all hawks and owls, no matter if they are entirely harmless.

Remaining around the towns and dwellings, the European house sparrow is more protected from storms, and escapes many a danger confronting the field and wood birds.

The motto of the house sparrow is to "live and learn," that is, live as a parasite, and learn to observe any movements which may lessen his tribe. Like the crow in his contact with civilization, the English sparrow has become a most sagacious individual by associating with man for centuries—a truth most particularly known to whoever has tried to diminish them by trapping, shooting, poisoning, or in any manner whatever.

There are at least two methods of driving out these pests; one by destroying all the accessible nests and eggs, and the other by using firearms to keep the birds from their food supplies. A garden or lawn hose is a most effective weapon for the destruction of house sparrow nests, and for making the birds' roosting quarters undesirable. If that army of small boys, which starts out over the country every spring to gather all the birds' eggs in their neighborhood, could only be enlisted for a warfare against the English sparrows, the action would then be of some benefit to their country. What we need in every village and city of America is a society for the protection of all valuable birds, and a destroyer

of all such parasites as the vagabond from Europe. Where a town has a village improvement society, a special committee should be appointed for the welfare of our harmless birds, and a warfare against the English sparrow. Such a committee, by coöperating with townsmen, could have bird houses erected, and then by preventing unlawful interference with their nests and eggs, the full confidence of the winged children would soon be gained. Another important action of the committee would be the circulation of ornithological literature, which, in disseminating worthy principles, is slowly causing an increasing love and respect for the birds.

Sparrow pies are now becoming a feature of the restaurants, and we are told their flesh is superior to quail, and that when the birds have fed on grain they are equal to the reed-bird — the truth is, sparrows are not infrequently brought before the restaurant diner, who imagines that he is being served to reed-birds. It has been found, by gun clubs, that the English sparrow forms a more accurate test of skilled markmanship than pigeons, and so another stimulus has arisen which bodes ill for this foreign scavenger.

A great number of our states and territories have withdrawn from their statute books all protection to the house sparrow; and as was stated before, New York is trying to stay this nuisance by making it a misdemeanor for anyone who intentionally gives these birds food or shelter. The bounties offered by Ohio and Michigan have thus far proved to be ineffective measures, probably because they offer insufficient inducements for the killing of the birds.

In Indianapolis, after 40,000 English sparrows were killed in two years, they were still abundant. This enormous increase of sparrows has led to the organization of sparrow clubs in parts of the United States and Europe, whose purpose is to employ every possible method for the bird's extermination. To give an idea of the work carried out by these organizations, an excerpt from a newspaper is given concerning Shakespeare's native village. At the time the clipping was made the town of his birth held a population of 8,000:

The Honorary Secretary of the Stratford-upon-Avon Sparrow Club reports that during the last year (1887) over 19,000 birds have been killed. The club pays 3d. per dozen for heads of all sparrows destroyed, and over £23 has been paid in this way during the year. The common sparrow is held to be destructive to farmers' crops, and the club was formed for the purpose of keeping down the number of these birds. About 20,000 a year is the average number destroyed in the neighborhood of Stratford-upon-Avon.

For all the worthlessness of the English sparrow, there are many who oppose exterminating the bird, simply because they "like to see them around." Such opposition reminds us of the hunter who would not despatch the rattlesnakes around his cabin for the same reason. Then we must remember another class, who, though they would gladly murder a thousand rats and mice, yet look upon interference with the "rats of the air" as an act of inhumanity. And there are even women who would regard a widespread decrease among the English sparrows as something only to be associated with barbarism, while they are never alarmed in the least over the wholesale carnage of native birds to supply the demands of fashionable bonnets! If the American birds—no country has a richer heritage of birds—could only have a little of their misdirected sympathy, we might be enabled to crush this heartless custom of wearing feathers, which, as an enemy of bird life alone, demands that no year shall pass until from five to ten million innocent lives have been sacrificed in the United States, without considering the enormous slaughter carried on in the European countries.

For all the English sparrow has been proven so harmful, many will wonder if he has no commendable features, which, to some extent, will tranquilize his savage conduct. Anyone with this thought will be disappointed when he

examines the bird's dirty plumage, and listens to its harsh and monotonous voice. The discordant chatter is continued incessantly from the time the birds awake until they are asleep; and to sick people, around whose windows they congregate, as well as to everyone with a musical ear, the sound is most disagreeable. Their ceaseless discord drowns the notes of song-birds, and I wonder that our minstrels have the heart to sing when such harshness surrounds them; though be it said that the house sparrow rises not over early, thus giving the true songsters an opportunity for a few matins before being interrupted by these rowdies.

There was once a man who pretended to have an ear for fish horns, and there are also certain people who assert that they derive more or less pleasure from the chatter of the parasite sparrows. If their ears are thus constituted, they will surely enjoy a fulness of this burlesque on music.

If we listen with more particularity, we shall find that by variations of his notes the sparrow gives expression to fright, anger, joy, and warning, while they serve, likewise, as a conveyance for all his other thoughts. His utterances are the loudest when the bird is indulging in his favorite occupation—fighting.

Whoever has witnessed the courtship of this brawler of the streets must have been somewhat amused at the bird's rough manners. No matter how responsive the female may become, the male continues to treat her as if she was arrayed, like the kingbird, in a deadly battle against him Sometimes a pack of males squabble very fiercely for the possession of a lady bird, when the cause of the melee generally escapes from the rowdies before she is treated in the manner of a common enemy, for in the battle she is usually dragged about with very little regard for the sex of her ladyship. And yet I cannot say that the essence, or what has been styled the essence, of woman suffrage is entirely lacking with the birds, since I have seen these actions of courtship reversed, with the male meekly submitting to unladylike treatment from the female. There has been described to me an encounter between two female sparrows, who asserted their ownership to a particular male, while, with unusual enjoyment, the said gallant sat near by, watching the struggle and occasionally interposing a word of encouragement for the one or the other of the amazons.

The European house sparrow is more prolific than any American bird, thus explaining why our cities and towns are swarming with their numbers. The vagabond from Europe will deposit as many as six sets of eggs in one year, ranging from four to seven to the set, while the native birds rear one or two broods, averaging not over five eggs to each complement. It has been recorded that a female English sparrow once deposited thirty-five eggs in thirty-five days. A few warm days during the last of February will start the nesting season for the "rats of the air," while many of our most valuable birds do not bring forth their young before June. And, to present another contrast, let us take the bobolink, which is responsible for but a single brood of four or five young in one year, when, in the same time, a pair of English sparrows may be accountable for thirty of their tribe. It has been reckoned, if a pair of sparrows raise only twelve birds in a season, that, in a period of five years, there will be 33,614 birds, all the progeny of the original pair. This is a startling number, but the probabilities are that the real number is much greater than the estimate presented.

The sparrows are very attentive to their young, caring for them when they are at least three months old, and the youngsters appear entirely dependent at an age when the native birds are hunting for themselves.

The European house sparrow has an unconquerable love for the neighbor-

hood of man's dwelling, though, as their hordes increase, many are obliged to forage in the woods and grain-fields, where the stroller will discover them when he is a long distance from any residence. While the town is preferred, they have already become familiar around farm buildings, coming as a multitude of 1 custs, to bring destruction in their wake. During the spring and autumn, many leave the towns to visit the grain-fields, and at these seasons will often be seen flying in flocks at some distance from the ground.

If we are to reach any conclusion whatever upon this English sparrow subject, we can only entertain the thought of his extermination; and so nothing should be left undone until this is accomplished. When we consider the welfare of our songsters, which keep the earth's vegetation from being consumed by the insect tribes, we likewise consider the welfare of mankind; consequently it is a criminal offense to grant the least quarter to the "rats of the air."

THE END OF SOLITUDE.

A DWARFED and gnarléd pine,
Above the line
Of all its courtly kind,
Upon a mountain's barren summit grew,
And all the fitful moods of nature knew—
Hot sun and blasting wind.

In creviced rock, in dearth
Of moistened earth
And elemental food,
It set its roots and searched for larger life.
But wasted forth its substance scant in strife
With storms, and found no good.

No pendant cones of green
Were formed between
Its crooked branches seamed,
That rose like knotted hands in hopeless prayer.
No building birds ere braved the blinding glare
Of sun, and rocks that gleamed.

Alone mid granite piles,
Obscured in miles
Of lifeless, deadening brown,
It lived and died, entombed at last to rest
Within the mountain's cold and scraggy breast,
Both seedless and unknown.

Barton O. Aylesworth.

FRANKLYN WARNER LEE.

BY JOHN TALMAN.

WITH one exception, the poet, novelist, playwright and newspaper man who died at Rush City, Minn., March 18, 1898, was the most considerable literary figure in Minnesota That exception is a writer who follows to tally different and purely independent lines, and although more famous, is not, relatively speaking, more meritorious than the subject of this paper. To the public, naturally, Mr. Lee was merely a writer. To the inner circle of his acquaintance—which was very wide—he was much more. He was a man, in every conceivable sense of the word—brave, steadfast, strenuous, honorable, kind. Every day of his busy life did he defy and surmount difficulties that would appall one of less heroic texture. Incessant toil was his. Delicate and far from robust was the fleshly housing of his unconquered and unconquerable soul. The handicap of combined evils—of which ill health was almost a minor item - that ever oppressed him, far from breaking, actually spurred and strengthened the tameless spirit that never said die For the last five of his few years, he realized every hour that a mortal disease had set its seal upon him. Not a murmur; not a groan. Nothing but that incessant toil; nothing but the same cheery word upon his lips, the same sunlight in his blue eyes, as he toiled. As we look back upon the brief but steady light of that incarnate radiance which the tomb's darkness has now quenched forever, there comes to mind the epitaph which some careless hand, not long ago, thrusting aside the moss and ivy of two generations, revealed in a Southern backwoods burying-ground—an epitaph eloquent as any in Westminster Abbey: "She wuz kind to everbuddy." In its obituary notice of Mr. Lee, one of the St. Paul papers said: "There was more genuin - manhood packed away in that little body than you often find in giants" The same issue contained this editorial paragraph, which says less than it implies:

> In the death of Franklyn W. Lee disappears the visible personality of a potent factor in the literary life of St. Paul and the Northwest. Life at best is the hardest of battles—so hard, indeed, that to live sometimes requires ten times the courage necessary to die; and no man ever fought out his battle to the end, with all its alternating gains and losses, triumphs and defeats, more manfully than Lee did. Ill health, obstacles due both to temperament and circumstance—none of these, nor all of them combined, daunted that hopeful, persevering spirit. Out off in the flower of his years at thirty-three, an age when most men have barely begun to achieve or deserve success, his taking away is a distinct loss to the literature of the West. Furthermore, it may be said of him—what can be truthfully affirmed of too few departures to the realm of eternal shadow—he is deeply and sincerely mourned as man and friend.

Another St. Paul journal, with which Mr. Lee had been connected several years, appended this to a notice of his successful authorship:

> But above all, he was a clean, courteous, generous gentleman, a loving and faithful husband and a father who was a model to his offspring. His private life and personal habits were reflected in the lines of his simple verse, and he was in all things a true, good man. To his widow and orphaned children there will be extended that generous sympathy which he, when living, held for all of those who mourned.

And one of the Minneapolis papers said, O, so much! in these simple words: "In his heart there was nothing unworthy."

Heavy indeed is the task assumed by one who knew and loved him - not to lay, with overflowing heart and trembling hand, another wreath of appreciation upon the catafalque of his memory, but also to so divorce mind and emotion as to venture an estimate of his writings that may deserve the indorsement of those who come after.

Franklyn Warner Lee was born in New York City, June 16, 1864. At that

time his father, a Union soldier, was in the Confederate prison of Andersonville. His mother is Mrs. Mary Lee Tuttle, now of Menlo, Iowa; a lady of keen literary discernment, who has written a number of stories of considerable worth. The father was a boat captain, and young Franklyn, both by force of his surroundings and natural inclination, early acquired a strong

FRANKLYN W. LEE.

liking for sea and stream, and much of his boyhood time was passed upon the noble Hudson. His ancestry was a mixture of Colonial, New Amsterdam and Spanish blood. At the age of fourteen he left the New York and Brooklyn public schools for the serious business of bread-winning. In 1881, with his widowed mother, he removed to the West, settling at Des Moines, where, for a time, he filled clerkships in different mercantile establishments. From this time on the boy was the sole support of his mother and younger brother. He had from the first a fondness for writing, which was given vent in the field of amateur journalism, so he was well equipped for his duties as city editor of the Des Moines *Daily News* when that position fell to his hands.

It was in the Iowa capital that he formed the acquaintance of the girl who was to be his wife - Miss Marilla Upright. They were brought together as members of the Christomathean Society, and in December, 1886, at Omaha, they were married. Mrs. Lee, who, with a girl of ten and a boy of seven, survives her husband, has taken up his work as editor and publisher of the Rush City *Post*, with every augury of a successful career. This lady delivered the principal address at the dedication of the Minnesota building at the World's Fair The pair were mutually helpful, and, it must be admitted, "chummy" to a degree seldom attained by married couples. Mr. Lee delighted in his children, and derived soothing and upbuilding companionship with them, impregnating their unfolding minds with odd, quaint ideas, and teaching them wisdom beyond their years.

In 1887 Mr. Lee removed to St. Paul to become paragrapher and general writer for the *Daily News*, which had just been established there. He followed the vicissitudes of this sheet through its seven-year existence, when he took a position with the St. Paul *Dispatch*. Here, while at intervals bringing out books and stray poems and sketches in THE MIDLAND MONTHLY and other magazines and in leading Western papers, he served as dramatic critic, railroad editor, interviewer and "feature" writer, forming an extended acquaintance, especially among stage folk. In 1896 Mr. Lee, in quest both of more independent station and better

health, removed to Rush City, where he had purchased *The Post*, a weekly; and there he remained till his death, having in that short time lifted his journal to the highest rank in the provincial press. Having several times been prostrated by periods of illness varying in duration, he succumbed to Nature's final decree on the 18th of March last. His death was a severe blow, not only to his immediate family, but to the "troops of friends" who found in his kindly, helpful, generous temperament a prop in many a trying hour, and who knew him most intimately and appreciated him most fully. The funeral, at Rush City, March 20th, was attended by delegations representing the St. Paul and Minneapolis Press Clubs, Free Masons, Elks, Knights Templar, Mystic Shriners, and Order of the Eastern Star, and by the Masons of Rush City and other Northern Minnesota and Western Wisconsin towns. The Episcopalian service was read at the church, and the interment at Rushseba cemetery was wholly under Masonic direction, newspaper men acting as pall-bearers.

A benefit performance was given for the poet's widow, at the Metropolitan opera house, St. Paul, on the afternoon of April 22d, which was, in some respects, the most successful, and, all things considered, the most notable, event of the character ever witnessed in the Northwest. Theatrical companies then playing engagements in St. Paul and Minneapolis, aided by amateur talent, volunteered their services in furnishing a highly attractive program, which comprised a short address on Mr. Lee and readings from his poems. This tribute to the author's memory was not only a token of warm admiration, but an act of grateful reciprocity, as Mr. Lee had on many occasions taken conspicuous part in entertainments of this kind.

Mr. Lee had many accomplishments in addition to his gifts as a writer. He was a rostrum entertainer in constant demand, when his humorous monologues, recitations of his dialect and other poems, etc., supplied thronged auditoriums with pleasure keenly relished. He was a painter who attempted ambitious works, and was also a musician of fair ability, playing the mandolin, violin and other instruments.

To come to Franklyn Lee's real life-work, it must be said in the beginning that he was essentially a dreamer, idolatrously devoted to his ideals, and his main motive was a desire to appeal, through his pen, to the better nature of his fellow-man, to cheer and elevate some desponding and perhaps even sordid soul. He often said he felt perfectly satisfied if a single man, woman or child had been made happier or better through something he had written. Though in the closing part of his career identified with the Episcopal church, he was an ardent Theosophist, a believer in the literal brotherhood of man and the inevitable law of Karma. As a student and interpreter of the occult, he has left us in the story "Two Men and a Girl," published in 1892, a bit of the powerful witchery of "Trilby," with none of its grossness. Many glimpses of this tenuous and all but forbidden region does he give us throughout his published works, as in "The Field of Ardath," in his first volume of poems, "Dreamy Hours" (1890):

Sometimes a vague and shadowy thought is mine—
As of some life in which I ran my race;
A light, whose meanings mind will not define,
Breaks o'er me often when I see a face.
And Reason has a theory evolved
With which my soul has labored long in vain—
My dead self's mystery will ne'er be solved
Until I lie on Ardath's charméd plain.

This volume contains a number of domestic pieces suggestive of the simple pathos and tenderness of Eugene Field. For example, "Little Moccasined Feet" describes how the poet, sitting in silence and wooing a muse that persists in eluding him, finds the inspiration he seeks in the patter of the feet of his little daughter, who comes to him for a

kiss. One seldom chances upon a happier expression of parental solicitude coupled with the parental blessing than the closing stanza:

Two little moccasined feet—ah, me!
Where will they stray in the coming years?
Shall it be into a time less fair,
Marring her life with a cloud of care?
God give her strength for what is to be,
Robbing her sky of its rain of tears,
Leading the trend of her simple life
Far from the world and its vulgar strife.

The following, from "Ready to Fight," is given as a specimen of Mr. Lee's lighter verse. It was his last poetical composition, and was recited with fine effect at the St Paul benefit by a niece of Edwin Booth:

They think we're kinder rusty, 'n air sure thet Uncle Sam
Et fightin' modern battles won't be wuth a tinker's dam;
But yer uncle's tough 'n wiry, 'n he knows a trick er two
Thet'll put the smudgy faces in a red hot Spanish stew.

We fit ter beat each other in the days of '61.
'N found it hard to do it, fer the fightin' wuz no fun;
But take us altergether, with an enemy like Spain,
'N we'll give the thrones o' Europe an all-fired pesky pain.

The following is quoted as a revelation of the spiritual and philosophical moods that often calmed the storms and salved the wounds of the poet's inner life. "Perpetuity" is the title:

The rose is dead, but who shall say
That, though its leaves have withered quite,
The perfume has not found its way
To some new plane beyond our sight?

The strings are mute; but can we hold
That music is a fleeting breath,
By limits of our ken controlled
And subject to eternal death?

The lips are silent, and the eyes
Are blind to all that passes here;
But dare we say that in the skies
There is no other, better sphere?

Man knows but little, yet within
There lingers that which whispers thus:
"Death's but the point where we begin
The journey faith hath marked for us.

"The incense of the withered rose,
The music of the silent lute,
Have gone to where the eyes unclose
And lips forget that they were mute."

Mr. Lee's first story, "Finlay Arnon's Fate," was published in book form in connection with his work on the amateur press, at the period when, at sixteen and seventeen years of age, he began the composition of verse. In those days his rhymes occasionally appeared in the New York *Weekly* and other papers of that class. Later, the death of General Grant called forth a threnody which brought a letter of thankful appreciation from the widow of the great soldier. Our author's first ambitious novel, "A Shred of Lace," dealing with the folly which leads a woman to marry a man to reform him, appeared in 1891, as did also the story "Senator Lars Erikson," an exposition of the higher type of Scandinavians in the Northwest. The next year "Two Men and a Girl" was printed, "Mrs. Harding's Eyes" being included in the same book. By far his best novel, "Mam'selle Paganini," appeared in *Godey's Magazine* for January, 1894. It has been truthfully pointed out that this, his last, is fitted to rank with "The First Violin" and "Miss Traumerie" as a work of fiction based upon the subject of music and musicians.

Mr. Lee wrote one play, "The Star Gazer," a comedy, which was brought out in the autumn of 1894, and held the boards successfully two seasons. A posthumous drama is now in the hands of a leading eastern theatrical manager for early production. He likewise rewrote the popular extravaganza "Ali Baba," at the instance of Manager Henderson of Chicago.

Mr. Lee's latest poetical publications were issued from his own press in 1896 and 1897, in the shape of five dainty and most artistically printed booklets: "Whispers of Wee Ones," child verse; "Lenten Verses," largely *vers de société;* "A Bundle of Rushes," dialect; "Hearts," love rhymes; and "The Sphinx of Gold," sonnets. The last, it seems to this commentator upon a life cut short long before its prime, will be eventually settled upon by general consent as the full flower of the genius, the cap sheaf of the attainments, of Franklyn Lee. Under the influence, presumably, of the poet's sense of the near-

ness of death that could not be deceived, these sonnets are almost unbrokenly religious of tone. Totally devoid of cant, dogma or a leaning toward any narrow churchly creed, they breathe a trustful reliance upon the boundless love and unswerving justice attributed to that Deity in whom the poet was a believer. But O, with what lashes and stilletos for the hypocritical and innately base and unworthy do these carefully wrought fourteen-liners bristle! In them does the Pharisee find himself condemned with biting simile; the false pretender self-revealed by the glow of crisping accusation; the slanderer pilloried by sad reproach; the proud humbled by startling mirage of earth's vanities; the thoughtless warned of the time when the haunting hag Remorse shall shriek in his ear her words of doom—"Too late!" But this is not all the Sphinx has to utter when the seal of stillness upon her lips is broken. Her speech is more than silver. It is more golden than her age-long silence has been. It is tender. It throbs and burns with inspiration. It is mellow with love and sunny with hope immortal. More yet. It reflects the strength that is born of pain and chastisement; it presents the Alexander that springs from the womb of unmoaning endurance. Thus, "God's Monograms:"

Sad stories are the monograms of God.
The heart may sink beneath a weight of woe;
Disease may make the weary hours so slow
That mutiny is roused the while we plod;
Dead hopes may lie beneath a barren sod,
And all our fairest dreams, with their brave show,
In empty vapor fade. And yet, we know
That God is good and just; His chastening rod
Afflicts us sorely, but with kind intent:
For in the stripes His monogram appears
And stamps the soul with right development,
So that, when we set forth for higher spheres,
Each has a passport, by the Master sent,
To take him yonder, where there are no tears.

In the land, sea and sky of song, Lee —in mariner's phrase—"boxed the compass." He is suggestive of nearly all systems and epochs of modern French and English verse but one—the always polished and painfully exact, but often bloodless, school of Dryden and Pope. He experimented along the entire line. Common forms were not enough for him. Ballade, rondeau, villanelle—he tried his hand at all, and few were his failures. In body and sentiment, he ran the whole gamut, from the cynical numbers of Lang and the archaic quirks of Dobson back to the calm introspection of Wordsworth, the lusty swing of Béranger and the scampering grace of the graceless Villon. Like most other poets who affect variety, he produced much that was of little credit to himself, and some that positively shocked his more discriminating friends. He turned out dialect verse—that syntactic monstrosity ever akin to coarseness, even in the most dextrous hands—that sank (or should we say rose?) to the level of doggerel. In more than one of his serious poems there is an unpleasant flavor of artificiality, with manner, rather than matter, the chief concern; and, at times, one is found to be disappointing, if not weak, at the end, and inferior to what comes before—a fatal blemish that every careful workman guards against.

But, in the scales of impartial judgment, the faults of Lee weigh lightly when offset by his merits. Like Shelley, he taught in song what he had learned in suffering. His genius was predominantly lyrical. The patient care, the tenderness, the devotion, the fidelity and the self-sacrifice of the ideal father and husband live in his domestic poems. He probed the human heart with skill and power. The spirit of truth, the elixir of inspiration, the vim of manliness, the shield of clean-mindedness, the flash and mellowness of wit and humor, the pursuit of high ideals and the guiding star of correct principle vivify and adorn his representative verse. Much that he wrote was trifling and ephemeral; but from the dross will Time, the keen-eyed assayer, ultimately rescue some few grains of gold to serve

for the permanent enrichment of Western literature.

The chill of the March morning and noontide had softened to a grateful breeze when in the waning afternoon we circled the open grave of Franklyn Lee. Persian rugs not warmer to the feet than the long, slender blades of faded grass that covered the prairie breast of Rushseba, dotted with tiny oaks where rustled the sparse, dead leaves of winter's grey and brown. Nature smiled in possession and prophecy — glad to welcome deep in her bosom at once prodigal son returned and lover true, and prophetic of delicious Junes to be. There he lay. O, heedless world! Did you realize what you had lost? With you he fought what you termed a losing battle. Not so. His, and his alone, the victory. In the retort of that brain the wail of anguish turned to Amphion harmonies that will solace and delight when he who passed by upon the other side is less than a memory. Only the bleeding heart can really sing. When you, O, heartless world! deigned to think of him, you pitied him, no doubt. How very kind! But far sincerer and more constant was the pity he felt for you. One thing more. Let it scorch your conscience with the searing brand of irretrievable regret. Let it pierce the thick, bristly shell of your self-seeking like an electric cautery. He gave you something else in superabundance which you never thought it worth while to bestow upon him — love. In visions that came at will the poet had hidden and unfailing sources of strength and joy that must forever be a sealed book to the thoughtless and unfeeling. He worshiped in the temple where reigns the triune divinity of Truth, Beauty and Purity, and from his orisons at that altar he arose endowed with the power and courage to climb mountains and storm fortresses.

And still the words of the Past Grand Master flowed on, rich with the oil of consolation and the wine of hope for reunion in a life more satisfying than this. Our dead spoke again to whomsoever chose to listen — we knew not whether from the pearly mists of oblivion eternal, or from a sphere that vibrates at the bursts of such music as it cannot be given earth to hear: "Friends, if you but knew how glorious it is to be here you would not mourn!" Then returned to mind the figure of the angel of death limned in the swan song of Paul Hamilton Hayne — that sublime picture of euthanasia:

> Through the splendor of stars impearled
> In the glow of their far-off grace,
> He is soaring world on world,
> With the souls in his strong embrace.
> Lone ethers, unstirred by a wind,
> At the passage of death grow sweet
> With the fragrance that floats behind
> The flash of his winged retreat.
> And I, earth's madness above,
> 'Mid a kingdom of tranquil breath,
> Have gazed on the lustre of love
> In the unveiled face of Death.

And the heart and voice of the believer joined fervently in response to the declarations of the burial ritual of that noblest of brotherhoods, so blunting the sting and heightening the majesty of death: "So mote it be!"

THE POTTER'S CLAY.

UPON the potter's flying wheel the clay
Knows not the purpose of its plasmic day.
So we upon this blindly-whirling sphere
Are shaped to ends which do not yet appear.

James B. Kenyon.

MRS. BROWN OF BROWNSVILLE.

A LAKESIDE ROMANCE.

By Frank W. Calkins.

I.

LAKE *Chumniuhndazipi:*

I defy the most learned American ethnologist to pronounce it in the exact gutteral accent of the Sioux who named it.

As it is spoken, however, by the people of the neighborhood, and the "summer resorters," who flock to its hotels and camping places, every warm season, the name has a pretty and romantic sound.

There is an Indian legend connected with the lake, too, a nebulous story of an ancient battle between the Sioux and Chippewas, in which scores of the most famous warriors of either tribe fell upon its shores.

Hence the name *Minni-chumni-uhndazipi*, groaning waters, or the lake of sighs.

It is a beautiful, triangular strip of water, with some thirty odd square miles of surface, a picturesque shoreline, and fine groves of natural oak and elm. There are miles of gravel beach, and little capes and promontories which, with its deep waters, make the lake a veritable gem set in the prairie. It is, in fact, one of the most attractive of the many lakes which draw the summer idler west of the Mississippi. There are roomy hotels and whole villages of pretty cottages scattered about at the chief point of attraction. The white tents of numerous campers line the shores in season; small steamers ply the waters, and yachts and fishing boats abound. Life goes on there from early June until September in much the same fashion as at Newport or Bar Harbor. There may be found the bald heads of successful western enterprise, devotees of the rod and line, natty young men in suits of white ducking and helmet caps, and the summer girl in all the radiance of her flimsy fineries. And there are pleasure parties, and picnics, boating, bathing, and music, and dancing. And "Love holds her brief court; harries and exalts her willing victims."

And all this where, but a few years ago, the savage Sioux dipped his paddle in a solitude, unbroken to the farthest horizon, and the bison and the elk drank of waters which had never mirrored a face of their exterminators.

Something of the marvel of this wondrous development of life upon a recent prairie wilderness was in the mind of Arthur Drennon, as he took his afternoon siesta upon the veranda of the Park Hotel.

It was his first vacation in ten years. He was a hard-working lawyer, who had won his way to good rank in his profession by close attention and severe labor. He had attempted at the outset to practice in his native city, New York, but the city's business sought the counsel of older heads and the bell of the elevator seldom rang opposite his office door.

Then he had gone to the growing city of Prairie des Sioux, west of the Mississippi, and hung his shingle from the window of a more modest apartment. Here a dozen years of close, hard work had placed him in the first rank of young lawyers of his State.

His business had grown until a partner had become necessary, and he had taken a bright young Westerner into his office, at the beginning of the World's Fair year. Now he proposed to give himself a couple of months of complete rest, then "take in" the fair, and go to work again

It was in the first week in June that he arrived at the Park Hotel on the eastern shore of Chumniuhndazipi.

He spent the first day lounging in his breezy room and upon the hotel verandas. At dinner he met Mrs. Frowalter, wife of Judge Frowalter of Brownsville. Drennon had practiced before the Judge, in some of the lower counties of his district, and had met his wife at the State Capital.

Mrs. Frowalter was a jolly woman, of the social, frank-spoken sort. He accepted an invitation to join a party she had planned for a yacht excursion on the following day. Then after dinner he betook himself to the cool western veranda facing the lake, disposed himself in an easy chair, and lit a cigar.

It was a pretty scene that lay before him. A smooth, green lawn, studded with great oaks and traversed by gravel paths, stretched to the lake shore, a hundred yards distant. Beyond was the rippling sheen of the larger arm of the lake, reaching away to a distant prairie shore line. Sails moved here and there under a slow breeze. Steamers came and went at the boat landing, bringing in belated parties to dinner, and carrying others away for an afternoon's outing. Idle people lounged in hammocks under the trees, and children in pretty summer finery romped upon the green sward. For a long time Drennon sat in lazy idleness enjoying the scene. Then came a diversion.

A young woman tripped lightly down the steps at the right, with a screaming child in her arms. She passed directly in front of him to a hammock which swung under a tree, with a rope attached to the railing at the left angle of the veranda.

She carried two small cushions in one hand; these she quickly arranged in the hammock, and tossed the screeching youngster upon them. Then she swung the little one to and fro, soothing the angry child with frolicsome baby talk and dancing about the swinging perch in a graceful, childish fashion.

Drennon took note of her, and declared to himself it had been many a long day since he had seen so pretty a face and figure.

Her hair was auburn, of the "spun-gold" sort that romance writers rave about; her eyes brown; her face oval, with such curve of lip and cheek, as the artist seeks for a model of his favorite goddess. Her complexion, except for a few freckles under the eyes, was of that delicate cream tint, which sometimes goes with auburn hair and dark eyes. Her dress was of flimsy pink stuff that became her wondrously. As for her form, Powers might have sought her for the model of his Greek slave, only his classic piece, Drennon decided, would have taken on somewhat ampler proportions. As it was, the critical New Yorker, could find no fault with her. Even her freckles were becoming;—and her movements, as she danced in front of the child.

She quickly subdued the young one, with her antics, and sent it off into fits of hysterical giggling. She seemed utterly unconscious of Drennon's presence, oblivious of her surroundings, as she danced and sang, snapping her fingers like castanets.

"Ri-te-titum-toodle-o-o,
Rally, dally, lilly loo,
Mama's eetle baby!"

Mama's little baby! Could it be possible that the young girl was married and the mother of that child?

He felt a distinct pang of resentment. But there certainly was the mother look in her face, now that his attention was called to that phase of the case.

"Ri-te-titum-toodle-o-o
Rally, dally, lilly loo
Mama's eetle baby!"

She sang again with a thrilling cadence, and the music of her simple ditty thrilled him to the finger tips. And the baby crowed and gurgled and kicked in ecstasies of glee.

Presently she took the little one up in her arms, and its face was turned, for the first time, toward him.

There could be no mistake; the child was the image of its mother, and quite as beautiful, in a baby way.

".What a pretty child!" Drennon exclaimed involuntarily.

The mother's face instantly lost its animation, and became cold as a plaster cast. Without other signs of consciousness, however, she turned down one of the gravel paths and walked toward the lake shore, with the child.

"Confound my stupidity!" muttered Drennon. "I've got to be such a perfect law grub that I've ceased to know how to behave in the social world."

Heartily chagrined at having made such an awkward break, he sought the seclusion of his room and the comfort of further cigars. But the vision of the young woman's loveliness followed him there, and he found himself presently humming the little nursery rhyme.

"Ri-te-titum-toodle-o-o
Rally, dally, lilly loo,
Mama's eetle baby."

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed angrily, at length, "I'm a consummate idiot!" Then he exchanged his tailor made flannel for a suit of ducking, his straw hat for a helmet, hired a light canoe, and tackle at one of the boat-houses, and set out on a fishing excursion.

In a small bay on the west shore of the lake, whither he had been directed by the boat-house keeper, Drennon found the fishing very good toward night. Croppies and rock bass took his minnows greedily. The sun had set before he could bring himself to relinquish the sport.

Then with a fine string of these small fish, he set out on his return across the lake. The canoe he had hired was a cockle-shell affair, adapted for light rowing, and a single oarsman. During the afternoon a strong western breeze had set in, and by the time he reached the center of the lake, his frail craft was tossing amid foaming white-caps. He was out of practice as an oarsman, and at length found his small boat exceedingly difficult to manage.

The wind, slightly quartering the direction he took, caught him upon the crest of every roller, and the opposite oar blade bent and creaked in his efforts to maintain equilibrium. A number of times he was nearly upset upon the crest of a wave.

As darkness came on the wind increased to a strong gale.

Then followed a careful, hand-fought battle with the waves.

He shipped his oars, and falling upon his knees, used a single blade as a paddle. Then he got on better for a time. A steamer passed him, headed for the Park Hotel landing. He shouted at her, calling to be taken in tow, but the boat was out of ear-shot. He struggled on until within a quarter of a mile of the glimmering shore-lanterns about the boat and bathing houses. Then a sudden gust caught his craft upon the crest of a wave, and overturned it in a twinkling.

Drennon was flung headforemost into the trough of the small sea and sank like a plummet. A moment later he came sputtering to the surface and looked eagerly for his canoe. It was out of sight for the instant, but came into line of vision upon the crest of a wave in advance. He struck out for the boat, moving before the wind, and used his utmost strength in attempting to overhaul the drifting craft. He was an indifferent swimmer, and at the end of five minutes found his strength gone and the object of his chase nearly lost to view in the darkness.

He shouted for help. His suit of ducking dragged him down like a leaden weight, and his utmost efforts barely served to keep his head above water. As he came to the crest of each curling wave he could see the glimmer of shore lights, and the vague shadowy figures of bathers running from the bath-house down into the surf upon the beach.

He called to them again and again; his voice weak and faint from heavy exertion. His breathing was labored, his efforts grew more and more feeble.

Twice he sank beneath the surface and came up strangling and spouting water. It seemed that his efforts at swimming availed nothing in getting him shoreward. He only drifted slowly, his body nearly perpendicular, in a mere struggle to keep his head above the surface.

Two or three times he was on the point of giving up the fight. Then with a fierce energy he fought once more with the rough waves and exerted his feeble voice to the utmost in shouts for help. His strength was gone; the shore lights gleamed and flickered faintly in the distance; darkness seemed closing in around him when a voice, a emale voice, spoke close in his ear:

"Here, sir, throw your arm over my back and catch hold of my bathing dress."

He obeyed, hardly conscious of what he did, and found himself suddenly floating easily, and struggling along at the side of a strong and buoyant swimmer.

"Take it easy," she said, "and we will reach shallow water in a few minutes."

The easy confidence of the friendly bather gave him strength and courage.

Onward, onward steadily they rose to the foaming tops of the breakers, and sank again, slowly, but surely, nearing the lights ahead.

"*Charlie!*" called Drennon's helper presently, "O Charlie, come out and help me in!"

"Coming!" shouted a sturdy voice in reply, and three minutes later with a strong hand supporting him on either side, the exhausted man stood, breathing heavily, in shallow water with sound *terra firma* just in front of him.

Then he turned to the woman who had so fortunately come to his assistance. By the flickering light, from the shore, Drennon saw the very face of the young mother whose frolic with her babe had so attracted him and so disturbed his equanimity. And this man at her side was her husband, no doubt. He tried to thank her—both of them—for their timely help.

"O, it was nothing," she said, "I was swimming out a ways from shore, and saw your boat drift past up-side down. Then I heard you calling and knew you needed help. But some one would have heard you and helped you ashore soon if we hadn't. Can you stand alone now?"

He found on trial that he could, and then the two left him and plunged into the surf again as though nothing had happened. There were other bathers all about, but none of them seemed to know that a life had just been saved by one of their number.

Drennon, after getting his breath and strength somewhat restored, made his way ashore, and went to his room, in a maze of mingled wonder and thankfulness.

II.

An hour later, after a late supper brought to his room, Drennon descended to the lower balcony in time to hear strains of music from the parlor. A voice he recognized—that of his preserver, the young woman of the baby—sang in deep and beautiful contralto the strains of the Bedouin Love Song. Through the open windows he saw quite a gathering in the large, airy room which had been provided for the comfort and entertainment of guests. As he went in at the first hall entrance, and stood back to the wall beside the open door, he found himself squarely facing the singer.

And "Charlie," the young man who had helped her to pull him ashore, was seated at the piano playing an accompaniment. Drennon recognized this individual by the mustache, which was of extraordinary length, and fell in a drooping fashion below his chin.

The singer, looking straight at him as it seemed, while her audience sat in rapt attention, betrayed not the slightest recognition of his presence.

Drennon listened, gazing at her like one in a dream.

She was dressed the same as when she sang to her baby; and she rendered the song in her strong, rich contralto, with the same obliviousness of surroundings.

There was a vociferous *encore* at the close, but the singer excused herself, saying that Miss So and So would favor the audience with a reading. She then took her seat, out of range of Drennon's vision.

A few minutes later, the lawyer became aware that Mrs. Frowalter stood beside him. The recitation proved common-place and uninteresting enough. "Come," said Drennon to the lady at his side, "let's go out upon the veranda; I want to talk with you."

They went out together.

"Now," said he, when they had taken seats, "tell me who *is* the young woman who sang?"

Mrs. Frowalter laughed. "You're just like all the rest, Mr. Drennon," she said, "that's what every young man who comes here wants to know, from the minute he gets a glimpse of her. She's Mrs. Brown of Brownsville, a next door neighbor of mine, and the wealthiest and most popular young woman in our town and county, and—a widow." And she laughed again in her hearty, pleasant fashion.

Drennon's pulse throbbed in sudden exhilaration.

"Tell me all about her," he said eagerly.

"She saved my life less than two hours ago"

"Saved your life!" in amazement.

Drennon briefly narrated the story dents of his accident.

"Well!" exclaimed the lady, "you are remarkably cool people, all of you! I do not believe anybody knows a word of what has happened. Now if it had been anyone else here, there'd have been a furore of excitement and congratulations. But its like her and its like Charlie Gale, not to mention it at all. You did have a narrow escape surely, and she certainly saved you. Yet there is nothing wonderful in Mrs. Brown's swimming out after you—except her swimming, which *is* wonderful and has been since she was a child. Four or five years ago, while up here with some Brownsville friends she swam out rods and rods into deep water, to bring out a poor little yelping, struggling pug, which some cruel boys had thrown from a passing sail boat."

Drennon laughed gleefully.

"Well," said he "if she'll swim out after drowning pugs, there is no reason in the world why she shouldn't have risked a little in saving a promising limb of the law."

"There now," cried the lady in vexation "that was careless of me, telling that story on top of your terrible adventure. I'm sure I—."

"Never mind" laughed Drennon, "tell me all about Mrs. Brown, who she is and what. I am thoroughly aware that she's an expert swimmer, and I owe her much."

"Which you cannot repay," put in his friend.

"Yes," he answered quite solemnly, "yes, I wish there was some way in which I could convey to her the full depth of my sense of gratitude. Now tell me about her."

"It's a short story," said Mrs. Frowalter. "She was born in Brownsville when the place was a mere frontier village. Her father was one of the first merchants to open a store in the place. When she was about six years old, his health failed, and a few years afterward he died leaving the family in straightened circumstances. Her mother worked as a clerk in a dress goods store, and supported her family of three girls and sent them to the public school. Well, the town grew and the family grew with it. The mother struggled along, keeping her children at high school, until the older ones began teaching, and Gracie, the youngest, had graduated. Grace is and was the most beautiful girl—for she is a girl yet—in our town, and she was no sooner out of

high school than the founder of Brownsville,—old Mr. Brown, himself,—old enough to be her great-grandfather, proposed marriage to her. His wife had been dead thirty years and he had no children, nor other relative near of kin to whom he cared to leave his property. It was a very business-like arrangement. He agreed, if she would marry him, to deed a good residence property to, and settle an income of five hundred a year upon her mother, and to leave to herself all his property. For her hard-worked mother's sake, the young girl—just turned sixteen—sacrificed herself and married Calvin Brown. Three months later he died and left her all his property and the baby," and Mrs. Frowalter laughed in her characteristic fashion. "That was two years ago," she continued. "He was really a very nice and handsome old man, and everybody mourned his loss, and his wife wore black for six months. She now owns the best brick block and the finest residence in Brownsville, and more improved and well rented lands than anyone else in the county. She's a widow, and rich, and not engaged."

"Thank you," said Drennon dryly. "I'm sorry I owe her my life."

"There now," exclaimed Mrs. Frowalter, "you're going at once to get up a finical quarrel with the mercenary side of her character! And you a New Yorker, too! I tell you she did it for her mother. It was a sort of vicarious atonement for the long, faithful and self-sacrificing labor of a devoted parent. Grace Rawlins is exactly the same sweet girl she was before her name was changed to Brown."

Drennon went to his room unconvinced. He believed now that he should be able to shut out the radiant vision, which, for a few short hours, had held possession of his mind.

III.

His stout resolution availed him nothing.

In the seclusion of his room, Mrs. Brown of Brownsville, of whose existence he had not known twelve hours before, kept possession of his imagination.

The yachting excursion of the following day was a failure, so far as he was concerned, because Mrs. Brown was not one of the party. That evening Mrs. Frowalter rallied him upon his dullness. She accused him frankly of being in love.

They were upon the veranda again, sitting in the cool night air. In spite of her friendly company and badinage, he felt lonely and depressed. He had met Mrs. Brown two hours before upon the lawn. A middle-aged woman was with the lady trundling her baby in a carriage. He had stopped her upon the gravel walk, and tried to say something which would, in some measure, express his gratitude for the service she had rendered him. But the perverse young woman had made light of the whole matter, declaring that he could have reached the shore without her help. And she had moved coolly on without allowing him to finish.

"I want to tell you something more about Mrs. Brown," said his companion presently. "She's a hero worshiper; the man who gets her will have to do something grand and fine. Charlie Gale, who's at her elbow almost constantly, can never win, and he knows it perfectly. He's only a plain retail tradesman, with small accomplishments, outside his business qualifications and his ability to play the piano fairly well. Have you met her since she pulled you out of the lake last night?"

"Yes," said Drennon moodily, "and she isn't half as interested in the result of her heroic service, as she would have been in the rescue of another poodle dog."

Again Mrs. Frowalter indulged in one of her jolly, hearty laughs.

"Well," said Drennon, "if she's hunting for a hero, I may just as well keep out of the way. I'm not the stuff they're made of."

Later that evening, he had a formal introduction to Mrs. Brown. After that he saw her frequently, in the parlor, on the veranda, on boating excursions, at dancing parties and musicales; and at each brief encounter the little god of the bow and quiver penetrated his armor with a deeper shaft.

For Mr. Arthur Drennon, however, the beautiful young widow was illusive as a firefly. He had not ten minutes of conversation with her in as many days, and never a moment of her exclusive society.

Mr. Charles Gale, of Brownsville, was very much in evidence during these days, and very frequently at her side. Other young people from her town—the place was only twelve miles distant—were with her often. She was, in fact, a continuous center of attraction for the numerous visitors from Brownsville. Drennon saw that she was immensely popular in her home town. At the end of two weeks he gave over any further attempts to cultivate her acquaintance.

One Friday evening he announced to Mrs. Frowalter his intention to leave for the World's Fair on the following Monday. The lady said that she and her husband would soon follow, and she hoped they might often meet him there.

IV.

Late on Saturday afternoon, following his decision to leave on Monday, Drennon sat in his room busy with correspondence. He was preparing to shut the scenes of Lake Chumniuhndazipi out of mind and memory, as far as might be possible. He had not seen Mrs. Brown that day, and he did not want to see her again. He had planned to spend Sunday at the cottage of some friends from his own town, who had lately established themselves for the season at the northern extremity of the lake. It was nearly time for supper, and a train had just arrived from the south, when there came a tap at his door.

In response to his summons, a young man stepped in. Lifting his hat, politely, the young fellow inquired if he had the pleasure of speaking to "Mr. Arthur Drennon of Prairie des Sioux."

"Yes," said Drennon, "What can I do for you? Take a seat."

The new comer,—a well dressed and business-like young gentleman,—took the proffered chair and plunged into business at once.

"I'm from Brownsville," he said; "we've concluded down there, rather late in the season, to celebrate the National birthday, and I have come as chairman of a committee to ask you to make the address of the day. We've raised one thousand dollars to celebrate with, and have set seventy-five of it aside to secure a good speaker. Some of our citizens learned you were up here, and we thought you'd have time on your hands, if you needed it, to prepare."

Drennon was thoroughly surprised. He had not made a public speech, outside the court room, in years. He gave himself a few minutes for thought, in which his mind was busy, also, in wonder as to whom he might be indebted for this honor. Then he accepted the invitation and the terms. A seventy-five dollar fee was not to be picked up every day. That night he took the train for Prairie des Sioux.

He spent the nine days which intervened mostly in his own private room.

When the young lawyer got off an early morning train at Brownsville, on the morning of the "Glorious Fourth," he felt tolerably sure of himself. He had put his whole soul into the effort he was to make; had every word of his address committed to memory, and knew perfectly that he had never gone before an audience with anything half so good.

A committee of substantial citizens welcomed him at the train. Among them was Judge Frowalter.

The parade, which formed upon the streets at ten o'clock, was the greatest display of the kind ever seen at Brownsville. There were three brass bands, two from adjoining towns, Grand Army men, Sons of Veterans, and even civic societies turned out and marched in gala dress. And there were carriages and teams in endless procession. When the big crowd was finally assembled, upon a vast array of benches under a newly erected "bowery" no orator could have wished a more inspiring audience.

Drennon, himself, was astonished at his warm reception, and the numbers of the patient multitude gathered to hear him—a modest young lawyer with no great reputation as a speaker.

The bands were playing Hail Columbia as he mounted the speaker's stand under escort of the president of the day and members of the reception committee. Then followed "My Country 'tis of Thee," led by a large choir at the right of the speaker's stand; then a fervent prayer by the chaplain; then the choir sang another patriotic song.

As the president, none other than Judge Frowalter, arose to introduce him, a white-robed figure passed from the singer's benches, down one of the center aisles and took a seat which had evidently been reserved for her.

It was Mrs. Brown of Brownsville.

As he arose to begin his address, after a very flattering introduction, that lady's dark eyes were bent upon him.

Amid the sea of upturned and expectant faces, Arthur Drennon, for the moment, saw only one beautiful face with a quietly observant, half-doubtful expression, watching him from under drooping eyelids. A fierce determination seized upon him. It flashed upon him with the thrilling effect of an electric shock, that a golden opportunity was within his grasp. He would make one supreme effort to mount to the level of Grace Brown's ideal hero.

He was possessed of a strong, clear voice, and considerable dramatic force. He stepped out near to the edge of the rostrum, and raised his hand in an impressive gesture. Something of dramatic effect, in the movement, thrilled his audience to a hushed state of expectancy. Every eye was bent upon him. Even the small boy upon the outskirts, with the inevitable firecracker in hand, was silent.

A wave of dramatic feeling set his nerves atingle. His first sentences had been prepared to startle and catch the attention. He delivered them with an earnestness and intensity of feeling that wrought a wondrous lighting up of faces. The sympathy and vivid interest of his large audience was won at the very outset. After two or three minutes of impassioned speaking, in which he seemed to gather and hold the crowd, in a measured and magnetic glance, his eyes fell once again upon Mrs. Brown of Brownsville.

That young woman, seated at the extreme end of the bench in her aisle, was actually leaning toward him, her hands clasped tightly upon her knees, her lips slightly parted, her eyes glowing and her cheeks actually burning with a rich and rare enthusiasm. She seemed to him to be the center of a magnetic current, which radiated from the audience and seized upon him. He felt a delicious exhilaration. From that moment the progress of his oration was a steady march to victory. There was no applause during his speech. Under the far-reaching bowery a dead silence reigned.

Careless rowdies upon the outskirts, and about the lemonade stands, lit firecrackers, ate peanuts, cracked jokes, or wandered about in aimless curiosity. But their notes came to Drennon as the faint, undisturbing hum of insects. His oration, aside from the dramatic force and feeling which possessed him, was built upon new lines. It had been conceived and written under strong mental excitement and in the spirit of a splendid prophecy.

Toward the close he launched into a vivid and imaginative vision of the

future. He took his audience into Cloudland and let the world spin under them. From the seeds of the new civilization, so recently planted in America, he let them see the growth of a thousand years. And when he had finished, in a burst of eloquence which astonished himself as he uttered the glowing sentences, the large audience arose to its feet. The men tossed their hats and the women waved their hankerchiefs and fans in a burst of cheering. This subsided into hearty laughter, as an old and apparently well known farmer sprang upon one of the front benches. This individual waved his old straw hat and gave three cheers, which the crowd followed. Then he shouted, in a loud, nasal twang: "That's the best speakin', by gaul, we ever hed in Brownsville."

Hurrying through crowds who gathered about the speaker to offer personal thanks and congratulations, was Mrs Brown. She gave him her hand shyly, and there was moisture in her eyes. "I'm so glad," she said, speaking very low, "so glad that I happened to be at hand the other night. You were worth saving." Mr. Drennon and Mrs. Brown were immediately asked to dinner at the Frowalters.

V.

Ten days later, late in the evening, a happy young lawyer sat in his room at the Park Hotel. Mrs. Brown of Brownsville had, an hour before, consented to become his wife and had given him her cheek to kiss. As he reclined upon his couch, smoking, in a deliriously blissful state of mind, there floated into him from a window at an opposite angle of the building, in soft, lullaby strains, the words of the little ditty:

"Ri-te-ti-tum toodle-oo,
Rally dally, lilly loo,
Mamma's 'eetle baby."

God bless the baby! It was the sweetest thing on earth, except its mother. He took them both to the World's Fair in September. And he had won them both by concentrating a year of energy into a single speech.

ON THE PIER.

THE moonlight lays a mystic silver wand
Across the water's gently moving breast.
The music in the distance sweetly blends
With the soft sobbing of the sea's unrest.

The lights along the shore are many-hued,
A very fairyland it seems to be.
In the pavilion, dancers to and fro
Glide to the merry strains of revelry.

And all about is merry light and life,
Save at the end, where ocean breezes free,
To those who listen, heedless of the rest,
Sing the eternal message of the sea.

Cora S. Day.

NATURE STUDY AMONG THE ABORIGINES.

By Bessie L. Putnam.

THAT the aborigines were close observers of nature and her attendant phenomena is attested on every side. And while a review of their observations reveals little of scientific knowledge according to modern ideas, some of their beliefs, wrapped in myth and legend as they are, form a most interesting study to those interested in the evolution of man's intellectual powers, while the practical manner in which they have adapted certain objects to their own necessities is remarkable in the extreme.

If the Indian can justly claim to be a specialist in any science, that science is mineralogy. It is a noteworthy fact that whether the material chosen for their arrowheads was of quartz, chalcedony, agate, jasper, flint, slate, or obsidian, it was always the *best material* obtainable in the locality where it was manufactured.

"In working these materials," writes O. T. Mason in an article on North American Bows, Arrows and Quivers, published in a recent Smithsonian Report, "the savage inventor soon found that the physical properties and availablity of the material changed by natural surroundings. He knew by experimentation that a stone lying in a brook yielded him better results than one exposed to the sun and the weather on the open fields, and that a boulder buried in the damp earth, where it had lain for many centuries, gave him better results with less work than the brook pebble, so that he not only became a critical expert in the qualities of materials, but also was led to become a quarryman in order to exploit the proper materials." That he was familiar with the principles of fracture and cleavage is evinced by the skill with which he fashioned finished implements from the crude stone, the methods employed varying with the material. This was by no means a product of innate knowledge, but the result of careful study (for generations, possibly,) of the characteristics of the rocks and stones.

Feathering the arrows necessitated a considerable amount of knowledge of the various species of birds, yet with this so much mythology is mingled that it almost loses its scientific trend.

In the myths regarding the origin of the earth may be seen the feeble efforts to grasp the mysteries of the Unknown, the results of which, as evolved by superior minds, are now systematized under the name of geology. True, there is generally little resemblance between the ancient and modern explanations, yet the fact that the savage strove to explain the mysteries of nature is proof that he observed and was interested in them. Human nature was the same then as it is to-day. It is reason that has transformed folk lore into science.

The Indians of the Ungava district trace the origin of the human race to a wolverine and a muskrat. The Sia of New Mexico believe that the first animate object in the lower world was a spider, and that all other animals, including man, also the sun, moon, stars, the elements, etc., are products of its creation. According to this legend, it seems certainly an appropriate symbol of industry.

The Hidatsa see in the constellation popularly known as the Great Bear the burrow, head, feet and tail of the ermine; while the Milky Way is to them the "ashy way." They call the rainbow "the cap of the water," and say that an Indian once caught a red bird that had mocked him, and after tying its feet together, released it. The

bird soon pursued a hare, which took refuge in a buffalo skull lying on the prairie: the line attached to the bird's claws thus formed a semi-circle, and they think the rainbow is still caused by this episode.

Many tribes think that thunder is due to the flapping of the wings of some large bird; the heavy, dull sounds caused by the parent bird; the short, sharp ones by the young birds; the glance of its eye produces lightning; or, as some picture-writing shows, the fiery flame issues from its mouth. The Eskimo regards the aurora as a torch held by the hands of spirits seeking the souls of those who have just died, to lead them over the abyss; and though scientists have been searching for years a plausible explanation of this phenomenon, it is questionable whether they have yet succeeded in satisfying themselves as well as this simple-minded native has satisfied himself.

FRIENDS IN THE DESERT.

AN ARAB, who across the lonely desert fared,
Sought rest in an oasis on his dreary way,
And there found one who gladly with him shared —
Who gave an Arab's welcome and drove care away.

They parted: and each camel's stride left far behind
The green oasis and the stranger-friend new found;
Yet in his tent, surrounded by his tribal kind,
The first bethought him of that one day's quiet round.

He told his kindred of the stranger he had met;
But still the tale of friendship found no lodgment there.
Quoth one: "You knew this stranger but a day, and yet
Would give him place, nor let old friends his kingdom share."

"'Tis true, Ben Ali," said the first. His voice was low
And sweet and tender as he turned to him that spoke.
"'Twas but a day; but in that day I feel — I *know* —
That soul met soul and souls on higher planes awoke.

"Each met a stranger and in him a friend discerned;
Each drank the holy waters of the well of Truth;
Each fed the mystic flame that in each bosom burned,
And perfect friendship had the strength of perfect youth."

Ben Ali laughed; the others lightly jeered and sneered.
"Shall one poor day," they cried in scorn, "such friendship lend?"
And he that held it neither sneers nor laughter feared,
But asked the Prophet's blessing on his stranger-friend.

Franklyn W. Lee.

A MAN WITH A COUNTRY.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF REAR ADMIRAL GREGORY, OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

BY J. A. SMITH.

PERHAPS no better lesson in patriotism has ever been taught than that contained in Edward Everett Hale's story of "The Man Without a Country." It was, as the reader will remember, a fictitious narrative of a hot-headed young army officer named Philip Nolan, who, thinking that his services were not properly appreciated by the government, allied his fortunes to the treasonable schemes of Aaron Burr. In a burst of indignation he exclaimed, during the court-martial which followed the bursting of the bubble, "Damn the United States! I wish I never could hear the name again!" Nolan's punishment came from his own imprecation, and, until death, he was kept at sea where mention of the United States was prohibited in his hearing. To relieve this sad picture let us present another lesson in patriotism where honest valor brought its just reward.

Outside the official records, a brief sketch in the encyclopedia, and some formal obituary notices at the time of his death, the life history of a remarkable man yet remains unwritten. Few men, however, were better known in his time and in the service to which he was devoted than Rear Admiral Francis Hoyt Gregory, U. S. N., who died at Brooklyn, N. Y., October 4, 1866.

It seems strange that with the exception of a column sketch in the *Army and Navy Journal* at the time of his death, there should not yet have found publication some of the details of a life replete with daring and romantic adventures during a period of fifty-seven years of gallant, faithful and intelligent service in the navy of the United States.

However, it remains for THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, through sources that add to the interest of the narrative note, to present a sketch of one of America's typical sailors, who, commencing at the lowest round in the merchant service, by his own merit reached the highest naval rank in his country's gift.

Rear Admiral Gregory was born in Norwalk, Conn., October 9, 1789. His father was captain of a merchant vessel, and it may be that he thus inherited that love for the sea which seemed to almost wholly influence his entire life. He entered the merchant service at the age of fifteen and remained about two years. During that time England, preparing for war with France, made a practice of overhauling American vessels on the high seas on the pretext of securing and impressing into its service alleged British subjects. It is a matter of history that impressment was not confined to subjects of the crown, but that often almost the entire crews of American merchantmen were taken, leaving barely enough to sail the craft into the nearest port. The vessel on which young Gregory had shipped was the victim of a British press-gang, and the sight of his comrades hustled over the sides to serve under the hated flag of St. George so fired him with indignation that, though escaping himself, he vowed never to go to sea again except behind guns.

At the age of twenty, young Gregory succeeded in getting a midshipman's warrant, which was signed by President Jefferson, January 16, 1809, and he was ordered on board the schooner *Revenge*, commanded by Lieut. Oliver Hazzard Perry. In March of that year he was transferred to the ketch *Vesuvius*, which was ordered to cruise in the Gulf of Mexico.

At that time, and for several years afterward, the American merchant marine was harassed by pirates. Remnants of the buccaneers who in earlier days infested the West Indies and the Gulf islands still maintained something of organized form. While the slave trade had been abolished and severe penalties imposed upon the traffic, there were many slaves smuggled into southern ports in vessels sailing under foreign colors.

While the *Vesuvius* was cruising in the Gulf, Midshipman Gregory was placed in command of a barge, and with it captured an English brig of four guns and a cargo of 120 slaves that were being smuggled to New Orleans. The brig was taken to New Orleans and condemned as a slaver. Soon after yellow fever broke out. There was great fatality on board the *Vesuvius* and every officer was sick or detached except young Gregory, who bravely remained at his post.

In 1811 he was promoted to acting master and given command of gun vessel No. 162, attached to the Balize division. His daring spirit led him to engage in active enterprises, the first of which was to capture and send in a schooner of 100 tons and 35 men which was being fitted out for piratical purposes. Shortly afterward he made a night attack upon a privateer much his superior in strength, which he disabled and drove off the coast.

Later in the season, while most of his crew were absent on a boat expedition, leaving only seventeen men on board, he sighted two piratical schooners of five and seven guns each, which, with a Spanish ship of fourteen guns, which they had captured, were lying in a small harbor off an island west of Barataria, Florida.

This was their rendezvous, and the harbor was protected by a shore battery. Without a pilot or knowledge of the channel, Master Gregory worked his vessel within gunshot of the pirates, when he grounded. Getting afloat with considerable difficulty, he took a position at the mouth of the channel to prevent escape from the harbor. In the night the pirates attempted to put to sea but were driven back. In the morning the gun vessel entered the channel by taking soundings, silenced the battery and disabled the schooners, which were set on fire by the pirates, who took to their boats and went up a creek to the interior of the island. The Spanish ship was *La Divina Pastora*, under letters of marque from Saragossa to Vera Cruz with a valuable cargo. She was taken to New Orleans, where half the value of the vessel and cargo was awarded as salvage.

At the commencement of the war of 1812, Master Gregory, who had been ordered to the northern stations earlier in the season, was sent to Lake Ontario under Commodore Chauncey. The most exciting events of that war, excepting a few important land battles and the British occupation of Washington, occurred on the lakes of the northern border, and young Gregory found constant employment. He was appointed acting lieutenant and flag lieutenant in March, 1813. At the capture of Little York in April of that year he was in command of a ship's launch and sixty-four men. Landing in advance of the main attacking party he encountered a large force of British infantry and Indians and was forced to fall back with considerable loss. During the year he took an active part in the capture of Fort George and the defense of Oswego during the year 1813.

While taking part in all the movements of Commodore Chauncey's fleet, he was constantly detailed to command expeditions of the most hazardous character,—sometimes to intercept and cut out similar expeditions of the enemy, again to ascertain the position and movements of their fleet, and frequently to visit their camps on shore in disguise and gather all the information possible.

With bravery of the most peerless and dashing type, Lieutenant Gregory combined in a high degree both cool-

ness and caution, and his services were held in the highest appreciation by his superior officers. On one of his expeditions, with two boats and small arms he boarded and captured in daylight an English gunboat in the river St. Lawrence, carrying an 18-pound gun and a full crew. Another of his exploits was the capture and destruction of an English brig which was building at Presque Isle.

But as the pitcher which frequently visits the well is like to be broken, so Lieutenant Gregory made one expedition too many. In August, 1813, while making an exploration among some islands with a boat's crew he encountered several English boats, and while trying to elude them was captured by two barges after a desperate struggle during which an English midshipman was killed and many of the barges' crews were killed and wounded. He was taken to Kingston, and so strong was the feeling against him on account of the mischief he had done that he was refused parole, kept closely guarded and sent a prisoner to England, where he was confined until peace was declared.

After being released as a prisoner of war, Lieutenant Gregory joined the Mediterranean squadron without returning home. The Barbary states were then the outlaws of civilization; on shore, robbers and freebooters; on sea, pirates. Decatur and Barron had been engaged for some time in the protection of American commerce in the Mediterranean, and in compelling redress from the several governments. Lieutenant Gregory was attached to the command of Commodore Shaw, and cruised under him off the Algerian coast. Captains in the navy were then permitted to take their families with them when on a cruise, and on this occasion Commodore Shaw was accompanied by his wife and two daughters. Between the dashing young lieutenant and the elder of the two girls (for they had not yet arrived at the age to be styled young ladies) a mutual friendship was soon formed which ripened into a warmer attachment, that ended in their marriage in Philadelphia, in 1818.

Pirates still continued troublesome in the West Indies and on the Spanish Main, and in 1821 Lieutenant Gregory was given command of the schooner *Grampus* and assigned to the duty of breaking up piracy in those waters. During that and the following year he destroyed several piratical vessels and dispersed a number of buccaneering associations on the coasts of Cuba and Mexico. Among the captures while on this service was the notorious pirate brig *Pauchita*, in August, 1822. This formidable craft had for some time been a terror to American merchant vessels. It was much stronger manned and carried a heavier armament than the *Grampus*, and its broadsides came very near sinking the latter, which lost quite heavily in killed and wounded. During the same month he fell in with and, after a severe engagement, captured the brigantine *Palmyra*, under Spanish colors, carrying nine guns and eighty-eight men. After the capture some of the *Palmyra's* officers confessed to having plundered several American vessels, among others the schooner *Coquette*.

A memorable and pleasing event in those days of peace was the visit of Marquis de Lafayette to this country. Broken in health and fortune by the terrible experiences of the French Revolution and the troublous times that followed, Lafayette wished to see his beloved America once more before he died. All the honors of the Republic, whose gratitude he had earned were showered upon him, Congress voted him a present of $200,000 and a township of land, and the frigate *Brandywine* bore him back to France in 1825. Lieutenant Gregory was specially selected to fit out the frigate and was in actual command during the voyage, owing to the inability of Captain Morris to assume the duty.

During the years following 1821 the

sympathy of the civilized world was aroused in behalf of the republic of Greece in its gallant and finally successful struggle for freedom from Turkish rule. Naturally the sentiment was strong in the United States. In 1826 Lieutenant Gregory had charge of fitting out a 64-gun ship at New York for the Greek government and was placed in command for the voyage. It is probable that he performed this task while on leave of absence, as he wore citizen's clothes and did not carry any papers that would identify him.

For sixteen or seventeen years after 1827 his life was comparatively uneventful, being the usual routine of a naval officer in time of peace. In 1828 he was appointed commander and he was attached to the New York Navy Yard until 1831, when he was placed in command of the *Falmouth* and cruised in the Pacific three years, being in command of the station one year. In 1838 he was promoted to a captaincy and given command of the 74-gun ship *North Carolina*, and in 1843 he cruised on the Brazilian station in command of the frigate *Raritan*.

In 1844 Captain Gregory was ordered to assist in the blockade of the Mexican coast, and after war was declared he took part in all the important naval movements, including the siege and capture of Vera Cruz, until January, 1847, when he returned to the United States in command of the *Cumberland*, which had been partially disabled.

His last active duty at sea was on the sloop of war *Portsmouth*, in command of the African squadron. Returning after a three years' cruise he was placed in command of the Boston Navy Yard, from which he was relieved in 1856 and assigned to temporary duty on shore. While in command at Boston he superintended the construction and fitting out of the *Merrimac*, which in 1861 fell into the hands of the Confederates at Norfolk, Va., and by them was made ironclad. He had been assigned to its command when ready for sea and had his sailing orders, but illness compelled him to give up the duty.

When the War of the Rebellion broke out Captain Gregory went to Washington and asked to be assigned to active service. He hoped to secure a command in the blockading fleet, for which service his intimate knowledge of the southern coast eminently fitted him; but being then in his seventy-first year, the Navy Department decided to avail itself of his services on shore, and he was appointed to superintend the construction and outfitting of all government vessels built outside the United States navy yards. While his preference was for service at sea, he cheerfully entered upon the responsible duty assigned him, to the discharge of which he brought many years of practical and intelligent experience. The building of war vessels by contract was carried on at a number of private ship-building yards along the northern Atlantic coast from Maine to New York, under government supervision. Prominent among the class of vessels whose construction he superintended were the Monitors, and he was the intimate friend of their inventor, Capt. John Ericsson. One can easily comprehend with what keen interest the gallant old officer watched the launching and behavior at sea of that first Monitor — *The Monitor* of history — as it was hurried, not yet fully completed, to engage with those ponderous Confederate ironclads in Hampton Roads which were playing such havoc with the Union navy. How anxiously he must have listened for news of that historical engagement between the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*, both of which had been built under his very eye; and how high his patriotic heart must have beaten when tidings came that "the little Yankee raft with a cheese box on it" had driven off the Confederate leviathan!

On the 16th of July, 1862, immediately after the office of rear-admiral was created, Captain Gregory was commis-

sioned to that rank. He was placed on the retired list, but was continued in the superintendency of construction up to the time of his death. He was busily engaged at New York in closing up his official records when he was stricken with cholera of a virulent type. He survived but a few hours. He was buried at New Haven, Conn., with naval and military honors, the remains followed to their last resting place by a large concourse, including many of his brother officers, prominent government officials and many leading citizens of the country.

In a general order of the navy department, issued at the time of Admiral Gregory's death, his long and faithful service was alluded to in fitting terms of appreciation, and especially his work during the then recent days of his country's great peril. The officers of the navy on New York station met to show their respect, with Admiral D. G. Farragut as chairman and Garret R. Barry as secretary. The brilliant exploits of Lieutenant Cushing were then the subjects of enthusiastic admiration in naval circles, and as the gathering recalled incidents in the life of the recently deceased comrade there was naturally suggested comparison between the two whose gallant and daring acts, though a generation apart, were held as the highest types of bravery in the American navy.

While precluded by age from opportunity to participate in the great naval battles of the civil war, which crowned with fresh laurels Farragut, Porter, Dahlgren, Foote, and others of his younger contemporaries, none having knowledge of his noble record will doubt that he would have given an equally good account of himself despite the weight of three score years and ten had opportunities been given him. The pen of a novelist is not required to inscribe the immortal lines which shall designate Admiral Gregory for all time as "a man with a country," for truly his life record is a part of his country's history.

NOTE—By the author.

For many of the details used in this sketch the writer is indebted to Mr. Henry E. Gregory, of Sioux City, Iowa, youngest son of Rear Admiral Gregory. He has preserved a large number of his father's papers and memoranda, and in early life he met many of the prominent naval officers of that time. His own life has been an interesting one. For a quarter of a century from 1860 he lived in Dakota territory as pioneer, poet, trader and Indian agent.

MY FRIEND.

BROAD was his brow, bespeaking mind beneath;
Sharp was his wit but seldom left its sheath;
Quick was his arm to strike for God and Right;
Tho' dark his life 'twas lit by one pure light.
Six feet of earth beneath the public sward—
Such was his grave, and Heaven his reward.

Douglas Mallock.

THE GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS.

THE DENVER BIENNIAL.

BY HARRIET C. TOWNER.

TEN years ago the General Federation of Women's Clubs did not exist. To-day it is an organization which is an acknowledged force among American institutions. The biennial conference held in Denver, June 22–28, brought together representative women from forty-two states, with delegates from the District of Columbia, New Mexico and Oklahoma. Two years ago, at the meeting in Louisville, a membership of 498 clubs and twenty state federations was reported; at Denver the report of the corresponding secretary gave 595 clubs and thirty-one state federations. Early in June club women began to turn their faces toward Denver. A cordial invitation had been extended by the club women of Omaha, to those journeying westward, to stop for rest and pleasure on the way, and the day there, known as the "Omaha Prelude," with its visit to the Trans-Mississippi Exposition, will long be a pleasant memory. Many who were unable to take the longer journey to Denver carried home much of value from the Omaha meeting, with its carefully prepared program upon educational subjects. Leaving Omaha, every train going west was filled to overflowing with expectant club women, and the large number arriving in Denver on Monday and Tuesday preceding the formal opening of the convention made it evident that the large attendance expected was to be doubled.

Even this did not dismay the women of Denver, and never were guests made more royally welcome. Imagine all that might be done by a resourceful, tactful, generous hostess in entertaining loved and honored personal friends, and you will measure the gracious, cordial hospitality of the club women of Denver. Executive ability, patience and unselfishness were characteristic of each of the many committees required to look after the details of the convention. Not only did the clubs extend a royal welcome, but the civic authorities as well. Mrs. Henrotin, in her happy manner, called attention to the fact that for the first time in the history of the G. F. W. C. the national organization was formally welcomed by the authorities of city and State. The welcome extended by Governor Adams for the State, and by the Mayor of Denver, in behalf of the city, bespoke a cordial interest in the meeting. The Colorado Federation sent greeting to the club women in behalf of the clubs of the State, and Mrs. Sarah S. Platt voiced the welcome of the Denver Women's Club, the hostess of the Federation, a welcome which was also felt

MRS. W. B. LOWE, GEORGIA,
President General Federation of Women's Clubs.

MRS. ELLEN M. HENROTIN,
Ex-President General Federation of Women's Clubs.

"in other ways than words." Mrs. Platt struck a responsive chord in many hearts when she said their welcome was not extended as from the women of the West to the East or the North or the South, but because of the old homesteads among the orange groves of Florida, or in the shadows of the New England hills, "ours as well as yours." This thought was dominant throughout the week. Women from Maine clasped hands with women from California; women from Minnesota looked into the faces of those from the far South. Here widely separated friends met for the first time in years. Two beautiful, white-haired women were introduced one morning in the corridor of the hotel, one from Wyoming the other from Pennsylvania. Almost simultaneously they cried: "Why, we went to school together in Massachusetts," and smiles and tears struggled for the mastery. Similar incidents were of almost hourly occurrence, and greater even than the inspiration and help derived from the programs of the six days' session was the human sympathy and fine enthusiasm which resulted from the coming closely in touch with one another of women from every part of the United States.

In all great movements it is wise and even necessary to frequently pause and consider the progress already made, that the experience gained may be utilized in going forward. For this reason an important part of the program of this biennial meeting of club women was a review of the work of the last two years; and, that inspiration and practical help might be given for renewed effort along the several lines of work attempted, an effort was also made by the program committee to secure the best and broadest contemporary thought under the general heads: Education; Civic Clubs and Village Improvement Associations; The Press; Social and Household Economics; Club Methods; The Industrial Problem as it Affects Women and Children; Art; The Spiritual Significance of Organization; The Library Movement in the United States.

At Louisville a resolution was presented recommending as a central point of thought and work for federated clubs, the study of the science of education and of educational conditions in their respective home cities, with a view to exerting united influence for the betterment of the state system of education. A strong educational committee was appointed under the leadership of Miss Margaret Evans, president of the Minnesota Federation, and a woman of wide experience and beautiful character. This committee at once established committees of reference in

a majority of the state federations and embraced every opportunity to urge the coordination of educational forces, and cooperation of clubs with educational associations in each state. The reports given at the educational conference at the Denver meeting, showed that a very strong impetus has been given to work in this direction. Since conditions vary widely in different states, each has worked along somewhat different lines. Maine has done much to improve the rural schools and improve the rural school-houses. Massachusetts has, among other things, established many public kindergartens, formed mothers' classes, and done much to beautify public school-rooms. The educational committee of the Arkansas Federation has turned its attention to the problem of the education of the blacks. The Illinois Federation is making the advancement of public education from the kindergarten to the university its special work, and more than 130 clubs in the State have educational committees. Reports from New York, Georgia, Michigan, Colorado, Minnesota and other states were also full of interest.

From this conference and the evening meeting devoted to education, many helpful practical thoughts were carried home. Ethical education in our public schools, and practical suggestions for forming manual training classes were among the subjects considered. The woman's movement to establish a National University at Washington, was presented to the convention by Mrs. Calvin H. Brice and Mrs Ellen M. Richardson, president of the Washington Memorial Association.

In the department of civics and village improvement, satisfactory reports were made. In civics it was a surprise to many to learn from a paper on The Possible Influence of Women on Legislation, and the discussion which followed, how strong an influence has already been brought to bear in behalf of several reforms. One important reform directly attributable to the influence of women and their clubs is the gradual abolishment of the employment of children under twelve years of age in sweat shops and factories. In considering the work of village improvement associations it was shown that in a great variety of ways the art of public improvement has been applied. It was developed that clubs are finding it more practical to undertake work of this kind in connection with the literary clubs already organized than to organize separate associations for the purpose. A report of special interest was from the Women's Improvement Association, of Las Cruces, New Mexico. An excellent paper, entitled A Little Housekeeping Out of Doors, made an earnest plea for better public sanitary conditions, and it was urged that the combined force of womanhood be brought to bear upon the task of obtaining better sanitary conditions in our towns and cities. The saving from destruction of the beautiful palisades along the Hudson River, and the necessity for protesting against

SARAH S. PLATT,
Vice-President General Federation Women's Clubs.

MRS. EMMA A. FOX,
Recording Sec'y General Federation Women's Clubs.

the further destruction of American forests, were subjects which came under this head, and should engage the serious thought of every thinking man and woman in America.

That a clearer understanding of the relation of the press to the upward movement among women might be obtained, one session of the convention was devoted to the Press, interest in which was not by any means confined to newspaper workers. The obligation the woman's club is under to the press was pointed out, and suggestions made for increasing its influence for good.

No meeting of the convention yielded more that will be of value in the years to come than that devoted to Phases of Economic Work. The program gave an excellent idea of the scope and spirit of the work. This included the founding of lunch clubs for working girls, which are not in any sense charity organizations but self-supporting, cooperative clubs; the forming of evening classes where women of the business world may have opportunity for some study of art, music, literature or any other useful or beneficial study, and in fact all reaching out to assist those who are in need of wider opportunity, meeting upon a base of equality and common effort women of the business world. This is a form of cooperation which brings the home woman and the business woman together, creating, as Mrs. Lynden Evans, who presided, expressed it, a place of meeting where the motto "From each as she has power to give, to each as she has need" is written over every door. Mrs. Evans has thrown the whole force of her strong character and beautiful personality into this work and has done much to aid in making the Ogontz Lunch Club, of Chicago, a marked success. Reports were given from the Girls' Mutual Benefit Club, of Chicago, which has a membership of 125; from the Ogontz Lunch Club; the Young Woman's League, of Dayton, Ohio; the Jane Club, the Woman's Century Club of the National Cash Register Company of Dayton; the National Association of Women Stenographers, and the Business Woman's Exchange, all of them self-supporting,

MRS. PHILLIP N. MOORE,
Newly elected Treasurer of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

MRS. THOMAS K. NOBLE,
Chairman Nominations Committee at Denver Biennial.

self-governing organizations of business women. The program was of such interest that it was repeated for the benefit of the working girls of Denver.

Not until women began to regard all subjects from a broader, more impersonal standpoint did they comprehend that the relation of household economics to human life is of the most vital and intimate nature, and one of the earliest subjects to engage attention after the first formative years in nearly all large clubs has been household economics. A most interesting program at Denver was the one for discussion of this subject, in charge of Dr. Mary Green, of Michigan. It was shown that an increasingly large number of clubs are studying household economics from a scientific point of view and are using as a basis upon which to work the plan formulated by the National Economics Association. Some of the papers presented during this session were especially noteworthy. The informal conference on club methods brought out the experience of widely separated clubs. Different points of view regarding membership, departments, study classes, auxiliaries, literary work, and the social life of the clubs were given. This was of great practical value, and the official report to be published will put these suggestions in permanent form. The Industrial Problem as it Affects Women and Children, included a discussion of the conditions surrounding working women and children and legistation relating thereto. Miss Graffenried, who had charge of this meeting, is the special agent of the Department of Labor at Washington, and has traveled over the greater part of America investigating factories and conditions of the poorer classes. At this meeting Mrs. Sydney Webb, of London, England, gave a glimpse of the so-called "sweating system" in London, making it possible for those present to compare the conditions existing in America with those of England.

What has been accomplished by clubs in the direction of art was shown at the conference of art clubs conducted by Mrs. Herman J. Hall, of Chicago, whose

MRS. ALICE IVES BREED,
Ex-Vice-President General Federation Women's Clubs.

MRS. MAHLON D. THATCHER,
President Colorado Federation Women's Clubs.

brief opening address was one of the best things on the program. Reports from the art committees of the various state federations gave evidence of an awakened interest in matters pertaining to art, especially along the lines of stimulating a love for good pictures among the children of the public schools. Mr. Ralph Clarkson's lecture, "How to Judge a Picture" was replete with valuable information upon this too-little understood subject, and the program throughout was prepared to show how beauty may enter into our daily life, how in the building, decorating and furnishing our homes, beautiful objects should minister to refined enjoyment.

In the department of library work it was shown that a very large number of clubs have been working during the last two years for the establishment of town and village libraries. The meeting for the consideration of the library movement in the United States, in charge of Mrs. H. E. Tredway, of Iowa, contained much that will be useful in furthering the work. An interesting feature was the complete résumé of the present status of the traveling library in the United States, which from the present outlook, will soon be established in every State. The interest manifested by federated clubs in library work is so great that one of the first matters to be considered by the new board was the formation of a library committee and a committee was appointed consisting of Mrs. Eugene B. Heard, of Georgia, Mrs. C. S. Kinney, of Utah, and Mrs. E. L. Buchwalter, of Ohio.

The best methods for conducting classes for the study of literature, and classes for the study of travel, history and current events, were discussed from various standpoints, during the conference of literary clubs conducted by Mrs. May Alden Ward, the well known Boston writer. It is worthy of note that the study of literature is more carefully and thoroughly conducted in clubs each year, and that the broadening of interests has not been in any manner a detriment to the study club.

The music throughout the convention was of an especially high character and added much to the pleasure of the meeting. One evening was devoted to the Folk Songs and People's Music of America. This included a comprehensive paper prepared by Miss Villa Whitney White, who is a specialist on the subject. Examples of Indian, negro, and Creole melodies, and of the people's music of America from 1760 to to 1875 were given. Miss White was assisted by Miss Muldoon, and by Miss Dillingham. Among the speakers perhaps none were more thoroughly enjoyed than Miss Agnes Repplier and Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart. Miss Repplier read an unpublished essay on The Modern Novel, written with that frankness and fearlessness which characterizes Miss Repplier's work, and the subject was treated with a poignancy of thought and quickness of wit which has given her foremost place among American essayists. Mrs. Stuart's rendition of a story in dialect relating an

episode in the well beloved "Sonny's" history was delightful and entertaining. Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, who never fails to make everyone, for the moment, as entirely in earnest as she is herself, spoke Sunday evening on the spiritual significance of organization from the labor standpoint. Miss Addams, who is a most impressive speaker, presented her subject with force, dignity and feeling. Miss Addams also talked to the children Sunday afternoon on the foreign children in Chicago, and Mrs Stuart contributed a story and two little poems of her own for the pleasure of the children.

Mrs. Alice Palmer Henderson was also an interesting speaker. She was the first woman to make a tour of the Klondike country, and her address, "Art at the End of the Rainbow" was a careful study of primitive art among the natives of Alaska. "Art for Women's Clubs" was the subject of a lecture by Miss Anna Caulfield, of Michigan, illustrated by unusually fine stereopticon views, the slides being colored from original paintings in the great European galleries. This lecture, which was carefully prepared and beautifully delivered, was an earnest consideration of the best method of awakening a greater interest in art in America, and of how art may be introduced into the city, club, home and school. The address by Mrs. Candace Wheeler, which treated of "Art in Its Relation to Commerce and Manufactures," was also notable, and an address marked by high thought and lofty ideals was that by Mrs. Belle Stoughtenborough, President of the Nebraska Federation, who spoke Sunday evening on "The Federation Idea —Reciprocity Spirit."

Miss Saidie American, general secretary of the Jewish Council of Women, spoke on the subject of Vacation Schools, with an earnestness which carried conviction. She told of the work being done in Chicago this summer, urging the need for similar schools in all large cities.

A pleasing incident of the convention was the introduction of two charming Japanese women, Miss Uma Tsuda, and Mme. Watanke, daughter of Baron Watanke. They were the guests of Mrs. Alice Ives Breed, through whose influence the Prime Minister, Marquis Ito, the Count Okuma and Doctor Toyama, Minister of Education, made arrangements to send these women to America to attend the meeting of the General Federation and inspect the educational institutions of this country. They were made most cordially welcome. Mme. Watanke spoke a few graceful words, and Miss Tsuda, who is a graduate of Bryn Mawr, delivered a short address in which she told of the object of their visit and of their appreciation of the courtesies shown them, in clear and beautiful English.

The most important matter of business to come before the convention was the question of increasing dues to meet the necessary expenses of carrying on the organization, the present income being only about half large enough, the deficit having been made up through private generosity. After an extended discussion the by-laws

MRS. JAMES B. GRANT,
President Biennial Local Board, Denver.

JULIA V. WELLER,
Recording Secretary Local Biennial Board, Denver.

were amended making the annual dues for all clubs ten cents per capita, and twenty-five cents per club for state federations. Clubs of fifty to a hundred members will be represented at the biennial meetings by the president or her appointee, and one delegate; and for each additional hundred or major fraction thereof it will have one additional delegate. Clubs of less than fifty members will be represented by the president alone. State federations of twenty-five clubs or less will have five delegates, for each additional twenty-five clubs or major fraction thereof, one additional delegate. A number of resolutions were presented which were submitted to the executive board.

What shall be said of the women who have made this great meeting possible? The labor and self-sacrifice involved is difficult to compute, and should be understood and appreciated by every member of the Federation.

Under Mrs. Henrotin's gracious and discriminating leadership the convention moved forward without friction and with a dignity and poise worthy the highest praise, doing with patience and precision the work it had to do. Even during the embarrassments and perplexities of the discussion of club dues, and the election of new officers, Mrs. Henrotin never once lost her self-possession, and her marvellous tact and innate sense of fairness and justice always led her to do and say exactly the right thing. Upon her retirement from the presidency it may not be inappropriate to refer to the obligation the women of America are under to Mrs. Henrotin for her service in this movement. During her presidency of four short years the club movement has developed from an experiment to a great educational force. Under her unselfish and devoted leadership the General Federation has taken form and gained cohesive force until the women of America are united in a movement which is already recognized as a prominent factor in the culture and civilization of the age. Through Mrs. Henro-

MRS. W. H. KISTLER,
Member for Colorado of Biennial Credential Committee

MRS. J. S. CLARK,
A delegate from Iowa.

tin's sweet influence and her exalted ideals the Federation has escaped the shoals of fads and follies and has taken the best and noblest of life for its aim and object. Whatever of blessing the future may bring, the club women of America will never forget the splendid service, the self-sacrificing devotion, the inspiring and ennobling influence of Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin.

To her co-laborers is also due the sincere gratitude of the Federation. To Mrs. Alice Ives Breed, the efficient Vice-President, to Mrs. C. P. Barnes, the Recording Secretary, who in addition to her heavy work as secretary has added that of the badge and stationery committees, Mrs. Philip N. Moore, Corresponding Secretary, who has carried on the work of her office with an accuracy, patience and promptness which has been an object lesson to the corresponding secretaries of every club and state federation; to the Treasurer, Mrs. Frank Trumbull, and to Miss Annie Laws, the Auditor. Gratitude and appreciation is also due Mrs. Edward Longstreth of Philadelphia, chairman of the Biennial program committee, who has given in large measure of her time and strength and executive ability to the General Federation from the first.

It is believed by all that the service of the new officers and directors will be no less faithful, and the loyal support of the entire Federation will be given them in the work which they have undertaken. Mrs. W. B. Lowe of Atlanta, Ga., the newly-elected President is a most lovable woman and brings to the president's chair an enthusiastic interest in the work. She has done much to stimulate an interest in club work in the South and was the founder of the Atlanta Woman's Club and of the Georgia State Federation, of which she is President

The new officers are:

Mrs. W. B. Lowe, Georgia, President; Mrs. Sarah S. Platt, Colorado, Vice-President; Mrs. Emma A. Fox, Michigan, Recording Secretary; Mrs. George Kendrick, Jr., Pennsylvania, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Philip N. Moore, Missouri, Treasurer; Mrs. C. P. Barnes, Kentucky, Auditor.

MARY E. GREEN, M. D., OF MICHIGAN.

The directors elected are:

Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood, District of Columbia; Mrs. C. S. Kinney of Utah; Mrs. Charles S. Morris of Wisconsin; Mrs. H. H. Pyle of Connecticut; Mrs. F. A. Eastman of California; Mrs. Frances Ford of Nebraska; Mrs. William Tod Helmuth of New York; Mrs. E. L. Buchwalter of Ohio; Mrs. J. H. Windsor of Iowa.

The number of women in attendance at the convention whose influence has been widely extended in different lines of work in their respective states was very large — too large to admit of particular mention.

Colorado, Massachusetts, Illinois, Iowa, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Missouri sent the largest delegations. Fraternal greetings were received from several other national organizations of women, several of which sent fraternal delegates. An invitation to hold the next biennial meeting in Milwaukee was presented from the Citizens League of that city, by Mrs. Charles E. Morris, President of the Wisconsin Federation, who supplemented it by a cordial invitation from the clubs of the State. The delightful luncheons and afternoon receptions to which visitors as well as guests were bidden, gave a pleasant glimpse of the social life of the "Queen City of the Plains." The garden party given by the Denver Women's Press Club was a notable affair and brought together a most interesting group of people. The trip to Elitch Gardens with the reception by the North Side Woman's Club was one of the pleasant social events of the week, and the "loop" trip, given through the generosity of the Denver Woman's Club was too important an event to be dismissed with a brief notice and deserves a separate article. The dainty luncheon served on this excursion at Idaho Springs, by eighty club women to nearly *twelve hundred guests* added strength to the conviction that the generosity and ability of Colorado women is unbounded, and they will ever be held in loving remembrance by all those who attended the fourth "biennial." Probably no more inspiring or important gathering of women than the Denver meeting of the General Federation has ever been held in this country, and there will go out from it a quickening of intellectual and spiritual ideals, the strength and power of which only the future can measure.

A NIGHT ILLUMINED.

HIGH in the east, the moon
In a wide abyss of blue;
Low in the west a dusky wing
Which pale stars glimmer through.

That dark cloud is my life
Pierced by my hopes' faint light;
But O, thy great love, like yon moon,
Irradiates the night!

Nelle Richmond Eberhart.

CAPT. A. C. DUCAT.

By Francis W. Austin.

CAPT. ARTHUR C. DUCAT, of the Twenty-fourth Regulars, U. S. I., who was so desperately wounded in the assault upon Santiago, while leading his company in the charge of Friday, July 2d, is a native of Chicago, and in Chicago his boyhood was spent.

Born at a time to catch the inspiration of the Civil War, he sought and obtained appointment to the West Point Military Academy His course here completed, Lieutenant Ducat had a varied military experience. He has in turn been Adjutant, Quartermaster, and commanding officer, has commanded a post and led troops of both infantry and cavalry, as well as served as military instructor in colleges.

He comes of fighting stock. The first Ducat of whom there is record crossed with William the Conqueror and was assigned an estate in the north of Ireland, where the family is doubtless represented to-day.

Captain Ducat, then First Lieutenant, was appointed by the President as military instructor in the Northern Illinois Normal School at Dixon, Ill., in September, 1894. He opened his department with an enrollment of 107 men, and soon made military training one of the most popular departments of the institution. He served as military instructor at this school for two years, and not a little is it due to his influence that from a school with an attendance of from 700 to 800, but little more than half of whom are men, there are now probably not fewer than 300 one-time students in the Army and Navy. Of the attendance of the present year, fifty left to join the Army. Verily, there was no mistake in that policy of the government, a few years ago adopted, of placing West Point graduates as instructors in the larger schools of the country, and the government owes Captain Ducat as great a debt of gratitude for his influence upon the young men of the country as for his blood so gallantly shed before Santiago.

CAPT. A. C DUCAT.

Captain Ducat's company started with seventy-five men, and when the blockhouse was taken there were but twenty-one ebony warriors and one white Lieutenant left. Fifty-three were either killed or grievously wounded.

JOE'S CHILDREN.*

By Emma Eggleson.

A LONG line of passenger cars headed by two powerful engines crawled steadily along the side of the Siskyou range, and the eager eyes of admiring inmates grew brighter in contemplation of the luxuriant beauty of the Pacific slope,—grotesque rocks, trailing vines, trees, flowers, and dashing streams were pictured, and in the midst of these, a low-framed dwelling perched airily on a shelving cliff—a veritable lodge in the wilderness.

It was built of rough slabs, and its front was covered to the eaves of the peaked roof with the green leaves and gay blossoms of the wild Scarlet Rambler, save where a half-window and a door peeped through the foliage.

The latter was open, and before it a boy of fourteen and a girl of twelve were standing—the one a sturdy figure in blouse and overalls, with a white felt hat slouched about his face and a whip in his hand, and the other bare-headed, curly-locked, and dressed in a loose pink gown. Neither of these children showed any interest in the passing train, so intently were they watching a dark object that clung to one of the scraggy limbs of an adjacent tree—an animal that the girl was pelting with a handful of flowers she had just pulled from the vines. Catching at the clusters with open jaws, the creature swung itself playfully downward, revealing the fact that it was a half-grown bear, and the Pullman porter remarked to a grave-faced man who was gazing from one of the windows:

"That, sah, is Ben Bolt, a young cinnamon! Tame as a house-dawg, and allus a frolickin' with them childurn! They got him when he was a mite of a cub and raised him by hand! Mighty fine beast!"

"Indeed!" responded the traveler absently, as they glided beyond the scene, then rousing himself at the echo of the long whistle, he asked:

"Are we not in the vicinity of Pixley?"

"Right heah, sah, are the saw-mills, and just ahead is the station."

"Then this is the terminus of my journey."

"All right, sah! Give me the grips and the umberell and I'll see you off."

The train moved more slowly and came to a stop with several convulsive jerks and a sighing of air-brakes, upon which Morris Sibley descended the steps, took his parcels from the porter and, dropping a coin in his sable hand, saw him re-enter the car with a beaming countenance.

Then there was a clanging of bells, a discordant shriek from both engines, and the steaming express bore away southward, leaving him in a strange place. Not alone, however, for glancing about him, he saw on the opposite side of the track an individual in grimy, ragged clothing with mismatched shoes that shuffled and thumped alternately on the ties as he came toward him.

"Howdy," was the ready salutation that dropped from the tobacco-stained lips. "Did ye jest 'light from the train?"

"Yes," replied Sibley. "Did you?"

"'Pears that way! A brakeman collared me, drugged me from my roost on one of the bumpers, and kicked me inter the ditch"

"Stealing a ride?" suggested Sibley.

"Co-rect!!" assented the tramp.

"For how long a distance?"

"I haint figgered it right close, but you kin reckon yourself! From Duluth to this pint by way of Portland! I aimed at 'Frisco!"

*Awarded the prize for the best original story in the July 1st competition.

"Is this the first time you have been put off a train?" Sibley inquired.

"About the fifteenth, I should jedge!" replied the fellow.

"Why don't you find some employment?"

"Mebbe I shall, when the scrap betwixt Labor and Capital is settled. Jest now I'm a runner lookin' fer a stray brother-in-law."

Sibley smiled sarcastically.

"Does it pay?" he asked.

"Naw!" drawled the tramp, with a gesture of disgust. "I haint struck nothin' rich yet, but I've got great expectations."

"Well," said Sibley, "here's a trifle to stimulate your courage," and selecting a piece of silver from the bulging depths of his pocketbook, he tossed it carelessly toward the vagrant. Then, heedless alike of his muttered thanks and the avaricious stare fixed on his purse, the well dressed gentleman walked on to a smart little building opposite the depot, wearing the sign, "Jim Green's Boarding-House," and when he had entered the front door, the man who had taken his gift limped slowly after him.

"So this is Pixley." Sibley remarked to the bland proprietor of the place: "How are the mills prospering now?"

"Joe Fletcher's a holdin' em alone! The men went out on a strike some time ago, but Joe's the boss and he sticks! He's got the company's books and stuff, and he'll hang on till the owners come for 'em though he can't do much business. He jest sets the saws a goin' now and then to keep 'em from rustin, and watches the property."

"He must be an honest man," said Sibley.

"I should say so!" Green declared emphatically. "Joe's a thoroughbred, and his rithmetic is k'rect if he can't sling college grammar!"

"Has he a family?"

"The wife's dead, but there's a boy and girl that Joe handles as tender as a woman. Smart kids, too! Sing and write and read the newspapers! Got a reg'lar menagerie of tame birds and squir'ls—a cinnamon bar too, that trots around after 'em like a Scotch collie!"

"I think I will go over to the mills and see this overseer," said Sibley with a yawn. The inn-keeper's loquacity was tiresome to him, but the tramp who had been a li-tener seemed greatly interested in the conversation

The office of the Pixley Mills was a small sub-division of the north building, roughly ceiled and scantily furnished, and Joe Fletcher was sitting on a high stool before the desk tying up a bundle of papers when Sibley entered. He was not a large man, but he had tense, wiry muscles that showed more strength than his sloping shoulders would indicate. He had also a wide forehead, dark hair streaked with grey, a still darker moustache, and eyes that swerved from brown to black according to the mood of their owner.

"Mr. Fletcher, I presume?" interrogated Sibley.

"Joe Fletcher," returned the man swinging himself from the stool to his feet. "Do you want anything of me?"

In their brevity the words might seem impudent, but in the kindly voice of the mill overseer they formed a simple question entitled to a civil answer. Sibley smiled.

"I have bought this property from your old employers. I dare say you have heard that they have long been heavily mortgaged and anxious to sell. My deeds are here," and he touched his breast pocket carelessly. "The investment may be a foolish one, but I shall understand my position after I have examined the business, and I imagine something can be done to make the plant pay."

Fletcher pushed a seat toward his visitor and resumed his own.

"Marshall wrote me that the mills were sold," he said quietly. "What's your name?"

"Morris Sibley."

"Ah! from Virginia?"

"Yes, from Virginia! It seems you have heard of me before," said Sibley with a slight flash of surprise.

"Maybe," was the non-committal answer.

"Have you lived in California long?"

"Sixteen years."

"Always in this vicinity?"

"No. I came here from Eureka."

"Eureka?" repeated Sibley slowly. "A dozen years ago a man lived in that place whose name was Park Stacy."

"A gambler and a rascal!" said Joe Fletcher promptly.

"Perhaps you are right," returned Sibley with a touch of hauteur. "Is he still there?"

"Yes, he's fairly settled! He lies in a lot where, out of thirty graves only four were dug for them that died a natural death. He was stabbed in a quarrel over dice-throwing."

"How long has he been dead?"

"Six years."

Sibley's face looked anxious.

"Did he leave a wife?"

"He left a wife and two children."

"Where are they now?"

Joe Fletcher arose from his stool and walked across the narrow room, turning his face away from the questioner as he answered

"She is an angel. The children are with their step-father."

"What!" cried Sibley, "do you really mean to say that Evelyn Stacy married again?"

"Yes." The overseer turned and came back to his companion. His eyes were black now, and glowing with intense emotion.

"A few words will tell you all you want to know, Mr. Sibley. I married Evelyn Stacy, and she died shortly afterward, leaving the children to my care."

"You!" Sibley exclaimed, surveying the figure before him in astonishment mingled with contempt. The bronzed hands, rugged face, and loos ly fitting working suit presented a striking contrast to the fashionably attired man of the world. "My sister Evelyn made a foolish choice in her connection with Park Stacy, but he was a person of brilliant mind and polished manner. She was young and easily deceived, so there were excuses for that step, but it is hard to believe that she, a Sibley, could have in maturer life joined her lot with a common day-laborer, though he might be an honest fellow and all right in his own sphere."

"You know nothing about your sister's life or what led to this act. When her folks cast her off because Park Stacy forged a note and fled the country to keep out of prison, they put her in the power of a brutish sot! You say he was 'briliant' and 'polished!' Very likely. But he took her to Eureka for a hiding-place, and starved and ill-used her, while he gambled, drank mixed liquors, and now and then lent a hand for the robbing of miners and stage coaches. When a shameful brawl finished him at last, she hadn't a loaf of bread in her cabin, or a whole suit of clothes for the boy and girl. After the funeral, I went to see what we could do for the family, and she told me her whole story. It was natural that she should, even if it was no credit to her rich father and brother, for she was weak in body and badly broken up in spirit. I asked how it would do to write to her folks for help, and she said she had been turned out of doors once and didn't dare try it. So I went around among the boys and got plain sewing and mending for her to do. We paid top prices and for awhile that kept her pride from being shocked by dependence on chairty, but she grew weaker every day.

"By and by the owner of the Eureka mill failed and sold out, pocketing six months wages due the men and getting away before we mistrusted what he was doing. Then I got a position down here at Pixley and began to think about moving. I went down that day to see

the children and I found them crying. The fire was out and no dinner cooked in the house. The little mother herself was lying on the bed, very low with hemorrhage of the lungs, and the outlook was dark for all of us. I fed and cheered up the boy and girl, brought a woman-nurse and an herb doctor, and waited. When Evelyn was stronger I told her I was going to leave Eureka. She trembled and called me the truest friend she had ever known. She thanked me for all I had done for her children. I had been with them a great deal, for they were very lonesome and the company about them quite rough,—perhaps when she was gone I would still look after them, for she feared they would soon be left alone.

"I was in a trying place, Mr. Sibley. All the feeling in my heart went out to that poor, dear, lady and her fatherless little ones, but I could not shelter and provide for them without moral and legal rights to do so.

"I spent a night in hard thinking and then went back to your sister and told her what I believed to be the right thing for us to do. We knew she was close to the end of life, and marriage meant to us not a dream of love and happiness, but a sacred seal on friendship and a duty toward her good name and her children's future. With that understanding, Evelyn become my wife.

"I brought her to Pixley, nursed her through the rest of her sickness,—she didn't suffer much, but slipped away gently,—and my arm upheld her pillow when she sighed out her last breath. This is how she joined her lot with a common day-laborer, though I hardly know why I have unbent myself to explain. You have no right to feel shocked or hurt at anything she did, after your neglect of her for so many years."

There was a force in these words that made Sibley wince.

"We come of a haughty race," he said apologetically. "Evelyn had outraged our family pride, and, not seeing her sufferings, we could not imagine or realize them. But when my father died a few months ago, he relented and requested me to find her and place the family in comfortable circumstances. For my sister's sake, I regret that I have come too late; I can, however, assume control of the children."

"Do you mean to take them away from me?" asked Fletcher.

"We will suppose that you are a man of sound judgment," returned Sibley in a cold, courteous tone. "You must see that it is to their advantage in every way to quit their pioneer life. If they suit me in personal appearance and disposition, I shall adopt both, as I have no children of my own, and wealth, refinement, education, and social rank will be theirs. In the meantime, I appreciate your kindness, and for the trouble and expense you have incurred in their behalf, I will amply remunerate you."

"Love has no market value, Mr. Sibley," said the overseer. "No man can pay me for taking care of my own family, but I have the best interests of my boy and girl at heart, and I will think over your offer to take them away. I must have time to decide whether I can give them up or not."

Sibley lighted a cigar and began to puff smoke toward the ceiling, without deigning to answer. He had little sympathy with Fletcher, and could not understand why he should hesitate a moment in the matter. When he spoke again it was with reference to the mills, and he would have commenced an examination of the books at once, but Fletcher was not at liberty It was his supper hour and he must go home first. So they separated to meet at the office again in the evening, and as they went away in different directions, the tramp arose from a pile of boards outside the open window, chuckling at the information he had gained by listening.

"Hold a minute, Joe," he called, hurrying after the overseer. "There's a full-blown s'prise waitin' for you!"

"Well," said Fletcher, turning about and facing him, "what is it?"

"Yer brother-in-law, Tom Dalton! Been a journeyin' all the way from Duluth to Californy to see you! Ain't you glad?"

Fletcher shook his head.

"I'm afraid to trust you, Tom. Somehow you always seem to bring trouble in your comings since Nellie died," he said sadly.

"Don't speak of them that's rubbed out, Joe. I've brought you luck this time for sure, and the town's whoopin' with brother-in-laws! Three of us brim full of lovin' kindness fer one another. You're a couple of notches beyond me, and Sibley, your boss, is several notches beyond you! Things is gittin' interestin'."

"What do you know about Mr. Sibley?" Joe Fletcher asked abruptly.

"I know all I want to, Joseph! He's goin' to take them young'uns away from you unless we put a cooler on him, and there's two of us two hold him down long enough to git some pocket money and a promise to git out of our latitude!"

"No more of that sort of talk, Tom. I'm not a highway robber!" returned Fletcher in a stern voice.

"Co-rect, Joe! I said afore you was a couple of notches beyend me! You needn't mix with the case, bein' I'm up to it alone! Jest wink at it!"

"Dalton!" exclaimed the overseer sharply, "drop this rubbish at once! Low as you are, you will not assault that man for his money! If you are in want of a supper and lodging, here is the price of both at Green's. Go there and get a clean meal and a night of honest sleep. I can't waste any more time now, but I will see you in the morning."

"There he goes!" sighed the tramp, rattling the pieces of silver Fletcher had given him in his hand as the indignant man strode away. "Good fer squar deal, but not overly affection-ate to yours truly! And he reely b'lieves I won't do the job. Likely I wouldn't when he saw me last, but the world's moved since then, and I've moved with it! To-morrer 'bout this time, I'll be clatterin' over the rails close to Frisco, with plenty of rocks in my pocket, an' folks in this town'll be plasterin' up the rich feller's head and wonderin' what cyclone hit him. But I've got to make plans and specyfications first!"

The lines deepened on Joe Fletcher's forehead as he traversed the path to his vine-covered cabin, but he smiled at the bright-faced girl who came to meet him.

"Supper is waiting, Father Joe," she cried, slipping her hand inside his arm and trying to keep step with him. "And, oh, what do you think? Floyd caught three golden pheasants in his new trap. We're to have them broiled for breakfast!"

"Indeed," responded Joe Fletcher, giving the plump little fingers a loving pressure, "that will be fine; but how have the lessons gone?"

"They were finished and put by on the shelf at two o'clock. Then we made the squirrels skip the rope, taught the red mocking-bird a song, and had a long performance with Ben Bolt; he grows wiser every day!"

"He will soon be a wonderful animal then! Where is Floyd?"

"Out in the shed plucking the pheasants! Are you very hungry, Father Joe?"

"I haven't thought much about eating yet."

"That is too bad! I wanted you to be nearly famished, because there are scrambled eggs and lovely hot biscuits and honey for supper!"

"Perhaps my appetite will wax fierce when I sit down at the table."

"Lelia," and Joe Fletcher looked earnestly into the girl's blue eyes, "do you ever think about your mother's folks, the Sibleys?"

"Yes!" was the prompt reply. "I often remember how she used to cry because they turned her away from home!"

"Your Uncle Morris, her only brother, is here in Pixley."

Lelia's lip curled scornfully.

"Well, Father Joe, that isn't a piece of good news! I'm sure none of us care to see him!"

"He is a fine gentleman and will expect you and Floyd to treat him well."

"What does he want, Father Joe?"

The overseer gave the girl's hand a sudden clutch that betrayed strong feeling and an effort to hold it in check. Her perceptive faculties were unusually keen and they led her straight to the truth.

"You needn't tell me," she continued, "I know already that he is here to take us away, and we will never go with him, so don't look glum over it!"

"At least we will not cross the bridge till we come to it!" quoted Fletcher with a faint touch of humor.

They were at the door now, and Floyd came racing around the shed at the rear of the house with Ben Bolt at his heels bearing a pheasant's wing in his mouth. His noisy, affectionate greeting brought a sharp sting to Joe's faithful heart. What would a homecoming be without it? He dared not picture to himself his loneliness if he yielded to Morris Sibley's wishes and sent these children away forever.

Was he selfish in longing to hold them to this simple, homely life, when luxury, gaiety, and social culture awaited them in their uncle's mansion? He tried to imagine Floyd passing through a collegiate course and becoming a lawyer or judge, and Lelia a stylish young lady, proficient in music and painting as her mother had once been, but his mind would go back to the little pair at Eureka who must often have suffered with hunger and cold but for him. The boy who made a hobby-horse of his knee and the girl who traded kisses for candy and searched the bottom of his coat pocket for one more stick. How closely they had crept into his very life since their mother had given them to him with her last breath. Would she trust her proud, cold brother before him? Which life would she prefer for her darlings if she could make the choice?

Floyd and Lelia were chattering over the tea-cups while these thoughts presented themselves, and Fletcher felt a sickening sensation as he sat down at the head of the table. He was too miserable to eat, but he struggled on with a cup of tea and tasted one of Lelia's biscuits that she might not be disappointed. Then, complaining of a headache, he stretched himself on the broad settee with his face hidden against his arm, and went on thinking.

It was quite dark before he arose and took his hat from the window ledge.

"I am going back to the mill, Lelia," he said wearily. "There are some accounts to transfer and books to overhaul that will keep me so late you need not sit up for me. Floyd may chain Ben Bolt in the shed, lock the door, and both of you may go to bed. I have the key."

"You look too tired for night work, Father Joe," said Floyd.

"I shall find time to rest by and by," he replied. "Good night."

"Good night," echoed the two youthful voices as he went out into the gloom, and Fletcher walked swiftly over the path that crept along the mountain side, with groups of trees and ledges towering above, and other trees and ledges dimly outlined below.

His oft-repeated journeys to and from the mill in daylight and darkness had made every foot of the way familiar to him, so that he followed it in mechanical security, but at a short curve he tripped on something and fell, grasping at some shrubbery to save himself from plunging down the gorge.

Still hanging, he felt a pair of stout hands pushing him off, and at last he lost his balance entirely and went over, striking heavily on a shelf-like ledge several feet below. For a moment he was stunned, but rallying his senses, he tried to rise and found it an impossibil-

ity. His right leg hung limp and helpless, broken directly above the knee. To call for help was his next impulse, but the slouching figure that had quickly slipped down after him, smothered the cry on his lips and in two minutes his hands were made fast and he was skillfully gagged.

"Beg pardon, Joseph," said a low voice in his ear "I'm usin' you rough, but I'm bleeged to take care of my character, and long's you wouldn't go snacks with me in the Sibley grab, I'm afraid you might blow on me. Then if it come to a scrimmage 'mongst brother-in-laws, you'd be apt to make it two agin one, and the one would be the tramp. So good by, dear Joe. Don't fret about missin' your pintment with yender high-toned duffer at the mill. I'll be thar in your place"

Laughing softly at his own course wit, Dalton clambered up the steep ascent and without removing the rope he had stretched across the path, went cautiously on to the mill, while Joe Fletcher lay alone under the starlight, tortured with both physical and mental distress, and powerless to prevent the contemplated crime.

Meanwhile at home, Lelia had been explaining to Floyd her suspicions concerning the despondency of their step-father, and the rights and privileges of relationship were weighed and estimated in a way that would have astonished Morris Sibley had he overheard them.

"And Father Joe went back to the mills with a headache," said Floyd regretfully. "Now he'll toil at the books till midnight without eating anything, and he'll be too faint and hungry to walk home."

"Why don't we carry him a lunch?" "You kindle the fire and I'll make coffee and broil the breast and wing of a pheasant."

"That's an idea!" cried Floyd with enthusiasm. "Let's act on it at once!"

In a short time the food was made ready, and packed in a willow basket, a lantern was lighted and they were equipped for their walk. As they closed the door, the bear, hearing their voices, began to whine and move about, rattling his chain against the upright posts of the shed.

"Ben Bolt knows we are going away and does not relish being left alone," said Floyd. "It would be fun to turn him out and let him follow us."

"Do!" cried Lelia. "He will be a capital body-guard!"

The sagacious beast was delighted to be set at liberty, and as he had often been allowed to accompany the children to the mills, he shook himself in a congratulatory fashion and swung into the road in advance of Floyd, turning his head now and then to be sure that he was closely followed. Suddenly he stopped, lowered his nose to the ground, and growled.

"Go on!" ordered Floyd, but the bear stood still and continued his hostile demonstrations.

"There is something wrong ahead of us!" said Lelia. The boy ran forward, flashed the lantern athwart the path, and exclaimed in surprise:

"It is a rope snare laid for Father Joe to trip him on his way home! Now who could be bad enough for that?"

"The strikers?" suggested Lelia.

"I do not believe it!" returned the boy, jerking violently at one of the stakes and flinging it across to the opposite side. "The mill men all liked Father Joe too well to harm him!"

"What are you going to do?" asked Lelia as Floyd drew his knife from his pocket and opened it.

"Cut the rope loose and take it with us, so that those who set the snare can do no more mischief with it to-night. I wonder what Father Joe will say when he learns of the scheme."

Poor Joe! He was lying now on a bench of the cliff within reach of their voices, crippled and deprived of speech, with the chill air of that mountainous region penetrating his clothing and the night dew pattering on the leaves of

the trees and shrubs around him. His very nearness to them brought a pathetic sense of his entire helplessness, and his greatest efforts to attract their attention only resulted in a choking sort of moan.

"Hush!" exclaimed Lelia. "What was that sound?"

Both children paused and listened intently, but it was not repeated, and they went on slowly, still led by Ben Bolt.

The mill office was lighted by the flaring blaze of a kerosene lamp and Sibley was seated before the desk waiting for the overseer, when a shuffling footstep stopped at the threshold, and the face of the tramp showed itself through the opening door. He came in with a deliberate air and secured the lock behind him so dexterously that the noise seemed to be merely a clicking of the latch. Then, bracing his back against the panels of the door, as if to hold himself level on his feet, he transferred the key to his hip pocket, covering the act with the contortions of a spasmodic fit of coughing.

"Good evenin', Mister!" he drawled, after what appeared to be a proper effort to clear his thick voice. "You look's if you might be waitin' fer somebody."

Sibley regarded him with a frown of disgust, but did not condescend to speak.

"I reckon it's Joe Fletcher, but he's got a job somewhere else, so I'm in his place. I'm his brother-in-law, and as you're his brother-in-law too, that makes you'n me not strictly related, but just connected. Give us your fist on it!" and Dalton extended a soiled and shaky hand toward the fastidious gentleman, who shrank away as the other approached him.

"Don't touch me!" he said sharply. "You are drunk!"

"Mebbe I be, friend, but you gimme the chink that paid for the fire-water! The giver's more blessed than the receiver, but you see I'm enjoyin' the uproarinist time gittin' full and havin' a blow-out on your bounty!"

With a stupid leer he reeled close to Sibley and extended his arms as if to embrace him in a freak of maudlin intoxication, but when the one had drawn steadily back, and the other had staggered persistently forward to the extreme corner of the room, Dalton's attitude changed, and with skillful rapidity he leaped upon the unsuspecting man, bearing him down to the floor and taking possession of the revolver, whose silver-mounted handle showed from an inner pocket in his coat.

For a few moments Sibley made a desperate resistance, but the tramp was the stronger of the two and he soon had his victim's arms pinioned so that he could not defend himself.

"I aint so beastly drunk ez I might be, Mr. Sibley," he said triumphantly, "an' I want yer money an' yer watch; failin' to get 'em I shall be apt to blow yer brains inter the near future!"

Panting and trembling with anger, Sibley lay under his assailant's hands in haughty silence, while Dalton rifled his pockets.

"You're doin' well to keep yer mouth shut," continued the villain, "I'm awful handy with shootin' irons, an' one little squeal would be a bad symtom in your case. Hello! here's a check book; now, that's lucky; you can fill out one of these blanks here for a couple of thousand dollars, an' sign it with yer own John Henry. It will save me from doin' forgery!"

Knotting stout cords about the feet of the prostrate man, the tramp left him long enough to go to the desk and bring pen and ink. Then he jerked him to a sitting posture, released his right hand and ordered him to write.

"Make the draft fer two thousand!" he said, toying significantly with his revolver. "I shell take it to the First National Bank of 'Frisco, an' if it's a bigger haul, there might be a kick agin payin' it. An' mind you fix it up

regular so when 'Frisco telegraphts to t'other bank, it'll be straight."

Sibley scribbled hastily and added his signature with a scornful curve of the lips. His first step on being released would, of course, be to send a telegram to San Francisco and stop the payment of the check, and the dispatch would reach that city before Dalton could, even if he lay twenty-four hours in the office without being discovered and set at liberty.

"Ez far as I kin see, the dockyment is O K.," he said cheerfully, "t's all crossed, i's all dotted an' yer name spelt with capitals. I'll put it away fer safe keepin' an' then proceed to further business."

Placing the articles he had taken from Sibley in different hiding places about his person, Dalton stepped back as if estimating the distance between them, and raised the revolver in his hand. His bantering tone had entirely disappeared.

"You're a rich swell, Sibley, an' I'm a jail bird!" he said bitterly. "When you was a writin' that draft I seen in yer face that if you ever got free you'd give half yer 'swad' and yer hull life to run me down an' put me in the pen—an' you'd do it, blast you! Everything's on your side,—larnin', law, money an' friends; an' everything's agin me! I never studied anything but meanness. I'm a terror to the law! All the money I've hed fer the last ten years I've begged er stole, an' I hain't hed a friend since my wife died I don't want any of these here things! I jest want a chance to bet an' drink an' fergit myself awhile, an' I've got some shiners to do it with; but you stand in my way! If you've got sins to be sorry fer, er prayers to say, 'tend to 'em mighty quick! I'm going to put you out of my road inside of five minutes by that old office clock yender."

There was a dead silence in the room, and Dalton glared savagely at the doomed man, whose eyes had not left his face while he spoke.

Outside and far away, as if the sound came from another world, Sibley could hear the monotonous falling of the water over the Pixley dam. In the midst of and above it, a nightingale's voice, clear, penetrating and sweet, trilled its familiar song. Nature would be untouched by the close of one life, though it meant so much to him. The water-fall would go on murmuring, the birds would sing on, the stars would shine through the long night, and he would be lying in his own blood, a senseless clod, of which it would soon be said, "Earth to earth, and dust to dust." Neither repentance nor prayer occupied his mind. He was overwhelmed with the immediate and annihilating nearness of death, and fell to counting the loud pulsations of his heart, and estimating how many more would be allowed him.

The clock ticked with sickening regularity and Dalton stood motionless before him with the weapon poised in his hand, while around the corner of the building three dark figures were stealthily creeping and two childish faces appeared at the window, intent on surprising Father Joe. They were flushed and smiling countenances when they first presented themselves, but they became white and resolute when the terror of the scene made itself manifest, and both disappeared without being seen by the inmates of the office.

"Do you know those men?" Lelia whispered when they had retreated a few steps from the window.

"No," replied Floyd, "but one will surely kill the other if we don't prevent it!"

"What can we do? Oh, where is Father Joe?" said the girl anxiously.

"Stay here a moment," commanded Floyd, and making a signal to Ben Bolt, they went to the door where the bear began to sniff around the threshold. Floyd always carried a duplicate key to the office, and he slipped it into the lock, keeping the curiosity and interest of his companion stimulated by

a series of comprehensive motions. There was a creak in the spring, and, putting caution aside, he turned the knob and threw the door wide open. At the same instant, a sharp report rang out on the air and Morris Sibley's head fell from its leaning position against the wall. Then as the boy and the bear pushed their way into the room, Dalton wheeled and presented the still smoking pistol, but at the first hint of danger for his young master, Ben Bolt rushed to the fray with all the ferocity of his species in their native condition.

The assault was so unexpected that the tramp discharged his revolver at random and without damage to his foes,—soon finding the last chamber empty and brought to so close a struggle that he could only use the weapon in dealing blows on the animal's tough skin. But Ben Bolt was not daunted by this mode of warfare so long as Floyd stayed by and encouraged him. Scarcely aware of his own strength, he boxed his adversary rather lightly at first, but warming to the work, his paws moved with more energy, and presently Dalton was lying on the floor while the bear was hugging him and tearing his clothes.

At this juncture he thought of his knife and drew it, but Floyd had been watching for the action, and managed to knock it from his hand. When the brute had the man completely in his power, the intrepid boy ran for the rope he had brought from the cliff, and calling to Lelia for help, they bound him hand and foot, shuddering at the oaths he hurled at them and finding it no easy task to persuade Ben Bolt to relinquish his prey.

Then, when this was accomplished, they went to the corner where Sibley lay, and Lelia held the lantern while Floyd slashed his bonds and removed them with nervous haste? His features were set and pallid, his hair was soaked with blood and there was a pool of it beside his still face.

"He must be dead!" said Floyd with a shiver, but we ought to bring a doctor here. Run to Jim Green's, Lelia, and ask him for help. Ben Bolt and I will watch while you are gone."

The girl flitted quickly away and in a brief space of time all of Pixley poured into the little office, setting a guard over Dalton, applying restoratives to the body of Sibley, and deluging the children with questions and praises, which were cut short by a cry of grief from Lelia.

"Oh, why are we waiting here," she cried, "when Father Joe must be lying at the foot of the cliff where we found the snare across the path. Come, Floyd!" and snatching the lantern, she ran toward home with Ben Bolt racing after her in the darkness

An interested party of men led by Floyd followed them, and scrambling down to the rocky shelf, they found the overseer strangling under the continued pressure of the gag, and quivering with the pain of his broken leg.

Tender hands bore him to his mountain home, and loving hearts ministered to him there, but a shadow had fallen across Joe's life, and, as time passed and his limb healed, it seemed to grow deeper. For Morris Sibley was not dead. He had only received a scalp wound, and during his convalescence he had visited the little cabin with condescending kindness to Fletcher and gracious words to his nephew and niece.

Floyd and Lelia were intelligent, handsome, and brave. They had saved his life and he was determined to adopt them. He pressed his claims persistently on Joe, and in the severe conflict between love and duty that arose in the honest overseer's mind, the latter finally prevailed.

He called the boy and girl to him and announced his decision in a few words that might have seemed cold to those who did not know him.

He had purposely delayed this conversation till the very day of Sibley's

departure from Pixley, that the agony of explanations and the parting might come together. He felt so pitifully weak that he longed to have the bitter trial finished at once.

When the questions that would naturally arise were all answered, and the details of the coming journey rehearsed, poor Joe took them in his arms and kissed them.

"Dear hearts," he said brokenly, "God bless and be with you both! I could not love you more than I do now, even though I send you away from me, and I shall never love you less! Life will be brighter for you than I could make it here, and when I go to meet your mother, I can say to her that I have kept my trust without selfishness. You will not forget Father Joe—you will write to me now and then, and when you see the evening star that we have watched so many times from our door-step here in the mountains, you will think that it shines on me too, and that I am thinking of you. Go, now, and good by!"

He covered his face and pushed them gently from him. When they were really gone and he was left alone, he felt that he should not last long, and that this was a final farewell, but he rallied his strength and looked after them as they went sobbing along the path toward Pixley station.

They were dressed in their best clothes—the last he could ever buy for them—and he thought there were no children in the world as pretty as they! When he could see them no more, he took his crutches, and limping out to the shed where Ben Bolt was chained, he laid his head on the bear's shaggy neck and wept as if he too was a child!

It was all for the best, he said again and again, but by and by he began to feel cold and he went back to the house and lay down on the settee, covering himself with a slumber-robe Lelia had made for him. While he lay there, he heard the shriek of the incoming train and pictured to himself Sibley, tall, straight, and handsome, taking Floyd and Lelia on board and giving them seats with his most aristocratic air. Presently the humming of the car-wheels and the puffing of the engine announced that the train was moving.

The sacrifice was made—all was over, and his loneliness was complete. He put his hands over his ears that he might not hear them go from him, and so he did not know that eager feet were approaching the door; that bright faces drew near and bent over him; but he opened his eyes when a kiss fell on his forehead, and as his hands dropped to his side he saw Lelia's blooming cheeks and heard her delicious laugh.

"Oh, Father Joe! dear, foolish Father Joe!" she said, beckoning Floyd to come nearer. "It was useless for you to try to cast us off, for we have been returned to you in disgrace, having mortally offended our uncle Morris."

"How could you have done it?" Fletcher gasped feebly.

"Easy enough," said Floyd. "When we had hashed up the Sibley family and made a joint 'declaration of independence,' adding a few of our choice little plans for making his home an interesting place if he persisted in dragging us there, he thought we were like dynamite,—dangerous explosives, and renounced us forever!"

"Upon which we determined to come to you for protection, Father Joe," continued Lelia. "I hope you will not refuse shelter to the homeless waifs!"

Fletcher's face was glowing with smiles. In the fullness of content he could not bring himself to chide the wayward boy and girl who had deliberately shut themselves away from the world of wealth and fashion for his sake, and disconnected words of thankfulness began to shape themselves on his lips, which Lelia immediately interrupted:

"Hereafter we are to watch the evening star together till death part

us, for Floyd and I are not Sibleys, not even Stacys at heart—we are just Joe's children."

With this remark, sentiment was dismissed, and her next was the matter of fact order, "Now, Floyd, bring Ben Bolt out for an old-style frolic!"

They rushed from the room leaving a strange silence behind them, but in the overseer's ear a girlish voice seemed still repeating:

"Joe's children! Joe's children!"

It was the sweetest music he had ever heard!

VICTORY.

[Respectfully dedicated to Captain Philip, of the battleship Texas, July 3, 1898.]

THE victory's ours! The foeman's vaunted fleet
Pledged to defend its haughty nation's pride,
Is torn with shot and shell, and furnace heat.
And men aflame with passion's fiercer tide
Sink from our sight: "Don't cheer!"

In foreign homes, hearts ache and vainly plead
For quick return of brother, son or sire;
Body and spirit fast are being freed
'Neath kindly wave, or steel-girt funeral pyre.
'Twill soon be o'er! "Don't cheer!"

Their work is done; they bravely fought and lost;
Restrain the victor's vibrant, ringing breath;
Send no exultant note the space across
To mock the vanquished in the hour of death.
"They're dying, boys! Don't cheer!"

Now to the God of battles, lift the heart
With reverent, upward look, and pledge anew
In this, the hour of triumph, that your part
Shall still be borne to home and honor true,
"My hero-boys! Don't cheer."

Sara C. Wilbur.

Woman's Club Department.

By Harriet C. Towner.

BIENNIAL NOTES.

THE progress made by the clubs of the South in the last two years is remarkable, and it is thought the impetus already given will be greatly strengthened and increased by the action of the convention in electing a Southern woman to the presidency.

The enthusiasm with which the National songs were sung and applauded during the convention was very great. In relation to the war Mrs. Henrotin said in her address:

"And now a word as to the new aspects of our national life. When the war was first declared, I fancy that to many of us it came with a certain shock that made us pause as if we had received a blow, and stopped to consider what it signified, when a great industrial nation, supposed to be pledged to the triumph of right through arbitration, should go to war. Whether the war could have been averted or not it does not behoove us to-day to ask; it is here, and the question before the women of the country is, in what manner we must accept it I trust I shall not be accused of the fanaticism of sympathy when I say that I think we should bear our part in it, and that I am surprised that the women of the country do not seem to realize their great ethical responsibility on this occasion. If this war means anything to us as a nation, we must accept it in the same spirit with which the Crusaders went to Palestine to rescue the tomb of Christ. I think the women should take it very solemnly. If it is necessary that we sacrifice on the altar of liberty, let us accompany that sacrifice with appropriate ceremonies, and let us by our attitude in this great national crisis demonstrate that we enter into the spirit of the sacrifice."

A telegram was sent President McKinley endorsing the policy of the administration in relation to the war.

It was impossible for the opponents of the per capita tax to continue to oppose it after Miss Haas, who represented the Woman's Century Club of the National Cash Register Company, of Ohio, said that her club, consisting of 200 entirely self-supporting working women, valued the inspiration and help derived from the General Federation so highly that they would be ashamed to offer any objection to such reasonable and equitable taxation. If those clubs which consider the new tax too heavy will look at it as an individual contribution rather than as club dues, it will seem a very small thing, certainly not important enough to prohibit any club from becoming a member of the General Federation.

The History of the Women's Club Movement in America, upon which Mrs. Croly (Jennie June) has been engaged for four years is at last completed. It is a most complete and exhaustive résumé of the work of the clubs of the United States, and very valuable. Mrs. Croly has made many sacrifices in completing this work and it is hoped that clubs will show their appreciation of her work.

Among the year books in the club exhibit at the Woman's Club rooms in Denver, many that were artistic as to binding and valuable as to contents were noted. The tendency to a thoroughly careful study of one subject at a time, no matter how long the time required, is increasing. One year book, remarkable for its exhaustive outline of one subject, was not printed until the club had finished the year, that they might not be hampered by dates which would make them hurry from one phase of the subject to another faster than was consistent with thorough study.

The Denver Women's Club, with its membership of 1,000, has a remarkable record. Every movement for the public welfare has its sympathy and cooperation. The Home Department superintended a course of lectures in Kitchen Garden, by an expert teacher, and have established three schools managed by the twenty graduates. This department helped to organize the Baby Hospital, and have made a large number of articles for its use. They have established a School of Domestic Science and will increase the number of Kitchen Gardens. The members of the Reform Department originated the City Improvement Society, arranging a course of lectures to further its work.

They assisted the Science and Education Departments in obtaining the State Library Commission law from the Legislature, and a curfew ordinance from the city council. The Art and Literature Department have placed engravings of the best works of art in the public schools and have purchased pictures for the club rooms. They have formed eight extensions for women whose home duties or other occupations prevent them from attending the club meetings. The Department of Science and Philosophy have established a traveling library for other clubs in the state, securing the cooperation of the Denver Public Library and becoming responsible for the necessary expenses. The especial work of the Philanthropic Department has been Pingree Gardening and the Penny Provident Fund, and the Department of Education has published "Suggestions for School Work," embracing the most approved modern methods of education in graded schools.

The Middle-West sent a large number of its representative women to the Biennial. The delegations from Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, Kansas, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan and Illinois, included a large number of distinguished visitors, as well as delegates; each being also represented by the president of the State Federation and chairman of correspondence.

HOME THEMES.

LINES TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Loved Poet, when your genius beams
Upon the rude and homely themes,
They melt into poetic dreams
Of bygone days;
The memory of a time that seems
To live always.

The old play ground, the favorite tree,
The orchard and the clovered lea;
None other doth so clearly see
In life's review,
The scenes that were most dear to me
When life was new.

The swimming hole, the old chain swing,
The fishing pole with p'n and string.
The old haymow—and everything
I loved so well—
You know them all; their praises sing,
Their pleasures tell.

What joy if all our life could be
From care and sorrow ever free
As in those happy days when we
Played in the sun,
And life's dark shadow ne'er did see
Come creeping on!

Thus, dreaming of that time, I've penned
This homely tribute which I send
"In echo of the songs that wend
From thee to me,"
A stranger, but admiring friend.
My only plea.

Corrilla C. Lewis.

HIS FIRST SUSPENDERS.

Just see that small boy walking off down the street,
He feels he's a man, from his head to his feet;
He's no time to notice those other small lads
Except condescendingly call "Hello Tads!"
He's wearing his first suspenders.

His hands in his pockets, his hat's on one side,
His head is thrown back with an air of high pride;
He can *feel* the red stripes where the braces divide;
He's forgotten he ever played marbles or cried.
He has on his first suspenders.

Papa observes him with nod and with smile,
Remembering old "by gones" he muses awhile
On his barefooted days,
And the old fashioned ways,
And the joy of the first suspenders.

Oh, friend what has happened since you and I stood
In that first glorious step from our lost babyhood?
Is the grandeur of manhood less grand than it seemed
By the light of the dreams that our fond hearts dreamed
Neath those magical new suspenders?

Oh, we old boys have learned, thro' the past's unshed tears,
That the future looks best thro' a vista of years,
And the glory our boy-fancy pictured out there,
Gets sort of "used up" with the every day wear,
Like the stretch in our new suspenders.

Rosa Henderson.

TEMPERAMENTALISMS.

That there is such a thing as racial temperamentalism, no student of human nature will deny, and innumerable examples of the morbid tendencies of some nationalities and the mental adjustability of others—to the same conditions,—are furnished any close observer of the common events of everyday life.

Our teutonic brother of the rural districts. for example, takes this world seriously, not to say intensely. He resigns himself to its rigid discipline with a patience heroic in type, is devoted to his family, who, in return, repay their indebtedness with the most loyal fidelity through life, showing a consideration and veneration for the aged which is truly beautiful.

Emotional extremes are rare with these sturdy yeomen, and living as it were upon the northern boundary of the mental temperate zone, they lack the quick responsiveness to relaxing influences, which characterizes the dwellers of more genial climes. The undue exclusion of pleasure in their pursuits has affected their dispositions unfavorably, and, over-weighted with care and responsibility, it is no wonder that so large a proportion of this worthy c ass fill our insane hospitals before they attain middle age.

When trouble and misfortune overtake them it is almost impossible to cheer them, and their hopeless endurance of their fate is unspeakably pathetic.

A humorous illustration of this trait is offered in the case of an Iowa German named Pete, at a time when the Prohibition law was rigidly enforced in the State.

A friend attempted to console him for the loss of his sole luxury by encouraging him in the belief that the act would prove to be unconstitutional, and that a resumption of his heart-lightening but head-weighting propensity was certainly listed among the possibilities of the near future.

The effort was unsuccessful, however, for while Pete listened respectfully, punctuating the other's argument with appreciative nods, and conceding that it was not without its strong points, still, the deprivation of his chiefest joy prevented the consideration of any compensation in the light of an indemnity for injuries sustained, and, sighing heavily, he replied:

"It didn't was no use anyhow, for when de grass was growed, the cow was died!"

Our Irish brother offers the strongest contrast to these somber characteristics. He is a born philosopher and avails himself of the best at hand, hating friction as he does snakes.

With an impressionableness which sees alike the humorous and the pathetic side of every condition, and a generosity equal to his heart expansiveness, he becomes a valuable factor in the social equation.

His far-famed wit combines in admirable proportion both humor and logic; while for spontaneity and cleverness of repartee the Celt is without a peer.

His aptitude for discovering the bright side of things is perhaps nowhere better illustrated than in the traditional incident in which two friends were standing at the top of a steep hill and one of them determined to ride to the bottom upon a huge rolling log.

As the man at the summit witnessed the disastrous predicament of his companion, his native sympathy moved him to shout encouragingly:

"Don't ye be discouraged, Paddy, sure yere on top half the time!"

Du Maurier's belief that one drop of English blood is the strongest part of a man, is a beautiful tribute to his mother's country; and in a spirit born of the same loyalty to those elements which have created the Nineteenth century American, we claim that in the distribution of the best qualities of all nations—those which have entered into the composition of the ideal citizen and patriot—America has obtained the lion's share. *Maria Weed.*

WORDS.

HE is thy friend who counts his words
Of blame or praise as he would count his gold,
Nor hoards them like a miser till the good
They might have done is past the being told.

Clifford Trembly.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

IN GENERAL GRANT'S letter to General Sherman, written on the 19th of February, 1862, and quoted in Colonel Emerson's "Grant" (p. 123 of the present number) occur these modest words, which, uttered by another in like circumstances might have been thought to be insincere, but as used by Grant were never for a moment questioned by his generous friend and fellow-soldier:

> I feel under many obligations to you for the kind tone of your letter, and hope that should an opportunity occur, you will win for yourself the promotion which you are kind enough to say belongs to me. *I care nothing for promotion so long as our arms are successful and no political appointments are made.*

It is to be hoped that the same generous spirit may continue to prevail among our soldiers and sailors in high places in the present war. Despite journalistic and congressional busybodies in other men's matters, the examples of patriotism and generosity set by our three great citizen-soldiers during the War of the Rebellion are not lost on Miles, Shafter, Brooke, Lee, Dewey, Sampson, Schley and Watson. It is a matter of general congratulation that the McKinley administration, profiting by the errors and blunders of Halleck and others high in authority under President Lincoln is doing nothing solely for his party and is doing everything in its power for the State; is doing nothing to advance or retard the military fortunes of any man or men, but is doing all in its power with one grand end in view to conquer a peace that shall be just and lasting.

***

WE ARE just now reading and hearing much about a world-embracing alliance of all English-speaking people. Events are making our history and remolding our philosophy with startling rapidity. The projectiscope is scarcely more phenomenal in its quick succession of views than is the history of our time projected upon the pages of our daily newspapers. Speaker Reed, with a patriotism that is unquestioned, plants himself upon the policy of isolation, which in Washington's time was clearly wise, and declares that "Empire must wait." But "the common sense of most" has already passed on beyond that doctrine, and Destiny is thundering in our ears, from Cuba, from Porto Rico and from the uttermost parts of the earth, "We are not our own; we are God's trustees; we are our brothers' keeper; Empire will not longer wait." Responsibilities we never sought are already upon us, and may not be evaded by cowardly abandonment, by treaties of peace where there is no peace, or by mercenary bargain and sale.

***

SPEAKING of the present glorious possibilities of a world-including alliance of English-speaking people, it is interesting to recall the fifty-year-old prophecy of Carlyle, in his Heroes and Hero-Worshipers. In language fuller of suggestion now than when it was first uttered, in 1848, this grandest prophet of the Nineteenth Century thus pays tribute to the part which Literature pays in the development of a people:

"In America, in New Holland, East and West to the very antipodes, there will be a Saxondom covering great spaces of the globe. And now what is it can keep all these together into virtually one nation so that they do not fall out and fight, but live in peace, in brother-like intercourse, helping one another? . . . Acts of Parliament, administrative prime ministers cannot. America is parted from us, so far as Parliament could part it. Call it not fantastic for there is much reality in it: Here I say is an English King whom no time, or chance, Parliament or combination of parliaments can dethrone! This King Shakespeare, does not he shine, in

crowned sovereignty over us all, as the noblest, gentlest, yet strongest of rallying-signs; indestructible; really more valuable in that point of view than any other means or appliance whatsoever? We can fancy him as radiant aloft over all the Nations of Englishmen, a thousand years hence. From Paramatta, from New York, wheresoever, under what sort of Parish Constable soever, English men and women are, they will say to one another, 'Yes, this Shakespeare is ours; we produced him, we speak and think by him; we are of one blood and kind with him.'"

***

FROM Shakespeare to English literature, a large part of which he is, and from literature to libraries is a natural transition. There is no more promising movement of our time than the library movement. The prominence given it in chautauqua circles and in local, state and national meetings of women's clubs, and the noticeable abandonment of the old watch-dog idea of a librarian's duties by library boards and librarians themselves, all together point to great advancement during the Twentieth Century in furtherance of this movement's great purpose: the bringing together of books which are needed, and the men, women and children who need them.

***

THIS movement did not begin with us, nor will it end with us. The first library movement is thought to have had its origin in Thebes, hundreds of years before the Christian era. The first library, then and there founded, bore over its portals this inscription: "Store-house of Medicine for the Soul." Those Thebans were very wise. The inscription might have advertised Entertainment and Instruction for the Mind, but they went down deeper than that. They had discovered thus early in the world's literary life, that books —the great books—"books of power," as De Quincey puts it,—books "vitally conceived," as Mabie well terms them, —actually work the cure of hurt souls and bring relief to weary souls. And this wisdom of years ago is the highest and best wisdom of to-day—the wisdom behind the work of the Chautauqua clubs, the women's clubs, the library clubs and the traveling library movement.

The library rightly administered and wisely appropriated is now, and it was in ancient Thebes, balm for hurt minds and souls, strength for the weak, renewed and increased strength for the strong. It is the highest form of entertainment for mind and soul, and wisely prescribed and administered it unqualifiedly benefits and blesses.

***

It is a satisfaction to be able to say, on high English authority, that America is taking lead and direction of this grand library movement of the time. American methods of classification are finding much favor abroad, especially in England, the great library center of the modern world.

While our new world has no one library that can equal the British Museum in the number of volumes catalogued, or the Bodleian library in the wealth of its literary treasures, yet in growth and in the quality of the growth, as in methods, America proudly leads the world.

It was reserved for New York, Ohio, Wisconsin and Iowa to lead the world in that new and peculiarly American enterprise—the Traveling Library—the noble purpose of which is to sow the seed of good literature in communities that otherwise could have little or no part nor lot in the great storehouses for the mind and soul in our large cities. But of this more hereafter.

***

"RUPERT OF HENTZAU," sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda," is ended, and all the leading characters except the queen are duly killed off, and the queen's doubtful virtue is circumstantially established. "Rupert" ought to

have died in the brain of its author. "The Prisoner of Zenda" closed artistically. The queen, true to the traditions of her family and the expectations of her people, bade farewell to her English lover, Rassendyll, and married the king of Strelsau. Artistically, there wasn't anything else for her to do. But now, Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins drags the woman down from the high place in which he left her, and reveals her as false to her vow of wifehood, and, after the killing of her husband, eager to assume the relations of consort with her lover, whose personification of her husband had deceived the people. The plot hinges upon a compromising letter written by the queen to her lover, the one ambition of her lover and of her retainers being to shield her from exposure. In the main, the story is weak in construction, though it includes several strong situations. Wherein it is strong it is bad. By the way, why read spurious historical novels—even the best, such as "The Prisoner of Zenda,"—when the real thing, fully as interesting, may be had quite as easily? Why waste time on "Rupert of Hentzau," when our libraries and book stores contain the real thing, the historical novels produced by Mrs Catherwood, and Harold Frederic, and Gilbert Parker, and Crockett, and George Eliot, and Dickens, and Scott and Victor Hugo?

***

A CAREFULLY prepared and suggestive paper on the Sparrow, by Mr. Harry Edward Miller, appears in the present number. The writer commends this paper to its readers Having been engaged for four months in a *daily* warfare with the pests, and thus far with no promise of ultimate victory, he can feelingly bear testimony to the truth of Mr. Miller's statements as to their persistency. Early in the spring two sparrows chose an east corner under the roof of his house, their nest resting upon the elbow of a water pipe. Every evening there was a well developed nest to pull down, and every evening the nest was pulled down. Later, when two wrens, favorites of his family, came back to occupy their last year's quarters under an east porch, the sparrows fought them away and they located in an old disconnected water pipe on the barn, barring the entrance against their enemy. From this retreat they continued through the summer to wage a war of words against their powerful foe. After about sixty days, wearying of the daily task of destroying the sparrows' nest, the writer conceived the thought of drowning the sparrows out. The unwelcome guests seemed to enjoy the drenching from the hose, complacently regarding their evening bath as a considerate plan for their comfort during the heated term. His next scheme was to pull down the nest and stuff the aperture with burlap, giving the birds no room for a nest. His guests generously refused to see in this new device anything but a plan to make them more cozy and comfortable. They forced their way in under the roof and nestled down on the burlap and pronounced it good—the best yet. Returning from a brief vacation, the writer was informed that the sparrows were still masters of the situation. Down came the burlap and with it four very young sparrows, who did not survive the fall. Next day the birds had built a new nest, almost filling the vacant place; and the daily warfare was resumed. The July judgment of the writer was that birds as shrewd as sparrows ought to know when they're whipped: his August suspicion is that possibly he was long since beaten by the sparrows, but, like the Spaniards across the sea, hadn't sense enough to concede his defeat.

GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

James Lane Allen says he will stay in Kentucky,—reports to the contrary notwithstanding. He is now at work on what he thinks will embody all the humor of "A Kentucky Cardinal," the philosophic frankness of "Summer in

Arcady" and the spiritual seriousness of "The Choir Invisible," also town life and country life,—everything necessary to the making of the best yet

Dr. Albert Shaw, that profound thinker and practical man of affairs to whose conception, wrought out through years of closest application, we are indebted for that indispensable periodical, the *American Monthly Review of Reviews*, gave himself a brief vacation recently to attend the fiftieth anniversary of his *alma mater*, Iowa College, Grinnell.

The principal addresses delivered at the recent Semi-Centennial, at Grinnell, by President Gates, of Iowa College; Professor Macy, author of several standard works on constitutional law and kindred subjects, and Dr. Albert Shaw, on the present outlook for our nation, were notable for inherent strength, and for their Twentieth Century quality.

George W. Cable went to England to find a quiet place where he could complete a novel based upon his experience as a cavalry soldier in the Confederate army. But the celebrity-hunters found him, and they are doing what they are able to confuse his recollections of the War.

Following is a quotation from a recent letter from Mr. Edmund C. Stedman to Mrs. Mary J. Reid: "It pleased me to find your article (The Poetry of the Year, April MIDLAND), also an appreciation of our common friend—that true poet—Vance Cheney. He has an exquisite and very original sense of nature. You make an interesting group of passages from his work and Gerard de Nerval's . . . Cheney and Nerval are in communion with the soul of nature."

A St. Louis man, Mr. Elshemus, in the New York *Times*, accuses Mr. Le Gallienne, recently the literary hero of the hour in New York, of gross incivility. He treated the poet to Scotch whisky, but the poet went off by himself and drank his whisky, not so much as proposing the St. Louis man's health or offering to set 'em up again "as every gentleman does" Mr. Elshemus is himself a poet, being author of "A Spirit Song." Perhaps all this which he relates occurred in the spirit—or while Mr. Elshemus was in spirits; or possibly Mr. Le Gallienne had an inspiration and wanted to be alone. A poet under inspiration is not to be judged by the canons of good taste which regulate the bibulous habits of ordinary mortals.

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

The Dial finds that American fiction is just a hundred years old Brown's "Wieland," published in 1798, "marked the beginning of the end of our long term of sterility."

The Independent has also adopted the magazine form. We predict that the *Youth's Companion* will soon follow suit.

We regret to have to say that *The Critic* has abandoned the weekly issues which were eagerly looked for by all book-lovers the country over, and has issued a double number for July and August. Hereafter, it will be issued monthly.

"Splendid Isolation or What?" is Henry M. Stanley's contribution to the *Nineteenth Century*. Of course it treats of the hands-off policy of English conservatism. From our American standpoint the English situation is embodied in the one word, "what?"

With genuine sorrow we announce the suspension of *The Chap-Book*, of Chicago. Its list has been turned over to *The Dial*. Mr. Stone worked long and hard to build up his *Chap-Book* from a primer of pertness to a high-grade miscellany of *belles lettres*—and notably succeeded. But that portion of the public that smiled over the smartness and cuteness of the little *Chap-Book* of four years ago, yawned over the *Chap-Book* of 1897–98; and the small "substantial" class that approved the change read the library copy and gave the periodical their moral support—of which it died.

"Robinson Crusoe" stills holds first place in the hearts of ten-year-olds in England, as it does in America. The *Pall Mall Gazette* finds Defoe's classic first, "Alice in Wonderland" second, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" seventh—Mrs. Burnett's priggish young hero standing below the two books already named and "Through the Looking-glass," "The Rose and the Ring," "Jackanapes" and the "Story of a Short Life."

James Brice, in the July *Century*, discusses Equality (economic equality) to the conclusion that the question may prove "less menacing to the peace of society than many deem it to-day."

McClure's seems to have enlisted for the War. The July number has but one story, an Iowa story, by Octave Thanet,—which, by the way, is far from being the best of Mrs. French's admirable series of Iowa stories.

CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

VALAZQUEZ—1599-1660.

Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Valazquez once said: "I would rather be the prince of vulgar painters than the second of refined ones" He was the prince of realists. He took nature unadorned, unidealized, and followed her with unswerving fidelity. His direct presentation of those artificially refined Spanish nobles of King Philip's time, shows men and women of life and blood beneath all the stiff conventionalities of dress and manner.

Valazquez was born in 1599, in the old city of Seville. He was well educated in the things which were considered necessary for a gentleman of that time to know. He commenced the study of art early and in the home of his instructor, Pacheco, found the lovely Juana, whom he afterwards married. Valazquez was a gentleman and a painter of the "haute noblesse," yet he could present peasant life in all its coarse jovial pleasures, or its dull animal pain. The picture of the "Bebedores" or Topers, represents a rustic Bacchus, vine-crowned, surrounded by his drunken companions. This picture is so wonderfully true, that a woman shrinks back involuntarily from the bold lear in those wine-moistened eyes.

Van Dyke was also a painter of the nobility, but he could never descend to representing common things in their commonness—there he failed of truth. He must give the air of Charles I or Lady Clara Vere de Vere to the simple burger and his fat vrouw.

Valazquez, true to his conception of nature, painted as he perceived her, direct and unidealized. This same reality by his consummate genius being never commonplace or uninteresting.

The painter visited Italy several times in his youth, when one is supposed to be most impressable but though no doubt receiving much inspiration from the study of Raphael and Michaelangelo, yet it was an inspiration to be more himself, more thoroughly independent in his originality—more natural, more "vulgar," compared with the ultra refinement of the statial Italian school, which his great contemporary, Murillo, followed devoutly and became second only to Raphael among "refined [illegible]

Valazquez's genius was more in harmony, his work more influenced by Rubens, who visited Spain in 1630, than by any other painter. In his later years he was greatly honored by his King and was given the post of Aposentador Mayor, an office which gave him little leisure for painting. He was much consulted by the King on State affairs. The picture called Los Meninas (Maids of Honour), has been called the "Theology of Painting," so perfect is it in form and technique, by many pronounced the Masterpiece. A room in the palace hung with pictures by Rubens; on the left in the picture stands the artist himself at an easel. In the center the Infanta Maria is taking a cup of water from a youthful lady in waiting; she is surrounded by others as young and debonair as herself. "It is a chance group fixed by magic for all time, on the canvas." The King was so pleased with the picture that he took a brush and painted the cross of Santiago on the breast of the pictured artist. This was Valazquez's last work. He died in 1660 from a fever contracted while making arrangements for the marriage of the Infanta Maria Theresa to Louis XIV. He was but 61 years old, at the very height of his power and ability. He was able to paint all subjects and succeed in all. He produced some remarkable religious pictures, but with his deep discernment in all things pertaining to art, he knew that the era of great religious painting had past.

Raphael and Michaelangelo had touched the zenith, so he chose to hold the mirror up to nature, the nature of his times, and thus did great service to history and art. Like the great Italians, Valazquez can only be truly seen in the galleries of his own country. As comparatively few Americans visit Spain we are not familiar with his greatest work, but the little portrait of the Infanta Margarite has always been considered one of the gems of the Louvre. From most tourists worn out with Titian beauties and "divine" Raphaels, this chubby, golden-haired child, in a rather ugly gray gown with black trimmings, would not get even a glance did not the magical "* * *" of their Baedaker arrest their weary footsteps.

Valazquez's work can not attract the

uninitiated. He is the painter's painter, and he possesses all the excellences which modern artists most admire, directness in presentation of planes, perfection of grays, living flesh tones, vitalizing atmosphere—these are the qualities which hold the artist-student in rapture before the chubby child in her dull gown, the Infanta of the Louvre.

THE MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

EMMA RAYNER'S BOOK.

"It is several years now since I began to make the history of the earlier American colonists, and particularly the Dutch settlers, an especial study." So writes Emma Rayner, the author of "Free to Serve." "I soon found the subject an interesting one and I thought other people might find it interesting, too. I spent much time among the descendants of those settlers and was delighted to find many traces of their Dutch origin. Possibly the decidedly Dutch flavor of life in some of the remote villages of New York State struck me more forcibly than it would have done one who had always lived in America. My home was across the sea. I passed my childhood in the university town of Cambridge, England, growing up under the shadow of its colleges. It was no wonder, therefore, that I became a student at Newnham College, which institution, together with Girton, has opened for women the gates of knowledge, as knowledge is dispensed at that ancient educational center. I entered the north hall of Newnham College, of which Miss Helen Gladstone was then principal, and having chosen mathematics as my specialty, took up the vigorous course of study required for the mathematical Tripos examination. I was fortunate enough to take honors in the Tripos of 1888, when my university course ended. Since that time I have turned my attention to literary work, having come to this country immediately after my college work was finished. Much study of books and characters and surroundings I deemed indispensable to any real success in portraying the earlier times on this continent, and in this study, together with some writing for magazines, I have found plenty to employ me since then."

No essay of this critic could compare with this modest woman's brief account of her work, in presenting that argument which should—but, alas, will not—modify the opinion of those who deem a little wit, a box of pens, a gallon of ink and a stack of linen tablets, sufficient equipment for a novelist. A university training is supplemented with ten years of diligent local research, and a range of reading covering all literatures, before Miss Rayner ventures to produce a book. Her novel offers the best evidence of the effectiveness of her preparation. One may hesitate to say that Free to Serve is the best novel of Colonial life yet published, but, at the least, and from any point of view, there are few to compare with it. The book is a realistic romance of strongly dramatic quality, of much originality of plot and incident, and of an English style almost beyond criticism. Her occasional Indians may speak after the stilted fashion of Cooper's, and there is anachronism in her use of the word tepee, but faults are few and far between. The moving, human interest of the drama, the exquisite clearness of the style, the wealth of incident, and marvelously lifelike pictures of Dutch homes and people, entitle Emma Rayner to rank among the foremost of American writers. Amid the multitude of the noisy and superficial—America's unique curse in every field of endeavor—such writers as Emma Rayner loom like fertile, rock-ribbed oases in a wind-blown desert.

RECEIVED.

Cicero Laelius De Amicitia, by J. K. Lord. Published by American Book Co.

Birds of the United States, by Austin C. Apgar. Published by American Book Co.

CHIOSTRO DELLA SS. ANNUNZIATA LA MADONNA DEL SACCO.

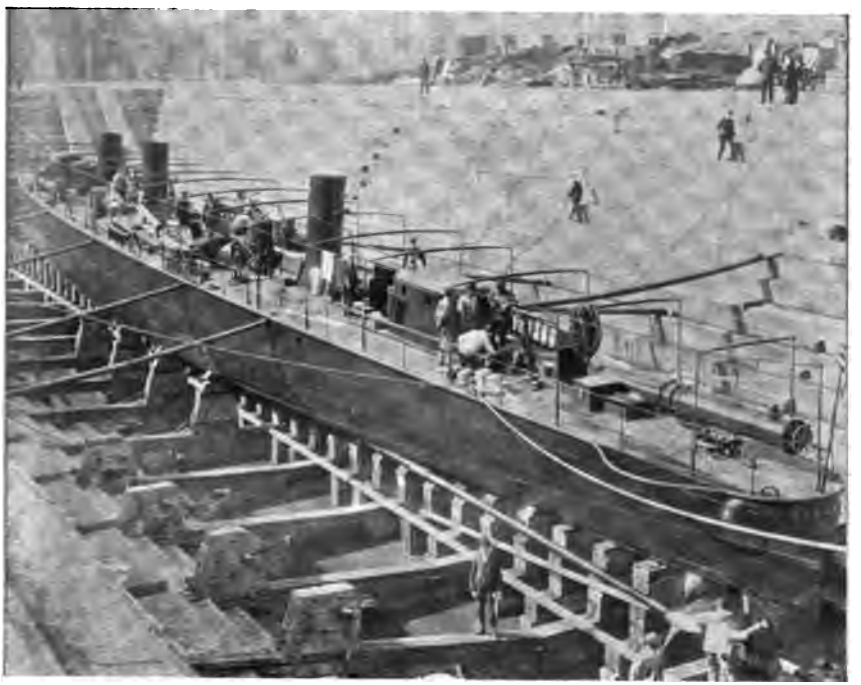
You must serve
For each of the five pictures we require:
. . . So! keep looking so —
. . . . .
Oh, so sweet —
My face, my moon, my everybody's moon
Which everybody looks on and calls his!
You smile? Why, there's my picture ready made,
There's what we painters call our harmony!
. . . . .
And that cartoon, the second from the door
—It is the thing, Love! So such things should be —
Behold Madonna!
. . . .
No sketches first, no studies, that's long past:
I do what many dream of all their lives
—Dream? Strive to do, and agonize to do,
And fail in doing.
. . . . .
You don't know how the others strive
To paint a little thing like that you smeared
Carelessly passing with your robes afloat.
. . . . .
Their works drop groundward, but themselves, I know,
Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me,
Enter and take their place there sure enough,
Though they come back and cannot tell the world.
My works are nearer heaven, but I sit here.

—From Browning's Andrea del Sarto.

S. GIOVANNINO (Andrea del Sarto

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

VOLUME X. SEPTEMBER, 1898. NUMBER 3.



DUPONT, LATEST TYPE OF TORPEDO BOAT.

GROWTH OF THE AMERICAN NAVY.

BY MINNA IRVING.

THE American Navy was born in 1775 when General Washington fitted out several vessels to cruise along the New England coast as privateers, and Congress established a naval department consisting of a fleet of swift sailing vessels manned by intrepid seamen with the fire of liberty burning in their hearts. They boldly haunted every avenue of commerce, and even cruised among the British Isles, where, with consummate daring, they entered harbors and seized and burned ships lying at the wharves.

In three years this dauntless little fleet captured and destroyed five hundred ships. The names of only three vessels of the Continental Navy seem to have been preserved, the Bonhomme Richard, commanded by Paul Jones, the Pallas, and the Alliance, the latter having for its captain the treacherous Landis, who fired into the Richard during a battle with the British Serapis, September 23, 1775, in the hope that the Richard might thus be disabled and obliged to withdraw from the fight, and the glory of capturing the Serapis be entirely his own. The Richard, however, though old and rotten, with water pouring into the hold, and three times on fire, continued to fight until the British ship struck its colors, when Commodore Jones trans-

[The entire contents of this number copyrighted by Conaway & Shaw, 1898. All rights reserved.]

ferred his gallant crew from his fast-sinking vessel to the captured frigate, and sailed triumphantly away.

There is no record of any additions having been made to the navy for a number of years after the Revolution, though in 1801 the Philadelphia was sent with a fleet to bombard Tripoli, and brave Lieutenant Decatur won his laurels.

COMMODORE SCHLEY.

In the war of 1812 the glorious frigate Constitution, which lives in every American heart as "Old Ironsides," and was the progenitor of the Olympia and the Iowa, spread the snow of her canvas to the ocean breeze, and swept down the Massachusetts coast one sultry August morning to victorious battle with the British Guerriére. When the fight was over, and the English ship had surrendered, it was found to be too badly damaged to be towed into port,

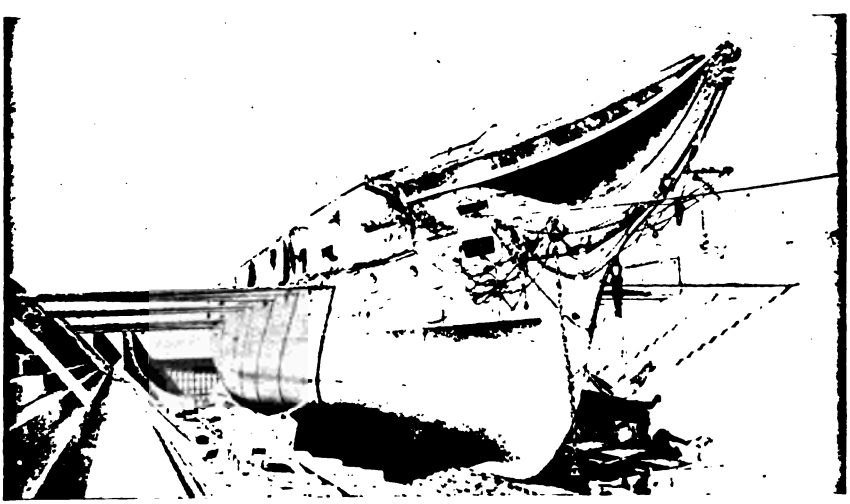
LIEUT. VICTOR BLUE,
Who made the perilous journey of seventy-two miles through the Cuban jungle to locate Cervera's fleet.

but Old Ironsides had suffered little from the enemy's guns, and in a few hours was ready for another battle.

On October 13th of the same year the little sloop-of-war, Wasp, engaged the English brig Frolic, and fought her bigger antagonist so fiercely that when our sailors boarded the Frolic they found her colors still flying, as there was no one left to haul them down, the only one uninjured being the man at the helm.

Perry's Lake Erie squadron of nine vessels and his brilliant victory are matters of history too well known to need more than passing mention here. But few commanders ever prepared for battle under more discouraging circumstances. He was obliged to repair his little fleet with timber hewn from the forest-trees, before entering into combat.

From this time until the civil war the navy was allowed to decay. It received no attention from the government,



ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S HISTORIC OLD FLAGSHIP, HARTFORD, BEING REFITTED IN THE DRY DOCK AT MARE ISLAND.

and Old Ironsides and her sister ships dropped apart piecemeal at old wharves and were forgotten.

The firing of the first shot on Fort Sumter found our entire navy composed of only forty-two ships, out of which there was only one efficient vessel on the whole northern coast. But its growth was very rapid during the years of the war, and when peace was declared, it numbered two hundred and sixty-four ships, of which the most famous were the gallant old Kearsarge and the Monitor, the last of which gave her name to a class of vessels more powerful than anything else afloat to-day. The iron-clad man o' war was also born in the rebellion. The Kearsarge was a frigate, sailing under a forest of slender spars and tapering masts, and a cloud of gleaming canvas, but only stout oak planking protected her from the enemy's fire. She nobly stood the pounding of shot and shell. But even while her famous battle with the Alabama thrilled all hearts, she was being superseded by the iron-sheathed monster, New Ironsides, which was bombarding Fort Sumter and silencing the batteries of Fort Fisher at a range of only six hundred yards—the closest at which a vessel ever engaged a fort.

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER POTTER, OF THE NEW YORK.

The New Ironsides was built by the Cramps, and was the crude model upon which the queenly Iowa and the majestic Oregon of to-day's navy have been constructed, and the only injury received by her in twenty battles was the loss of a port shutter. She carried both sail and steam, as did all our modern cruisers, until a very recent

JOHN DAVIS, OF THE MARBLEHEAD,
Who helped cut the cable at Cienfuegos, in the face of certain death.

date, and with a fair wind made only eleven knots an hour. Compared with the magnificent battleships under the command of Sampson and Schley, the Ironsides was a very clumsy affair; but in her day she was considered a remarkable achievement of the ship-builder's art, and she certainly inaugurated a new era in naval warfare.

The fleet of square, ugly gunboats that poured their broadsides into Fort Donelson from the Cumberland River, in February, 1862, have been perfected in the trim and beautiful Helena, which has been using her guns to such good purpose on the Spaniards lately. Of all the types of the war-time navy of 1860–65, the Monitor alone has retained its original form, and the Monterey and Monadnock to-day present much the same appearance as did the little vessel which the Confederates so contemptuously dubbed "the Yankee cheese-box," but which, by her victory over the iron-clad Merrimac, decided the fate of the war. There was nothing in the civil war

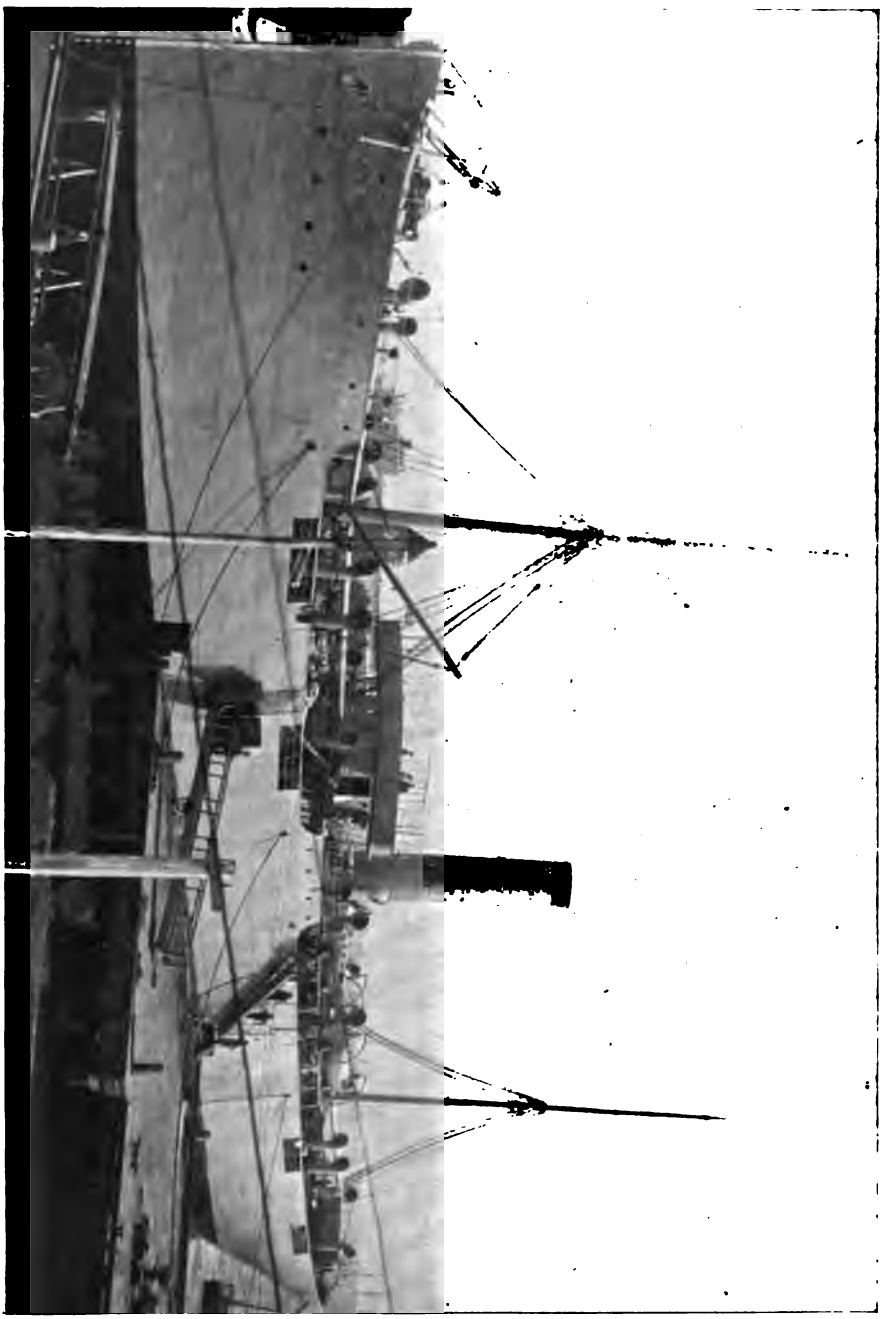
THE KEARSAGE—QUEEN OF THE REBELLION NAVY.

corresponding to the modern torpedo boat which has figured so largely in the conflict around Cuba, and of which the Dupont and the Porter are the most successful types.

The ships of the new navy have been gradually stripped of sail, and the old frigate with her royals and stays has been replaced by vessels like the New York, clothed in steel, bristling with great guns, and with not a superfluous inch of wood about her to be splintered by the projectiles of the foe. The Newark was the last of the modern cruisers to be furnished with both sail and steam.

Of the old frigates only a few are left, the Lancaster, the New Hampshire (which served as a training ship at the Newport Torpedo station until handed over to the Naval Reserves for a practice ship), the Vermont, now a receiving ship at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, the Independence, which is

CAPTAIN FRENCH E. CHADWICK, OF THE NEW YORK.



U. S. COLLIER MERRIMAC, SUNK IN THE MOUTH OF SANTIAGO BAY.

serving in the same capacity at Mare Island, and the historic old Hartford, which was Admiral Farragut's flagship during the rebellion, and was recently refitted for active service at Mare Island, being sound in all her timbers.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the American Navy as it stands to-day. The masterly destruction of the fleets of Montijo and Cervera without the loss of a single ship, has placed it in the front rank of the navies of the world, and it does not need a prophet to foresee the United States, in the near future, as one of the great naval powers of the earth.

CAPTAIN FREDERICK RODGERS, OF THE PURITAN.

The loss of life has been marvelously small in the navy, but the acts of individual bravery have been great. It will thrill future generations to read how the daring sailors from the Marblehead cut the cable at Cienfugos in an open boat and under a terrible fire. No deed of heroism that has been done since our fleet has been thundering at the gates of Cuba called for greater coolness and courage than this. One of these heroes, John Davis, is now at the Marine Hospital in the Brooklyn Navy Yard with a leg shattered by Spanish bullets, and from his lips I heard the thrilling account of the cutting of the cable.

"When Captain McCalla called for volunteers to cut the cable," he said, "we all wanted to go, and when he had picked out the men who were to do it, he said to us, 'Boys, you must remember you are going to almost certain death.' But we answered with a cheer. We would cut away at the cable, pick up our rifles, load, fire, lay them down and go to work at the cable again, many of us with the blood running down from our wounds, while the Spanish bullets flew thick as hail all around us, striking the water and sending up the spray in our faces."

He showed me a section of the cable; it was about as thick as the cylinder of a .42 calibre revolver, and resembled it with its five strands of galvanized wire bound with tarred manila yarn. It was as cleanly cut as a jelly-roll sliced with a knife, and was very heavy.

Brave Sailor Davis is an American; is not yet twenty, and is very modest over his heroism. He still suffers great pain from his wound, moves with difficulty, and will probably be lame for life. All honor to him, and to those who were his companions in the little open boat at Cienfuegos! It was of such

CAPTAIN ROBLEY D. EVANS, OF THE IOWA.

stuff that the old Continentals were made when they starved and suffered and fought, and left their footprints in blood upon the snow, for freedom's sake.

Another interesting leaf in American history was the sinking of the collier Merrimac at the narrow mouth of Santiago harbor on June 3d, by gallant Lieutenant Hobson and his devoted crew of seven.

The Merrimac was originally a tramp steamship, was formerly the Solveig, and built in 1894 by Swan & Hunter at Newcastle-on-Tyne, for a Norwegian firm. She was wrecked a few months ago on the Atlantic coast, was bought at an underwriter's sale by a ship broker in New York, for $48,000, repaired at a cost of between forty and fifty thousand dollars, and employed in the coastwise trade. At the breaking out of the present war she was offered to the government but refused by the Naval Board, and later on was again inspected in Baltimore and bought at a cost of $342,000. She was 330 feet long, forty-four feet in breadth, and eighteen feet in molded depth.

When the Merrimac steamed for the entrance to the harbor the boat in which Hobson intended to escape was ready on the port side of the ship, as it was arranged that she was to be turned so that the starboard side was presented to the harbor. For the benefit of inland readers I will explain that the port and starboard sides of a ship correspond to the right and left of a human being, so it will readily be understood that when the Merrimac's helms-

U. S. S. NEWARK,
Last protected cruiser to be fitted with sail power.

man made a mistake and steered the ship to the left instead of the right, the port side was turned in, and Hobson and his intrepid crew were caught in a trap, and captured.

The Navy has been nobly aided by the Army in the war in Cuba, and the soil of Santiago has been baptized with Yankee blood. One of the first men to set foot in the crimson trenches at Santiago was Trumpeter Bernheim, of the Ninth U. S. Infantry.

BATTLESHIP OREGON IN PORT ORCHARD DRY DOCK.

At the entrance of the harbor of Santiago lies the Reina Mercedes; visible from the sea a few miles further on, in an inlet between two great black rocks that reach half a mile into the ocean, lie the remains of the twin cruisers, Infanta Maria Theresa and Almirante Oquendo, the pride of the Spanish Navy. Beyond is the Vizcaya, a mass of ruins, her boilers, engines, bunkers, and magazines blown into unrecognizable masses of twisted and melted iron. Parts of her protected deck are still standing, strewn with exploded shells, burned rifles and revolvers, and pieces of yellow brass work and gold and silver coin melted and run together by the intense heat. Forty-two miles away the Cristobol Colon lies on her side with her smoke-stacks under water. And over all this territory the black vultures hover with clamorous wings, and rows of buzzards sit along the beaches or on the black rocks waiting for the sea to give up its dead. By Admiral Sampson's orders a trench was dug in the sand and over a hundred of the enemy's dead, taken from the wrecks or washed up by the tide, were interred, and the spot was marked by a very large wooden cross, rudely made from the wreckage. But the horrible stench of decaying humanity pollutes the air for miles, and every tide brings up charred and blackened remnants of Spanish sailors The Maine is indeed avenged, and the stars and stripes of Old Glory glitter in the hot breeze on sea and shore. The weary soldiers of Shafter's army are thinking of home, and out in the fleet with Sampson and Schley — Schley, the idol of the hour —the tired sailors sleep by their guns with a peaceful sense of duty well done.

RESIDENCE OF F. C. HUBBELL.

ARCHITECTURE IN IOWA'S CAPITAL CITY. II.

By Ernest Edward Clark.

THE building that was done in this country prior to the revolution had some features which were common to all sections. They were so closely adhered to in Virginia, as in New England, as to earn for the work of that period a name which is still found useful. The "Colonial" is not strictly an original architectural style, but the ideas which came over the water were so widely adopted, honestly worked out to fit the needs of that time, and persisted in through such a number of years, that it came to recognition as the peculiar work of the American colonists. It seems clear that the English builders who came to America about that time, were thoroughly trained in the classic forms, and that they faithfully applied them to the houses which the wealthier colonists were erecting. After the Roman fashion, they built such structures as their needs demanded and used the classic detail in the way of ornamentation, chiefly about the openings. Classic columns flanked the doorways and carried a classic entablature and pediment. Even when the houses were of brick a wooden porch with Grecian detail marked the entrance. The column was so much in favor that it was frequently carried through two stories. The houses were generally of ample proportion; a large hall, in which a stairway of easy and graceful construction led the way to upper stories, ran through the center. They had a simple roof covering a wide-spread gable, pierced with dormers and crowned with a cupola or balustrade. The architectural work of that time was modest and restrained, there was no exaggeration or pretension of display, and still bears upon its front the air of refinement which does not pass away with the lapse of years.

The returning regard for the classical spirit in modern work is a hopeful indication of an improving popular taste. No one now builds just such a house as his grandfather's grandfather did, but many take pleasure in adapting some of the features of the buildings of that period to present use. The man who gives the freest rein to the colonial influence is apt to approach the most closely to the goal of artistic success.

Mr. Fred C. Hubbell, on the northern side of Grand avenue, has set in a grove of noble elms a house modeled upon colonial lines, which is an ornament to the city. If it had been designed in colonial times that part of the house west of the hall—the front being towards the south—would probably have been brought flush with the rest of the front, the gable looking south would have disappeared and given place to some sort of an entablature and pediment in the middle of the roof, the gables to the east and west would have been long and wide, and the attic carried up in the old time amplitude. It is likely, too, that the carriage porch, if it had been thought of, would have shown longer columns and less of brick work. It is a thoroughly modern house and does not slavishly follow the fashion of the last century, but has preserved the colonial spirit in the entire design, and its detail in many features. The beautiful fluted columns with rich Ionic capitals which support the roof of the veranda and are repeated elsewhere, the western window of the front with its semi-circular head and its low and broad side light, the unique designs of some of the window panes, and the oval and half-oval window openings, the garland ornament over the second story window, the dormer in the roof and the railing above the roof-line unite with the general plan to show forth that classic air of refinement and restraint which so well becomes a home. be it ancient or modern. The photograph hardly does justice to this very pleasing house, and fails to bring out the best of the charming grounds that surround it.

The roof of a house is of no less importance than its walls. Indeed, to the passer-by who is on the lookout for artistic effect, the roof of a detached dwelling is apt to determine, more than anything else, whether the place is worthy of a second look. When it carries the lines of the wall on either side up to a union at a point well centered over the mass below, when it makes the mass approximate the form

RESIDENCE OF E. C. FINKBINE.

suggested by a pyramid, when, its expanse is thrown boldly into view, when the roof lines running from lower gables and from dormers are well carried into the main roof, the eye is charmed by the continuity of the outline and the unity of the structure. When, on the contrary, it is cut up by numerous points and projections, carried to the same or nearly equal height and each one surmounted with trivial ornament, when it breaks off into elevations which have no connection with the main roof, and lying roof lines are absorbed. Those which join it from the gables and wings are kept subordinate to its highest reach and help to magnify its importance. The roof is helped to prominence by its covering of red slate, and to the skyline the massive chimneys give life and variety. It would not seem a difficult thing to put a strong and satisfactory roof above a house, yet if one after a study of this house will pursue his way up and down the streets, with its lesson well in mind, he will be aston-

HERNDEN HALL—RESIDENCE OF J. S. POLK.

whose lines do not lead up to or run into it, it seems that the architect has frittered away his best opportunity for making a favorable impression.

Mr. J. S. Polk's house on Grand avenue affords about the best example of a well-designed roof to be seen in Des Moines. It is even better than it appears to be in the photograph. The best view of it is had from a point further west than the camera was able to get. It rises over the central part of the building in a well disposed mass and attains a height into which the outished to see in how many cases the builder has deprived his work of all interest by the failure to even try to do it.

An ample veranda surrounds this house. The slope of its covering, though not on the same angle as the main roof, helps it by a further suggestion of the pyramidal form, and carries on, after a little break, the roof lines to a point within easy reach of the ground. This passer-by of ours might be willing to part with some of it on the north in exchange for a closer view of

RESIDENCE OF CAPT. W. N. JOHNSTON.

the first story walls. He has, however, in the front of the massive *porte cochere*, a glimpse of that charming red and buff Dunreath stone, which lends itself so kindly to the enrichment of Des Moines homes.

This house has such ample size, such pleasing proportions and such an attractive outline, as to make it a source of pleasure to others than its owner. It commands from its eastern and southern exposures a beautiful view of the river and valley, and is set in grounds of considerable extent, to which the natural disposition of trees and shrubbery lends an added charm when the summer dresses them in green.

Residences built in recent years in Des Moines, as a rule show more dependence upon good material, careful workmanship and harmony in propor-

GOTHIC HOUSE AT SIXTH AND PARK.

tion, than upon multitude of "features" and profusion of ornamentation for exterior effect. Good taste in architecture, as in other lines of artistic work, protests against ornament applied for its own sake alone, and seems to demand that decoration be applied to emphasize construction. This suggestion has been heeded in the design of the house of Mr. Edward Finkbine on Grand avenue. There is no better building material available t an the pressed brick, of which it is constructed. A dark brown stone has been used for ornament, which harmonizes well with the deep red of the walls. It appears with a rough face in the foundation, in rounded columns supporting the veranda roof, and again in modest window-caps and sills. Huge newels of the same stone stop the walls which guard the entrance steps. Upon them, as well as upon the window-caps, is cut a quiet diaper pattern. The columns have capitals of Romanesque spirit, which indeed pervades the whole structure, and depend upon form alone, without ornate carving, for effect. The window-caps are set flush with the walls and the cornice, in perfect keeping with the unobtrusive character of the decoration, clings closely to its walls, and avoids that excessive overhanging which sometimes excites a fear for the safety of that member. One notes in this cornice the good effect of the line of simple dental ornament which it carries. A little more freedom in decoration may be noted in the dormer, but the rule that the ornament is to be part of the construction, and not merely stuck on, is still borne in mind.

Upon the eastern side, which does not clearly appear in the photograph, one notes how good an effect may be had from a wise disposition of the walls and openings with almost no dependence upon ornament. The gable is both high and broad, and its well arranged openings do not disturb the expanse of brick wall which is exposed. Upon the square bay is a round-topped loggia, and the general aspect, as one approaches from the east on the southerly side of the avenue, suggests that of the ample and hospitable home of the Colonial period.

RESIDENCE OF EDWARD A. TEMPLE.

The home of Captain Johnson at Twenty-first and North, is a good

THE GILBERT COTTAGE.

example of the modern dwelling. Its proportions are pleasing, the openings thoughtfully disposed, and there is displayed a sufficient extent of wall to insure repose and permanence. The design illustrates the freedom which a scholarly architect may use in declining to follow any one of the recognized schools, and from how many different sources he may get suggestions which can be worked into his plan in a harmonious way. The narrow cornice on the front gable suggests a German finish, the graceful ornament over the triple windows of the front and side, came no doubt from the Renaissance, the division of the windows is characteristic of the Romanesque, the ornament of the balcony over the porch is Gothic in spirit, while the brackets below are such as we were wont to see when the fashion known as Queen Anne was in vogue. No one of these details is at war with the other They unite in giving graceful finish to the design and in imparting an air of refinement to a solid and enduring structure.

There are many people in Iowa's capital city who are impatient for the time when it shall have passed the point of striving for a hundred thousand people and shall have a place among the great cities. When that time comes, they, or others, will be looking back with regret to the times when land was so cheap that one could escape living in a row and could have a modest home with a bit of lawn and a few healthy trees about his home.

Thanks to a well-devised street-car system, the homes of Des Moines have not been congested within narrow limits, but have scattered over the hills and retained for themselves ground enough to give room for light and air and shrubs and trees. When in such pleasant surroundings is set so attractive and handsome a home as Mr. Temple has built on Ninth street, there is seen one of the compensations of which dwellers in the smaller cities may avail themselves. The mass of this house, leading up as it does, to a well defined center, is very pleasing.

The outline of a well designed house as it appears against the sky on a dull

day, or in the dusk of evening, when detail and ornament disappear, and broad lines only stand out, is, when one is in the right mood, a source of pleasurable emotion. As one delights in the music of a band when at a little distance the separate instruments lose their peculiarities in a harmonious volume of melody, so it is that pure form without elaboration will often convey the spirit of such a work of art as a building to the observing eye. This house, set in the midst of vigorous and graceful trees, has in its general outlines this picturesque effect. It bears upon its front a mark which will fix its form upon the memory so that it will retain a vision of the rounded roof which projects in a very vigorous way from the main one to cover the front part of the second story

Unique, picturesque and homelike are the adjectives which come readiest to the tongue when one undertakes to describe it.

Des Moines owes much of its attractiveness to the fact that such a goodly number of its oaks and elms which originally crowned its hills remain.

The view one gets of it from the hills south of the 'Coon river on a summer day, consists largely of a mass of leaves broken by an occasional gable or roof, or by an ambitious spire. These masses break up upon a closer approach and the houses come out, each upon its own ground. There are, however, in the environs a number of attractive bits of lawn and woodland.

The Gilbert cottage in the western part of the city, is set in one of these. From the avenue the surface of the ample grounds descends into a shaded hollow, and then rises toward the building spot in so pleasing a way as to charm the eye which delights in the curve of beauty, whether it be in landscape or elsewhere. This curve of the surface eludes the camera which has caught for us a picture of the cottage and its immediate surroundings. No one can be unconscious of the charm of the wide-spreading oaks which frame the vine-clad cottage, whose simple and quiet roof line, modest gables and

RESIDENCE OF D. W. CORLEY.

ST. HELEN'S—HOME OF MAJ. S. H. M. BYERS.

square-topped chimney, are quite enough to warrant us in recognizing the good taste of the designer and builder.

There was a time when the architect was too important a personage to concern himself with the modest homes in which the people lived. Nothing less ambitious than a cathedral or a palace could command his talent. Is it not one of the signs of the growing importance of the universal man, that some of the most accomplished scholars and artists have devoted themselves to designing and adorning the homes which any of us may have?

The house which Mr. Krauth Witmer has built on Ridge Road, while not an expensive one, has something of that charm which an artistic bit of design always affords. It is difficult to put in words the source of that feeling of satisfaction which a view of this house gives one. Does it come from the graceful arches of the veranda and the shingle spandrel between? Is it the long sweep of the roof with the charming succession of rafter ends which protrude to make the cornice? Has the contrast of the buff of the clapboards. the dark green of the shingles and the white of the finish, anything to do with it? Or does it lie in the harmonious proportion of the design and the absence of applied decoration?

Perhaps after all it is not worth the effort to decide, for so pleasing a house is not to be blamed if it chooses to conceal its mystery from the prying eye of the curious

The house which Major S. H. M. Byers has built for himelf on the site overlooking a wide valley through which the river takes its sinuous way, is altogether unique. No one would be surprised to learn, after seeing it, that the Major and his accomplished wife had spent many years abroad and had absorbed artistic fancies which are foreign to homestayers. There is in it a suggestion that this charming home must be in design a bit of an European castle, all the more striking because

set on the side of an Iowa hill. It is built of brick so well burned that the passing of years will not affect them, and aside from the small stone column seen on an upper corner, the ornament is of the same material. One of Des Moines' young architects one day hit upon the happy expedient of making a "rock faced" brick by striking off the smooth side and exposing the roughness that remained. These clipped bricks have been built into the walls of this house in a somewhat irregular way with excellent results. They add a suggestion of strength and their deeper color and the delicate effect of light and shade upon the roughened surface gives interesting variety to the wall of which they form a part. The one-story extension was not an afterthought, but was carefully planned for in order to provide room for an extended gallery in which the interesting collection of paintings and old time furniture with which their home abounds, might be fittingly displayed. This room is the commanding feature of the house. The whole design is a good illustration of the personality which appears in house-building when one starts out to build to suit his particular needs, and to indulge his own fancy. If more of that kind of building were done that tiresome monotony which characterizes most of our cities and towns would largely disappear. The photograph does not disclose, of course, the ample porches which adorn the river side of this home, from which a most delightful view of wood and water and city may be had.

A CRY FROM THE DEPTHS.

BOUND! Manacled by hopeless pain I lie,
And ever creeping nearer, pace by pace,
Slow, lingering, relentless Death draws nigh,
Unheeding how I shrink from his embrace.
O, would kind heaven a thunderbolt bestow,
And crush my feeble life at one swift blow.

Useless to struggle, rave, or cry aloud;
No earthly power nor effort can avail;
Helpless, as though already in my shroud;
While haunting fears my trembling soul assail.
E'er drifting outward t'wards that boundless sea,
In terror and alone, dread Death, with thee.

No phantom, this grim monster at my side
Which waits, with hideous patience, for his prey;
His cold clutch freezing life's impetuous tide,
Gloating in ghoulish greed long day on day.
O Christ, who suffered death for such as I,
Release me by thy power! Help me to die!

Louise J. Strong.

THE FIFTY-SECOND IOWA IN DIXIE.

BY ELIZABETH SCOTT MCCULLOCH.

OVER two months have passed since the Fifty-second Iowa Volunteer Infantry went into camp in the old historic park at Chickamauga. After a month at Camp McKinley at Des Moines, the boys were all eager for a change; and it was with joyous hearts they took up their journey to the South.

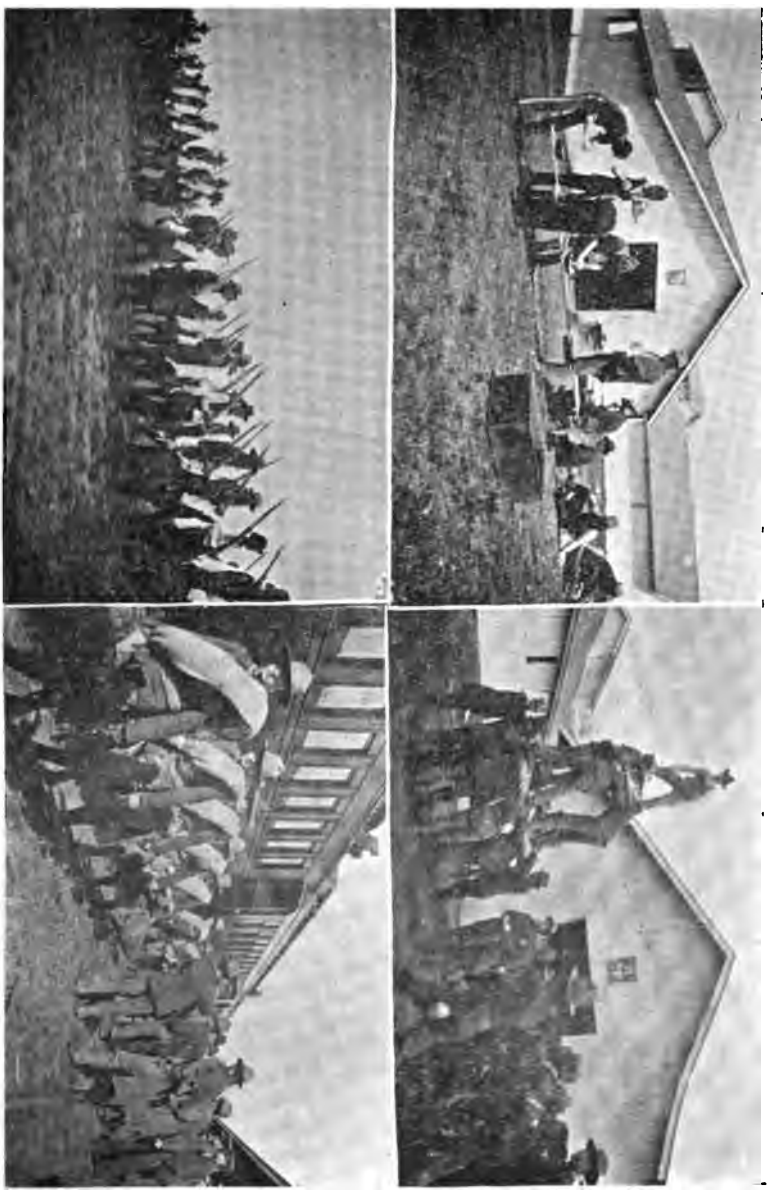
Across the prairies of Iowa and Illinois and through the State of Indiana the boys were heartily cheered and the ovations tendered showed the patriotic spirit of the people of the Middle-West

The journey through the Southern States was one of interest to the Iowa boys, who had seen little of the wild, rugged scenery of mountain regions; and as their train passed through some of the most beautiful scenery of the South, past shelving rocks, through miles of tunnels and timber land, the ever-changing scenes were witnessed with pleasure. Such a change from the rolling prairies of their native State! The country was more broken, the verdure heavier The most picturesque woodland scenery in that part of Tennessee through which they traveled, was along the Emory River, which was in sight from the train for miles. Back from the river were seen a part of the Blue Ridge Mountains; the last rays of the setting sun falling upon them brought forth their dark outlines against the clear evening sky.

All the pleasures of the journey to the Southland soon ended, and the Fifty-second Iowa went into camp at Chickamauga—not as members of the Iowa National Guard, as they had been at Des Moines—but as United States soldiers. The regiment is composed largely of companies from Northwestern Iowa towns. They are Company A, Mason City; B, Perry; C, Webster City; D, Hampton; E, Hull; F, Algona; G, Fort Dodge; H and L, Sioux City; I, Boone; K, Emmetsburg; and M, of Cherokee.

Amid a forest of pine trees the regiment is encamped, in the southeast portion of this historic park of 5,000 acres. An ideal camping ground where the history of daring deeds becomes almost a living experience; where even the trees and grass seem to bring forth

COMPANY M, CHEROKEE, ON INSPECTION.



FIFTY-SECOND IOWA AT CAMP MCKINLEY, DES MOINES. MORNING ABLUTIONS—EVENING RECREATION. ON THE MARCH, LEAVING DES MOINES FOR DIXIE.

patriotic sentiments; where war is intensified in its realities; and the history of the place is enough to inspire patriotism in the hearts of civilians as well as soldiers.

The staff and field officers of the regiment are:

Colonel—Wm. B. Humphrey.

Lieutenant-Colonel—Isaac R. Kirk.

Majors—Sanford J. Parker, Otto Hile, Wm. A. Kirk.

Adjutant—First Lieutenant Fred A. Hills.

Major and Surgeon—Andrew C. Bergen. Assistants: Lieutenant and Surgeon—Van Buren Knott; Lieutenant and Surgeon—Frank J. Murphy.

Quartermaster—Wm. E. G. Saunders.

Battalion Adjutants—Norman P. Hyatt, Edwin H. Brown.

Chaplain—Ebenezer S. Johnson.

The regiment is brigaded with the First Maine and the First Mississippi, and is a part of the Third Army Corps. The main portion of the time was spent in drilling under the scorching rays of the Southern sun. Colonel Humphrey, of Sioux City, is in command of the regiment and his untiring efforts to make the regiment the best in the camp have won for him the love of his soldiers and the admiration of the people at home. It is a well authenticated fact that the Fifty-second Iowa excelled all other regiments in Camp Thomas.

On the 9th of August occurred the greatest military spectacle witnessed in this country since the Sixties, it being the review of all the troops stationed at Chickamauga, General Breckinridge acting as reviewing officer. The review took place in the Brocksmith field near Snodgrass hill, two miles from general headquarters, on the hill east of Lytle, the park station. In speaking of this review the Chattanooga *News* has this to say of the Iowa troops:

"The regiment making the best showing of any was the Fifty-second Iowa. Its lines were as straight as arrows, its maneuvering faultless, and the step and time of the men as perfect as clock-work. The men were of splendid physique and the vigor of their execution won them the plaudits of all."

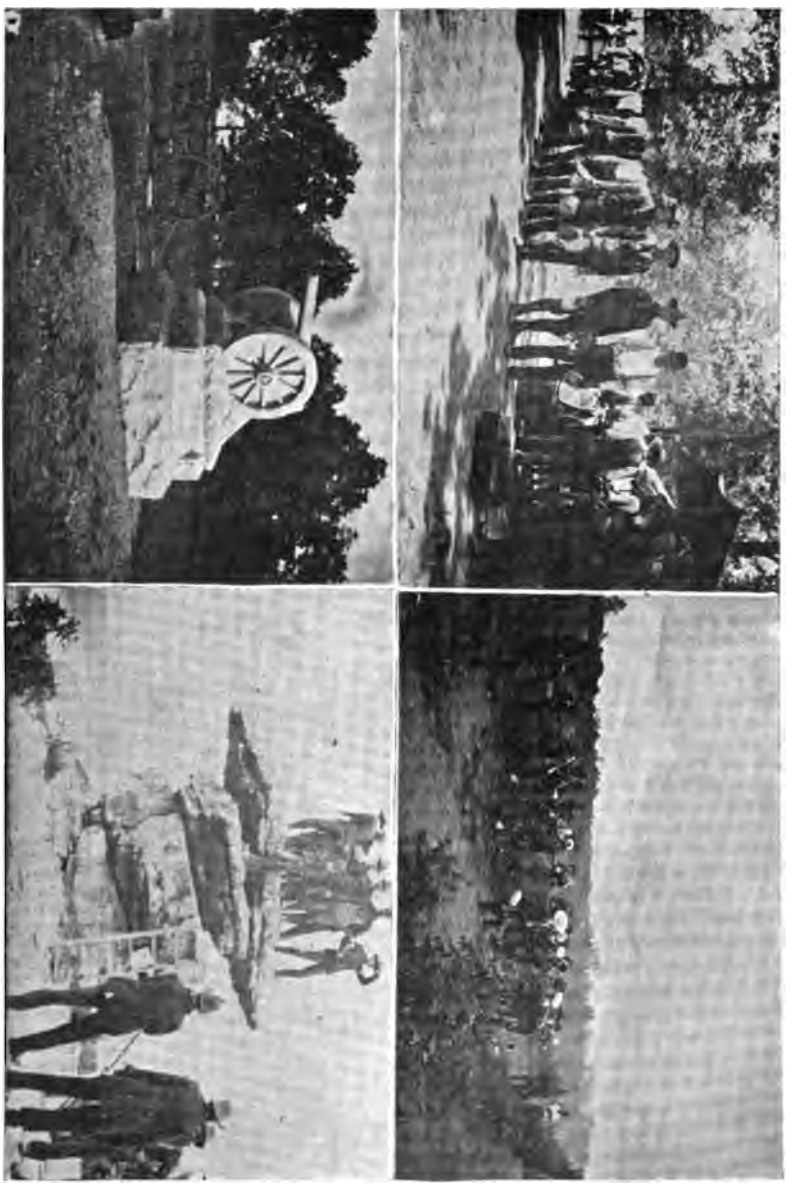
Typhoid fever has been the prevailing disease among the soldiers. A number of deaths have occurred in the regiment, and it is with sadness that the remains of the deceased comrades were sent home for burial or laid at rest in the National cemetery.

So popular has become the Fifty-second Iowa band, which is composed of twenty-five pieces (the principal musicians being F. O. Hanks and Chas. A. Keplar), that it was engaged to give many concerts in the city of Chattanooga. An evening concert is not without its charms, and when the strains of Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever" and "The Star Spangled Banner" are wafted upon the evening air all are touched with a fervor of patriotism.

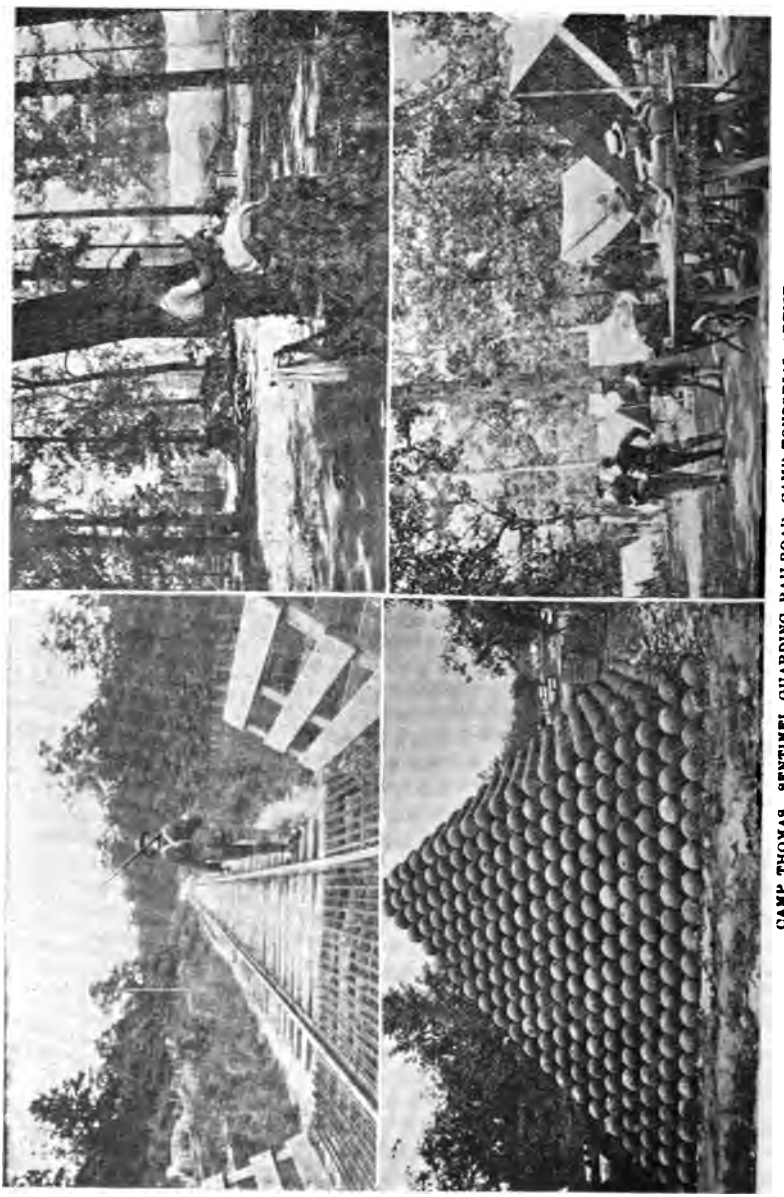
One of the pleasures of the soldiers was a day off duty, to visit the historical Lookout Mountain, where is seen some of the most beautiful scenery in the world. Standing on the famous Lookout rock at the point, one sees true nature in all its grandeur. A hundred miles of the Tennessee River is visible, including the beautiful Moccasin Bend. Seven States can be seen, also a bird's-eye view of the city of Chattanooga, and the surrounding mountains covered with foliage This trip is a sort of a panacea, for, with renewed ambition and lighter hearts, the boys return to take up the routine of camp life once more.

The Y. M. C. A. has done much to relieve the monotony of camp. The Fifty-second Iowa have a tent of their own, wherein they assembled during leisure hours. Amusements of various kinds have been provided, writing material furnished free, and it was always a rendezvous eagerly sought after by the soldiers.

Recently orders were received that



FIFTY-SECOND IOWA AT CAMP THOMAS, CHICKAMAUGA PARK. LINING UP FOR RATIONS—EVENING CONCERT.
A PARK MONUMENT—ON POINT LOOKOUT, LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, TENNESSEE RIVER IN DISTANCE.



CAMP THOMAS. SENTINEL GUARDING RAILROAD—CAMP TONSORIAL ARTIST.
CANNON BALL MONUMENT—ARRIVAL OF PAYMASTER.

the Fifty-second should form a part of General Wade's provisional expedition to Porto Rico, and a thrill of enthusiasm ran through the entire regiment when the news was received in camp. Alas! all hopes were soon blighted; all signs which had looked so propitious for a journey to the front, faded away; and with sad hearts the boys who were so eager for active service learned that General Miles had need of no more forces. Peace now smiles upon the world; turmoil and strife are at an end.

The Fifty-second Iowa has not seen active service, but they have proved their willingness to serve their country; to uphold the stars and stripes.

Since this article was in type orders have been issued for the transfer of the Fifty-second Regiment to Camp McKinley, Des Moines, and that in due time it shall be mustered out of the service with all the honors of the true, courageous and willing volunteer.

Captain Olmstead, representing the government, at Des Moines, has indicated that the muster out of the regiment will not transpire until the men are physically recuperated. The one hundred and twenty-five sick soldiers will be furloughed and sent directly to their respective homes The causes of illness are climatic changes and typhoid cases due to the unsanitary conditions following the bivouacking of 50,000 troops in a park not provided with sewage and other sanitary needs. There is no particular blame or criticism to be given to anyone. War conditions are always irregular and all that has occurred could have been reasonably predicted, but not prevented

All honor to the home-coming soldier lads who honorably carried abroad the war flag of Iowa. They were ready to do or die for country. We are grateful that the need for sacrifice was no greater.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER FOR HER SOLDIER BOY.

O GOD of battle, 'neath whose mighty hand
The planets move through labyrinths of years;
Who, from the void, called forth unnumbered spheres;
Who shaped the mountain and the grain of sand,
Hear thou a mother's prayer and understand.
Thou knowest my heart, susceptible to fears,
Thou see'st mine eyes so often filled with tears,
Thou know'st twixt son and mother what the bond;
Guard thou my child in battle's awful storm,
With thy great strength gird round his weaker form,
And in thy time, O bring him back to me;
He is my babe, my child, my darling one,
Ten million times I die twixt sun and sun
With this suspense — O, bring him back to me.

Clarence Hawkes.

LIFE ON A LIGHTHOUSE TENDER.

By Allan Eric.

THERE is no more important department in the administration of the affairs of the government, than the lighthouse service. Mariners know the value and the utility of the lights of various grades, kinds and colors that dot the coast of the United States, and almost everyone possesses some knowledge concerning the care and manipulation of the lighthouses; but little is known, even in a general way, about the important work carried on by those homely but staunch little steam vessels —the lighthouse tenders.

It is their duty to supply the lighthouses with equipment, to transport material for the erection of buildings to be used in the service; to land steam boilers wherever needed; to take up, put down and place buoys, beacons, bells and whistles, and to perform almost countless services necessary for keeping up the accuracy and efficiency of the service.

The coast line is divided into "districts" and a tender is assigned to the care of each district, having some principal point, usually that of the largest city within the limits of the district, as headquarters. Here is located a branch office of the Lighthouse Bureau, which is under the supervision of the Treasury Department—the district being in charge of a Major of the United States Army.

The lighthouse steamers are each named for some flower, like Verbena, Geranium, Daffodil, Tulip, Buttercup and Myrtle, the latter being the steamer in charge of the district in which Boston is included, which extends from Chatham to Eastport, one of the largest and most important districts on the coast, because of the great number of buoys, lights, fog-whistles and beacons necessary for the safety of the mariner.

The home berth of the Myrtle, commanded by Capt. Theodore Nicherson, is the north side of Long Wharf, Boston, but during the greater part of the year she is cruising around the coast, entering bays and harbors, poking her nose into inlets and steaming up the tidal portions of the rivers, in the faithful performance of her arduous duties.

As is to be supposed, the lighthouse steamers are thoroughly equipped for the special class of work which they are called upon to perform They are, first of all, very staunch and seaworthy, and of comparatively light draught in order that they may approach shores not provided with wharves, and ascend shallow rivers and inlets.

Not an inch of these steamers is unutilized. On deck they are equipped with useful steam winches and powerful derricks as shears, for landing the heavy boilers at the steam fog-signal stations. There are also auxiliary engines and boilers for working the winches, shears and steam steering-gear, and some of them are provided with engines and dynamos for furnishing electric lights. The roomy space on deck, not occupied by these fixtures and the deckhouses, are used for storing lumber and heavy material which has to be delivered at the different stations.

At the davits are carried staunch boats and steam or electric launches for use where it is not practicable to take the tender.

The accommodations for the officers and crew, while not sumptuous, are comfortable, home-like and cheery. The captain's stateroom is large and well furnished, and the chartroom, the most pleasant apartment on the steamer, is large and brightly lighted. In the center is a large table on which the

charts are handled, while around the walls and under the settees are places for the great assortment of charts, maps, photographs and plans.

In the chartroom of the Myrtle there is an extensive collection of photographs of all the lighthouses in the eastern district. There are several pictures of each light, each photograph having been taken from a different position so that the tower is shown as it would appear when seen from nearly every point of the compass. The collection, from an artistic standpoint, is very valuable.

In the chartroom of the Myrtle there is a curiosity in the shape of a clock, which strikes "bell" or "sea" time. Each steamer has a spacious dining-room and saloon, and there are comfortable staterooms for the chief engineer and other officers, as well as berths for the crew.

Generally each steamer has on board a cat or a large dog, as a "mascot," and if it is a dog he performs useful duty by guarding the steamer against the intrusion of dock-loafers, while the steamer is in port.

It is a rough life on board a lighthouse steamer, and one of steady work. It is not without its pleasures in summer when the sea breeze is balmy and the sea is much less turbulent than in winter. It is pleasant then, much of the time. The shores are green and the river-mouths, bays and inlets are fringed and shaded by lovely verdure, and here and there happy summer vacationists help to relieve the monotony of the lives of the busy men on board the lighthouse tenders.

The chief bugbear of the captain is the fog which frequently settles over the water. In winter, however, cruising along the coast is not so pleasant, especially on the New England coast, rock-bound and rugged. It is rare that the plucky little crafts are allowed to "lay" in port for more than a few days at a time, and nearly all the time they breast the terrible gales and heavy weather, engaged in the delicate work of removing and placing buoys of different kinds, and other work which requires the most thorough seamanship and the most skillful manipulation. One of the most difficult tasks, perhaps, is the landing of a heavy boiler on some storm-beaten shore of an island, or point of land, off the coast of Maine. Sometimes a place where the boiler must be landed is entirely exposed to the full fury of the sea, with no protecting bay or head-land. Often the steamer must lie off the shore for days and frequently for weeks before she is able to land the boiler, owing to the heavy weather, and now and again the only recourse is to lash a great number of casks to the boiler and heave it overboard, making it fast to the shore with hausers until it can be warped in.

Oftentimes the lighthouse steamers are called upon to do humane duty, that is, they sometimes overhaul a disabled schooner or other vessel, when the staunch tender tows her safely into port.

Many curious phenomena are observed by the men who pass their time on the lighthouse steamers, one of the most curious being the variations of the zones through which the sound of the foghorn travels, at different times. Often on approaching a fog-horn, whistle or siren, the sound will be distinctly heard a long distance away; but as the steamer approaches the station the sound will completely disappear while the steamer is passing through a zone wherein the sound is apparently lost. It is probable that, by some remarkable principle of acoustics not clearly understood, the sound waves suddenly rise and pass through a higher layer of atmosphere, and above the vessel. This happens as frequently in perfectly clear weather as during a fog. Oftentimes the sound of a fog whistle can be heard a mile or two away, while, a few rods only from the station no sound is audible; and, if the shore is obscured by fog the steamers

have to back and go ahead, and turn this way and that, until a zone is penetrated where the whistle is audible. This peculiarity is less common in case of a siren than with a common fog whistle, on account of the "ripping up," so to speak, which the siren imparts to the strata of the atmosphere.

Under certain conditions it is difficult to hear a bell-buoy; and frequently, particularly during a fog, the captain, knowing well that he must be in the near vicinity of the buoy, is compelled to steam back and forth, to and fro until he "picks up" the sound of the bell.

The captain of a lighthouse tender must be such a skillful mariner, and possess such a perfect knowledge of the coast that he is not obliged to depend, to any extent, upon the ordinary guides to navigation.

The captain makes regular detailed reports to the Lighthouse Board, concerning the work of the station, the supplies of his ship and all her stores and the expenditures—all with the utmost "red tape."

No item, however minute or inconsequential, is too infinitesimal to demand the fullest and most detailed mention in the reports to the department.

This work, while it is carried on so quietly, is of the greatest importance, for by it the high standard of the service is maintained. Every mournful clang of a bell-buoy, every moan of a whistling buoy, every long-drawn blast of a fog-horn on shore, when the lights are dimmed by fogs or storms, is a witness to the faithful performance of duty by the officers and crew of the United States' lighthouse tenders.

THE WOE OF WAR.

I.

GREEN fields and waving grain,
Sunlight on vale and hill;
Soft breezes from the plain,
Low murmurs from the rill.

II.

Wild strife and surging ranks
Of men athirst for gore;
Horses of blood-flecked flanks;
The cannon's rumbling roar.

III.

Red fields and trampled grain;
Moonlight on vale and hill
Where lies the soldier slain,
In his last slumber still.

IV.

Aches in a mother's heart,
Tears in a maiden's eye;
True lovers torn apart
Without one fond "Good-bye!"

V.

Memories of the dead,
Sweet flowers for his grave;
Praise—for the soldier bled
His country's life to save!

Douglas Malloch.

PASSING OF THE LUMBER MILLS FROM THE MISSISSIPPI TO THE PINERIES.

By Charles Wilber Daly.

THERE is a noticeable parallel in the movement of the Eastern cotton industries southward, and the passing of Western or Mississippi River valley lumber interests to the pineries of the North. One slight difference, however, exists between the movements. An awakening spirit has permeated the Southern States, giving rise to the cognomen "New South." Primitive development and railroad encroachments are drawing the saw mills from the banks of the Mississippi to the heart of the great pine forests of Wisconsin and Minnesota. In each case capital from the divested region is being heavily reinvested at the new scene of operations. But the principle of home industry—the manufacture from raw material at the scene of its production—is recognized as the life-giving and impelling power in each of those ponderous, slowly-moving industrial streams.

Conservative predictions declare that within ten years scarcely a lumber mill, save in the extreme North, will be in operation along the banks of the Mississippi, where, in years gone by, the merry humming of the rip saw marked the leading industry of the river town. As far south as St. Louis the saw mills were formerly profitable investments, the pine trees being felled, shaped into logs, and floated hundreds and hundreds of miles down the river before being manufactured into lumber. This procedure gave employment to thousands of men, from the hewers of the North to the raftsmen of the river and the mill men of the South. St. Louis was a leading lumber center of the middle South and West. Now her yards are but local markets, and the bulk of her imported lumber is consumed within the city limits.

In the year 1883 the Mississippi River valley saw milling industry was in its zenith. Even many of the smallest towns boasted of one mill each, and cities of but ten to twenty thousand inhabitants possessed four, six or eight apiece, the mill men making up a large proportion of the population. The river was dotted with rafting steamers kept busy to supply the demand for logs, and the raftsmen, fearing no dearth of work, were light hearted over their satisfying compensation. It was in those days that both mill men and steamboat men made money.

But the railroads began to penetrate the Northern forests. Manufacturers who looked ahead saw the ultimate outcome of the invasion and grew chary about their future investments. Yet there were the States of Iowa, Nebraska and Missouri in the process of development, and thus for ten years or thereabouts was given an additional lease of life to industries already doomed. The great demand for lumber made it possible to conduct with profit a business far removed from its natural environments. But still the forest invasion continued. Far-seeing and successful lumber capitalists began to lift their interests from the river mills and transplant them among the white pines, some gaining control of enormous tracts of lumber land and acquiring the high sounding title of "Lumber Kings." They began to erect mills in the very forests where the trees were felled and to ship their products to the markets once fully controlled by the saw mills along the banks of the Mississippi.

There was also a falling off of the demand, occasioned partly by the satisfaction it had received, partly by poor crops, and partly by the stringent times that were then beginning to affect the

entire country. The most southern mills began to close down. The movement tended northward. Here and there a mill would take fire and burn. The public took notice that its owners did not rebuild, but chose rather to retire gracefully from the field, and, in most cases, when the insurance money came, it was reinvested in the pineries The old time activity, awakened in the fall of 1897, has had no power to stay the tide, and this year there will be fewer river mills than ever. With one minor exception, none will be in operation below Quincy, Ill.

At Clinton, Iowa, and vicinity, there were, in the halcyon days of sawmilling, as many as twenty mills in operation at one time, one of them being reputed as the largest in the United States. This enormous structure stands dismantled now, not having been operated for four years. Six mills only will operate in the same vicinity th's year. The instance is but one of many.

It is obvious that with the facilities for ready shipment, the manufacture of lumber in the far North can be carried on much more cheaply than it can hundreds of miles down the river, but a few statements will make the reason even clearer. The mill owners of the river purchase their logs at the pineries. When first purchased they lie in some little slough or stream either flowing itself into the Mississippi or into some tributary of the great stream. The latter is more generally the case During the first season the logs are moved from their original location to, perhaps, the point of junction with the direct tributary. There they lie through the winter. During the second season they make another move, and perhaps during the third season they begin to arrive at the mill. No mill owner who has to wait thus for his logs, ever ca culates upon obtaining over 85 per cent of the number purchased; and, after lying three years in the water, it is impossible that the grade of lumber produced will be equal to that freshly sawed from new logs.

On the other hand, the mill owner of the pinery is not compelled to wait. He is sure of converting into lumber at least 95 per cent of his logs, and of putting upon the market a superior and better selling grade. Here is the keynote of this momentous industrial change. There is nothing remarkable, nothing unnatural, in its process; in it is found the true fulfillment of long-established economic principles. Monopolies and trusts have crept into the pineries, but their treatment belongs to another and separate discussion.

It might be well to add that an iota of the capital of Mississippi Valley lumber manufacturers is traveling to the Red River and other Southern lumber districts, but the proportion is so small compared to that which is being invested in the Northern forests, that in no way does it affect the general movement.

As lumber centers, the river towns will not be entirely bereft, for such enormous quantities of manufactured lumber can be floated down the stream at one time that it will be expedient and profitable to make distributing points of the former manufacturing towns. But that is the only future in the lumber line that can be accorded these places It is well that the majority of them have, by the fostering and nurturing of other industries, become so well established that the gradual change will not be materially felt. New fields of employment are continually springing up in this fertile and comparatively young land, and in years to come the passing of the lumber mills will be but a page in the copious history of the valley.

GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

(A HISTORY.)

BY COL. JOHN W. EMERSON.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)
(Begun in the October, 1896, MIDLAND MONTHLY.)

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XLI.

HALLECK'S PLOT AGAINST GRANT.

THIS digression as to the acts of Halleck, Beauregard and the others is valuable as showing Grant's environments, and the characteristics of those whose conduct affected him and his movements.

We left Grant, after his return from Nashville, energetically at work perfecting his army at Fort Donelson and Clarksville, waiting for orders to move wheresoever his chief might direct.

Orders finally came on the 2d of March (1862), directing him to move across to Fort Henry, and thither he hastened, reaching the Tennessee on the same day (March 4th) that Halleck's cavalry entered Columbus. From Fort Henry, expeditions were to go up the Tennessee to Florence and Decatur, Alabama.

Scarcely had Grant arrived at Fort Henry, expecting to lead his army immediately southward, than he began to have new experiences with Halleck's moods and whims, and to feel his mailed hand and his sharp lance.

To what extent the unfortunate "Columbus episode" affected Halleck's temper one cannot say, but the chagrin which he must have felt may have had much to do with the new exhibitions which we are now regretfully to chronicle.

We have seen what brilliant successes Grant's movements had been from the inception to the triumphant close of the Donelson campaign, which the whole world was applauding. Nothing had occurred to dim the lustre of the achievement or the high standing of Grant as a competent and able General. He had moved his large army across from Donelson to Fort Henry in less than thirty hours from the receipt of Halleck's orders. Judge, then, of Grant's surprise upon receiving the following order from Halleck:

ST. LOUIS, March 4th.

Major-General U. S. Grant, Fort Henry:

You will place Major-General C. F. Smith in command of expedition and remain yourself at Fort Henry. Why do you not obey my orders to report strength and positions of your command? H. W. HALLECK,
Major-General.

This was the first intimation which Grant had received that there was the slightest dissatisfaction, and this order was, therefore, the greater surprise to him. He instantly turned over the command to Smith, congratulated him upon his "well deserved promotion," and busied himself in advancing the interests of the movement.

Halleck, however, was now in one of his spasms of excitement or temper, and in these moods he struck right and left, without method as to whether he might most injure an enemy or a friend. Without any note of warning or complaint he wrote General McClellan, Commander-in-Chief, at Washington (March 2d), as follows:

I have had no communication with General Grant for more than a week. He left his command without my authority and went to Nashville. His army seems to be as much demoralized by the victory of Fort Donelson as was that of the Potomac by the defeat of Bull Run. It is hard to censure a successful general immediately after a victory, but I think he richly deserves it. I can get no returns, no reports, no information of any kind from him. Satisfied with his victory, he sits down and enjoys it without any regard for

the future. I am worn out and tired with this neglect and inefficiency C. F. Smith is almost the only officer equal to the emergency. H W. HALLECK

The reader will recall that the statements in this dispatch are contrary to the facts shown by the War records. In going to Nashville, Grant was within *his district*. He had a right to go there. He had sent a division there and captured the city. He only went where we have seen that Halleck had been repeatedly ordered to hasten his troops, by "whichever route will be quickest."

Grant's army was not in the *slightest degree demoralized*, and never had been. The charge was based upon the angry gossip of a Southern partisan, who fled from Dover to St Louis, and who had suffered from some thieves. But no officer was more strictly severe in prohibiting pilfering and marauding than Grant. To show how unjust this charge of Halleck was, I copy the essential parts of the following orders issued by General Grant:

FORT HENRY, February 9, 1862.

The pilfering and marauding disposition shown by some of the men of this command has determined the General commanding to make an example of someone, to fully show his disapprobation of such conduct. If anyone is found guilty of plundering or other violation of orders, if the guilty parties are not punished promptly, the company officers will be at once arrested; if not, the punishment will have to come upon the regimental and brigade commanders. Every offense will be traced back to a responsible party.

FORT DONELSON, February 16th.
(The day of the surrender!)

Pillaging and appropriating public property to private purposes is positively prohibited. Officers are particularly enjoined to see to the enforcement of this order.

FORT DONELSON, February 18th.

All commissioned officers, non-commissioned officers and privates are prohibited from entering the town of Dover or any house therein situated.

FORT DONELSON, February 21st.

Division and brigade commanders will take immediate steps to prevent soldiers of their commands from passing beyond the limits of the field works of Fort Donelson.

All depredations committed upon citizens must be summarily punished.

FORT DONELSON, February 25th.

Soldiers are positively prohibited from going beyond the line of sentinels outside the entrenchments.

Division, brigade and regimental commanders must restrain their men from committing depredations upon private property.

These repeated orders were issued by Grant because of the continuous arrival of fresh, undisciplined troops. And the orders were enforced.

Every officer of any experience in campaigning knows that ten thieves and marauders can injure the reputation of a camp of 10,000 honest, well ordered soldiers. It requires a little time to suppress these few, and no sensible, considerate officer would think of condemning a commander for a thing impossible to instantly correct in raw recruits. No man was more strict than Grant, and no officer in the service had the influence to more quickly reduce a fresh volunteer force to strict military discipline, not only as to honest and orderly conduct, but, also, as to the most brilliant fighting conditions.

Amazement at Halleck's statements is increased when we reflect that copies of these orders were sent to him long before he wrote his communication to McClellan!

"I can get no returns, no reports, no information of any kind from him," he says!

This, too, in face of the records which show almost *daily* communications from Grant, either to Halleck in person or to his Chief of Staff.

In face of the fact, too, that he *knew* great delays were incident to the remote situation. Several days previously *he* had *himself* asked McClellan to exercise patience. He said: "I find it utterly impossible to get returns of the regiments arriving, or of those sent with prisoners. Moreover, telegraph lines have been defective and many of my messages not received."

"Satisfied with his victory he sits down and enjoys it without any regard for the future."

It is difficult to read this sentence without indignation. Preceding pages of our work show how full the war records are of Grant's importunities to push on after the enemy; that he was constantly at work, ever active and

ertile in devices and in doing, and *never* "*sat down*" and "enjoyed himself" during his campaigns.

"Tired of this *neglect* and *inefficiency*"? Indeed! It was the sort of "inefficiency" that Mr. Lincoln had been earnestly seeking, but had been puzzled to find. Surely, if Sherman had made such statements not many months before, nothing could have saved him from a lunatic asylum.

General McClellan, supposing a great emergency had arisen, answered Halleck:

WASHINGTON, March 3d, 6 P. M.

Maj.-Gen. H. W. Halleck, St. Louis:

Your dispatch of last evening received. The future success of our cause demands that proceedings, such as Grant's, should at once be checked. . . Do not hesitate to arrest him at once if the good of the service requires it, and place C. F. Smith in command. You are at liberty to regard this as a positive order if it will smooth your way. . . .

GEO. B. MCCLELLAN,
Maj.-Gen. U. S. Army, Commanding.

Approved:

EDWIN W. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

Here is Halleck's answer:

SAINT LOUIS, March 4, 1862.

Maj.-Gen. Geo. B. McClellan, Washington:

A rumor has just reached me that since the taking of Fort Donelson General Grant has resumed his former bad habits. If so, it will account for his neglect of my often repeated orders. I do not deem it advisable to arrest him at present, but have placed General Smith in command of the expedition up the Tennessee. I think Smith will restore order and discipline.

H. W. HALLECK,
Major-General.

Not satisfied with attempting, on the 2d, to crush Grant by charging at headquarters in Washington, that he had "left his command without authority;" that his army was "as much demoralized by its victory as was the army of the Potomac by defeat at Bull Run;" that he could get "no returns, no reports, no information;" that, "satisfied with his victory, he" (Grant) "sits down and enjoys it without any regard for the future,"— Halleck thus returned to his work of destruction by attempting to disgrace his victim; and this, on "*a rumor* [that] *has just reached me!*"

He did not wait to inquire, or to verify the truth of the "*rumor.*" *He hastened* to pour this idle "*rumor*" into the ears of the Commander-in-Chief at Washington!

That the "rumor" was untrue could have been learned by Halleck if he had made inquiry. But he did not delay and did not inquire. Just *then* the "rumor" must go on the wings of lightning where it could do Grant most harm—could not possibly do *any* one *any* good.

If this attempt to disgrace a successful general, on a mere "rumor" (even though he might be feared as a rival) did not appear in all its naked hideousness in the solemn war records of that time, no one could be found so credulous as to believe the story.

To show how totally inexcusable this conduct of Halleck was, let us hear the statement of the brilliant and noble soldier, McPherson. This great soldier, then a Colonel, was really on General Halleck's staff, but served as Aid to Grant during the Donelson campaign. He was afterwards promoted Major-General, commanded a corps at Vicksburg, and was killed in the Atlanta campaign. In a conversation with the author on this subject after the capture of Vicksburg, he said: "There were very few hours between the beginning and the end of the Donelson campaign that I was not personally present with Grant. He was gentle and kind, but a relentless disciplinarian. He tolerated no abuses, and was sleepless in the discharge of duty, and the pursuit of the enemy when not restrained. I am in the service, and do not care to say how much he was restrained by General Halleck after the capture of Donelson. We could have captured Nashville within three or four days after the fall of Donelson if consent could have been obtained. From the day of the surrender Grant was anxious to push on to Nashville, and I never saw him show such disappointment and anger as when the order came from Halleck to suspend movement in that direction.

"Grant was tireless and energetic

without intermission in the work of reorganization and discipline of his army from the capture of Donelson to the time we returned to Fort Henry. He was never intoxicated during that time, and did not at any time during that campaign, or since, drink to excess. Being technically on Halleck's staff, I wrote him, unofficially, every few days. Grant wrote him daily, I think"

In answer to my questions as to the origin of the alleged "rumor" of Grant's "bad habits" at Donelson, he said: "They were lies to start with. A staff officer with Halleck at the time the rumor started, told me that the flimsy, shadowy rumor had only this unsubstantial and visionary origin — that he had hunted it down at the time — and so told Halleck, without the latter showing any disposition to correct his report. A Southern merchant at Dover, reached St. Louis, and was telling his city factor that Grant's army was 'robbing the citizens and eating up the country.' On being asked why the officers did not restrain their men, he answered, 'drunk, I suppose!' Thereupon the city merchant, angry that Grant's army, or any army, should be interfering with his trade in the South, hastened to Halleck's headquarters and poured into his willing and credulous ears, not that 'the officers were drunk, *I suppose*,' but transformed the rumor into, 'Grant is drunk, and his army is plundering and robbing the country!' Halleck never asked me (McPherson) what I knew about it, and I never heard that he inquired of any one. General Halleck was easily imposed upon, and acted hastily on first impressions. I do not say this to injure Halleck (he is still my superior officer), but in justice to General Grant, who was greviously wronged in that matter."

Colonel Rawlins told the author, after the Chattanooga campaign, in a conversation on this Fort Donelson-Grant-Halleck episode:

"I dislike to think, much less speak, about it. No baser calumny was ever uttered against any man than the insinuation at that time as to Grant's 'bad habits.' I was near him all the time. We were seldom an hour apart. He was *never* drunk. He did not drink to excess He worked every day and much of the nights in that laborious and glorious campaign. He was never idle. Reports were sent to Halleck or to his Chief of Staff, General Cullum, every day. We would have had Nashville within four days after Donelson if the movement had not been prevented by General Halleck. There was no reason under the heaven for Grant's suspension or supersedure; none whatever. No, I cannot understand *why* it was done, because I cannot understand Halleck. Can you?"

These conversations were written down by the author within a few minutes after they were had with the two men most prominent and nearest to Grant at the time, and they fully show that Halleck's accusations were groundless and sustain all that General Grant has said in his memoirs on this strangest episode in his career.

"Rumors" of what was going on between Halleck and McClellan in relation to Grant soon reached President Lincoln, and that honest, judicial, penetrating mind discerned something unreasonable and unnatural in the proceedings. He went to the war office to see Stanton, and the latter showed him Halleck's dispatches and McClellan's order. The President braced himself up, and with that benevolent smile which seemed to come from a fountain of wit and satire, and with a humorous twinkle in his eyes, asked Stanton if he didn't think that Grant had been getting along pretty well lately whether Halleck had got any reports from him or not; whether the country couldn't stand a little more of the sort of demoralization which Grant's army had lately exhibited; whether a little more of that sort of sitting down and enjoying themselves wouldn't be a healthy tonic for all the generals; and lastly,

whether a little more of Grant's habits wouldn't materially help the cause all along the line.

Stanton looked at the President a moment and then (as related to the writer soon after the close of the war by one who was present) seemed to be suddenly inspired with a new thought, and to catch the meaning of the President's remarks. The two agreed that whether there were any sinister designs or not in the strange dispatches, Grant's taking off should be investigated and he should have fair play; and thereupon Adjutant-General Thomas was directed to order General Halleck to make a specific and full report of all General Grant's offenses. Evidently the sound lawyer-President saw and knew the worthlessness of "rumor," and the danger of plots and private piques, and wanted the substantial facts before he would tolerate the deposition of the only General who had as yet gained any great victory or shown fighting capacity. He was hunting for *fighting* Generals, not the talking and complaining sort.

The order was so framed as to compel Halleck to put himself on record in his further report, and that report, if adverse, would have to be sustained before a court of inquiry. The order was as follows:

WASHINGTON, March 10, 1862.

Maj-Gen. H. W. Halleck, U. S. A., St. Louis:

It has been reported that soon after the battle of Fort Donelson Brigadier-General Grant left his command without leave. By direction the Secretary of War desires you to ascertain and report whether General Grant left his command at any time without proper authority, and, if so, for how long; whether he has made to you proper reports and returns of his force; whether he has committed any acts which were unauthorized or not in accordance with military subordination or propriety, and if so, what?

L. THOMAS,
Adjutant-General.

Meantime Halleck had, a few days after writing his accusing letters to McClellan, written an angry letter to Grant, saying:

Your neglect of repeated orders to report the strength of your command, has created great dissatisfaction, and seriously interfered with military plans. Your going to Nashville without authority, when your presence with your troops was of the utmost importance, was a matter of very serious complaint at Washington, so much so that I was advised to arrest you on your return.

To which Grant replied:

I did all I could to get you returns of my command. Every move I made was reported daily to your Chief of Staff, who must have failed to keep you posted. I have done my very best to obey orders and to carry out the interest of the service. If my course is not satisfactory, remove me at once. I do not wish in any way to impede the progress of our arms. I have averaged writing more than once a day since leaving Cairo, to keep you informed of my position, and it is no fault of mine if you have not received my letters. My going to Nashville was strictly intended for the good of the service, and not to gratify any desire of my own

Believing sincerely that I must have enemies between you and myself, who are trying to impair my usefulness, I respectfully ask to be released from further duty in the department.

Halleck renewed his rebuke; and General Grant replied on the 9th with a little more spirit and self-assertion, as follows:

You had a better chance of knowing my strength, whilst my command was surrounding Fort Donelson, than I had. Troops were reporting daily by your orders. . . . I made every effort to get returns in as early as possible. I renew my application to be relieved from duty.

Again Grant wrote Halleck:

In regard to the plundering at Fort Donelson, it is very much overestimated by disappointed persons who failed in getting off the trophies they had gathered. My orders of the time show that I did all in my power to prevent marauding. To execute these orders I kept a company on duty searching boats about leaving and to bring off all captured property found. My great difficulty was with the rush of citizens who infested Donelson after its fall. They thought it an exceedingly hard case that patriotic gentlemen like themselves, who had gone to tender their services to the sick and wounded, could not carry off what they pleased. One of these men (a Dr. —— of Springfield) swore vengeance against me for preventing trophies being carried off. How many more did the same thing I cannot tell.

My going to Nashville I did not regard as going beyond my district.

After the fall of Donelson, from information I had, I knew the way was clear to Clarksville and Nashville. Accordingly I wrote you, directed to your Chief of Staff, as was all my correspondence from the time of leaving Fort Henry until I learned you were not hearing from me, that by Friday following the fall of Donelson I should occupy Clarksville, and by Saturday following should be in Nashville if not prevented by orders from headquarters of the department. During all this time not one word was received from you and I accordingly occupied Clarksville on the day indicated. And several days after the time I was to occupy Nashville General Nelson reported to me with a division of Buell's army, and I ordered them immediately to Nashville.

On the 11th Grant again wrote Halleck:

> There is such a disposition to find fault with me, that I again ask to be relieved from further duty, *until I can be placed right in the estimation of those higher in authority.*

These replies of Grant reached Halleck simultaneously with the order from Adjutant-General Thomas at Washington, requiring Halleck to report particulars, and they brought matters to a crisis. Here was Grant, now evidently on his hands, very indignant, knowing his rights and boldly informing his Chief (after altogether too much humility and submission), that he meant to be "*placed right in the estimation of those higher in authority.*"

Here was a dilemma, a crisis to be met instantly. It was more portentous than the recent Beauregard scare in his pretense of capturing Cairo and St. Louis! Here was evidently a bold demand by Grant for an investigation, and a covert suggestion from Washington that Halleck's report would be the basis for an official inquiry! What was Halleck to do? He had no facts to sustain a single one of his ill-tempered and hasty charges. He now had many reasons to know that they were not true. If he should renew them now, and they should be found to be without a basis, he might himself be court-martialed. Evidently there was but one safe way out, and that was to placate Grant, withdraw all accusations, and restore him to favor and to command. This line of retreat was yet quite open to him, because Grant was totally unadvised that Halleck was the author of the letters of accusation to Washington, and he had no idea who was the enemy who had tried to ruin him there. If, therefore, Halleck could instantly change front, withdraw all charges and make Grant his friend, it would suppress all further inquiry these busy times, and all would end in peace and harmony.

Here was a brilliant piece of strategy, and it worked out quite to perfection. Halleck at once wrote Grant as follows:

> You cannot be relieved of your command. There is no good reason for it. I am certain that all which the authorities at Washington ask is that you enforce discipline, and punish the disorderly. . . . Instead of relieving you, I wish you, as soon as your new army is in the field, to assume the immediate command, and lead it to new victories.

Such a sudden and happy change of tone by Halleck was no less a surprise than a pleasure to Grant, and his kind and frank nature prompted him at once to respond:

> After your (former) letter . . . I felt as though it would be impossible for me to serve longer without a court of inquiry. Your telegram of yesterday, however, places such a different phase upon my position that I will again assume command and give every effort to the success of our cause. Under the worst circumstances I would do the same.

Having thus placated Grant by his sudden change from the attitude of an enemy to that of a most appreciative friend, it was only necessary for him to so report to Washington as to make all further inquiry unnecessary, and thus put an effectual quietus upon the whole wretched business. He was equal to the emergency, and answered the adjutant-general's order as follows:

> ST. LOUIS, March 15, 1862.
>
> *Brig.-Gen. L. Thomas, Adjutant-General:*
>
> In accordance with your instructions of the 10th inst., I report that General Grant and several officers of high rank in his command, immediately after the battle of Fort Donelson, went to Nashville, without my authority or knowledge. I am satisfied, however, from investigation, that General Grant did this from good intentions and from a desire to subserve the public interest. Not being advised of General Buell's movements, and learning that General Buell had ordered Smith's division of his (Grant's) command to Nashville, he deemed it his duty to go there in person. During the absence of General Grant and a part of his general officers, numerous irregularities are said to have occurred at Fort Donelson [Utterly absurd, for Grant was only gone one day and two nights.] These were in violation of the orders issued by General Grant before leaving, and probably, under the circumstances, were unavoidable.
>
> General Grant has made the proper explanations, and has been directed to resume his command in the field. As he acted from a praiseworthy, although mistaken, zeal for the public service in going to Nashville and leaving his command [in his own district and where he had sent troops, remember.] I respectfully recommend that no further notice be taken of it.
>
> There *never has been* any want of military subordination on the part of General Grant, and his failure to make returns of his forces has been explained as resulting partly from the failure of colonels of regiments to report to him on their arrival, and partly from an interruption of telegraphic communication. All these irregularities have now been remedied.
>
> H. W. HALLECK,
> Major-General.

Here was, indeed, a swift retreat and a successful bit of strategy.

When this frank and officer-like report reached the War Office, the sedate and anxious countenance of Stanton was wreathed in smiles, and it was not long until the President called,—for he spent many of his most anxious hours in the War Office those trying days,—and to his jocular question to Stanton, "What is the state of 'habits' and 'demoralization' on the Tennessee and Cumberland to-day?" the latter handed him Halleck's foregoing report.

An occupant of the office, who afterwards informed the writer, said that he had much difficulty in concealing his merriment while watching the play of pleasure and quizzical amusement that passed over and alternated in Mr. Lincoln's face while reading the document. His interest was so great that he stood by a window and did not seat himself until it was finished. Then he smiled, seemed amused and in the best of spirits. He turned to Stanton and said, with that penetrating look of his when "seeing through things," as he often expressed it: "Why, Halleck is actually getting good natured! Guess he's found out some way that the demoralization Grant caused on the Tennessee and Cumberland didn't really muddy the waters running past St. Louis, as he supposed. He seems to be inclined to tolerate, as the whole country does, a little more of Grant's 'bad habits' and that peculiar sort of 'demoralization' in his army." Then, taking his hat, he said to Stanton, "When Grant's army demoralizes again, and he resumes his bad habits and captures another army, you just send the news over to me, please" And the President walked out in a more happy frame of mind than had been his for some time.

"Stanton handed me Halleck's report," my informant continued, "and his two previous accusing dispatches and said: 'Here, take these over to Adjutant-General Thomas and tell him to let this be the last of it.'*

"Nothing more was ever heard of it in the War Department, except by way of joke on Halleck, or when President Lincoln would come in after hearing of some victory of Grant and call out to Stanton: 'Hello! Grant's army is demoralized again;' or, 'Grant has resumed his bad habits again, I see,' with a keen, quizzical look and sparkle in his eyes.'"

Thus Halleck's retreat, and his scheme to suppress the rising storm which he had very nearly precipitated, worked to perfection; and, by restoring Grant in a more kindly and friendly spirit than he had ever before exhibited, had placated his intended victim, and in those busy days of Grant rendered further injury unnecessary.

Concealing the fact from Grant that he (Halleck) was himself the author of the complaints made against him in Washington, and pretending by inference that some one else had done the mischief, and to have Grant believe and understand that he (Halleck) was the *friend* who had intervened and saved him from a terrible fate, he sent Grant a copy of Adjutant-General Thomas' orders of the 10th, and a copy of his own flattering report of the 15th in answer thereto, which completely exculpated Grant from all blame. The reader may turn back and peruse that "report" a second time with profit, now that he understands the double use which Halleck made of it.

Grant, being a man of frank, honest and unsuspecting nature, utterly incapable of malice, and without guile, was deeply affected when he read the copy of Halleck's report of the 15th to the War Office, so honorable and just to him, and he at once wrote Halleck:

> I most fully appreciate your justness, General, in the part you have taken, and you may rely upon me to the utmost of my capacity for carrying out your orders. . . . I do not feel that I have neglected a single duty.

*NOTE.—Halleck's two accusing dispatches were not regularly filed, but were put away among miscellaneous papers and were not found until many years after the close of the war. Grant never heard or knew of Halleck's duplicity until more than fifteen years after the close of the war.

This, to use a diplomatic phrase, "closed the incident," so far as all the great actors were concerned, and the plot would have remained forever buried had not the war archives revealed how dangerously near Grant came to being snuffed out in the very beginning of his brilliant career by the vacillating, whimsical and irascible Halleck.

Did Halleck's strange treatment of Grant arise from malevolence? If it stood an isolated act, the *quære* would not be propounded. But if we remember his many good qualities,—amongst them his patriotic zeal for the cause,—if we recall his excitability, his total lack of judicial temper, his liability to act with precipitate inconsiderateness and harshness towards others; if we recall the fact that he was surrounded in St. Louis with certain exclusives who looked askance at Grant, and were always asking the old question,—"Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" then, if we cannot wholly justify, may we not temper the severity of our condemnation with charity, and suspend final answer to the question propounded? In this we shall receive further valuable aid before our history closes.

CHAPTER XLII.

GRANT RESUMES COMMAND.

The honorable and unselfish character of Grant manifested itself throughout this trying ordeal in every act and word. He did not become vexed, did not sulk, but instantly on being superseded by Smith, wrote him: "No one can feel more pleasure" [in your promotion] "than myself." And after Smith had gone up the Tennessee with the expedition, leaving Grant in the woods at Fort Henry under Halleck's orders, he wrote General Smith again, saying: "Anything you may require, send back transports for, and if within my power you shall have it."

After the order came to Grant, restoring him to command in the field, his generous and soldierly instincts, and his friendly feeling for General Smith prompted him to write and say to the latter that while he was directed to resume the general command, yet, "I think it very doubtful whether I shall accept; certainly not until the object of your expedition has been accomplished."

He desired General Smith to have the opportunity of gaining any laurels which success of the movement could bring him.

General Smith, also full of the honorable instincts of the soldier, and knowing Grant's high qualities as a commander, promptly responded, saying:

> I wrote you yesterday to say how glad I was to find from your letter that you were to resume your old command, from which you were so unceremoniously, and, as I think, unjustly stricken down.

These were the generous sentiments of two honorable soldiers. No jealousy, no selfishness, no rivalry, but a willing and generous emulation in the service of their country.

The object of General Smith's expedition up the Tennessee, was to cut the railroad at Decatur or Eastport, and capture the important railroad center and strategic point of Corinth, then occupied by, and so vital to, the Confederates. The water was high, however, and the country along the river was overflowed, and a landing was found to be impracticable. General Smith, therefore, withdrew, and disembarked his force at "Pittsburg Landing," a high, dry, and hilly locality, about twenty miles northeast from Corinth, and ten miles up the river from Savannah. There he began concentrating his army. Grant remained at Fort Henry, pushing on reinforcements and supplies to Smith, until the 17th of March, when he removed his headquarters to Savannah, and assumed active command.

One of the first things he did was to write his friend General Sherman, who was at Pittsburg Landing with his Division: "I have just arrived, and although sick for the last two weeks,

begin to feel better at the thought of being again with the troops."

General Smith, who was sick in bed (where he died a few weeks later), was rejoiced to see Grant.

He clasped Grant's hand in both his, and pressed it to his breast in a warm, earnest and affectionate embrace, and held it closely, while he expressed his joy at seeing him, and the pleasure he felt at his return to command.

Smith was much Grant's senior, had been professor at West Point Academy when Grant was a cadet there, and was regarded as one of the most brilliant officers in the army. It was generally believed that had he survived to give the country the benefit of his services, he would have risen to great prominence. His death was greatly lamented by General Grant, and by the entire army.

A moment's retrospection here will not be without interest. It was at the end of January that Grant, after long importunity, received permission from Halleck to begin his long-meditated campaign up the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers. He and his army were at Cairo. Within twenty-four hours he was off. Within six days he had captured Fort Henry, its garrison, its armament and supplies, and opened the Tennessee River into Alabama and Mississippi. Within the succeeding ten days he had moved his army across a most difficult country, through high water; through mud, rain, sleet, snow and ice; had fought desperate battles, had besieged and captured the central stronghold of the enemy, with its entire army— larger than his own at the commencement of the siege — and its immense armament and supplies! Disposing of these, he had, four days later, captured Clarksville with its armament and immense material of war. Four days thereafter he had pushed on a division under General Nelson and captured Nashville with millions of contraband of war, notwithstanding Halleck's attempts to restrain him. He had reorganized his army, and waited three weeks under Halleck's orders; had been deposed from command; had been lectured and insulted by Halleck, and had patiently worked on, always maintaining his equipoise and his honor as a soldier; had been abused, restored to command, praised and flattered in turn; and was now ready for another great campaign,— all within less than six weeks! And this during the most inclement season of the most trying winter known to the climate!

Under like difficulties and conditions nothing equal to this in brilliancy had hitherto been achieved on this continent, — possibly not in the whole history of war,— certainly never before with a freshly recruited volunteer army.

(To be Continued.)

CHARACTER.

NOT in soft dreams of pleasure is it wrought,
Nor is it forged in hours of slothful thought,
But in the furnace-heat of strenuous years
Time shapes its grace and tempers it with tears.

James B. Kenyon.

THE NERVION — PORTUGALITE.

A NIGHT ON THE BAY OF BISCAY AND ITS SEQUEL.

BY DANIEL EVANS.

I.

I WAS en route to Bilbao, and hoped to find at Bayonne one of the steamers running between the coast towns of the Bay of Biscay. I was therefore delighted to see the Andario lying in the Adour. I had made several trips in the steamer to different places on the coast, and had a slight acquaintance with its captain. It was a favorite boat with merchants who, going to Paris and London, arranged their departure so as to take this steamer to Bayonne. Printed slips were lying on the tables in the cafés notifying the public that "The renowned steamer, the Andario, under the direction of the well accredited Senor ——, its captain, would leave" at a date fixed therein,—and informing "all persons desiring to forward freight into the Basque Provinces that the opportunity would be an extraordinarily favorable one to secure safe transit."

There was something said in these notices about immunity from care which the shippers would have on this voyage, which I translated, in a free sort of way, as meaning certainty and promptness of transit. I at once secured a berth to Bilbao, and, although the published date of sailing had gone by, the clerk said that ample notice of the hour of leaving would be sent to me at my hotel.

I had said *bon voyage* to my fellow tourists and watched regretfully their train puff out of the station on its way to Paris. I returned to the St. Etienne impatient to reach my destination. The hotel appeared a desert. I wandered about the streets, in the Plaza, over the grass-grown walls which in their day securely defended the town, and where an admirably preserved portcullis, with a ready-to-use appearance, transports a bit of the Middle Ages into the present. I followed the embankment of the old-time fortifications and found myself, at last, at the cathedral crowning the hill up which the streets run.

The town market had invaded the sanctities of the site as if the church were an obstruction to the convenience of trade; and peasant girls, on chairs leaning back against the wall of the cloisters around the building, called on the passers-by to look at the wares they had for sale; "eggs by weight and not by numbers," and "pimientos of spicy flavor." Bareheaded and brown-legged women, with parti-colored petticoats reaching to the knees, sallow of skin and raucous-voiced, shouted the merits of their wares, and as occasion-

ally through the open doors the notes of the organ flooded out melodies over the incessant chatter of the market, the venders would lower their voices and cross themselves with evident impatience at these interruptions. The incongruities disquieted me. I returned to the hotel with the feeling that the "lights were fled;" I was stupidly wasting my time and would find out at once when the boat was to sail, and, if further delayed, would leave that evening overland.

I had just determined to leave by diligence if the steamer was not ready to sail, when a porter, rapping on the door of my room, announced that the boat was about to start, and unless monsieur changed his mind he might yet have time to get aboard. I grabbed my scattered effects into my satchel, the porter seized it and we hurried to the landing. On paying my hotel bill, the clerk, knowing my haste to reach the steamer said, with a beg-your-pardon air, that she "did not know monsieur was engaged in commerce."

To a reply that I was not so engaged, she looked with an expression of surprise, shrugging her shoulders significantly, and said, "Messieurs always consider the land route preferable, unless they have an interest in the cargo. If monsieur is too late to get aboard he will have his compensations. You see," she continued, "monsieur can stop over at San Sebastian, lovely town, full of grand memoires for ze Anglais militaire. Fine hotel; you name him Parador, French cuisine, charmante. Monsieur will like San Sebastian."

To all of which I assented.

"O, pardon; I thought monsieur a stranger. He is not. He is a man of business, of affairs." She said all this so rapidly, and the last words about my being a man of affairs in such a confidential way of speech, as if I had a special reason for going by sea, and that reason was well known to her, that it left a curious impression on my mind. The porter, as he quickened his steps to keep up with me, volunteered the information that the management of the steamers refunds the price of the passage when parties fail to receive sufficient notice of the time of sailing. At times, he said, they do not know when they are going to leave. It crossed my mind that the bureau of diligences might be paying commissions to secure patronage. When I reached the river, the steamer's bow had swung so far out into the channel that I thought I would have to be satisfied with the "consolations" by way of San Sebastian, of which the cashier at the St. Etienne had spoken; but a rearward movement of the boat enabled me to jump aboard, astern The deck was covered with boxes and bales thrown together in utter disorder, and I had great difficulty in making my way among and over them. I inferred a placid sea was expected as the boat was deep in the water from what seemed an overloading.

While I was climbing over packages, an officer asked to see my ticket. I had to search all my pockets before finding it, and while doing so he said: "Monsieur, you have made a mistake; you have taken the wrong boat, but you will have an opportunity to leave it soon."

As he finished speaking I produced the ticket. He examined it and turned it over and over. Irritated by the proceeding, I said, "Is it a counterfeit, monsieur?" He looked at me and said, "Has monsieur any interest in the cargo?"

I replied that I had not, that I was merely a passenger.

"This ticket ought not to have been sold. Orders were issued for the recall of all those that were sold by a misunderstanding. The bureau of administration was not aware that this ticket had been sold, or, at least they thought there were no tickets in the hands of any one expecting to take passage on this trip. The very large amount of freight delivered at the last moment

has made it entirely impossible to carry passengers, and as soon as this condition was even anticipated, all tickets previously sold were ordered canceled and the money refunded. The management was compelled to do this from a proper solicitude for the comfort of passengers. It will be impossible, as monsieur can well see, that he should remain aboard." He regretted profoundly, *au fond du coeur*, the *malentendu*, but "if monsieur found himself inconvenienced in any way by reason of the unavoidable circumstances and the unalterable determination of the management not to carry passengers, it would make all necessary reparation. The steamer," he added, "will stop at the village we are approaching, and if monsieur will have the goodness to go with me to the office the cost of the passage with all other expenses will be paid." He assured me in a most benevolent way that I should deem myself fortunate that he happened to see me go aboard, for the boat was heavily loaded, and, casting his eyes upward, slowly and meditatively continued, "There is a suspicion of a tempest in the air, and monsieur must see that with all this freight, which we have not been able to arrange, we are not equipped for heavy seas."

I scanned the skies also, in imitation of my interlocutor, and said that if the expected tempest should limp a little in its coming, we would be out of its way, and, preoccupied with the idea that it was a question only of the personal comfort of the passengers which had caused the alleged change in the plans of the management, I said I would prefer to undergo any inconvenience or discomfort that could or might be reasonably anticipated rather than be delayed in reaching Bilbao.

Giving no indication of an intention to go to the office as requested, the officer continued, "Monsieur will be glad that I discovered him in time to save him from much delay. He must have noticed that no provision has been made for passengers, and monsieur will believe me when I assure him that even the cabin is filled with bundles and he will be without a berth."

While I was not willing to leave the steamer, I confess I was rather pleased at the interest shown for my comfort, and assured the officer that I was gratified by his good offices in the matter, but preferred to incur whatever personal inconvenience might result from the overlading, and would acquit the management of any neglect.

He walked away a few steps and, returning, said he would give me an order for a seat in the diligence that would leave that evening for Bilbao, that I had plenty of time to return to Bayonne before its departure, and would arrive in Bilbao several hours in advance of the steamer. His desire to serve me was so obvious that I felt almost constrained to leave the boat, but the trip was so short I did not care for the predicted discomforts; and, having tried to make my interlocutor clearly understand this, I sincerely thanked him for his good offices toward me and expressed an admiration for the irrepressible zeal shown for the welfare of the traveling public by those having in charge the lines of travel. In my own mind were running some contrasts in this matter quite unfavorable to my own country. I arranged a seat, or what might serve for a chair and lounge and berth, out of some boxes and bales which I was able to move, and congratulated myself in possessing a not uncomfortable place to pass the twelve hours of the journey if nothing better should offer.

We passed the little village where I understood the boat was to let me off and the steamer was parting the smooth waters of the river almost noiselessly. The low sun was shining in softened splendor on the fields, and its warmth was freshened by the near sea. Every inch of the soil was ripening into harvests, and the land in the distance on

every side rose into wooded hills, on which the skies came down in thin, gray drapery. As we receded from the town the sun glinted on church spires and flashed from the window panes of the old castle — then used for barracks for soldiers — in which, says tradition, the massacre of St. Bartholomew was planned. Its gloomy exterior has a suggestion of something symmetrical with the character of Catherine de Medici, and one easily believes that its small rooms, thickly partitioned as if to secure silence, might have been the theater of her bloody craft. Its pierced or slit walls, for the muzzle of guns, and the then scarcely perceptible foss in places around it, intimate the violence of the ages through which the structure has passed. A Waldensian chapel stood not far from it, toward the west, and the morning sun threw the shadows of the castle over the little Huguenot place of worship. The day was well on before the unpretentious building moved from the shadow into the sunlight.

At a bend in the river the glitter of the sun on the window panes ceased, and the buildings which had just been all aglow and sharply distinguishable from one another, suddenly sank into dull, leadened outlines. We steamed slowly past gardens, running down to the water's edge, past somber-foliaged woods, by clusters of houses, which, in the seeming absence of all visible life and movement, had the quietude of a village lanscape on canvas.

A two hours' ride brought us in sight of the lighthouse and the sand dunes stretching illimitably away on either side of the debouchment of the river. The sea, in the distance, ran blue with crests breaking now and then into whitecaps, and roughened by touch with the shore Under the whip of a brisk west wind, it tossed itself into a mild fury outside the bar, and rushed in huge waves over the obstacles to its entrance. In the calmest of waters the pilot's skill is needed for the passage. The short, choppy waves were twisting the boat and sending quivering motions through it. Although the safety signal flag had been run up the staff above

BAYONNE.

the lighthouse, we lay a long time in the channel.

I saw the captain in a demonstrative conversation with a gentleman who appeared to be the only other passenger aboard. I heard the words "Americano" and "peligro," and wondered why, if he thought there were any danger, he did not avail himself of the opportunity which had been proffered me, and doubtless him also, to leave the boat at the village we had just passed. If it were the absence of suitable accommodations he was remonstrating about, as I supposed it might be, he certainly had not been deceived. But nothing the captain was able to say in the least placated him. It was an extraordinary demonstration of ill humor, seemingly out of proportion to any inconveniences likely to be incurred. They stood at the extreme foredeck, speaking and gesticulating earnestly. The officer, after evident failure to mollify his interlocutor, abruptly walked away, as if his patience had been exhausted. I had occasion to recall the occurrence afterward.

Presently, after much ringing of bells down in the engine room, the steamer began to move and plunge against the incoming waves which were quite as much sand as water. The boat worked its way at last slowly through the trough and over the crest of the billows until it reached the comparatively unbroken waters outside the bar. During the passage much freight on deck was piled in heaps. My lounge shared in the disorder, but it preserved enough of its general outline to allow me to occupy it. One could easily cross broad seas and experience less of their viciousness than in passing over this short stretch of twisting billows.

Not long after, the captain came near my lounge, but whether he saw me or not I did not know. He was directing the rearrangement of the scattered freight. His cap was pulled down on his head and but little of his face was visible.

The irate passenger walked incessantly and rapidly among the heaps of merchandise as if he were endeavoring to secure release from some devouring passion. I think I rather enjoyed the exhibition. It is one of the moral consequences of a sharp attack of *mal de mer* to be delighted with the annoyances of others not similarly afflicted. It acts directly on the moral nature of the victim. It narrows his sympathies. It makes him suspect anyone exempt from it to be afflicted with some sort of abnormality, and that a kind fate which may be supposed to equalize things, has attempted, by this exemption, to make compensation for very bad mental and moral qualities which people must have who can stand on the deck of a ship and see its prow dip down into the ocean, seemingly out of sight, and enjoy the movement. I was conscious of something like envy when I saw my fellow passenger wholly unaffected by what had sent me to my lounge, and I hoped that some of the predicted discomforts would realize themselves.

The mysterious passenger came two or three times quite close to me. I had a struggling memory that I had met him in the office of an English merchant in Bilbao; that the latter had charged him with a commission to buy some merchandise in London, and that the merchant had remarked that he was a valuable aid to the foreign commerce of the city, the force of which I did not then comprehend. He had the physical characteristics of the Basque, short, heavy, low-browed, intensely black, coarse hair, flashing eyes, muddy skin with thick nostrils and heavy lips, as if secrets were safe within them.

We speedily came in sight of St. Jean de Luz, opposite which the steamer stopped. A boat put out from the harbor as soon as we were in sight and rapidly rowed toward us. When it came alongside the steamer a man handed a package of papers to the captain and held some conversation with him in Basquence. The captain came to me and

said that, as evidently I was not a good sailor, he took the liberty to suggest that I return with this boat to St. Jean de Luz, that I would be in time to take the diligence that evening for Bilbao and would arrive much earlier than if I remained on board. He had arranged that the bureau of administration of the diligences would provide me with a place in the coupé, saying earnestly that it was an opportunity of rare fortune which was offered me to escape a voyage which he said would not only be rough on account of the weather, but which would subject me to many annoyances.

As the rare good fortune to make the balance of the journey by land did not appear enticing to me, he added that I would surely regret not having availed myself of the means which so luckily presented themselves to escape from, what he assured me with great emphasis, would prove to be vexatious. So urgent was the officer that I felt I was treating him ungraciously in not returning in the boat. But I replied that I thought he exaggerated the possibility of detention and the actual discomfort through his generous solicitude for the welfare of his passengers; that I heartily thanked him for it all, but preferred to remain aboard. After a long conversation carried on in an undertone between the captain and the boatman, the boat was rowed away toward the shore.

It was still light enough to distinguish objects in the town by the aid of glasses. I was not wholly unfamiliar with the few buildings. There was the church dimly visible, dingy with three or four centuries of dust on its walls, in which, in 1660, with gorgeous ceremony, Louis XIV was married to the Infanta. The Chateau where the Infanta abode, Spanish in all its aspects, stands near the shore. The Pyrenees, as a political separation, were never so impassable as at this time, notwithstanding the statecraft of the French and Spanish marriages. Further on among the trees was discernible the tower of the building in which Mazarin resided while witnessing the success of his plans which would "abolish the Pyrenees," as he believed. Over and behind the town, like a vast shadow, rose La Rhune, its outlines sloping like the sides of a cone against the dim sky, while the nearer foot-hills less faintly marked their jagged forms on the wide background. The Pyrenees here pour themselves down, in isolated peaks and lower levels, until they touch the coast. The great mountain range, under "the trailing garments of the night," the lights of the town, the winding shore, at intervals lit up with fishermen's torches, the intervening sea, murmurous with the gliding movements of the water, flashing at times into patches of phosphorescence, framed a scene out of which might have issued, in spectral procession, the actors in the *coup d'etat* with which the Cardinal Secretary frightened neighboring states. The very obscurity of the scene all the more vividly recalled the unrealized dreams of what was thought two centuries ago to be a great political achievement. But in Europe since that time, the way to peace through a balance of power has been across many Blenheims and Waterloos, and intermarriage between reigning families has seldom turned the edge of a sword.

If we are optimistic and have faith in forces extrinsic to ourselves, and working, in the main, over large areas of time for our good, we must assume it to be well that the dreams and schemes of men do not realize themselves in the sum of things; yet in the presence of objects which recall the wrecks in which have ended the potencies of great endeavor, we instinctively feel regret. But even the wilful Gods of Olympus could not have their own way as against unalterable fate, and men, battered by forces too strong for subduement, come to learn soon or late that there is a trend of things they cannot change.

I lay on my lounge and watched the

night settling down on the sea. Patches of water flashed into light and suddenly slid away into the general blackness. Shore lights came and passed out of the range of the ship. We seemed to be making rapid time.

Presently a great light appeared in the distance, which, from its elevation, I imagined was on the heights of Orgullo, a mountain rock which lifts itself several hundred feet from the edge of the water and intercepts the seaward view of San Sebastian. A line of lights descending from the summit soon became visible, and which I recognized as the stretch of gas jets illuminating the carriage way cut out of the side of the rock facing the sea. The heroic storming of these heights by a detachment of Wellington's army in 1813 doubtless made the great military memories to which the cashier of St. Etienne referred when urging me to take the overland route to Bilbao.

The tombs of many English officers who fell in the capture of this stronghold line either side of the carriage way, and, viewing the almost insurmountable difficulties of their task, an Englishman may read with pride the names of his countrymen who succumbed in the fierceness of the contest. The assault was attended with such loss of life that England shuddered at the greatness of the sacrifice, and although it was among the final achievements of the magnificent strategy by which Wellington drove the veteran marshals of France from the Peninsula, it did not escape a motion of inquiry in Parliament.

We steamed so rapidly past the town that I knew the mere distance traversed must have absorbed its lights as the trend of the shore furnishes no obstruction to vision, and it was quite safe to conclude that we would be off Bilbao before the flow of the tide would allow a passage over the bar.

I congratulated myself on having resisted the importunities of the officer of the steamer, who had "a suspicion of a tempest" in the air, and I was anticipating a little triumph I should have in telling the captain that, experienced sailor as he was, he lacked the skill in guessing the weather which a mere landsman had Some time after we had left San Sebastian, the captain came to me and said that I would find my berth in the cabin below, and showed the door to its entrance. The night air was cold, and he advised me that I had best seek my berth at once. I descended a few steps and opened a door into a room about ten feet square. A platform raised a few inches above the floor, and not more than two feet wide, ran along two sides of the room. There were some nondescript pads scattered on this platform which had been designed, in their original make-up, to serve as pillows, but their present value for that purpose was not apparent. It was not an inviting berth. I could not understand what transformation such an arrangement could undergo which would make the accommodations for passengers "clean, comfortable and luxurious." Cleanliness and comfort are fairly disputable things, but one may reasonably expect some concurrence of opinion as to what constitutes luxury.

The air was fetid, the heat oppressive. I groped about the room a long time trying to find the door I had entered through. I had a feeling that my lungs would momentarily collapse. After making its circuit several times I at last found the knob of the door; but the door was locked. I pounded, kicked it, and made all the noise I could, but being unable to force it open or make anyone hear me, I returned to the cabin determined to find a porthole or window if possible which would let in some fresh air. I could find none. Completely exhausted, I lay down on the platform, using my satchel for a pillow. The lifeless air affected me less in a recumbent position. I recalled, with not a little satisfaction, that a Frenchman had said: "Africa

begins at the Pyrenees." He probably had made his entry into Spain in a coasting steamer. I was beginning to be not sure of my wisdom in setting aside the suggestions of the cashier of the St. Etienne as to the greater comfort of the journey by way of diligence. I recalled the advice of the captain at St. Jean de Luz.

I soon fell asleep because there was not enough oxygen in the air to keep me awake—a sleep fretted with dreams, that, recklessly, disregarded all the "unities," and hurried me through events, ages apart, in which I was in some way an actor. I had encounters with brigands, was a soldier in the Spanish army, fought against the Moors and had a blurred impression that I was not of the winning party.

When at last I awoke it was a long time before I could recall to myself the exact situation A lamp hanging from the center of the ceiling gave so little light that I was unable to see the hands on the face of my watch, and I had no idea of the time of night. The satchel had fallen, and in falling must have opened, as its contents were scattered about on the floor. I picked it up and replaced what articles I could find. I thought I heard someone in the room, someone moving a chair. I heard steps on the stairway. I groped my way about the room until I found the door. I ascended the steps leading to the deck. The door was partly open. I went out. The air was chill and I made my way the best I could to the huge funnel that arose amidships, and sat down on a box in the lee of the wind which was blowing briskly and chilly over the deck. There had been much rearrangement of freight. In the confusion in which it was scattered when I went below I could not easily have approached the funnel. I found myself involuntarily taking in great drafts of air and was gradually overcoming the languor which had oppressed me.

Not a star glimmered in the sky. The deep silence was only broken by the swish of the water against the keel. The boat rode low, and if it had any movement it was not perceptible. There was no stir in the engineroom and no light shown from it. I knew Spain was a land of *siestas*, and I wondered if its ships, in the midst of the seas, had their siestas as well. The steamer seemed abandoned by officers and crew. I began to imagine something calamitous had happened. Almost anything might have happened and I would not have known it. The suggestion came that we had made a swift run and were waiting at the debouchment of the Nervion outside the bar, for the tide to carry us over, and being near the shore and out of the way of ships, everybody was off watch. My wonderment momentarily grew. One expects some movement in the most placid of seas—some noise, however much the fires of the engine are banked; but wave, crew and machinery were as if they were not.

I was becoming conscious of a personal presence. I began to imagine the outlines of a man against the enveloping darkness, apparently twenty or more feet in front of me. I felt sure this must be an illusion, as there was not light enough in all the ambient air, if focused, to make an image. But there it was between me and the prow and as motionless as the pyramids. My senses were preternaturally alive. I fancied I heard his breathing and the figure grew in distinctness until it seemed to be the mysterious passenger whom I had seen in altercation with the captain just before we left the Adour. If it were he, he had walked off his energy. He remained in one position so long as to increase my perplexity and made me suspect I was the victim of illusion. Gradually I became aware that other persons were standing on the deck. The physical senses could not have given greater certitude, and I knew these senses had nothing to do with the conviction of this presence. I put aside as absurd the feeling of a menacing fate which

had begun to possess me. Yet it persisted, not as a product of reason,—evidently against it, and as a result of methods of cognition among the subconscious capabilities of human nature.

Suddenly I was startled from my preoccupation by some one swinging a red lantern backward and forward three times. It threw enough light on the deck to show that the dim outline which had been painted on the darkness before me was really my fellow passenger. I saw that the man who swung the lantern was the officer who had urged me to leave the steamer a short time after I had gone on board. The lantern was immediately covered and a deeper darkness settled over everything. Not the dimmest outline of anything was visible. I saw there were several persons on deck beside the passenger and the officer with the lantern.

Presently a rocket shot up from the coast, showing it to be but a short distance from where we lay. The rocket went slantingly across the sea and not far in advance of the boat, and disclosed a long, narrow stretch of level shore and groups of men standing at the edge of the water. Soon a light fell on the waters from the engine room and the sidewheels of the steamer made a few revolutions, approaching the shore. The holder of the lantern waved it once more. The people on deck, in the meantime, had changed their positions. The lights from the ship were now sufficient to distinguish objects, and the passenger and the officer with the lantern were standing close to me.

The captain, who had been on the other side of the great steam funnel and whom, therefore, I had not been able to see, walked rapidly toward me and taking my arm, said, "El Senor will do me the favor to go below into the cabin."

I walked with him to the door and descended the stairs. I heard the key turn in the lock and some angry conversation outside, the meaning of which I was not able to resolve.

The air was less stifling than before as the door opening on the deck as well as the one into the cabin had been left ajar. The lamp was dimmer than ever. I tried to turn up the wick but retired from the futile effort with hands covered with dust and oil. I was sure there must be a porthole in the cabin and sought a long time in the darkness to find it. I stripped off a piece of cloth tacked to the sides of the room and found what I was looking for. It gave a limited view of the coast. I could see that there was a large reflector placed on some elevation which threw a sheet of light nearly reaching the steamer. The space between the water and the base of the rock at this point for about fifty feet was unusually wide, and among the people scattered over it I could distinguish a few women. Some distance in the rear of the reflector another one was placed disclosing a rift in the wall of rock which runs with but few breaks for miles around the coast. Through these rifts which mountain torrents have made or helped to make, access is had to the interior of the country. The people on shore were waiting for the arrival of lighters which were then being filled with the freightage of the steamer. The restricted space of water visible to me appeared to be covered with boats coming from the shore. The work of unloading the lighters on their arrival at the beach went on rapidly and as rapidly the material disappeared up a gorge. The cargo was unloaded in less time than one would suppose possible. But little conversation was had, and that chiefly in Basquence, some of which I was able to comprehend. Much of the cargo was transferred from the steamer on the side near the porthole through which I was able to see. I heard the words "light" and "ship approaching." Some said it was a Liverpool steamer, its course being north by east; others said it was due east and coming directly toward

them. The lights were suddenly extinguished on the ship as well as on the shore and we were again in complete darkness.

After some minutes of anxious waiting I recognized the voice of my fellow passenger, saying he thought there had been a change in the course of the coming boat and that it was now east by south. His opinion was at once acted on. I watched a process going on by which one of the lighters was quickly transformed into a fishing craft with nets and seines.

Our steamer was quickly in rapid motion northward. After running half an hour or more it came to a standstill. A decision had been reached that the ship which had created such consternation was bound for some English port, and much time was wasted before we returned to the place where the work of unloading had been begun. The work was now resumed with the greatest activity.

As the last lighter was about to leave the steamer, someone proposed a toast to the health and prosperity of her majesty's custom house officers. The proposal was received with tumultuous eagerness. Corks were drawn and glasses clinked with "*Vivan los Aduaneros.*" Like proceedings in mock honor of the revenue officials were taking place on the lighters wherever I could see them, and the people on the shore as well were waving their glasses as demonstratively as their confréres on the steamer.

As I looked at these people standing there at the water's edge—the men with blue berrettas and scarfs of various colors around their waists—the women bareheaded, with heavy black hair falling in thick plaits down their backs, in blue and red petticoats reaching to the knees and bright red handkerchiefs crossed over their shoulders—the boats flashing in and out of the track of light thrown by the reflector on the water—it seemed a scene cut out of unreality, with the weird quality of a dream and the fascinating interest of an occurring event.

While the story which was enacting itself before me, and which is not uncommon in many lands where law makes artificial barriers to trade, has been full of tragedy in lonely seaside places and frontier passes, yet along the mountain divides between France and Spain it has thrilling episodes which live in the traditions of the adjoining people, and they are among the events of which they have a historic pride.

The contrabandero is a hero or an execrate, as your point of view may be. If you come into close range with him and he unbend himself he will be found of superior intelligence, alert and full of good-fellowship. He is sure of a hospitable welcome in the villages of the provinces he travels, and in every lonely country-house he visits. This is his security, though the carbineros of the customs are on the search for him and close on his track. He carries the goods that are needed at, supposedly, less prices than they can be obtained for elsewhere, and he is the chief medium through which arrives what little of the great world beyond ever reaches these untraveled places. His coming is an ovation.

His costume is picturesque and he has an oriental love for colors. Ordinarily it is a broadbrimmed hat or a berretta, a blue roundabout, strongly contrasted trousers, and the two pieces of the suit come together under a red or blue or parti-colored scarf wound several times around the waist and falling on the left side of the knee in a tassel of brilliant color.

After the matador he is the most popular man in the country with the village and country girls. Near the frontier he travels in companies of ten or more, always with the handle of a long-bladed knife projecting above the scarf about his waist and with a pole ten feet long which serves to leap unfordable streams. Whether he is a

bandit depends wholly upon yourself, and he will ask you with Castilian politeness, unless he supposes you are interested in increasing the customs revenue, "to do penance" with him in sharing his dinner, which he often carries to meet emergencies that may arise in going through sparsely settled regions.

He even may not be uninclined to discuss his vocation. He reminds you that the Basque people are one, living in provinces on both sides of the Bidassoa, and that they have never enthusiastically acquiesced in the events which have given them a different allegiance. He is a product of many causes, the least one of which is an intention to defraud the government He says statutes cannot create moral turpitude, for if they could the prohibited acts would have uneven moral value. He says he is not engaged in a fraudulent business. A few steps beyond is merchandise, at a low price, which his countrymen need. The customs regulations prohibit them from having it in order to favor the business of some other man and this other man not even a Basque. Why should his interest be advanced by the depression of theirs? They seek the equality denied by law, and the State has no right to aid some at the cost of others, and try to appease those discriminated against by the pretense or reason that they get compensation in the general prosperity. France has some fabrics and products which the people living south of the frontier line need, and their hills are alive with sheep and their valleys grow wheat which their French kindred across the line need. Each one does the best he can with the situation.

But the frontier is often inclement, inclement in other respects than atmospheric conditions The customs officer is on the lookout. Sometimes the struggle is inevitable, and it is often fatal to one of the parties. If the officer be successful and satisfied with the capture of the goods, and allow the contrabandero to escape, there is a tacit agreement that, as the officer has done merely a disagreeable duty, that is the end of that particular transaction. But if he be not satisfied with the merchandise secured, and arrest the bearer, then cruel reprisals are inevitable. There are signals of danger which seldom fail to give him necessary warning. I think he must not be confounded with the ordinary smuggler, whatever may be thought of his argument His opinion keeps his occupation from touching low aims. He, himself, believes in the rightfulness of the act, and believes he is in the enjoyment of an immemorial right, inherited from an unconquered ancestry — the right to buy and sell without restriction as his interest may determine — and he will tell you that this right has been recognized for centuries on both sides of the frontier, and was confirmed in the old Fueros and Royal charters, which have been changed without his assent and, therefore, are not obligatory upon him by the processes of centralization going on at Madrid and Paris.

The last lighter to leave the steamer passed where I had a full view of it. I recognized my fellow passenger from Bayonne among the six who were in it. He was standing talking to someone on the deck. I heard him say: "I wish you good luck with your amigo Americano. I include his health with that of her majesty's customs officers," and he lifted a bottle of wine to his lips.

I recognized also among the group in the boat, which by that time had floated just in front of me, a woman. She presented such a contrast to the other women who had come in the lighters, and whom I saw on the shore, that her office in the business in hand was not apparent. She had not the angular features and the short, unsymmetrical form of the class of Basque women upon whom the drudgeries of their laborious life have left ineffaceable marks. A bright light fell upon

the boat from the deck of the steamer, and it was apparent that she did not belong to the order of women who had been assisting in unloading the steamer. Her eyes were large, and great masses of black hair were gathered upon her head, straying in strands over her face and tumbling in confusion over her neck. She rose from her seat as the toasts were drank and stood lithe and graceful, waving her hands as expressive of her approval of the procedure. As the boat rowed away, passing into the greater light from the coast, I thought I remembered her as one whom I had seen in the Paseos and Alamedas in Bilbao, and who had been pointed out to me as a typical Andalusian beauty.

Soon after the lighter reached the shore the reflectors were taken down and all the lights extinguished. After the lapse of probably fifteen minutes a burning torch was held up on the top of a cliff and two men were visible, one of whom was the Bayonne passenger. It was evidently a signal for the departure of the steamer.

We were speedily in rapid motion. The boat ran on the surface of the water, with a swaying movement that made it difficult to stand without holding to something. I attempted to fasten the strip of cloth over the porthole, when I heard some one descending the stairs. I lay down on the platform.

The captain came and stood near me for some minutes. I gave no sign of wakefulness. He sat down in one of the chairs with evident mental perturbation. I thought he was wondering what I could have learned of the transaction aboard, "cabined, c ibbed, confined" as I was. A little stream of gray light came hesitantly through the opening, above the head of the officer, through which I had seen what had been going on, and which he must have noticed had he not otherwise been intently preoccupied. He remained fifteen or twenty minutes and then slowly went to the door and up on deck.

Half an hour thereafter I went up from the cabin. Not a particle of freight was visible. A strong wind was blowing the sea into hollows and hills, and the steamer was plunging through them at a rapid pace. The outline of the near shore on the left was distinct in the gray light, streaking the low eastern sky. The waves lifted by an eager wind beat noisily against the coast wall and scattered flakes of foam to great heights. We were running past villages where nets, stretched between poles, indicated the chief occupations of the inhabitants. The houses were of thick stone, dingy and weather-worn, old enough to have been, and doubtless were, the homes of the stalwart fishermen who acquired, in the treacherous seas of Biscay, the daring and skill which carried the Basques, three and four hundred years ago, as far as Iceland, and, as it is claimed, to New Foundland.

A tradition survives among these villagers that one of their inhabitants (and several villages claim the honor of his birth), who had sailed great leagues over the western ocean, had been to Terra Nueva—New Foundland—wherever that was, to which he had been driven by stress of weather, went with Columbus on his first voyage. The honor of the discovery of America has several claimants, but the part the fugitive whale played in it, in training its pursuers and familiarizing them with the mystery of the sea, has been entirely overlooked.

A little after sunrise we reached Portugalete where the Nervion enters the bay, and went airily over the bar though the tide had been ebbing for some time. As Bilbao came in sight five or six miles up the river, the captain came to me with gracious salutation, not wholly disguising an air of embarrassment, and said he feared I had not had as agreeable a voyage as I might have anticipated and such as he desired all the patrons of the steamer should have; that as soon as it was

known there would be a large amount of cargo for delivery at intermediate points, it was decided not to carry passengers in consequence of an inevitable inability to provide for their comfort. He continued: "The information was given to the public and the tickets issued for passage were recalled. In some way it appears that you were not informed of the decision. Provision was made for your transportation, both at Bayonne and St. Jean de Luz, but you preferred to remain aboard, and whatever inconvenience or lack of attention existed is not fairly chargeable to the steamship management."

I had a feeling of satisfaction with the result of the voyage, and a conviction that I owed no small obligation to the captain, to which I endeavored to give adequate expression.

"Pardon me, Senor," he continued; "you intend to remain some time in Bilbao?"

I replied that that was my present purpose, and hoped to have the pleasure of another voyage on the Andario.

With Castilian politeness he said: "El Senor is very amiable," and, advancing a step or two nearer, as if some confidence were involved, and, hesitantly, as if some doubt were restraining him, looking at the town coming into view by a bend in the river, went on: "Senor, Spain, and particularly this part of it, has some peculiar ways, which are apt to be misunderstood by those transiently in the country, who are not, and cannot well be, familiar with the old customs and commercial freedom of the Basques. Senor understands that their *Fueros* or ancient charters secured them privileges which were theirs immemorially, but strangers do not understand that they have never willingly surrendered these charter privileges to the central government. They consider them still operative, and are justly proud of them as badges of their ancient invincibility. Among these privileges is the freedom of trade—the unhampered right to buy and sell in the best market for the buyer and seller. Revenue restrictions of this right seem to them, therefore, an invasion of ancestral privilege, which duty and patriotism alike impel them to resist. Senor must see how easily a stranger may misjudge them. In matters of trade they are not conscious of wrong-doing, morally or politically, in asserting their ancient freedom by nullifying the operations of the central power which has undertaken to deprive them of their fuero-secured rights."

And then, after a moment's hesitation, as if to give emphasis: "I count on the Senor's discretion," and bowed himself away with a Hasta La Vista.

(*To be concluded in the October Midland.*)

COLUMBIA'S MISSION.

I.

The wheel of time revolving round
Brings back again the self-same play;
The history of years long gone
Is oft the story of to-day.

II.

The shifting scenes are ever changed;
New actors take the place of old;
The plot remains alway the same
No matter how or when 'tis told.

III.

In peaceful times we laugh and sing
And dream our dreams of love and fame,
Care naught for clouds that gather round
And threaten oft our own fair name.

IV.

Alas, that we should ever wake
From dreams so sweet to truth so grave!
Alas, that times so out of joint
Must sacrifice our sons so brave!

V.

From out a Southern sea there comes
A wail so pitiful and deep
That hearts are touched with deep distress,
Men bow their heads and women weep.

VI.

They ask for bread, they cry for help;
We may not close our ears, for He
Who taught the better way, has said,
"Give thou to them a drink for Me."

VII.

We thought to clothe and feed the sick,
Watch over those who could not fight,
See truth and justice meted out,
And never wrong o'er-ride the right.

VIII.

We manned our ships with bravest men,
Ne'er dreaming they so soon must die,
And sent them forth to watch and wait
Their banner this,—Humanity.

IX.

O, tale most horrible to tell!
O, days and nights so fraught with pain!
Our nation never can forget
The awful fate that met the Maine.

X.

O, Island in that Southern Sea!
Your cry for help at last we hear
For shot and shell your answer bring,
—The end must come, for help is near.

XI.

In years gone by, brave men have died
Defending home and country's bliss:
But ne'er before, on land or sea,
Has sword been drawn for cause like this.

XII.

Once, long ago, there came to us
From foreign land, a hero brave;
He came to succor and relieve
But asked he naught for all he gave.

XIII.

Brave Lafayette left home and friends
To give us aid in time of need.
That day long passed we ne'er forget,—
Our cause was saved—our country freed.

XIV.

This lesson well we learned from him:
That selfish end not always is
The goal that lures the victor on;
And well we know it was not his.

XV.

'Tis not for glory or renown
We've buckled on our armor new,
Nor yet for gain we've marshaled forth
Our armies strong and brave and true.

XVI.

But in the cause of suffering man [sheathed
Our swords once drawn will ne'er be
Till Spain has ceased to starve and kill,
And victory and peace are breathed.

XVII.

When starving Russia asked for help
With lavish hand we sent her food;
But Cuba's needs are greater far,
—For her we shed our dearest blood.

XVIII.

All nations watch with bated breath,
Since plane so high was never trod;
The weak amazed—the brave applaud—
We do our best and trust in God.

XIX.

Each age has seen her heroes rise
From lowly depths to grandest height;
On brazen door and marble shaft
Their names are carved in letters bright.

XX.

But when the scenes are changed again,
The actors now upon the field
Will stand like giants, as they are,
Who feared no foe, no point would yield.

XXI.

A history unique and grand,
With pride Columbia's name will grace;
The records of her noble deeds
Insure for her the highest place.

XXII.

Our place shall be with nations great;
Our flag shall float on land and sea,
Without a loss of stripe or star,
Till time shall reach eternity.

XXIII.

Ah, well we love that starry flag
Its crimson stripes, its field of blue;
And well we love each blazing star;—
For it we'll pray—to it be true.

XXIV.

And whether sailing on the sea
Or marching over burning sand,
That flag shall lead our soldiers on
While hearts keep time to music grand.

XXV.

O, brothers dear! O, soldiers brave!
Where'er your footsteps wander now,
You carry strength to weary hearts,
To crush the yoke 'neath which they bow.

XXVI.

Tho' days and weeks and months go by
Before you end your heavy task,
If faith and hope and wishes count
The end must needs be all we ask.

XXVII.

By day, by night, this prayer is ours:
May strength direct and wisdom guide
The arm that wields war's instruments,
And justice be with truth allied!

XXVIII.

The God of battles be with those
Who bravely fight to right the wrong,
Protect our boys so brave and true
And haste the end for which we long!

Anna Slater Harsh.

THE STORY OF A FAILURE.

By Fanny Kennish Earl.

I.

THE sun was setting behind the pines. It was a sunset riotous in gorgeous reds and yellows, such an one as only the rashest impressionist would have dared to transfer to canvas.

A young girl sat on the old stile, half hidden by the lilac bushes, watching the glowing colors. She held in her lap a white cat, who purringly announced his satisfaction of the situation as the long, slim fingers gently stroked his back. The girl was small and thin, with large, dark-blue eyes and heavy, black hair falling in loose braids upon her shoulders. It was combed straight back from a broad, white forehead, but a few stray locks had escaped from the confining braid and curled around her temples. She sat, seemingly as contented as the cat, watching the changing tints as they melted into the soft gray of the twilight. After a while she rose, coddling the cat in her arms, and walked away from the stile, through the rank growth of milkweed and evening primroses, which monopolized the deserted streets. Beyond the milkweed there was a stretch of white sand, entirely destitute of vegetation. It was the Great Sahara, and many a laden caravan Cecil Hunting had led across the waste country to the green lands on the further side. But she was not thinking of that. She was yet too near her childhood to see either its beauty or its pathos. One must needs have the perspective of a score or two of years to see all the fullness and richness of the child life. Beyond the stretch of sand was a green hollow,—so green and soft that it must have been watered by an underground stream, for the dewberry vines grew there in a luxurious tangle, just as they did along the bank of the river.

Cecil knew that behind the thick green curtains was hidden a nest of half-grown rabbits, but it was too late to visit them. Besides, though Pearl, the white cat, was a frequent companion in her rambles, Cecil did not take him to the rabbit's nest. She had recognized, thus early, the fact that even love must sometimes discriminate.

From the hollow the road ran through a thicket of willows and hazel to the river. It was a green and mossy road, little used except for a foot-path. On the right a little opening in the forest still showed some signs of cultivation, and a few ragged and untrimmed apple trees indicated why it bore the name of "The Orchard." Cecil knew that there was a brown thrush's nest cunningly hidden under the roots of an old stump in the orchard, but she did not trust the white cat with that secret, either.

To the left the wagonroad followed the curve of the river, making an outward bend around a thicket of thorn-apple trees, alders and hazel. It crossed diagonally an enclosure whose rail fence lay in half-rotten piles, and whose only crop was a thrifty growth of mullein. Although there were not more than four or five acres in the enclosure, it was known as "The Big Field." Passing out of the enclosure there was a climb of a sandy hill, and the road disappeared in a forest of pines. Cecil kept the road to the river, but her eyes followed the road over the hill. The cat, evidently accustomed to these twilight wanderings, kept a sharp lookout, turning his small head to the right and left, and sometimes climbing to his little mistress' shoulder for a wider view. Satisfied that the dusk was uninhabited by other strollers than themselves, he would nestle back in her arms. Pres-

ently, he gave a low growl, and Cecil's arms tightened about him with a sudden, nervous tension, as she stopped to determine whether the cause of alarm was a stray calf, a masterless dog, or one of the infrequent tramps who occasionally stopped at the cottage. There was a rustling among the bushes. The cat gave a savage growl, and with a sudden spring leaped to the ground and fled into the darkness. Not so the girl. There was both fear and curiosity in her mood, but she had learned the wood-stroller's habit of boldly investigating all sudden alarms, and thus removed most of the terrors which her beloved and lonely byways would have had for a solitary girl.

A moment later two men emerged from the shadows. Catching sight of the little figure poised on the hillock, they turned abruptly toward her.

"Good evening, little girl," said one of them. "Can you tell us if there is a hotel or boarding-house hereabouts?"

"There is'nt any," Cecil replied. She could not see their faces, but the pleasant voice reassured her. "Except," she added, "except the tavern"

"And where is that?"

"About a mile down the river, just below the Dell Creek bridge; but I don't think they keep people there now, and—you might not like to stay there if they did."

"Where do you live, little girl?" asked the other man.

Cecil pointed to the cottage, a dim white among the trees.

"Perhaps we could stay there," he suggested. "Will you go with us?"

Cecil followed them silently.

"If they had only come over the hill!" she was thinking.

Mrs. Hunting, rocking placidly on the broad piazza and watching the boys in their boisterous play, was mildly wondering what had become of Cecil. The cat, sitting watchfully on the step, gave a low growl as the three came through the lilac hedge. The mistress answered the request for a night's lodging coldly. She could not well accommodate them. It was not for lack of room, surely, for the house was an old-fashioned, rambling affair, of many additions and after-thoughts; nor for want of a kindly spirit, for she was known the whole country round for her helpfulness and willingness to serve; but because she was a widow with no protection but her half-grown boys, and the place was lonely, so she did not feel quite safe in admitting the stray wayfarers who sometimes asked for a night's lodging.

But the two were not easily repulsed. They were tired and hungry. It was three miles back to the village, which the beauty of the sunset had tempted them to pass by. A return meant a tramp, or a hard row against the stiff current of the "June rise."

"Don't send us away," the younger man pleaded. "We will sleep anywhere—camp out on the piazza, if you like; but we are tired, and hungry enough to eat—the cat."

The cat, being on his own premises, did not resort to further flight at this cannibalistic suggestion—for so it seemed to Cecil—but sent back a muffled defiance from his retreat in her lap.

Mrs. Hunting relented. They were surely no ordinary tramps. They had the manner and language of gentlemen, and she gave a consenting "Well, if you will put up with what we've got," and went in to prepare supper.

The older man threw himself on the grass and lay with his face to the stars; the younger one took the vacated rocking chair and began talking to Cecil.

"This is a pretty country—this Wisconsin valley."

"Yes?" said Cecil interrogatively.

"Yes? Why certainly. It is wonderful, the river and the wave-eaten rocks, with the background of pines. Surely you must think so!"

"I love it," said the girl simply. "The River, and Lone Rock, and Bald Hill, and The Orchard—but," with a little sigh, "I do not know anything

else. It seems to me there must be nicer things outside."

"Outside?"

"Yes. Listen." She held up a long, slender hand, moving it with a free, graceful sweep as she spoke. "Do you hear the whistle? It is the evening train. It goes around in a circle." She followed with hand and swaying body the echoing circle of her fancy. "Inside is all I know; but every time I hear the whistle it seems to be a voice calling me from the outside I remember when I was a little girl,"—the listener smiled—"I heard it one day when I was sitting on the big stone step of the schoolhouse, and it has been calling to me ever since. I have wanted so much to go, and," she ended with a glad ring of triumph in her voice, "I am going soon. Mamma says I may go to the University in the fall. Just think! and I have never been on the cars yet. But I cannot go all the time," she added, regretfully. "I will have to stay out and teach part of the time; but I think I can get along. It is easy for me to learn and I like to study."

"Teach!" exclaimed the amused listener.

Cecil drew herself up a little proudly.

"I have a teacher's certificate now," she said in a hurt tone. "I could have taught school this summer if I had not been so small." She pulled her short skirts over her feet. "I have one long dress," she said confidentially. "You can't think how tall I look in it. Mamma did not want it so, but people will never think I am a woman if I dress like a little girl."

"Perhaps that is so," the man replied. "I, for instance, would never have dreamed that you are a woman."

Cecil's eyes filled with tears and she stroked the cat silently; but she war not permitted to remain silent long, and "What do you read?" opened hes confidence afresh.

"Shakespeare."

It was well that the darkness veiled the smile in the man's eyes.

"And what play do you like best?"

"I don't know. I like them all," Cecil said with delightful impartiality. "I read them over and over, and the sonnets, too."

"It is true," said Cecil's mother, coming to summon them to supper. "She pores over the book from morning till night. I don't care for the stuff myself. I like history or a good story; but Cecil is like her father. He used to recite Milton and Shakespeare by the hour."

Cecil followed them in. The low-ceiled dining-room was pretty and neat although it showed the marks of the most rigid economy, not to say, poverty; but the white spread table with its blue dishes, its fragrant tea and its daintily prepared food, was a sight for hungry travelers to remember. Cecil sat in a rocking chair and swayed softly to and fro while her mother waited upon their guests. She was 'sizing them up" was the younger man's mental comment, as he smilingly noticed her intense gaze.

The older man, who introduced himself as Thomas Austin, artist, was slender, with a dark, bronzed face, hair and moustache lightly touched with gray, and keen, quiet, observant eyes. The other, whose card read "Ernest Cameron, civil engineer," was a pure blond. His hair and short, full beard were of that rare, golden tint, which the devotees of fashion strive, by the use of chemicals, to imitate, and his clear, blue eyes seldom lost their look of smiling content with the world. His figure, slightly inclined to portliness, and his full beard gave him an appearance of maturity which was not quite compatible with his fresh complexion and boyish manner. Still he had the air of serene self-possession which comes only through familiar contact with the world in its best conditions.

After supper, Mrs. Hunting took away the dishes, and Mr. Cameron turned to Cecil, who still rocked dreamily by the window, glancing, now and then, at a worn book in her lap, as if

she was silently conning over something.

"What are you studying, Miss Cecil?"

"Latin," she answered. "Mr Hicks, the Presbyterian minister, over town, helps me."

"And have you got as far as *amo* yet?" asked Cameron, laughing.

Cecil answered very simply and earnestly, "I am studying the first declension. I have translated a few of the fables I am only just beginning."

She laid aside her book and bade them good night quietly

"Don't go," pleaded Cameron. "I like to talk with you. Do you write poetry as well as read it?"

Cecil's pale face became paler, her dark eyes glowed with a strange light. This stranger had come unbidden into her temple, had touched with sacrilegious hands her holy of holies. All her life she had been alone; her romping brothers had teased her; her mother had regarded with a tender impatience her wayward moods; the few neighbors had found her to be "a queer child" who preferred mooning around in the woods alone to playing with other children, and prophesied evil as the result of her peculiar habits of thought and quiet wilfulness. Crusoe, on his island, was not more alone than this slip of a girl, in all the essentials of her life. She had looked forward to finding sympathy and companionship in the college life, knowing nothing, poor child, of the brutal commonplaceness of the average student, and unconscious of the fact that her peculiar characteristics would leave her alone quite as much in a community as in her own quiet home.

But this intruder? She swayed a moment in a giddy bewilderment, and then threw down all her defenses. *He* understood her. It was the solution of life's problem. What more had the great world to offer? In the pause between his question and her answer, when, regarding him with her earnest eyes, he was tried by the simple standards of a pure and fervent soul, the child had, indeed, become a woman. The color began to tinge her throat and ears and creep into her cheeks.

"A little, sometimes," she answered softly.

"Won't you read some of it to me, please?"

Cecil stood amazed. It was known in the family that she assayed to write poetry; indeed, several thin note books carefully put away in the corner of the writing desk were known to the irrepressible boys as "*The* Books of Poetry," but it was a novel experience that anyone should wish to read them. After a moment's hesitation she took down a portfolio and looking carefully through it, selected a few bits of closely-written paper. These were her latest efforts, and had not yet been embalmed in a book. They were entitled, "The Thrush's Nest," "What the Pine Tree Said" and "Under the Vines."

She read them with some embarrassment and sudden uplifting of her long-lashed eyes to discover whether or not her audience was taking her seriously; but she caught no smiles,—their faces were earnest and interested. It was as if they, too, had felt the subtle change which had transformed an interesting child into an earnest woman, who poured out her whole heart to them without fear and without reserve.

The little poems were not very remarkable; they were faulty in rhythm and crude in expression; they were valuable only as a means of demonstration to a passionate heart whose deepest experience thus far, had been an intense and sympathetic love of nature in all her moods.

Cameron, thanking Cecil with the frank courtesy which one sincere soul always gives to another, laid his hand lightly upon her shoulder in a manner that was very fatherly for a young man not yet twenty-five; but she shrank back with the quick instinct of maidenhood, and he felt rebuked.

Austin, lying lazily on the couch, caught the pure profile with its uplifted

ed eyes turned upon his friend. He gave a little exclamation of admiration. "The spirit of the summit," he quoted, and an intelligent glance flashed between the two.

Cecil looked puzzled, and glanced from one to the other. Then she said "good night" again.

"She has a rare feeling for color," was the artist's comment as Cecil passed out "She is more artist than poet. I should like to teach her." He took a little sketch book from his pack and made a rapid pencil sketch.

Mrs. Hunting, coming in, looked pleased at this manifestation of interest in her daughter. "It is very like her," she said examining the sketch critically. "That is, there are times when she has that expression. I think it is Cecil at her best She is not often pretty."

The artist smiled, the compliment was as sincere as it was unintentional. "People ought to be taken at their best," he said. "The best is none too good for the most of us."

It was very early in the morning when the two travelers took their departure. They stood by the hedge a moment and looked back at the cottage, white against a background of luxuriant, untrimmed locusts. In front was the lilac hedge, and a tangled mass of Scotch roses. They were both thinking of the girl who, with her passionate, undisciplined nature, was already answering to the call from the outside, and sending back her fearless challenge to the world.

"I am glad," said Cameron, giving expression to his thought, "that she is going away to school. It would be a pity to dwarf such a nature as hers in this deserted place. Discovering 'mute, inglorious Miltons,' isn't exactly my profession, but I venture to say we shall hear of Cecil Hunting again."

His companion looked at him with undisguised contempt.

"If one could draw 'the circle,' and shut her forever within it, if one could break her ambitious spirit with disappointment, and transmute the passion of her nature into expression, if one could concentrate all the emotion of her artistic and literary moods into one line, we should hear from Cecil Hunting again. If she goes to college she will fall into the rut of college life, and will probably take the first honors and marry some conceited undergradute who will bring her down to his own level of mediocrity, and she will spend her life trying to set her pace to the decorous march of society, or," he glanced upward toward the window whose white curtain fluttered in the morning breeze, "one may see a newspaper paragraph of a"—

"Stop," said Cameron roughly, "let us go"

"It will be so," said Austin, doggedly, turning away. "With the broader life comes the divided purpose, and a divided purpose to an intense nature like hers means mental or physical suicide. To be at one with itself, some one purpose must be dominant and absorbing, and isolation is a primal necessity. Her nature is rich enough to open half a dozen doors to her. There is her danger. The man with one talent is not in as much danger of hiding it away in a napkin," he philosophized as they tramped away. "It is the man with ten who makes a muddle of life."

Behind the curtain fluttering in the morning wind there knelt a slender figure in a white nightgown. As the men turned away, the girl looked after them a moment, raised her arms with an involuntary gesture, as if warding off a blow, and threw herself in an abandonment of despair across her little, white bed.

II.

The President of the Great Republic was taking a holiday trip. It had its political significance, doubtless; but to the sovereign people it was simply a holiday. Crowds gathered at the stations through which he passed, as small

boys gather around a circus tent, intent on seeing the show. The newspaper reporters called it an "ovation" which the President received at the various points of travel. People of all political faiths good-naturedly crowded each other to catch a glimpse of the over-fed magnate and his pretty, young wife. Democrats, Republicans, Prohibitionists, Populists, threw up their hats together and hurrahed for the President. It was doubtless a very gratifying spectacle to the chief magistrate, and would probably have been even more highly appreciated if so many of them had not gone home and voted for the other fellow.

But, at any rate, the dome was gilded, the crowd was interested, the populace had a holiday. The great northwest,—where presidents are not an everyday spectacle,—was particularly gratified over the trip that brought this pageant through its borders; for all the world,—in beholding it through the pen-pictures of the ubiquitous reporter,—beheld, also, its broad prairies, its boundless forests, its mighty rivers, its magnificent lakes, and its rich and busy cities.

At the state capital there were great preparations made to receive the presidential party, for they were to tarry there for a day and a night. The day was given up to the common people, who thronged the capitol to clasp for a moment the hand of a man to whom handshaking had become monotonous, but. who, nevertheless, contrived to put enough grip into the moment's contact to make some men feel that it was a great thing to vote for a man for President whom they had met face to face; and it was something to tell one's children's children that the common people had shaken hands with the President of the Great Republic

The evening was devoted to the inner circle,—to the state officials, to the political power, the wealth, the culture, the beauty of the state. Certainly it was the flower of its manhood and womanhood that gathered in the Governor's mansion.

It was surely a rare tribute to one's personal attractions to be singled out for particular comment and admiration from that throng of distinguished men and beautiful women, but that distinction was doubtless awarded to Mrs. Searles. Dressed in black with studied simplicity, she was everywhere the center of admiring groups.

"Say, Cameron, who is the lady in black to whom the President is talking?" asked a young member of the presidential party of a comrade.

"'A daughter of the gods,'" was the smiling response. "I was presented to her, but I failed to catch the name, and before I could fairly recover myself she was swept away. Do you know, Howard, I don't think I care for this sort of thing any more. I enjoyed my first trip through this country vastly more. It was fourteen or fifteen years ago. I was sent to look up some government lands up in the pine country. My cousin, Tom Austin—you know him, of course—went with me. We took a steamer from Chicago to Ashland, but came back across the country to Milwaukee all sorts of ways—tramped, came down the Wisconsin in a rowboat, camped with the Indians—took life in the rough. It is an experience I should like to repeat."

Cameron turned away a little wearily. The lights, the flowers, the brilliant company did not accord with his mood. He stepped out upon a piazza, where the cool night air and the soft, monotonous lap of the lake touched his restless spirit like a gentle, human hand. But someone else, also weary of the heat and light and the hum of human voices, was there before him. She turned her face quickly. Cameron uttered a low exclamation of surprise and delight, and held out his hand.

"Now I know why your face has haunted me all the evening. I had hardly thought to find you so near to your native heath; but I am glad to

see you,—would be glad to see you anywhere."

The lady smiled.

"I knew you instantly," she said, "although you are younger than you were fifteen years ago."

Cameron had not fulfilled the promise of his portly young manhood. He was slender, and his smooth face gave him a boyish appearance.

"I cannot say that of you," he responded, "but, if years add so much, who will dare prophesy what another fifteen years will bring you?"

"We have learned a secret or two, we women," the lady answered lightly. "There are plenty of grandmothers in there," pointing one slender finger toward the parlors,—"people do not become distinguished much before the grandmother age—but there are no old women."

"That is true," said Cameron. "How do they manage it?"

"That was nice of you, that 'they'; but I have learned the secret, too. With you gentlemen it is a simple affair, you merely shave; but with us,"—there was a moment's hesitation,—"it is a process of vivisection, by which that troublesome organ, familiarly known as the heart, is 'extracted without pain.' That is the formula—the same as the traveling dentist's,—and if there happens to be any pain the music is so loud that no one hears the cry and the end is accomplished. One is so glad to have it over with. After that there is peace. If one can only succeed in performing the same operation upon her conscience she may live forever. It is the 'elixir of life,' and the fountain of youth in one. Don't mind the mixed metaphors, please I'm not literary, any more"

Cameron regarded his companion keenly for a moment.

"I was about to ask," he said, "about your work, and how many books you have written. I beg your pardon for the question, but I have lived abroad for ten years, and my reading has been chiefly of international law."

The young lady laughed. She laughed easily and her tones were very sweet; but there seemed to Cameron's sensitive ear a discordant note.

"You might be excused for the question if you had not lived abroad," she answered. "One poor, little thing is all. It was published before I was eighteen, and I ought to be forgiven. I have reaped a little benefit from it, though it was neither a literary nor a financial success. It does not take much to establish one in society as a literary person, and on the strength of that venture into realms where angels may well fear to tread, I have been introduced to a number of real lions. There is another advantage, too; in the report of an assembly like this, for instance, when the poor society reporter is at his wit's end for adjectives, he is so glad to find some other peg than one's personal appearance upon which to hang his descriptive rhetoric. When there are so many 'beautiful women' in 'elegant attire' it is something of a relief to be distinguished as the 'writer of graceful verses.' I think the poor, little book did me a good turn after all."

Cameron looked wonderingly at the fair, smiling face with its beautiful eyes. They, at least, were unchanged.

"But," he said, speaking this thought aloud, "*you* are changed."

"Your tone would indicate not a complete satisfaction in the change," she said lightly.

"That is impossible," Cameron answered earnestly. "It is only surprise that the demure little bud should open into such splendid bloom, but—the bud was sweet in its own way." Then he added in a low, penetrating tone which might have reached to the deeper nature which he felt sure lay beneath the frivolous, society exterior, "Do you ever hear the voices, now?"

The lady laughed in an amused manner.

"Not often."

Cameron took up her bantering tone.

"And do you still read Shakespeare and study Latin, Miss Hunting?"

It was the lady's turn to look surprised.

"You have an excellent memory, Mr. Cameron," she replied, "but the gods did not bestow upon you all the gifts and graces. You seem to be lacking the sixth sense. You have not even such penetration as would seem almost a necessity in your vocation as a diplomat. You know, do you not," she went on hastily, "that every one has an idiosyncrasy peculiar to himself which may be used as a defense against undue criticism; you probably also know the truth of the little remark that a woman may do almost anything if it is only known that she draws a line *somewhere*. Well, I draw mine on the further side of saying what I please, provided only it is the truth. With this prologue, pardon me if I say that I have known men who could in something less than fifteen years appreciate the fact that a girl could pass from the first declension to the first conjugation in a single lesson."

Cameron's face was very white and his lips tense with emotion as he stepped impulsively forward and laid his hand upon hers.

"Cecil," he began—

She stepped back with the same quick, repellant motion he remembered so well.

"Pardon," she said, "I am Mrs. Searles. I see that I have spoken once too often; I shall have to move the line."

Cameron's head dropped.

"You are very cruel," he said in a husky voice, "at least I have been truer to my ideal than you. I have never married—"

She laughed again,—such a sweet and merry laugh, but yet there was the discordant note.

"That *is* amusing, Mr. Cameron, that a shy schoolgirl with overgrown hands and feet and a mania for 'making poetry' should have made such an impression that even ten years of the old world did not efface it."

"This much at least is true" He met her mocking look unflinchingly. "In the apartment, which is the only home I have known for years, there hangs a water color painting of a girl's face. It is a profile and bears a striking resemblance to the one before me as the lights from the parlors fall upon it. My friends have named it, 'The spirit of the summit.' It is my St. Cecelia, as well." He paused a moment. "A fellow had to have a decently clean record to go to sleep under those eyes. My cousin, whom you, perhaps, also graciously remember, painted it for himself, but I begged for it. He kept the little pencil sketch, but he never painted it again. 'There is but one such face,' he said, 'We cannot both have it'"

Mrs. Searles leaned heavily against the pillar of the piazza Her breath came and went quickly. Once twice she opened her lips as if to speak, but she uttered no word.

"Good bye," said Cameron holding out his hands and savagely crushing the two slender ones laid in them. This, then, was the end?

"'Or so very little longer!'" the still smiling lips quoted.

He dropped her hands, grinding a curse between his set teeth, and turned away.

III.

In a beautiful room in one of the stately homes overlooking the lake a woman sat before a writing table. A diary lay open before her and the last entry was this.

"It has come and gone again. It did not come, before, over the hill. I was so sure that something,—someone,—would come to me over the hill, and I watched for it day after day; but it came upon me suddenly, out of the night, that something which transferred me into a new being. So again it did not come by the path of propriety and correct form, but leaped over all the barriers of custom and the conventionalities of society to make its own opportunity. It was a wooing after my own

heart, but I could not accept it. No, how could I, after I had laid bare my own heart after that reckless fashion? I used the man's privilege, but I received the woman's hurt. I could not tell him that I was free,—that never in my life was I so completely my own,—that no living being had a claim upon me, and that even to the dead I owed nothing. I could not tell him—and he is gone,—gone too, believing hard and cruel things of me. What remains? I have traveled till I am weary, and I shall never have a home. I have learned too many things and learned them too well ever to accomplish anything in any of them. I sing too well ever to be an artist; I paint too well ever to accomplish anything in literature, for I follow first one call and then another. I am too fond of ease and luxury ever to attempt the heroic. There was but one chance for me to perfect my life. Love could have made me kind and gentle and unselfish. I have thrown it away. To another it might come again. Some women love easily,—but it is not for me. I have thrown it away. But there is still the problem of what shall fill the gap between the end of this life and the beginning of the next. I am tired — tired."

The writer lay back among the crimson cushions. She was very pale and very lovely, and there was a half-smile on her lips. So might a child have looked who had dropped to sleep in its mother's arms. One slender hand lay on the cushioned arm of the chair, but the pen had dropped from its hold and the pretty trifle of pearl and gold lay at her feet. The gray dawn crept in and found the lights still burning. There came upon the lake a flood of gold and crimson light, but the eyes that loved so much to linger upon beautiful things did not open to this beauty. The maid knocked softly on the door but her mistress gave no response. A humming bird flew in through the open window and hovered lovingly above the crimson chair, but it did not waken the sleeper.

The gap had been filled.

THE COMING OF PEACE.

OUT of war's troubled sky of smoke and fire
Cometh the dove of peace on silver wings,
Down from the throne of God she joyous springs
Bearing message sweet with Christ's desire;
And as she swiftly stoops to earth, man's ire,
The rage of war, the venom battle brings,
Melt like miasmic mists when morning flings
Her beams afar and gladness tunes her lyre.
O shout ye hills and answer back ye stars,
For freedom's banner with its crimson bars
Is floating where the Spanish ensign waved!
There, slaves rise up to freedom and are men,
A noble isle from tyranny is sayed
And o'er our land sweet peace is brooding once again.

Clarence Hawkes.

A MIDLAND MUSICAL CENTER.

By Sylvanus Urban.

DES MOINES, the fair capital of the Hawkeye State, has for a number of years been recognized as one of the musical centers of the West. This reputation has been gained largely through the abilities and activity of the many excellent musicians who have been attracted to the city, and have made it their home. Before considering present conditions, it may be of interest to briefly mention some of the earlier musical organizations that have had a part in making Des Moines' musical history.

Everything must have a beginning, and, as with many another Western city, the first musical organization formed in Des Moines was a brass band, which came into existence in 1858. The following year an orchestra was formed, which furnished music for the various social affairs of the time.

During the years which followed various musical organizations came into existence, flourished for a time, and succumbed to different influences. Intimately associated with the history of Des Moines musical life are the names of Prof V. C. Taylor, Mr. C. W. Keyes, Mr Henry Plumb, Mr. Thomas Hatton, Mr. H. I. Proctor, Misses Nichols and Treat and others.

Photo by Webster.
PROF. HENRI RUIFROK,
Director Piano Department Des Moines Musical College.

Photo by Edinger.
DR. M. L. BARTLETT.
President and Musical Director Des Moines Musical College.

Among the early organizations which made claim to public favor in a large way was the Woollett Opera Company, which, about 1879, 1880 and 1887, presented a number of light operas in a creditable manner, under the direction of Mr. John Woollett, at that time a leading singer and vocal teacher here.

About 1883 the Philharmonic Society was organized and gave successful concerts of a high order during several seasons. About 1885 the Gerberich Grand Orchestra was organized, and until 1893 gave an annual series of very creditable concerts.

The Des Moines Vocal Society enjoyed a brilliant but brief existence about 1889–90.

During the seasons of 1894–95 and 1896–97 the Riedelsberger String Quartette gave series of successful concerts.

Photo by Webster.
PROF. M. M. ALSBURY, VIOLINIST.

At present Des Moines has no regularly organized choral society, though it is probable one may be formed the coming season from the Chautauqua Festival Chorus. The Apollo Club, a male chorus of about forty voices, has given a number of excellent concerts during the past few seasons. The Woman's Musical Guild is an organization with a large and enthusiastic membership, and is doing much for the cause of good music in Des Moines. The Des Moines Symphony Orchestra was formed over a year ago and has given some excellent concerts.

The Des Moines Musical College was founded in 1888. Dr. M. L. Bartlett is President and Musical Director, Mrs. Ida W. Bartlett Secretary, and Miss Grace Johnson Assistant Secretary. Dr. Bartlett has been a prominent figure in the musical life of Des Moines for the past ten years, and is at present conductor of the Des Moines Symphony Orchestra, Des Moines Apollo Club, and the Chautauqua Festival Chorus. Dr. Bartlett is widely known as a writer, composer, conductor and teacher, and his lecture, "Musical Misfits," has attracted much attention recently. Associated with Dr. Bartlett as director of the piano department, is Mr. Henri Ruifrok, a graduate of the Leipsic Conservatory of Music, and a pianist and musician of unusual attainments. Mr. Ruifrok is a remarkably successful teacher, and has also published quite a number of interesting songs. He is conductor of the chorus of the Woman's Musical Guild.

M. M. Alsbury is the director of the violin department of the Des Moines Musical College. He hails from Boston, where he studied violin with Franz Kneisel. He has a large repertoire of the standard classics. Mr. Alsbury studied harmony with Julius Eichberg and Charles Capen, and composition and orchestration with G. W. Chadwick. He has composed several

PROF. GRANT HADLEY,
Teacher of Voice Culture, Highland Park College.

works, one of which, a symphonic oratorio, entitled "Crucifixion and Resurrection," for solos, quartettes, chorus and grand orchestra, is to be produced here during the coming season.

Connected with the Highland Park College, of which Mr. C. C. Rearick is President, is a strong musical conservatory. Prof. Grant Hadley, director of the vocal department, came here from Omaha less than a year ago. He has an unusually fine baritone voice, and is meeting with excellent success as a teacher. Prof. Arthur Heft, director of the violin department, is well known in Des Moines as a fine violin soloist and as director of the Iowa State Military band, which has given weekly concerts in the parks of the city during the summer. Mr. Heft is a pupil of Charles Dancla, of the Royal Conservatory at Paris, France, and is a very popular teacher. Miss Genevieve Westerman is in charge of the piano department, with Miss Bachman as assistant. Miss Westerman has had considerable experience as a teacher in conservatory work and private classes. She is a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music, and has studied with Seboeck and Sherwood. She has appeared with great success on the programs of the Iowa Music Teachers' Association, and recently gave a recital at the White House, at President McKinley's invitation.

PROF. ARTHUR HEFT, VIOLINIST,
Instructor on String and Wind Instruments, Highland Park College

The Drake University Conservatory of Music is under the direction of Prof. J. A. Strong, a graduate of the Oberlin Conservatory, and who has been a successful teacher in Des Moines for some years. He is assisted in this department by his wife, Mrs. Mary H. Reist-Strong, a capable pianist and teacher, and a prominent member of the Woman's Musical Guild. Mrs. Meta Hills-MacRae, one of Des Moines' popular singers and teachers, is to be in charge of the vocal department the coming year. Mrs. Nellie M. Cumming will have charge of the violin department, and is an excellent musician and capable teacher. She is an active worker in the Woman's Musical Guild and is always heard with pleasure.

Among the successful piano teachers of the city is Mr. J. W. Rehmann, a man of scholarly attainments in a literary as well as musical way. Mr. Rehmann came to Des Moines eight years ago from Osage, Iowa. Prior to coming to Des Moines he had studied in this country and with the Scharweukas Langhans and Wolff, in Berlin, and had been a successful teacher at Osage for some years. Mr. Rehmann has established a full academic course, embrac-

ing harmony and musical history, and grants a diploma to pupils who complete the course. Mr. Rehmann has probably the finest and largest musical library in the State.

As a pianist, teacher and musician, Mrs. C. S. Hardy, who came to Des Moines from Chicago a few years ago, occupies a high position in Des Moines musical circles. Mrs. Hardy is a pupil

MISS GENEVIEVE WESTERMAN,
Instructor Piano Department, Highland Park College.

of Oscar Raif, the widely known Leipsic teacher, and many of Des Moines' well known pianists have studied with her.

Among the teachers of the city few, if any, are in a position to exert a wider or more far-reaching influence than Mrs. H. R. Reynolds, musical instructor in the West Des Moines schools. Mrs. Reynolds has made a special study of this work, which requires somewhat different qualifications from those of the regular teacher of music. She has met with remarkable success in her chosen field, and achieved more than a local reputation.

Prof. James M. Tracy, the well known pianist and teacher, has made his home in Des Moines since 1892, at which time he came here from Boston to take charge of the Conservatory of Music at Highland Park Normal College. After four years with this institution he accepted the directorship of the piano department of the Des Moines Conservatory for one year, since which time he has given private lessons. Mr. Tracy was a pupil of Plaidy, Moscheles, Richter, Liszt and Bendel, and was leading piano instructor and teacher of theory and harmony at the Boston Conservatory for twelve years. He has written several instruction books for piano, studies, etc., and other writings along musical lines.

In October, 1894, a young girl, Miss Ethel Johnson, began the study of the violin at the Des Moines Musical College under Mr. Carl Riedelsberger. Her talent was unusual, and she made such progress that in June, 1896, less than two years after beginning her studies, she won the gold medal at the prize contest before the State Music Teachers' Association at Oskaloosa. She studied with Mr. Riedelsberger as long as he remained here, and thus far he has been her only teacher. She has unusual natural gifts, which if developed will make for her a bright, artistic future.

For a good many years the name of Mr. J. W. Campbell has been a familiar one to the musical people of Des Moines. A fine baritone singer, Mr. Campbell has taken a prominent part in a great many local musical affairs. He has been chorister in a number of

the leading churches of Des Moines, and is one of the most popular singers in the city.

In Des Moines, as elsewhere, good accompanists are rare. Miss Luella Nash has made a speciality of this work for a number of years and has accompanied many of the artists who have sung or played here, as well as a large number of our local singers and players. She is an excellent organist and has officiated at several of the church organs in the city at different times.

Prominent among the pianists of the city is Miss Luella Hayward, a graduate of the Des Moines Musical College, and who possesses many unusual musical qualities. She has a brilliant technic and qualities of temperament and style which promise much for her artistic future. She has appeared in public here with marked success on several occasions, and is devoting herself to further study and to teaching.

PROF. J. A. STRONG, MUSICAL DIRECTOR DRAKE UNIVERSITY.

Photo by Webster.
MRS. CHAS. A. CUMMING, VIOLINIST.

For nearly twenty years the names of Charles L. and Cornell M. Keeler have been associated with most of the prominent musical events of the city. Mr. Charles L. Keeler has probably played more accompaniments before Des Moines audiences than any other person in the city. He has been organist at the First M. E. Church for a number of years and is recognized as one of the best organists in the city. Mr. C. M. Keeler has long been one of the most prominent and popular singers of Des Moines, and has been actively connected with every important vocal society we have had, and deeply interested in the musical advancement of the city. He is an active worker in the Apollo Club,

Photo by Webster.
PROF. J. W. REHMANN,
Pianist and Teacher.

Photo by Edinger.
MRS. H. R. REYNOLDS,
Instructor in Music, West Des Moines Schools.

and is chorister at the First M. E. Church.

A recent addition to Des Moines musical circles is Miss Carrie Bell Scott, a young lady violinist, a pupil of S. E. Jacobsohn of Chicago. Miss Scott was teacher of violin at the Iowa Agricultural College at Ames for several years, and her playing is highly appreciated.

Miss Mamie Rickard has presided at St. Ambrose organ since 1888. She is a Des Moines girl and comes of a musical family. She studied at the Sister's

PROF. JAMES M. TRACY,
Instructor Piano, Voice and Harmony.

Photo by Pearson.
MISS MAUD ETHEL JOHNSON, VIOLINIST.

school and after graduating from there at the age of sixteen, went to Chicago and studied pipe organ, attaining a proficiency remarkable in one so young. She possesses an excellent soprano voice, and is not only organist but directress of the choir. Miss Rickard takes advantage of every opportunity to hear the large choirs and study the methods of organists in the larger cities, and thus keeps up to the times on matters pertaining to her profession. She is a lady who makes and keeps friends by her winning personality, and is very popular with the congregation of St. Ambrose.

Des Moines is favored with a number of very excellent young lady violinists, among whom Miss Olive Kinkead holds a prominent place. She studied for several years with Mr. Riedelsberger, and graduated under him from the Des

(Photos by Webster.)

MISS CARRIE BELLE SCOTT.
MISS VIVIAN ROBINSON.

MISS PEARL WILSON.
MISS OLIVE KINKEAD.

MR. C. M. KEELER, BARITONE SOLOIST.

Photo by Webster.
MISS LUELLA HAYWARD, PIANIST.

Moines Musical College. The past year she has studied with Professor Heft, at Highland Park College.

It would be difficult to name a woman who has exerted a stronger or better influence on the musical life of the city than Mrs. Celeste B. Givens. She is a thorough musician, full of enthusiasm and love for her art. She was the founder of the Woman's Musical Guild, and has been its President from its inception.

Among the younger pianists of the city one of the most promising is Miss

Photo by Webster.
MISS MAMIE RICKARD,
Organist St. Ambrose Catholic Church.

Photo by Webster.
MISS ADDA M. BLAKESLEE,
Instructor in Music Capital Park Schools.

Photo by Webster.
MRS. MARGARET L. WEBER, VOCALIST.

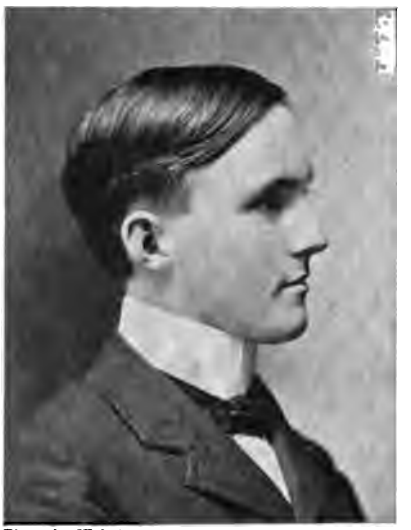


Photo by Webster.
MR. FRED CONDIT, TENOR VOCALIST.

Pearl Wilson, a remarkably talented pupil of Professor Ruifrok She displays strong individuality in her playing, and her friends expect much from her in an artistic way.

Mrs. Margaret L. Weber is one of Des Moines' well known singers and teachers. She is supervisor of music in the North Des Moines schools, and teacher of voice in Des Moines (Bap-

MISS LILLIAN STETSON.

MISS ORA E. NEWELL.

MRS. E. W. McDADE.
MISS LUELLA NASH.

MISS THERESE JOHNSON.

PROF. JOHN SINCLAIR,
Director Des Moines Conservatory of Music.

tist) College. Her teachers have been Prof. V. C. Taylor, W. H. Lieb, J. W. Campbell, and W. N. Burritt of Chicago. She has sung in various churches in the city for the past ten years, and is a successful teacher.

Miss Therese Johnson, a pianist and organist of ability, is a comparatively recent addition to the ranks of Des Moines musicians. She studied under eminent instructors in Stockholm and Vesteras, Sweden, graduating at the latter place, where she also played in the cathedral. She comes to Des Moines well recommended, and has recently been playing the organ at the First M. E. Church during the absence of Mr. C. L. Keeler, the regular organist.

Des Moines has a goodly number of excellent organists, among whom Miss Ora E. Newell, organist at the First Baptist Church, is entitled to a prominent place. An unusually fine reader, a sympathetic accompanist, and with an excellent technical command of her instrument, she is well equipped for her chosen work. Miss Newell is also a very good pianist, excelling particularly as an accompanist.

A popular singer with the Des Moines public is Miss Addie M Blakeslee, who first came into prominence a few years ago by winning the first prize at a contest before the Welsh singing societies of the State at Oskaloosa. Miss Blakeslee graduated from the Des Moines Conservatory in June.

Among the successful teachers of the city is Miss Vivian Robinson, a young pianist of considerable ability. Miss Robinson graduated from the Des Musical College two years ago, and has devoted herself to teaching since that time.

Mr. John Sinclair, director of the Des Moines Conservatory of Music, came to Des Moines from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, several years ago to assume charge of the choir of St. Paul's Church. He founded the Des Moines Conservatory in 1895 and has been a prominent figure in the musical life of the city. He retired from St. Paul's Church choir about a year ago and has since devoted himself entirely to teaching and the affairs of the Conservatory.

An acquisition of the Des Moines Conservatory of Music, and a credit to it, is Miss Florence J. Stewart, who graduated from the Conservatory in

MISS FLORENCE J. STEWART, PIANIST

Photo by Webster.
PROF. EMIL ENNA, PIANIST,
Director Musical Department Danish Lutheran University

June, 1896,—the first class. In the fall of the same year she was tendered a position as directress of the piano department, where she has remained ever since, greatly to the satisfaction of her pupils, as well as to the Conservatory.

A well known and very popular pianist in Des Moines is Miss Lillian Stetson, who for the past two years has been piano instructor at Des Moines College. Miss Stetson is a graduate of the Des Moines Musical College, and won the gold medal at the contest before the Iowa Music Teachers' Association, at Iowa City, in 1897. While a pupil of Mrs. Bonbright several years ago, she won the Tilden medal at the Des Moines College contest.

In Mr. Fred Condit, Des Moines has a very promising young tenor singer who bids fair to make an enviable name for himself. He is a pupil of Dr. Bartlett, and outside of church choir work has been heard in public but little.

About a year ago a young Danish pianist, Mr. Emil Enna, located in Des Moines, and has established himself on the East Side. He was born in Copenhagen and received the greater part of his education there. He has recently been engaged to teach in the new Danish College.

Miss Nellie E. Aikman needs no introduction to the people of Des Moines or Cent al Iowa. At one time or another she has sung in most of the principal churches of the city, and is now solo soprano at the First M. E. Church.

Miss Maude Witmer has been organist at the Lutheran Church for a number of years and has demonstrated her capabilities as a musician and organi t. Quiet and unassuming, her work has been uniformly satisfactory.

Mr. G. W. Maxon and his cello have been welcome guests at many a musical gathering in Des Moines. Mr. Maxon was a member of the Gerberich Orchestra for a number of years and is President of the Des Moines Symphony Orchestra.

Mrs. F. O. Davis, organist at the First Presbyterian Church and at the Synagogue, is one of the best organists in the city and an active member of the Woman's Musical Guild.

A man whose work has had an important influence upon the musical life of the city is Mr. L. S. Gerberich, who in 1885 established his symphony or-

Photo by Webster.
MISS MAUD WITMER,
Organist St. John's Lutheran Church.

Photo by Webster.
MR. G. W. MAXON, 'CELLIST.

chestra, which gave an annual series of concerts until 1893. Lovers of good music will be glad to know that Mr. Gerberich has decided to reorganize his orchestra for the coming season.

An article on music in Des Moines would be incomplete did it not contain some mention of Mr. W. H. Heighton, the well-known cellist. Mr. Heighton has been connected with many of the leading musical organizations of the city during recent years, and takes great interest in everything pertaining to the advancement of music as an art.

W. H. HEIGHTON, 'CELLIST.

Miss Fanny A. Crowley has for many years been one of the most successful of Des Moines' teachers and has recently resumed her work here after a period of European study.

Mrs. Carrie Belknap has been one of the best known singers of the city for a number of years. She has studied under Shakespeare, in London, and Sbriglia, in Paris, and her recital last winter after her return from Paris was one of the noted musical events of the season.

One of the most talented of Des Moines' violinists is Miss Rose Reichard. Miss Reichard studied with Mr. Riedelsberger all the time he was here and has played with success before many Des Moines audiences.

An organization which has made itself popular with Des Moines music lovers, is the Harmony Male Quartette, consisting of W. S. Lacy, first tenor; L. D. Carpenter, second tenor; E. C. Stanley, baritone; G. B. Graves, bass.

The singing of this quartette was a feature of a number of the recent Chautauqua programs.

In a somewhat different line of musical work the name of A. J. Krommer is familiar to the people of Des Moines. For a number of years Mr. Krommer's Orchestra has furnished music for a large number of the parties and receptions which enliven the social life of the city.

Miss Edith E. Brant, instructor in music in Polk County Normal Institute, is a Des Moines product, though she has been located in Minneapolis for a number of years, where she is engaged as instructor of music in the public schools of that city. She is a graduate of William L. Tomlins,

MR. A. J. KROMMER, VIOLINIST.

MR. W. S. LACY,
First Tenor Harmony Male Quartet.

MR. L. D. CARPENTER,
Second Tenor Harmony Male Quartet.

of Chicago, having also studied in natural methods under two noted Eastern specialists, George Ripley, of Boston, and Thomas Tapper, of New York, the latter an examiner in the National College of Musicians. In 1894 Miss Brant was engaged as assistant principal of the Webster School, of Des Moines.

A lady of marked musical talent and accomplishment, is the wife of Mr. E. W. McDade, Pastor of Prospect Park Methodist Church, Mrs. Grace Martin-McDade. Mrs. McDade studied in the Oberlin Conservatory of Music. After

First Bass Harmony Male Quartet.

Second Bass Harmony Male Quartet.

MISS HARRIET GARTON,
Instructor in Music, East Des Moines Schools.

completing her studies there she continued her studies in Smith College, Massachussets. She is an instructor in piano, harmony and voice. She is a very fine soloist, having a rich, full, clear soprano voice.

Miss Harriet Garton is one of the rising musicians of Des Moines. She took up the study of music at an early age and has devoted herself to the art continuously, availing herself of the rare advantages for obtaining a musical education, offered in Des Moines. In recognition of her ability as a teacher, and in evidence of her popularity, she has been employed as instructor in the East Des Moines schools and high school, where she is meeting with deserved success.

The Heft String quartette, organized and conducted by Professor Heft, of the Highland Park Conservatory, has appeared a number of times before critical audiences and has received the most hearty evidences of appreciation.

MR. MAX KROMMER, HARPIST AND VIOLINIST.

MRS. EDITH E. BRANT, VOCAL INSTRUCTOR.

Mr. Max Krommer, son of A. J. Krommer, is just returned from six years study of the harp and violin at the Vienna, Austria, Conservatory. As he was a talented performer before going abroad, his work now is expected to attract a peculiar interest and attention.

Miss Julia Plumb is prominent in the Guild and in piano work. She was a pupil of Sherwood, and her piano instruction is thorough and widely appreciated.

Mrs. W. A. Hotchkiss is among the long-faithful musicians of the city. She has for many years served as organist of the Plymouth Congregational Church.

No article within these limits could be complete. The pages used would scarcely be sufficient to list, alone, the many talented performers of the city. Conceded as Des Moines already is, to be a strong and growing musical center, it is safe to predict for the city a still greater development in the immediate future. Her musical institutions and specialists throw open wide the doors to all learners and to professional workers who may come among us.

FROM NORTHWEST ALASKA.

By William M. McFarland.*

WE ARE here at last in Kotzebu Sound, and to-night we sleep in our tents, about eight miles west and north of Cape Blossom, on the beach. About seven miles north and a little east is a point called Fort Morton. There is absolutely nothing there, however, at present. It used to be a trading point, and a log structure called a fort was erected, and the point was named Morton in honor of Vice-President Morton. The most quiet and enjoyable part of our whole journey was from St. Michaels the gateway to Klondike—up here. We had perfect June weather, with a sea as smooth as a mirror all the way, lasting forty-eight hours. We got to anchor off Blossom at 4:30 P. M., Monday, July 18th, so that we have had three days for looking around. Tuesday, Welday and I took one of our own boats and put off for shore six miles away, and landed in about two miles of where we now go into camp. We found a lovely, dry beach, clear, almost fresh water and at this time warm enough to bathe in. I have had a plunge in the Arctic Ocean and enjoyed it very much. I was very much surprised to find the shore and hills near by covered with grass and flowers; buttercups, dandelions, blue bells, dog fennel and a sort of daisy were the most conspicuous flowers. There was blue joint, blue grass and several other varieties of grasses that seemed to be doing well; plenty of pasture here for about three and one-half months. We beached our boat and walked along the beach about six miles over solid ground, and a good foot-path all the way. We went through several Indian camps full of bad smells, dogs and filth; they are a dirty, lousy set, but very friendly and kind to white people. We went to the Quaker mission and found a man by the name of Sams in charge. His wife and a Miss Honeycut were his only associates. By the way, Miss Honeycut is from the Friends' Society at Oskaloosa, and is a cousin to Miss Honeycut who, some years ago, taught in the Brooklyn schools They were greatly pleased to meet us, and would have entertained us on their scant fare if we had permitted. They procured a large "omaack," a skin boat of the natives, and took us back to our own boat six miles away. These boats are frames covered with dressed walrus hide, and will easily carry twenty people, but are so light two men can lift them with ease. We were greatly surprised when we went down to the beach to find four Indians and a dog team awaiting us. The whole mission accompanied us, beside the four Indians, making nine people all told. A long, rawhide rope was fastened to a ring in the bottom of the boat about eight feet from the bow—the boat was twenty-eight feet long—and the dog team was hitched on. We were all seated and Mr Indian cracked his whip called out "hi-ho, hi-ho," and the dogs started up the beach at a lively

*Ex-Secretary of State McFarland and a party of Iowans are representing a syndicate of capitalists, prospecting for gold near the Arctic coast, 1,000 miles northwest of the Klondike country. The accompanying letter was written July 21.

pace, pulling our boat with perfect ease, apparently. One Indian used a pole occasionally to keep us from beaching. It was a jolly ride, and a novel experience. These people were so glad to see us that we could hardly get away from them. They came over to our ship the next morning and we had a pleasant visit with them. They all talk "Indian," and help us in getting information from the Indians. They are loud in the praise of the honesty of these poor people, so that we do not fear to trust them.

We will start up the Notack river about July 24th, for the vicinity of Port Hope. All reports are good, as to gold, but the river is a terror to ascend,—swift and full of rapids,—it will be a hard job we start on. The other two boys are getting a tent up; I am to get supper,—no hurry,—as we had dinner on the boat at 2:30 P. M. It is now 4:30, and I will send this back with the "Grace Dollar," which will leave in about twenty minutes. The sun sets about 11 P. M., now, so that we do not have any darkness, the sun getting up again about 2 A. M., and twilight never fades into night. We could easily read without a lamp all night. We feel a little lonesome at being dumped here and left to our fate, but it is what we have longed for the past thirty days. We have been on the "Grace Dollar," for forty-two days,—what a shame,—but we were powerless, besides no one else seems to have fared any better. Will build a little house for our goods, and one of our number will remain here while we are on our expedition to the northwest coast of Alaska. We have three good men who go up with us, and the one we think of leaving is rather weak, having been sick for two weeks or more. We have arranged with two Indians to take our supplies either up the river, or to Point Hope, as we may desire about August 28th, when one of us will return here in one of our boats. The trip down is very short, about thirty hours, allowing eight for sleep, as the current allows a fairly good oarsman to make ten miles per hour, so that he will not need much grub for the down trip. Fish are very plenty and cheap, a ten-pound salmon being "swapped" for a half pound of crackers or sugar. Game is also abundant up river; geese and ducks by the millions, and deer in abundance, besides a sort of squirrel, larger than the Iowa squirrel, and very fine eating; the Arctic hare and Arctic pigeon are also very plenty and easy to get all winter, so that if we remain here a year, we do not figure on going very hungry, except for certain little home dishes and delicacies which always add so much to a meal. Snow pudding, they toll us, is not a rare dish

This would be a most excellent point for Secretary Wilson to locate a weather station. If you can induce him to stretch a wire from Washington here, we will willingly report daily observations, providing he gives us the latest war news and a message from home each day in return for the favor. We will also report the movements of Camara's Spanish vessels when they strike for the Arctic Ocean to evade the guns of Admiral Dewey. The last war news we had was the charge of the Rough Riders up Santiago hill. What has happened since then we don't know, but would like to hear. I have no fear of the results I have faith in the valor, courage and ingenuity of the American army and navy to successfully cope with any nation on the globe. The farther I get from home the greater seems the glory of our nation. The best we can wish for the newly liberated people is that they be sheltered and protected under the dear old stars and stripes.

I have great faith in our expedition. I believe we will realize what we came here for. If we are not disappointed, new revenues for the American people will be opened, on American soil and under the protection of Uncle Sam. What is in store for us, however, time alone will tell.

A PROVIDENTIAL CIRCUMSTANCE.

By George Bancroft Smith.

"GOOD-BYE, Abram; don't furgit the mail."

"All right, Hanner; good-bye."

It was an interesting picture.

Mrs. Hoover stood on the broad side porch of the old frame farm-house as she bade her husband farewell. They were well-to-do people of the Dunkard persuasion, as was easily guessed by their severely plain apparel. Hannah was dressed in a drab dress, with cape and apron of the same color and material, made up in the most unostentatious style possible, while a neat, clean, white cap covered her head. Abram wore a suit of brown jeans, very plain, with the ritualistic broad-brimmed felt hat so strictly required by his denomination. He wore his beard full, long, well-trimmed, with no mustache—a typical Dunkard farmer, honest, respectable and prosperous.

This was truly one of those plain, substantial country homes, hospitable to the fullest extent, where one sits down to the long, well-filled table and revels in the sublimity of splendid good things prepared by the efficient housewife, who never dreamed of cooking-schools, but who can make those custard pies, an inch deep, that melt in your mouth before you have a chance to try their elasticity or tensile strength, both of which qualities are replaced by a mellowness that would mobilize the ancient gods, who, we are told, partook so frequently of the pleasing nectar.

The Hoover farm, a well-managed one, indeed, lay on the west side of Stillwater river a small stream which empties into the Miami ten miles below.

The peculiarity of this little river is its pretty scenery, for, though a mere creek in volume, yet, for twelve miles along its lower course it flows between very high bluffs, in some places a mile apart. Along the top of the west bluff, not many rods from its edge, is the Covington pike, and, riding along this much-traveled highway, one may look down a very precipitous slope of perhaps a hundred feet to a level stretch of most fertile land to the water's edge, while, across the stream to the east, is a similar stretch to the bluff.

From the roadway, the numerous fields of grain, stubble, pasture, plowed and fallow ground in the low lands, look like so many quilt patches of various tints and shapes, fashioned and joined by Dame Nature, herself, while the "stake-and-rider" fences that separate the fields suggest the fancy stitches that, in an ornamental way, hold them together and form this terrestrial coverlid spread on either side of the water. Bushes, willows, and an occasional sycamore tree line the water's edge.

One might easily imagine that this is a huge furrow, scooped out by some mighty ancient glacier on its mysterious mission southward, in those wonderful prehistoric days of the long, long ago, for the surrounding country east and west is quite flat.

Short lanes lead in from the pike toward the river, to the numerous farm houses along the narrow ribbon of upland between.

From one of these, Abram Hoover, with a basket on his arm, rode away on old Colonel, after the good-bye to "Hanner," for the village of Vandalia, four miles to the eastward, across the valley. Up the pike a little ways, then to the right, down a steep descent to the river, but the slope has been somewhat modified by grading, and is not as precipitous as the bluff.

Fat old Colonel jogged along in a slow, shambling gait, down through the covered wooden bridge, and soon found

himself engaged in the rather laborious task of toting his corpulent master up the tiresome eastern slope.

Abram looked ahead and noticed someone approaching on horseback. As they drew nearer he said to himself: "Wall! Dan'l Eversole, I do declare. I'd ruther not meet him jist now."

Sure enough, it was Dan'l, and at this very moment he was thinking: "Abram Hoover, I do believe. Mighty awkward to meet him here."

Abram and Dan'l, the devout members of Sugar Grove church, a mile above, had, for some two years, been very bitter toward each other, the trouble growing out of some doctrinal strife when the matter was before the "meetin'" as to whether "we shall be of the 'Conservatives' or 'Old order.'" Dan'l "leaned" toward the "Old order," and was very sharp in the linguistic contest with Abram.

Other counsel prevailed, however, and Dan'l finally consented to be classed with the "Conservatives" with the others, but all the remonstrances and sooth-saying of the bearded brethren had not, as yet, repaired the breach between him and Abram.

They had not spoken since, although Hannah Hoover and Sarah Eversole had never lessened their love for each other; neither shared in the unneighborly animosity of her husband.

These facts will explain the circumstance of their thoughts running in similar channels regarding each other on that pleasant autumn morning in that peaceful, fertile valley.

They met, they passed, but Abram was apparently necessarily engaged in adjusting his refractory saddle, while Dan'l was closely scrutinizing his field of corn just below. On, up the slope rode Abram on Colonel, and on, down the slope rode Dan'l on Cromwell.

The Eversole homestead occupied a position on the east side of the river, not far from the main road.

As Abram rode by the lane, Sarah was opening the gate to take the cows across the road to pasture. Seeing him, she stopped and, in her pleasant manner, greeted him with: "Why, how de do Abram, how's the fam'ly?"

"Good mornin', we're well's common," replied Abram, not quite so friendly, as he checked up old Colonel.

"Dan'l just left for Phillipsburg." added Sarah, "I reckon you met him."

"Yes," replied Abram abruptly.

"And did he speak?" asked Sarah, coming closer, and betraying an anxious countenance, for, really, these two "sistern" were sorely concerned about the coldness existing between their husbands.

"No, nur I didn't ask him to," answered Abram rather pettishly.

"Oh dear! exclaimed Sarah, "I wish to the land you men 'd make up onct. It's a big wonder the brethren don't bring the matter up before the meetin'."

"Well, I don't know's I've anything to ask furgiveness fur," said Abram, "but I own it *is* a ruther unneighborly way o' doin', an' I reckon you women *do* feel kinder put out on 'count o' it," and he somewhat mellowed in his tone.

"Yes, 'n you know what Paul says," added Sarah, as she started for the house.

Abram sat a moment in silence, trying to "remember what Paul said," but for the life of him, he could not think of a single passage from his writings just appropriate for the occasion.

"Wall, good day, Sarah, I'll think about it," he called to her as she closed the gate and passed on.

"Good day," she cried, "remember what Paul said."

Abram rode on with a rather heavy heart, reviewing his original grievances in the case and trying his best to recall Paul's admonition.

He reached Vandalia, attended to his trading and asked for the mail he was cautioned not to forget. There was a letter from John, who had moved to Kansas, and the weekly *Journal* he had taken for thirty years.

After feeding old Colonel on the best that the tavern could afford, but taking his own lunch of cheese and gingercakes on a cracker barrel at Rankin's store, he started for home at 2 o'clock.

Getting well out of town, he drew his *Journal* from his coat pocket and began to devour its contents; the markets, the political situation, and, lastly, the news, as was his usual style of perusal.

So slowly did old Colonel travel, and so deeply engrossed was he in the account of the last "annual meeting," that he did not notice the gathering clouds in the west. In fact, they were rolling toward him at an alarming pace, and terribly black, rolling masses they were, which plainly foretold a violent storm was approaching. When opposite the lane, he checked up just in time to escape a collison with the cows Sarah was driving back to the stable. He, for the first time, realized the proximity of the storm, and stuffing his paper into his pocket, he gave old Colonel such a slap as the old horse had never before felt in his eighteen years of service in the Hoover family.

He lunged forward and started down the slope—at a most ruinous gait to his old frame.

"I'll never make it hum 'fore the rain," soliloquized Abram, "but if I kin jist reach the bridge, I'll be in the dry."

Dan'l had left Phillipsburg later than Abram had started home, but had observed with anxiety the clouds that were giving him a lively chase homeward.

As he passed Abram's house he noticed Hannah out at the front gate looking anxiously up the road for her worthy husband.

On he rode, until, reaching the cross-road he turned Cromwell down the hill toward the bridge, hoping to reach it before the rain should be upon him.

On sped Cromwell, as Dan'l urged, and on bounded old Colonel, as Abram slapped; all bound, at the same moment, for the same place of shelter.

The wind blew a terrific gale, and now and then it thundered most alarmingly.

Through the flying dust that now filled the air, neither rider saw the other, as down the approaches to the bridge both horses fairly flew.

One last yell to Cromwell and a smarting slap to Old Colonel sent both plunging into the bridge with such momentum that neither could be checked up until the astonished riders found themselves side by side in the middle of the bridge.

A gust of the now furious wind snatched Dan'l's broad brim from his head and carried it sailing out through the end of the bridge and into the indefinite beyond, and Abram with difficulty retained his, which he now tightly gripped with his left hand, his heavy basket bearing down inconveniently, for his right hand was engaged in handling the reins.

A cloud of dust came pouring into the bridge and enveloped the two horses and riders, filling their eyes so that it was impossible for either to recognize the other instantly.

When the first gust of wind reached the bridge, another creature might have been seen sneaking into it from the west end. It was Pete Lowman, the silly boy of the community.

Nearly every vicinity has one of these poor unfortunates, who is cast upon the world with only enough sense to be troublesome, and is always called a 'boy,' though he may have long since passed thirty, as Pete had at least seven years before.

It was one of his idiotic delights to secrete himself behind one of the heavy timbers of the bridge upon the approach of anyone toward him, and when opposite him, to spring out at him and very often frighten both the occupant of the vehicle and the horses, too.

He had once perpetrated this, to him, splendid joke upon the Rev. Samuel Garver, as he was on his way to Grand River meeting house, and came near causing a serious runaway.

Pete sneaked into the bridge very much as though he was planning another one of his surprises. In fact his face was lit up with one of those fiendish grins for which he was famous. He carried a long rope, with a noose at one end.

What could the poor fool be contemplating this time? Surely the dolt does not mean suicide? No, another one of his "jokes," most likely.

He climbed up onto the cross-beams, about the middle of the bridge, and lying down flat on one of them, he awaited the arrival of some unsuspecting traveler.

All unmindful of the approaching storm. he lay there when old Colonel and Cromwell came galloping in from opposite ends of the bridge with their riders.

Pete's eyes danced as he thought of his scheme, and he could scarcely restrain himself from bursting into loud laughter as he adjusted the large noose and held it down, ready to drop when the proper moment came.

Just as the horses came to a standstill, side by side, Pete gave the rope a pitch, and the large noose came squarely down around both Abram and Dan'l's waists, and so suddenly was it done that, with a sharp, strong jerk from Pete, whose strength was wonderful, he tightened the rope, unseated both the riders, and frightened the horses so that they ran madly out into the storm, and away toward their respective stables.

Before either Abram or Dan'l could recover, the storm was on in all its terrible fury. The heavy timbers cracked and groaned, then the roof was carried away by the awful force of the wind, and the rain in torrents was upon them.

Another moment, and the bridge seemed to move, yes, it surely did sway to and fro, oh, horrors! it was actually leaving its abutments, and then, in one awful crash, it pitched over into the water below.

All seemed lost to the unfortunate occupants of the ill-fated structure, but happily they were not to fare so badly as may well be supposed.

In the crash, they were pitched out and away from the mass of timbers and into a large sycamore tree that had been lodged against the center pier.

Abram was stunned by the fall, but Dan'l, fortunately, retained his consciousness, and self-possession, and finding himself bound to his companion, he drew the rope still tighter, and for the first time recognized in the face before him, that of his old neighbor, Abram Hoover.

Astonished, perplexed, amazed and greatly puzzled as to how to account for the rope about their bodies, then realizing their perilous situation, he proceeded to place himself and his still unconscious burden into as secure a position as the old sycamore could afford.

He could not help thinking of the awful consequences if the huge tree should be washed from its moorings, and go rolling down stream.

Soon Abram revived, and his astonishment was equal to Dan'l's upon his discovery of the identity of his companion in his most perilous position.

Each gazed into the eyes of his neighbor a moment, a tear started down Abram's ruddy cheek, and Dan'l reciprocated with a quivering lip. It was but a moment, and then they embraced each other and exchanged the brotherly kiss of the order, and tears flowed freely as each sobbed freely on the other's shoulder.

The storm, though furious, was of brief duration, and the wind soon subsided, and the rain ceased. and as Dan'l looked up, he beheld, seated on a huge rock on the west bank, the simpleton, Pete, grinning most hideously in his fiendish glee, at what was to him a funny situation.

In the awful climax in the bridge, he somehow escaped unhurt, and reached the shore none the worse for his hasty baptism.

A plan of speedy rescue soon presented itself to Dan'l's mind, and he loosened the rope, retained one end and fastened it to the sycamore, then tying a short piece of a limb to the other end, he tossed it to Pete, calling as he did so, to hold it firmly, thus furnishing an improvised hauser, along which they might easily reach the bank in safety, neither being able to swim even that short distance.

Pete had enough wits about him to understand, and did as requested, and both Abram and Dan'l were safely landed, with no other injuries than a severe shaking up, and a complete drenching.

As Dan'l's foot reached the ground, the sycamore, loosened by the now rapidly rising water, left its mooring and tumbled over so suddenly that Pete come near being jerked into the water again.

As the bridge was gone, and they were on the Hoover side of the stream, Abram prevailed on Dan'l to accompany him home, that he might procure dry clothing and a warm supper to cheer him somewhat.

Before going far, Abram turned to Dan'l and said in his slow, easy manner: "Dan'l, it's a providential circumstance, and the Almighty has seen fit to throw us together so, to make us ashamed of our doin's, an' give us a hint that its about time we's a makin' up; what do you think about it?"

"Wall, Abram," replied Dan'l, "it's not the first time I've been ashamed o' the facts in our case, but it's the first time I've felt like bendin' this stubborn will o' mine; but it's clean doubled up now, sure's you're born, and here's my hand, Abram, let's be friends forever."

"Wall, I should say we will," chuckled Abram, as he grasped the extended hand, and long they held each other's hand, and long they gazed into each other's eyes, tearful eyes again, and forgave and forgot all the old grievances that had so marred their neighborly relations.

Their terrible experience was detailed to Hannah, while she busied herself in preparing a little "extry" for the unexpected guest, who was so unceremoniously ushered into her house.

After a change of raiment and a splendid supper, Abram hitched old Colonel (who had arrived home safely) in the spring-wagon and took Dan'l home by way of the ford a half mile below.

It is needless to say the two families were restored to all the former friendly relations and Sugar Grove congregation rejoiced with them over the reconciliation.

Stillwater has been spanned by a new bridge, and with it has been bridged over the breach between the two families, who bless the day the old structure went down, and often repeat: "It's an ill wind," etc.

On every Christmas since that memorable day, poor Pete has received some token of remembrance from both the families who were the grateful recipients of his assistance in the "providential circumstance."

Woman's Club Department.

BY HARRIET C. TOWNER.

IOWA has thirty-six clubs holding individual membership in the General Federation, and twenty-seven of these were represented at Denver, many of them by the President or her representative, and one delegate. The Iowa delegation was in charge of Mrs. Maria Weed, of West Union, who has served the State faithfully as Chairman of Correspondence for two years, and Mrs. G. F. Van Vechten, of Cedar Rapids, the efficient President of the State Federation. The five delegates chosen to represent the State Federation were all present. They were: Mrs. G. F. Van Vechten, Mrs. H. E. Tredway, Mrs. Maria L. Bibbs, Mrs. J. S. Clark and Mrs. George Jones. The clubs represented were as follows:

Carroll:—Clio Club, Mrs. Sarah Young.

Cedar Falls:—Tuesday Club, Mrs. H. Grundy, Mrs. Mary C. Clay.

Cedar Rapids:—Clio Club, Mrs. Jas. Bever, Mary E. Sullivan; Ladies' Literary Club, Mrs. J. T. Hamilton, Mrs. E. F. Dawley; Magazine Club, Mrs. Adelaide Lawton, Mrs. C. H. Cogswell.

Cherokee:—Columbian Club, Mrs. M. Wakefield.

Council Bluffs:—Every Thursday Club, Mrs. Horace Everett; Women's Club, Caroline Dodge.

Des Moines:—Conversation Club, Mrs. J. H. Winsor, Mrs. Roswell P. Dart; Daughters of Ceres, Mrs. H. Wallace, Mrs. Martin Flynn; Madeline de Scudery, Mrs. Henry Wallace; Press Club, Mrs. Ella H. Durley, Mrs. H. Wallace; Review Club, Mrs. James Hunter; Tourist Club, Mrs. Emma P. Craig; Women's Club, Mrs. D. H. Reichard, Mrs. H. L. Stetson.

Dubuque:—Monday Afternoon Club, Mrs. D. M Cooley; Ladies' Literary Association, Mrs. B. B. Richards.

Glenwood:—Women's Club, Mrs. Leach, Mrs. Woodrow.

Le Mars:—Women's Club, Mrs. Mabel T Jones.

Marshalltown:—Women's Club, Mrs. C. P. Rogers, Mrs. M. L. Meickley.

Maquoketa:—Outlook Club, Mrs. Anna Crawford.

Ottumwa:—Fortnightly Club, Mrs. Catherine C. Taylor, Mrs. A. G. Herron; Shakespeare Club, Mrs. S. A. Forbush, Mrs. W. D. Tisdale.

Oskaloosa:—Woman's Club, Miss Leoni McMillan, Miss Florabel Patterson.

Red Oak:—Monday Club, Mrs. B. B. Clark, Mrs. H. E. Deemer.

West Union:—Tourist Club, Mrs. Laura W. Colgrove, Mrs. S. E Robinson.

In addition to the voting delegates many visiting club women were present from every part of the State, and the space indicated by the blue satin banner marked "Iowa," was always full. Among the visitors were Mrs. R. R. Peters, Vice-President of the State Federation; Miss Jessie B. Waite, Corresponding Secretary of the State Federation; Mrs. F. H. Bicknell, Mrs. W. E. Ballard, Mrs. C. E. Rawson, Mrs. E. R. Clapp and Mrs. Hamilton, all of Des Moines; Mrs. Heinsheimer, of Glenwood; Mrs. Allison, of Creston; Mrs. F. L LaRue, Mrs Austin Turner, Miss Dampman and Miss Chaffee, of Corning; Miss Clark and Mrs. Evans, of Red Oak; Mrs. Connell, Miss Cannell, Mrs. A. B. Bowen, Miss Bowen and Mrs. Joiner, all of Maquoketa; Mrs. N. M. Hubbard, Mrs. Kathryne Gillette, Mrs. King and Mrs. Clenahan, of Cedar Rapids, and others.

Iowa will be represented on the new Board of Directors by Mrs. J. H. Windsor, of Des Moines, whose fine ability and wide experience in club work are well known to Iowa club women.

The interest taken by Iowa clubs in library work was recognized by placing the conference for the consideration of the library movement in the United States in the hands of an Iowa woman, Mrs. H E. Tredway, of Dubuque, who conducted the conference in an especially able manner, bringing out, in the short time which could be devoted to the subject, the most important and suggestive phases of the work. Iowa was represented in the conference of art clubs by Mrs. C. H. Cogswell, of

Cedar Rapids, and the educational conference and meeting devoted to the Press were participated in by Iowa women. . . .

No paper presented during the week in Denver was received with closer attention or more enthusiastic appreciation than one read by Miss Ella M. Haas, of Dayton, Ohio, who spoke at the meeting for the consideration of phases of economic work Miss Haas told of the work of the Factory Club, of which she is a member, and it is regretted that the entire paper cannot be given. Of the organization and object of the club, she said:

"The Woman's Century Club of the National Cash Register Company was organized in April, 1896 It differs from most of the clubs in the Federation only in this—that its membership is limited to women employed in a single great factory. It is a club, too, whose members find in it the one great educational and social influence of their lives.

"The president of the company, a well educated, broad minded man, could see far enough ahead into the working woman's life to know that what knowledge she could obtain through her work in an organized federated club would prove a lasting benefit.

"When Mr. J. H. Patterson proposed the organization of a club among the women of his factory, we thought we could hardly dare to think of such a thing. The idea of women employed largely in manual labor, even though it was skilled labor, spending any of their spare time writing papers on the financial standing of our country, or studying English history, or following the lives of some of our famous authors, or studying the economical phases of our homes—this seemed preposterous. Yet our employer's ideas and methods had been carried out so successfully in his business life that we thought it worth the trying. A club of 200 young women was therefore organized at once Every women employed in this company was eligible to membership We named our club the Woman's Century Club of the N. C. R. Company. We then joined the General Federation, and in May, 1896, sent two delegates to Louisville to the third biennial, our President and myself being the fortunate delegates. My experience while there, meeting the very best women of our land—broad minded, intellectual, cultivated, ambitious women, ready to grasp every new thought, directing without suggestion from men the business affairs of that large organization, and doing it by acknowledgment of all as well as men could do it—this, indeed, made me feel that I was in a new world.

"It is not so much of the reasons for our work as of its methods that I am to speak. Our club meets the first and third Wednesday of each month in a beautiful hall furnished us by the N. C. R. Co. We meet at 12:30 for one hour—thirty minutes of which the company gives us at its expense, the other thirty being a part of our noon hour. Through the winter months we are permitted to hold open meetings in this same hall one evening in each month. To these meetings the members may bring their gentlemen friends or may invite young men employed in the same factory, who are members of a similar society, the Progress Club. One beautiful feature about these evening socials has been the presence, without an exception, of the officers of the company with their wives. We always spend a short time in the hall with our musical and literary programme, after which we retire to the company's large, handsome dining-room where all our young women lunch each noon. Here we serve refreshments, and the remainder of the evening is spent in dancing and pleasant social enjoyment.

"To encourage this spirit of acquisition and to bring to the members the advantage of contact with those who have seen much of the world, the club is encouraged to receive and entertain prominent club women who may visit the city. I think the most delightful event of last season's work was the visit we had from the honored President of the Federated clubs, Mrs. Henrotin. She will never know how much real happiness she brought to the 200 members of our club; and the many precious thoughts she planted in our new field will surely grow and yield a good harvest.

"We have our year book ready for the coming season, and are expecting a good time next winter. Our work will be divided into literature, history, home and education"

Continuing, Miss Haas spoke in detail of the work of each department, and then made an earnest plea for a trial of the experiment in other factories. She said: "Now, I desire to put before this great body of education and intellect this problem: If this experiment has proved to be such a success in the National Cash Register Company, why cannot it be tested in other factories? I know this body of women here

represents some of the great manufacturing industries of our country, and that the influence of these women is unlimited. The whole responsibility is resting in your hands. Are you willing to call the women in the work room, that have been less fortunate than you have been, your sisters? Are you willing that they should share in this elevating educational work that they so much need? If these methods of helping humanity were carried out, how many more factory women would be fitted for better home life? Their ambitions and aims in life would be more refined. They would seek better lines of education for their children, and on and on through life could we see great good come from this work."

Miss Haas closed by emphasizing the economic value of these clubs, and spoke eloquently of the good to be accomplished by those who are willing to help advance this work among the wage earners.

So much attention is now being given to clubs of all kinds for working women that these earnest words of Mrs. Lyndon Evans may prove helpful to many: "If you are mothers, meet them as daughters; and if a sister, meet them as sisters. There is as much good in the business woman as in others. The thing to do in all places is to call together the business girls and find out what they need, and say we will go and do that with you. In Chicago the business girls come down into the business center. We have found that the best method for reaching them is by the lunch club, and there are to-day thousands of girls who have these lunches, and there are thousands that are going to have it. Another method is in the evening meeting, with cooking, dressmaking, millinery classes and others. Another method is the coöperative club."

Many things have been said since the Denver meeting with regard to Massachusetts withdrawing from the General Federation, because her candidate for the Presidency was not elected, and because she did not approve the per capita tax In view of this, we take pleasure in quoting the following from *The Club Woman*, which will settle all dispute on that point:

"Massachusetts, more than any other, was the earliest club State. Whatever may be said of the claims of Sorosis as prior to the New England Women's Club, it cannot be denied that the early formation and growth of women's clubs flourished and waxed fat here, long before they fairly took root elsewhere. Consequently she has more old club women,- using "old" in the club sense—than any other state except New York. Club training of the sort which means a subordination of the personal to the majority, has long flourished in the old Bay State, and the Massachusetts Federation has no more idea of withdrawing from the General Federation than the moon has of withdrawing from the universe because the big calcium lights have eclipsed her in the cities

"Most of the Massachusetts women did not b lieve in a ten per cent tax; most of them wanted to bring home the President. But Mrs. Lowe will have no better, no more loyal, supporters than her Massachusetts women, and the Bay State clubs will raise their ten per cent tax,—and pay it promptly too."

From Maine to California came women to attend the General Federation meeting in Denver, and now that it is over echoes from this great conference are heard from every part of the land. Whatever differences of opinion may be held on other questions, all agree that the hospitality and executive ability of the club women of Denver is unparalleled. Not only did they give freely their time and strength during the convention, but the magnificent results attained were the outcome of long months of active preparation. To such perfection were their well-laid plans brought that it is impossible to adequately express the appreciation and gratitude of those for whom this work was undertaken. The local board was a thoroughly efficient and resourceful body of women, whose plans never seemed to "go a gley," and their efforts were ably seconded by every club woman in Denver. As May blossomed into June daily committee meetings were held, and the sacrifice of personal interests which this alone involved is not to be lightly considered. When the expected guests finally arrived, it was found there were even more to be cared for than was at first supposed, and the edict of the President of the Woman's Club to "double all committees," met with prompt response.

Each separate committee should receive the gratitude and appreciation of every women who attended the convention. It was not an easy thing to meet at the railway station a majority

of the delegates; to answer courteously and pleasantly the thousands of requests presented daily at the bureau of information; to keep "open house," at the Woman's Club rooms in Unity church, where delicious refreshments were always to be found; in a word to look carefully after the countless details necessary to the success of the convention, after the preliminary arrangements had been made.

The debt which those who were so fortunate as to attend the "Denver Bi ennial," owe to the club women of that city can never be repaid, except in the knowledge which is surely theirs that they will carry with them through the years to come the love and sincere gratitude of every one made happy through their generosity.

The Denver Woman's Press Club is an important organization, the members of which did very much to add to the pleasure of visiting press women. Their headquarters, in the Brown Palace Hotel, the windows of which overlooked the city and framed a magnificent view of snow-capped mountain peaks, were always open and furnished a delightful place to rest or write. Miss Minnie J. Reynolds, of the *Rocky Mountain News*, is President and Mrs. Helen Wixon, Secretary, and the club is organized along very broad lines. The constitution announces that the object of the club "shall be to advance and encourage women in literary work, to cultivate acquaintance and friendship among women of literary tastes, to secure the benefits arising from organized effort, and to drive dull care away." There are three classes of members, active, associate and honorary. Active members are those who have received money for their writings; associate members are those who could earn money by their writings if they were obliged to do so, or who "can make a good speech, tell a good story, sing a good song or otherwise add to the interest and value of the club." Honorary members are those who, in the unanimous opinion of the club, will honor the position and who will appreciate the honor conferred.

Bars to membership are specified in the constitution and no woman can be admitted to the club who is "a, A bore; b, Who holds out news on a reporter; c, Who has not a proper respect for the power of the press; d, Who does not read your paper; e, Who cannot do something to drive dull care away."

It will be readily understood that this club is not only an especially bright club, but a very original one as well, and the woman who is elected to membership considers herself fortunate.

The papers and addresses are drawn as largely as possible from personal observation and experience, and the by-laws provide that any member found guilty of an encyclopedic paper shall be expelled from the club. The beautiful garden party given by this club during the convention was one of the most notable social events of the week, and proved the members of the Press Club delightful hostesses.

The oldest club in the State of Washington is the Women's Club of Olympia. This club has recently been active in collecting money for a suitable memorial in Dewey's honor, whose battleship, Olympia, was named after that city. A donation of 1,500 volumes has been made by the club to the city library, and fifty have been given for a circulating library

---

An Indian Club of eighteen members has recently been organized near Old Town, Long Island. The name of the club is Wabanaki, and the President is an Indian woman, Mrs. Nicholas. It was admitted last year to the State Federation of Maine. Its object is to preserve the traditions of race, and customs of the Indian people, which would otherwise die out.

HOME THEMES.

HEART CULTURE.

In the training school of life there are many questioning and dissenting pupils who fail to recognize in the severity of its discipline, a means to a desirable end; many who are utterly unconscious of the fact that the mission of experience is a great and marvelous one.

It is compulsory education, so to speak, and the benefits to be derived from it are dependent upon the use or abuse of the privileges which it affords; the spirit in which its conditions are viewed and accepted.

Sooner or later we all learn that circumstance, — Byron's "evil-minded

God"—prepares the way for on-coming trials; that experience, like the pruning-knife of the gardener, severs here, and bends there, forcing us and our designs to conform to a Master-will, before whose mandates, cherished plans and fondest expectations vanish forever, leaving us to grope in the mist of tears and the gloom of disappointment and despair.

In the face of such conditions it is a matter of vital importance to each of us whether this suffering is regarded as an apportionment of our share of universal misery by a relentless Fate, or a dispensation which is designed for our eventual exaltation; and between these problems there is all the difference in the world; since in their solution we find the answer to the question: "Is life worth living?"

It is a well known fact that friction is an indispensable agent in the perfecting of jewels and precious metals, and history has demonstrated that the same is true in the development of character; that the priceless gems of truth may, through the attrition of frustrated intentions and baffled hopes, acquire a luster and brilliancy which become like a burnished tablet in the heart, upon which is reflected the divine image of an all-loving Creator.

The citadel of the emotions is the stronghold of man's higher nature and must be reënforced and protected with a watchfulness exceeding all other guardianship. We are admonished to keep it with diligence as "out of it are the issues of life."

It is not what we can gain for our exclusive use that is of importance to the great outside heart and soul-starved world; but it is what we give to alleviate this starvation which counts. Unless we have "freely received," we must ever and always remain in the position of those who, bearing the means of relief about with them, and unconscious of the nature of their possession, stand helplessly by, witnessing the useless destruction of the weak and the erring.

Our aspirations and our ideals measure our value to the world. Our convictions are the crystalization of these aims, and represent our working force or power in the great conflict against injustice and wrong; and, too, they are the inner and vital operatives which create the "new man," that being who is to become a forceful agent in securing the eventual emancipation of the sin-enslaved and the so-called "lost" among the children of men.

Society has been degraded by the belief that by the will of God some men are debased and others exalted. Consciences have been narcotized into willing submission to a theory which illiminates personal responsibility: the "favored few" have been quite content to wear the diadems of success upon their brows, forgetful of the thorn-crowns of their brethren and the injunction of the old pagan that we should wear our jewels in our hearts.

The revolt against this teaching is becoming general and is attributable to a clearer insight into the character of Christ, He who came 'to seek and to save that which was lost," to heal the sick and to preach the good tidings of hope to the down-trodden and the oppressed. Men have come at last to realize that "the universe must possess something that can care for all that lives and suffers, and that this care is detached from nature, a sympathy that belongs to the intellectual life, that makes nature its instrument and language." It is certain that there must be a *Heart* back of the scene.

Let us then give to this great progressive movement for the betterment of human conditions, our heartfulest approval, let us dedicate our *best* to its service and accept any sacrifice or discipline which may be necessary to fit us to become God-approved workmen.

Maria Weed.

OLD-FASHIONED FLOWERS.

A brown-roofed dwelling among the hills,
Where breath of clover the soft air fills,
Where in spring-time the purple lilacs bloom,
And the iris rises from lowly tomb;
The snow-ball stands by the narrow walk,
The lily nods on 'ts slender stalk,
And, glowing bright through the warm May showers
Are the colors of gay, old-fashioned flowers.

Sunlight and moonlight alternate pass
Over long borders of ribbon-grass;
Pansies open their velvet eyes,
Watching the clouds in cerulean skies;
Vines trail over the terrace wall,
Roses blush on their branches tall,
And birds and bees through the dreamy hours
Sing and hum 'mid old-fashioned flowers.

Years creep by, but that lovely place
Wears in Mem'ry the same sweet face.
Restless footsteps afar may roam,
But the heart clings fast to its childhood's home;
And window-garden or greenhouse fair,
Stored with tropical blossoms rare,
Can never bring to our later hours
The charm of those dear, old-fashioned flowers.

Emma Eggleson.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

SCARCELY more than a half-year ago occurred the destruction of the Maine, in Havana harbor, Cuba. The first fierce thought of this people was vengeance. The somewhat sobered second thought was that a government evincing only anxiety to evade responsibility for the great crime committed, and only rapacious greed and barbarous cruelty in its dealings with colonial dependencies, ought not longer to be tolerated as a power over men's lives and fortunes anywhere on this Western Continent.

Other causes were assigned, in necessary diplomatic terms, such as the jeopardy to which Spain's war with the Cubans had long subjected our trade and commerce, and the lives and property of our citizens; but the real cause of our war with Spain was intense indignation over the slaughter of February 15th, coupled with a deepseated and long-growing protest against Spanish misrule and oppression in Cuba.

On the 21st day of April, sixty-five days after the Havana harbor outrage, occurred the formal pronouncement of President McKinley that the barbarous war between Spanish authority and the insurgents in Cuba, which for years had been outraging humanity almost at our very gates, must cease. Between the lines of the President's declaration of war our people read the words, "The days of Spanish rule in America are numbered."

Then came the calls to arms, followed by quick response from every State in the Union. The embarrassment of every State Governor was one of riches. For every accepted volunteer there were dozens and scores of brave men who were compelled to wait. These men—the accepted and the held-back—offered themselves not to restore our broken trade relations with Cuba, but to right an ancient wrong and to drive from American soil and American waters the last vestige of a race of plunderers and murderers, and of a government whose only part in the Maine investigation had been conducted with characteristic bad faith, ending in denial of apparent facts.

There is nothing in all history comparable to our nation's success in this war waged for peace—permanent peace. Think of it! A hundred and fourteen days before the signing of the protocol which prepared a sure way to peace with Spain, our soldiers actually in the field numbered scarcely twenty-seven thousand men. On the 21st day of April the flag of Spain floated over all the coast cities of Cuba, over the Philippine Islands and the Ladrones, over all of Porto Rico and other islands in our Western seas. To-day our stripes and stars float over Manila's city and harbor and the harbor of the Ladrones, over Santiago and other cities of Cuba, and is hailed with joy wherever it is raised in Porto Rico, and will soon be flung to the breeze in Cuba's capital!

And all this with almost no loss of life in battle. And this phenomenal freedom from the usual casualties of war on our side of the contention accompanied by the almost total loss of the Spanish navy—a navy of many heroic traditions and large pretensions. That an army of over two hundred thousand men was put into the field in a few weeks' time; that more than twenty thousand men were transported to one point of attack, and more than twelve thousand to another point—and that point on the other side of the globe; that our navy should have thus speedily stripped for battle and should have thus effectively waged battle; that our soldiers and sailors in this brief time were in the main well fed and clothed and otherwise well cared for, and that with the end of the war in sight a grand review of over

forty thousand men could be held in a single camp, not one of whom had been needed at the front; that at other points throughout the South and East were encamped many thousands more unused reserves—all no less brave and eager than the heroes of July 3d and of El Caney; and that these thousands in the field on call, might have been reinforced by three hundred thousand more had the President called for them; all this and much more—more than we may now name—command our profound gratitude and compel the respect and admiration of the on-looking world.

And yet, in the midst of what should be a season of general joy and thanksgiving O the perverse, downward-looking tendency of us all!—there is much written and more said by word of mouth, happily unrecorded,—in censure of some! Of some in the ranks, because, unused to war and newly acquainted with fear, they gave way to the feelings which well nigh overwhelmed even Grant himself, as he approached his first battle with Price in Missouri; others because they were too eager to go to the front, and others because they were too eager to get away after they had fought their fight; in censure of one because he was not omniscient in his care for the sick and wounded; in censure of another because in his report he did not abdicate all claim to credit for the consummation of plans matured and in the main wrought out by him; in censure of the head of the War Department because he left things to others too much, or because he interfered with the conduct of the war too much; because he gave the public too little information or because he gave too much; in censure of the President, himself, because, as some view it, he claimed of the Spaniards too much—and, because, as others view it, he claimed too little!

There may be others who would have done as well as the President; there may be hundreds of men who would have done as well as the Secretary of War; there may possibly be a few men who would have commanded our fleet before Santiago with more of glory to the American Navy, a few hundred who would have led our armies into Santiago with more ability; there doubtless are tens of thousands of soldiers who would have fought as well as the few thousands who were under fire on the heights above Santiago. But what of that! The historic facts are in and cannot be changed by invidous comparisons, innuendoes or charges. It should be enough for us to know that there was ever present with those who were privileged to actually serve, as with those who only stood and waited for the opportunity that never came, the same strong desire to do to the utmost all things possible to the accomplishment of the desired end—victory and peace, and along with peace the end of Spanish misrule in America.

As a people we ought to be ashamed of the coward's weapon, detraction, and should unite in one voice of thanksgiving in that

"War with its million horrors and fierce hell,"

with its wasting fevers, its battle anguish, its heart-breaking telegrams listing the wounded and the dead; war with its home-desolating partings and heart-sickening delays and heart-killing fatalities, all this and infinitely more of calamity has been averted, and a glorious peace has been conquered, a peace that means not only prosperity at home but, infinitely more, good will to men, and a brighter day for poor humanity when

"Every transfer of earth's natural gifts
Shall be a commerce of good words and works."

***

ANOTHER Englishman has gone home and written a book about us. The Hon. Henry Morris in his "Transatlantic Traits" says that "compared to a John Bull, a Yankee is a Jackanapes of a man," and that our people are "a race of cosmopolitan quadroons." There

was a time—for example in the fifties, after the appearance of Dickens's "American Notes"—when our people were painfully sensitive to English comment, just as Western Nebraska and Kansas now are touchy over any publicity given to the shriveling effects of drouth upon that arid region. But we have grown too great to take to heart any unintended injustice or any gratuitous insult which any superficial observer may put upon us.

***

WHO but a bookworm or an antiquary would expect to find anything of real, live, human interest in the Public Records Office in London! But turn to the Calendar of Patent Rolls, 1461-1467, and near the beginning you will find a pretty picture of womanly courage and wifely devotion, and between the lines a strong suggestion of the absolute mastery of the man over the wife in that rude age—five centuries ago—a mastery which even included the recognized right of the husband to slay an offending wife. We quote from a review of the Public Records, in *The Athenæum* of July 23d: "We find Buckenham Castle, Norfolk, held against the King's officers by Alice Knyvet, who raised the drawbridge, and at the head of her garrison, shouted from a little tower, in delightful English (1461):

> Maister Twyer, ye be a justice of the pees and I require you to kepe the pees for I woll not leve the possession of this castell to dye therefore, and if ye begyn to breke the pees or make any warre to gete the place of me *I shall defende me, for lever I had in such wyse to dye than to be slayne when my husbond cometh home, for he charget me to kepe it.*

***

"A POPULAR American author" declared not long ago, says *Literature*, that out of hundreds of reviews that greeted the appearance of one of his novels, he found less than a half-dozen that were worth serious consideration. Mr. Henry James also finds very little serious and profound book criticism in America. The fact is that in America we permit no literary "Pope Jeffreys" to first pass upon the books intended for our reading. The most we want is a fair outline of a book's contents, that we may know whether or not it traverses a theme that interests us, and, in a general way, an opinion as to its treatment of the theme. Should any critic, in any of our publications that make a specialty of book reviews, take himself—that is, his own judgments, or his mission,—as seriously as certain English critics regard themselves and their "sacred calling as interpreters for the masses," he would very soon hear an admonitory word from the editor of that publication, or at least a suggestion that he was working too hard and needed relaxation.

***

THERE'S a panic in the editorial rooms of some of the leading war-feature magazines. Pigeon-holes full of war matter, and the war over!

***

THE recently published "Wordsworth and Coleridge MSS" is a revelation to our inspirational poets as to the degree of thought and painstaking work bestowed by the Lake Country poets on the poems which have made their names immortal.

***

THE recent war is doing for our democratic America what Walt Whitman years ago proposed to do for us single-handed and alone:

> I will make the continent indissoluble,
> I will make the most splendid race the sun ever shone upon,
> I will make divine magnetic lands,
> With the love of comrades,
> With the life-long love of comrades.
> I will plant companionship thick as trees along all the rivers of America.

***

FOLLOWING Whitman further, we note him watching that Broadway pageant, "the swart-cheeked, two-sworded envoys, leaning back in their open barouches, bare-headed, impassive,"—the first Japanese Embassy that visited this country, in 1860. The

scene brings to this dreamer's mind a vision of the future and of his beloved America's part in it. Inspired by the vision, he sings:

I chant the world on my Western sea,
I chant copious the islands beyond, thick as stars in the sky.
I chant the new empire grander than any before, as in a vision it comes to me,
I chant America the mistress, I chant a greater supremacy;
I chant projected a thousand blooming cities yet in time on those groups of sea islands
My sail-ships and steam-ships threading the Archipelagoes,
My stars and stripes fluttering in the wind,
Commerce opening, the sleep of ages having done its work, races reborn, refresh'd,
Lives, works resumed—the object I know not—but the old, the Asiatic, renewed as it must be,
Commencing from this day surrounded by the world.

***

IN A paper recently read before the Iowa Commandery of the Loyal Legion and since bound in pamphlet form for preservation, Capt. E. D. Hadley ably and, we think, successfully refutes several popular errors relative to the Battle of Cedar Creek. These errors, embodied in the popular war poem, "Sheridan's Ride," are in substance that Sheridan, after a twenty-mile ride from Winchester, found Gen. Wright's Eighth Corps demoralized and panic-stricken, and, seeing the situation at a glance,

"Striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause."

Captain Hadley quotes authority upon authority, Union and Confederate, to prove that we have been letting poets and romancers write the history of the Battle of Cedar Creek, pleased that the story as told is dramatic. He shows that Sheridan was only eleven miles away; but the distance traversed is of no moral consequence; also that the Eighth Corps was about five miles, not seven, from the parapets of the First Division; but that is only an unimportant matter as viewed from the standpoint of this discussion. The real question: Did the retreat become a panic? is fully answered and this writer's conclusion is that "though the army was surprised before daylight and was driven back after a stubborn resistance, or went back for tactical reasons; it was not routed." But this writer would not detract from Sheridan's great fame. He concludes that "the true story of the day will reveal Sheridan in a grand and admirable rôle, which, for the permanence of his well deserved fame won on many other fields, needs no exaggeration of his achievements at the expense of others."

GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Mr. Howells, in his American letter to *Literature*, July 16th, says Bellamy, of Looking Backward fame, virtually founded the Populist party, "which, as the vital principle of the Democratic party, came so near electing its candidate for the Presidency two years ago; and he is to be named first among our authors who have dealt with politics on their more human side since the days of the old anti-slavery agitation."

Prof. Isaac Loos, of Iowa State University, has made a valuable contribution to political science by a work on "The Political Philosophy of Aristotle" issued by the American Academy of Political and Social Science, as one of its series of publications. It traverses the theories of the first great philosopher on the origin of the State and the constitution and administration of the State. It also develops Plato's ideal State.

William Allen White is treading upon dangerous ground, but thus far safely. He has another Boyville story in the August *McClure*. The Kansan seems to have reserves.

Dr. Nichol tells us George Eliot was coarse, egotistical, unamiable, and altogether unlovely; but a lady in the Westminster *Gazette* says George Eliot was modest, free from self-assertion, tolerant, loving, compassionate, helpful and altogether lovely. It is easier to believe the lady was right. When in doubt about character, give the accused the benefit of the doubt.

Mr. Quiller-Couch says he pronounces the second installment of his name "Cooch," but he can only prevail on a few friends outside of Cornwall to believe in this pronunciation. Cowper had the same difficulty. He called himself Cooper. "Popular pronunciation, like George Stephenson's locomotive, make it bad for the 'coo.'"

The *Critic* tells us that the scenes in and about Olancho in Mr. Davis's clever story, "Soldiers of Fortune" are scenes in and abou Santiago de Cuba. When he was a boy, Mr. Davis spent two springs in Santiago with the president of the company that then worked the mines at Juragua. In his story he takes these places as its background.

Bowdoin College has conferred the degree now popular in the East, that of Doctor of Letters, upon Mr. Herbert Putnam, Librarian of the Boston Public Library, ex-librarian of the Minneapolis Public Library, and the outgone President of the American Library Association.

Mr. Howells thinks Miss Jewett might be the Jane Austen of Portsmouth if she were of a little longer breath than she has yet shown herself in fiction.

Frederic Harrison, in *The Nineteenth Century*, and in the *Writer* for August, says many good things on Style. The best things said are corrective rather than promotive. To Mr. Harrison, style is too often "the art of clothing thin ideas in well-made garments" To gain skill in expression before he has got thoughts or knowledge to express is somewhat premature; and to waste in the study of form those irrevocable years which should be absorbed in the study of things, is mere decadence and fraud.

Sainte-Beuve says: "All peasants have style." They speak as nature prompts. They have never learned to play with words; they have picked up no tricks, mannerisms and affectation."

Mr. Harrison finds nothing more irritating in print than the iteration of slang and stale phrases. He urges writers never to quote anything that is not apt and new. "Those stale citations of well worn lines give us a cold shudder, as does a pun at a dinner party."

He would have the young study the best writers, but not imitate them. He names Swift, Hume, Goldsmith, Thackeray, Froude, and Defoe as models of good, unaffected English.

Martin A. S. Hume, in his contribution to "Among My Books," in *Literature* of August 6th, says that aphorisms have had their day, and that the birthday books of quotations and the many "Beauties of ——," made up of the wise saws of popular authors, have come to be regarded as a poor compliment to the authors "He studies best who assimilates the contents of a book in a way which enables him to reformulate the essence of its teaching in his own words." It is the spirit rather than the form of words that we should retain.

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

In the July *Temple Bar*, London, is a vivid sketch of "A Prairie Fire" near Le Mars, in Northwestern Iowa.

Frank Lee Farnall is tired of editing *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* and Mrs. Leslie will try her hand. It is reported that the *Popular* will be cut down to the ten-cent pattern, its publisher hoping thus to make it more popular.

Walter L. Page is now full-fledged editor of *The Atlantic*, and Horace E. Scudder, former editor, has been relegated to literary work for Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Mr Scudder took a vacation, about a year ago, and *The Atlantic* at once began to improve. Mr. Page has less ability to write books and enjoys fewer scholarly attainments; but he has his ear to the ground while Mr. Scudder's head is in the clouds.

Lyman W. Denton, of Minneapolis, rests from his arduous labors as poetry promoter for *The New Race*, Chicago.

TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

As you correspond with contributors through the columns of your magazine, I would like to know whether you think I have any genius as a writer of verse.

If compelled to judge from the poem sent with your request, we would have to say no

---

Received returned manuscript. Now I do not wish to be persistent and annoying, nor to take space unmerited in your excellent magazine, but if at all meritorious I shall be much pleased to see the enclosed published in your September number, it being too late for the August. I published it to-day in our journal, but would like to see it in your monthly in my home town.

You mistake our purpose in publishing a magazine. We do not print matter that has before appeared in public print. Compelled to return many manuscripts which are extremely meritor-

ious, but not just what we want for our immediate needs, we cannot afford to publish any manuscript that is "at all meritorious" simply to please a friend, or to gratify a natural desire on his part to have his friends in his home town see his contribution in the magazine.

How would you like a review of the works of Longfellow or Lowell? I'd like to try my hand at something of that sort.

Would suggest that you try your 'prentice hand on something less exacting than the work you p opose. Then, again, the works of Lowell and those of Longfellow have already commanded the best critical talent of our time. Unless you have made a thorough and exhaustive study of those authors and have reached conclusions distinctly your own which you are prepared to present and defend against all comers, you had best not enter an arena in which trained giants have contended for supremacy.

THE MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is ever bold, habitually choosing theme from which most other novelists draw back. Her latest novel, "Helbeck of Bannisdale"* is a story of love at war with conscience, education and habits of life; and the inevitable result is a tragedy. The scene is laid in Westmoreland. Helbeck is a Roman Catholic of the severest type, a gentleman of fine instincts, an aristocrat by birth Laura Fountain is the daughter of an anti-Catholic free-thinker whose death compels her and her stepmother to find a home in Bannisdale. Antagonistic from the outset, each interests the other and with the usual end, a love affair, which promises little but unhappiness to both. The pathos of the story as developed in the second volume is equaled only by that of David Grieve's unhappy love; but there is no touch of actual sin in this. Throughout the story one moves along a high plane, coming down to low levels only incidentally, as in Laura's contact with her relations, the Masons. The contrast of characters in Helbeck and Laura, and again in Laura and Polly; the godlike sympathy induced by the author for both the ascetic churchman and the self-willed, but always charming, heretic; the author's poetic sympathy with nature and the fine artist touch with which we are made to see that wild west-coast region,—these are the chief charms of Mrs. Ward's latest novel. We cannot read the story without new respect and admiration for one who can so tactfully traverse dangerous ground, and for one who can so well sustain to the last the reader's interest in the development of a purpose so serious, namely, to point the hard old moral, that "home-keeping hearts are happiest," and that they who, in loving, stray very far away from the teachings and experiences of their whole previous lives, do not as a rule love wisely.

*Macmillan, 2 vols., $2.

Once in a while, as one walks through a forest of corn, there rises above the ghostly rustle a pure note of bird music, too sweet to last long—all too soon drowned in discordant notes of men and boys and distant machinery and cries of birds that do not sing. So as one turns over the leaves of the pretty little book fancifully named "Corn Tassels,"* a book of verse by the Lincoln, Nebraska, poet, William Reed Dunroy, he finds here and there a rare note of poetry that thrills and delights.

Many of the poems in this book have appeared in this magazine the *Youth's Companion* and other periodicals. The best of these are those which picture the solemn stillness of the prairie, the music of woods and streams, and the strong loves of silent men.

"Historic Houses and Spots in Cambridge, Mass., and Near-by Towns,"† by J. W. Freese, is a curiously interesting book to students of our colonial and revolutionary history and to all who are interested in the early homes of New England, from which have emanated those qualities now recognized as peculiarly American, which give us strength at home and command for us respect abroad. The work includes, besides Cambridge, more than twenty other towns in which there are ancient landmarks of interest. About fifty illustrations add greatly to the reader's pleasure.

*The Ivy Press, Lincoln, Neb.

†Ginn & Company.

PORTRAIT OF VAN-RYN REMBRANDT, BY HIMSELF.
See Contributors' Department.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

VOLUME X. OCTOBER, 1898. NUMBER 4.

THE CUBAN CAPITAL BEFORE AND AFTER THE WAR.

CUBA'S IMMEDIATE FUTURE—CHANCES FOR AMERICANS IN THE KLONDYKE OF THE TROPICS.

BY GILSON WILLETS.

ON THE 15th of March, one month after the murder of the Maine, I had breakfast on board His Spanish Majesty's battleship, Viscaya, in Havana harbor. I was the guest of a young lieutenant whom I had previously met in New York. He was a fine fellow, taller than the average Spaniard, well set up and graceful with his English. Said he: "If I could only see the Maine riding over there at anchor, I would give this;" and he indicated his right hand. That young man has since given, not only his right hand, but his whole body, his life. He perished with the Viscaya in that memorable engagement off Santiago.

Two weeks later I boarded the steamship Panama, of the Spanish Trans-Atlantic line. The ship was about to sail on one of her regular trips with passengers for New York. The captain was a fine old salt, even if he was a Spaniard. He ordered cocktails - his steward made the finest cocktails to be had in Cuba—and as we touched glasses that jolly captain said earnestly: "No fighting! No war!" Alas for the perverseness of things, alas for wishes made on April Fool's day, the Panama was the first prize and her captain the first prisoner of the war.

The good ship was captured on her return trip to Havana,—that jolly, earnest captain unaware that war had been declared.

On the 8th of April, the day before the remnant of the American colony left Havana with General Lee, I went with other correspondents to the palace to see Dr. Congosto, Blanco's secretary-in-chief, the man behind the throne in Cuba. Dr. Congosto wanted peace preserved; wished he was well out of the whole mess and back at his old post as Spanish Consul in Philadelphia. But he was a loyal subject of Alphonso and a faithful hireling of Blanco. He was also excitable. The correspondents often said things that exasperated the secretary. To-day, irritated, tantalized to the point of fury, he cried: "Go 'way, you *canaille*. I hate you. I will not talk with you, you Yankee pigs!"

I have brought forward these incidents as illustrations of the fact that what is said in Havana is said in all Cuba. The thought and feeling of Havana is the thought and feeling of all Cuba. Havana is more than Cuba's capital, it is Cuba's tongue. Havana *is* Cuba, as Paris is France. The sentiment of that young naval officer, who would have given his sword-arm to spare the Maine, was the sentiment of all the Spanish naval and military officers in Cuban waters or in Cuba-land. When that steamship captain said, "No fighting! no war!" he spoke for all Spaniards carrying on trade in or with Cuba. Dr. Congosto called Americans "Yankee pigs," and he expressed the thought of all agents of the Spanish government in Cuba, the thought of all employés who at that time were making, not only a living, but fortunes out of the general misruling of the island. These Spanish politicians were the "powers" in Havana. With Havana for war, Cuba was for war, the peaceful sentiments of the army, the navy

[The entire contents of this number copyrighted by Conaway & Shaw, 1898. All rights reserved.]

Copyright 1898, by F. Tennyson Neely.

In the Harbor of Havana. Government sheds adjoining Morro Castle. Walls of Cabana prison in foreground.

Copyright 1898, by F. Tennyson Neely.

Havana and Harbor from a roof top. Photograph taken from the roof of highest house in the city of Havana, that of Señor Cadalla, a retired tobacco merchant, the Vanderbilt of Havana.

and the Spanish Board of Trade in Cuba notwithstanding.

In those critical days between the Maine disaster and the first shot of the war, the undercurrents of popular thought in Havana, and, therefore, in all Cuba, were something like this: All Cubans secretly hoped and believed that there would be a Spanish-American war. All Spaniards secretly hoped and believed that there would *not* be such a war. At the same time, the Spanish officials never missed an opportunity to squeeze "perquisites" out of their respective offices — with a view to having funds on a possible rainy day of war; while Cubans hid away their gold in secret places and pretended to be very poor — with a view to the possible rainy weather called war. I knew one Cuban family, who at that time were living on cat or dog meat, for the simple reason that they had secreted their gold in a place where they dared not go to get what little they needed for living purposes. Now that peace has come, this gold, together with that similarly hoarded by other Cuban families, has been brought forward. And it is this gold that is to be the first help in rebuilding Cuba.

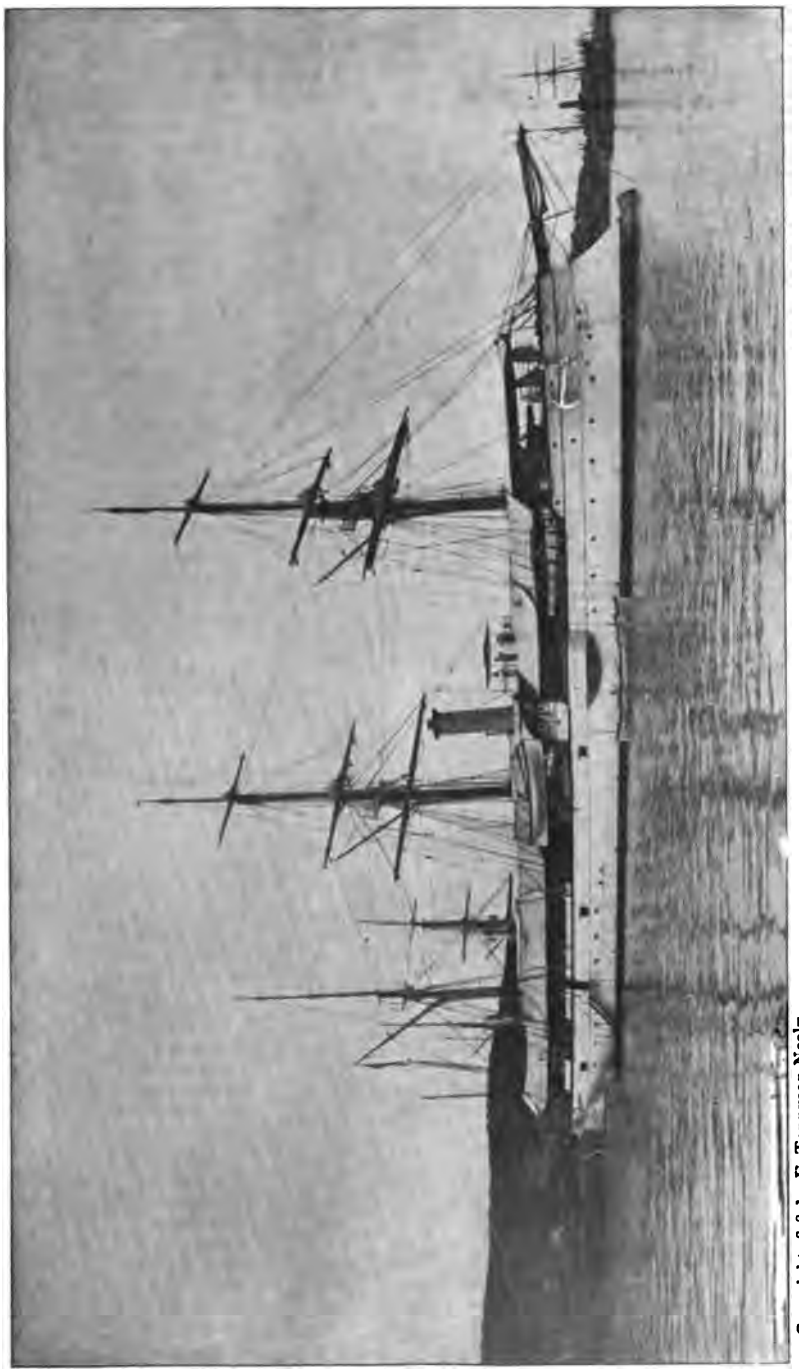
What was the public spirit in Havana just before the war? What did the people do and say?

It was a city of carnival. In the midst of vast misery, with a thousand of poverty's horde dying daily, with the coffin-makers having not even Sunday for a day of rest, with the reconcentrados lining the narrow streets in every direction, with war clouds gathering overhead, the capital city of Cuba spent all its spare cash in merriment, in amusing itself. Masked balls were held every night. Sleep was important during the day. An old law forbidding the use of chains on prisoners was revived. These prisoners, unchained, cleaned the streets — and escaped. And the authorities were glad, for why spend money supporting criminals? Somebody charged the home government with food and lodging for so many prisoners, and pocketed the money. There was no excitement excepting that of fun and frolic and folly.

Demonstrations against *los Americanos* were the exception rather than the rule. One night a woman appeared at the masked ball costumed as Miss Columbia. The dancers at once tore the costume of stars and bars from the masquerader's person; whereupon she was ejected from the theater on the charge of being insufficiently clothed. On the 25th of March a theatrical performance was given at the Tacon Theater, for the benefit of the Spanish navy. Money was needed for ships. The amount raised that night was exactly $1,300. Yet the next day, Sunday, the populace of Havana yielded up $60,000 at the gate of the bull ring. Thus, hundreds for war and thousands for a bull fight. On the night of the navy benefit, it was whispered that an American flag was to be thrown upon the stage and that a platoon of Spanish soldiers were to march over it. We all went to see this spectacle, expecting trouble. Neither the flag nor the rumpus materialized.

Then came the war and the blockade; and Havana became, so far as Americans were concerned, a tongueless thing. It could not speak to us for itself, let alone for all Cuba. All we knew about Cuba and the starving during the blockade was the scant information brought back by correspondents and military couriers from the camps of Garcia in Santiago province or from the headquarters of President Masso and the Cuban government in the province of Puerto Principe.

During the war Spaniards in Havana never once conceded that the city was in the remotest danger of being captured by the Americans. The spirit of the people, that is, of the politicians, was never broken. When Santiago surrendered, the Havanese believed it to be some new betrayal on the part of the government at Madrid. "Oh, yes

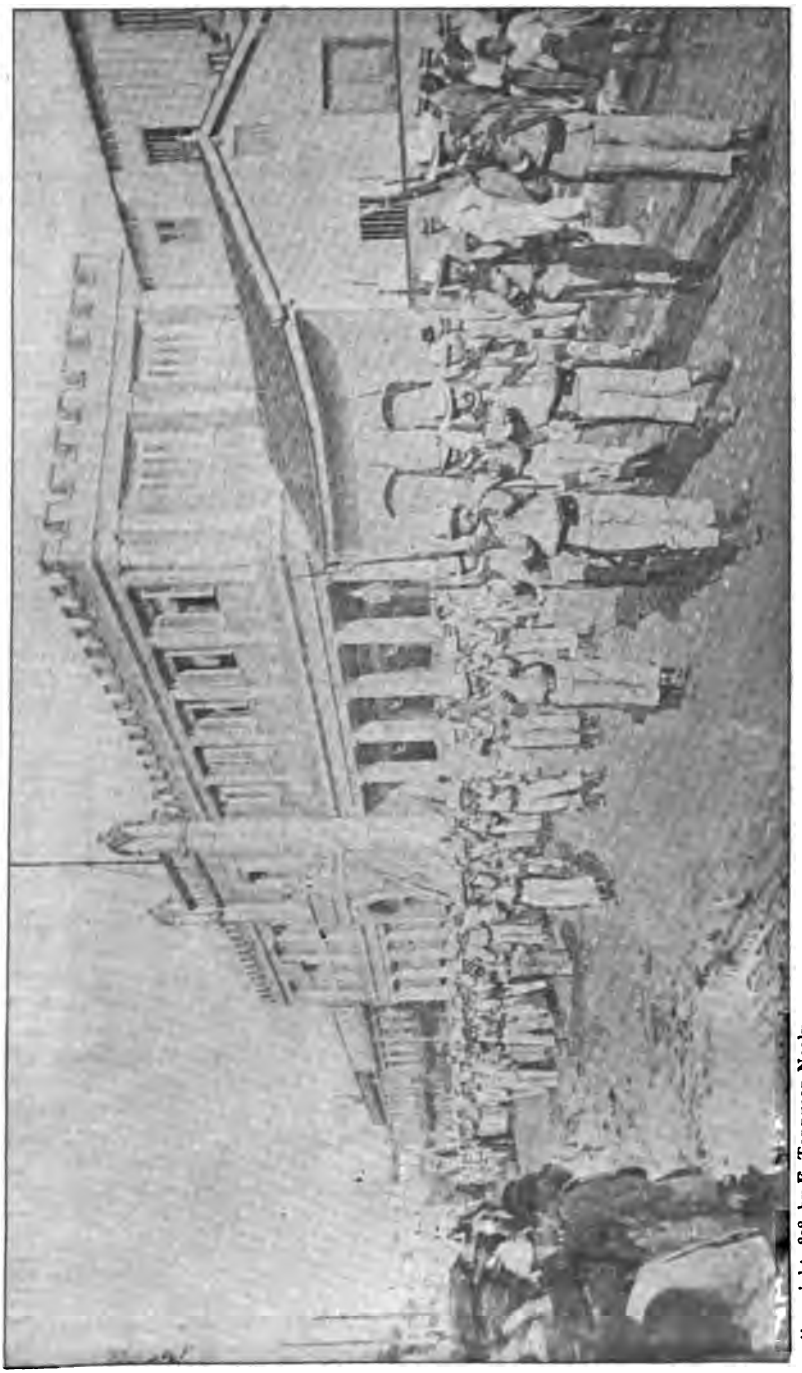


Spanish Gunboat in the Harbor of Havana.

Copyright 1898, by F. Tennyson Neely.

Copyright 1898, by F. Tennyson Neely.

Scene in Prado, near Inglaterra Hotel. Showing Spanish soldiers on their way to guard mount at nine a. m.



Copyright 1898, by F. Tennyson Neely.

In the streets of Havana. The hated and dreaded Spanish volunteers marching through the Prado on their way to guard mount. Early morning.

Santiago captured, of course," they said. "But Havana? Never!"

The war ended, and what a change in Havana—among the politicians! They at once began resigning commissions under Spain in order to secure commissions under Uncle Sam! They have almost turned into Americans on the plan that it is better to be the tail of a lion than the head of a rat. The populace, meanwhile, continues on its gay rounds just the same as ever. Cubans are glad, Spaniards are not mad. Havana is to-day teeming with life and cheerfulness. Well dressed men and women fill the streets. The shop windows in the principal thoroughfares display a wealth of silks and satins which smack far more of the prosperity and gaiety of Paris or Rome in carnival time than of the poverty and misery to be expected in a recently blockaded town. By a casual observer these outward and visible signs of well-being and prosperity would be regarded as a truthful index to a healthy and happy condition of affairs; but beneath the surface, behind the sham, exists a great deal of misery. This application of stageland to home life, this self-imposed deception, governs and is apt to mislead the superficial observer as to the true conditions in Havana. Where one must go to find the real change in things is to the better classes. A few years ago the aristocracy of the island was composed of Cuban planters and land owners. They represented the wealth and splendor of the Cuban capital; they entertained lavishly; their homes were temples of hospitality to friends who were their equals, but forbiddingly exclusive to those who were not born to the purple. To-day, many of these have to follow poverty's tide and look to the once despised Spaniard for daily bread.

Such, in fact, was the war, and such is now the condition of peace in Havana and in Santiago. But what about the country in between? The fact that Havana is Cuba does not prevent us from taking a look over the island with an eye to its immediate future. Some of us have just made the journey from Havana to Santiago and we have learned that if the condition of the inhabitants has changed, the physical aspect remains the same. Knowing both the people and the land it is not difficult to give a picture of the present appearance of the island.

Between Havana and Santiago we have 500 miles to traverse. The railroad extends only half way, ending at Santa Clara. The remaining 250 miles have to be made in the saddle. Santiago has never been connected with the rest of Cuba by rail. Boats were good enough for Spaniards and Cubans. But an American company has already sent engineers down there to report on the best route for a railroad to connect Santiago with the interior of the island. Now we are journeying through Cuba the New. The country is all divine overhead and all devastation under foot; but the people are free,—free in their misery and hunger to roam over the burned and blackening fields, over the ruins and the desolation, unmolested. At the stations along the line, the surviving reconcentrados gather, seemingly stupefied either by their long suffering or by the news that the relief will soon come with *los Americanos*. Here is the province of Mantanzas, the sugar-cane valley; once the Valley Beautiful, now the Vale of Death. Every field, every house, has been burned. The whole province resembles a huge ash heap. Then comes Santa Clara province, the former garden spot of Cuba. Here are the Royal palms, still dominating; but they are merely useless sentinels in a wilderness. This was the sugar paradise. In 1895, Gomez and Maceo thundered through it "*al machete.*" To-day it is what the insurgent chiefs left it, Paradise Burned. Not a building is standing, not a soul inhabits the region. Such is the desert that was created when $60,000,000 in sugar cane became drifting

Copyright 1898, by F. Tennyson Neely.

In Havana streets. The Plaza Theatre Tacon, in the background. The Tacon is the Madison Square of Havana. All the masquerade balls are given in this building. In the Plaza the volunteers assemble every morning before guard mount.

Copyright 1898, by F. Tennyson Neely.

Havana. Arrival of last shipload of Spanish troops. Sunday, March 6th. Troops received by the populace. Wreaths of flowers presented to arriving officers

ashes. And such, indeed, are the conditions of 50,000 farms, plantations and ranches that were destroyed, throughout Cuba, during the war. Machinery all over the island is a thing of the past. What is not rusting in the field has been broken up and shipped to the United States as old metal. Cuba must have an entirely new outfit of machinery, and this will mean an enormous business for the American houses that export machinery. But first, Cuba must have money to buy machines. To get the money she must carry on a hand to mouth trade with America. She must practice economy until she has enough money to purchase expensive plants.

Spain's soldiers still crawl through the streets of the inland towns; but they are unarmed and they are exceeding cheerful. They are preparing to evacuate; and to every Spanish soldier in Cuba the word evacuate means home. From conscript to commandante, every man is delighted with that significant word, "evacuate."

Throughout the provinces one sees a surprising number of negroes. One has no difficulty in believing that one-half of the native population of New Cuba is of African descent The negroes have drifted into the towns from the coffee, sugar and tobacco plantations. As large estates employ from 2,000 to 3,000 negroes at one time, their great number is not so surprising. The Cuban negro is generally an uneducated laborer, unfitted, of course, for holding government positions. Yet many of them are growling, ominously. They did the fighting and now that independence has come they want a voice of their own in the law-making.

A large part of the provinces of Santiago and Puerto Principe are practically a jungle. Not only are these districts without railroads, but they have no roads for wheeled vehicles. Here is a most important field for engineering enterprise—the development of transportation facilities.

In Santiago province there are miles and miles of virgin forest: there are the finest mahogany and rosewood trees; there are rich iron mines, undeveloped. Coffee in greater quantities than ever will soon be raised there, just as the cultivation of tobacco, in the province of Pinar del Rio, west of Havana, will soon again be a thriving industry.

The tobacco crop at Vuelta Abajo, for the ensuing season, by the way, promises to be the smallest on record. The principal reason is the scarcity of oxen, which were stolen by insurgents or confiscated by the Spanish commanders to feed troops. One yoke of oxen will plow the land necessary to plant 50,000 seeds. This amount of seed should yield, on the average, twenty-five bales, Considering that many individual tobacco raisers have lost 300 and 400 oxen each—not counting those lost by larger firms and smaller ones—some idea may be gathered as to the drawbacks to tobacco cultivation. There will soon be a great demand for oxen in all branches of agricultural enterprise. Practically all the herds have been killed off and work in the fields without them is impossible. Many of the sugar estates have begun work in different parts of the island.

And as for the coffee crop, the mountains of Guantanamo, in the village of Santiago, are considered the most productive coffee regions in Cuba, though coffee is grown in all parts of the island. At one time it was largely cultivated in the valleys and plains as is the sugar cane. But now most of the coffee raising is done in the vicinity of Santiago. Land in this part of the island is particularly cheap and planters find it to their advantage, as their old places wear out, to sell them and move to Guantanamo's beautiful hills, where the climate is healthful, the crops excellent, and the land cheap.

It takes more than war to rob Cuba of her natural wealth. Every foot of land in the island is capable of cultiva-

Copyright 1898, by F. Tennyson Neely.

Havana. View of Fort Cabanas. The political prison. Behind these impenetrable walls hundreds of political prisoners are incarcerated, cut off from the world as utterly as Siberian exiles.

tion. The island's area is very nearly equal to that of Iowa; but only ten per cent of this resourceful area is under cultivation—or under ashes.

Cuba, at present, is no place for the penniless man. To go there now, without money to tide over the getting-a-start period, would be much like seeking death. For the practical farmer with a thousand dollars, however, if there is not a fortune, there is a fortunate opportunity. In one acre of land there are miracles. Anything will grow. A quarter of an acre supports a family, leaving three-quarters of the acre for profit.

The chances are that an American workman or mechanic could not get any work in Cuba just now that he would care to take unless driven by dire necessity. If it were the dry season he would not need a roof to cover him and he could get along if he could but learn to sustain himself on fruits. But he would be more likely to die. There is room, however, for the man who has money enough to buy a farm and who has skill enough to develop it. And it requires little enough capital. Farm lands sell at a rate varying from ten to twenty dollars an acre. A man with a thousand dollars can go to Cuba and make money almost from the start. The land is waiting for him.

To return, finally, to Havana. There is one little spot—and a few bones—in that city that for months to come promise to be a subject of dispute. The spot is the tomb of Columbus; the bones are those of the discoverer of all America; the dispute promises to be, not between American and Spaniard, but between Spaniard and Spaniard, with the Cuban entirely ignored. One Spaniard says: "The Americans shall not have those bones The remains of the man who discovered Cuba must belong to Spain." The other Spaniard says: "Columbus was a nuisance, anyway. He had no business to commit that brilliant blunder of discovering a Cuba which has proved a Pandora's box of troubles and woes for Spain. Let America have the old bones."

BEHOLD THE YEAR.

PLUCKING the down from the breast of the Spring,
To line the young Summer's nest;
Purple and gold from the Summer's bright wing
For Autumn's ambrosial crest;
Purloining fair Autumn's rich bountiful yield,
High heaping a prodigal store,
From orchard and meadow and garden and field,
To nourish old Winter so hoar;
Stripping the leaves from the forest trees drear,
And icing them over with sleet;
The cotton and flax from the harvest fields sear,
To weave him a winding sheet.

Charles F. Wilcox.

SPOILS OF AN ARMY CORRESPONDENT.

By G. W.

LOOK over these spoils, that is, the pages of my note-book, — well, here is a page on mascots, a fine assortment of eagles, goats, young lions and yellow dogs, but, the most interesting of all, a human being. Behold him, only twelve years old, the only human mascot in the army. He belongs to the Seventh Foot, under Colonel Benham, and his name is Jonathan, but we call him just plain Jim.

"I'm only just the canteen-boy. But I've been clean through the war an' got mausered in the leg by the Spaniards at San Jooan. Been a reg'lar war correspondent, too. At San Jooan I had to carry water to the fightin' line an' then I had to carry news to the writin' fellers what was sittin' down by the brook where I got the water. Well, I lied and they seemed to think I was a good thing and they stayed down by the brook and pumped me while I filled the canteen. I told them there was 100,000 Spaniards in a block house up on San Jooan hill and that they was mauserin' down all me bunkies (them's me comrades). An' then, them writin' fellers rushed up the hill shootin' everybody in sight — with their cameras. I was bein' carried to the rear on me bunkie's back, for that's

BABY LION—MASCOT OF THE FIRST CAVALRY, WHICH PARTICIPATED IN THE SANTIAGO CAMPAIGN.

MAJOR CORLISS, SEVENTH INFANTRY, STANDING AT LEFT, WOUNDED AT SANTIAGO, JULY 2. COLONEL BENHAM, SEVENTH INFANTRY, AND STAFF; CAPTAIN GOODIN (STANDING), LIEUTENANT-COLONEL LISCOM, RIGHT SITTING.

when I was mausered. Didn't know it, till all of a sudden I couldn't carry no more water 'cause I couldn't walk. How'd I get here to Montauk? Gee, this is worse 'n Santiago. Why down there when a feller was sick he didn't have to do no work. But here, well or sick, we has to carry lumber from the wharfs for floors in officer's tents and has to stand guard in the sun and the rain jus' as if the war was still goin' on with the Spaniards in trenches in front of us. Well, I got here on a ship. We came up from the front (that's Santiago) together—me an' Bill Shafter.

"It was a good ship for cattle but it wasn't good for me an' the General. But that wasn't Uncle Sam's fault. There wasn't any men to wait on us and no one to clean up the ship when it got dirty. You see the company what owned the ship was for makin' money. When the war broke out an' Uncle Sam hired the ships, the owners just fired off every man except the ones needed to shovel coal, start the machinery an' steer. There was a steward an' he had food an' drink, too. But he wouldn't give me nor Bill Shafter nor none of us no food or drink 'less we paid wartime prices. So if you hadn't money all you had to do was to lie down on the deck an' die. No one would stop you. I don't know about Pecos Bill (that's Shafter), but I couldn't buy no food of that steward for I only had half a dollar. I'm not broke but I'm bent purty bad. It's this way. You see I ain't no brigadier-general 'cause I didn't get into the army through politics. Fact is, I ain't even in the army. I draws rations but I don't draw no pay. So on pay day when me bunkies draws their wad, that's about fifteen dollars, they make up a wad for the canteen boy; that's me. There was near a thousand of 'em 'fore we went to Cuba an' they used to raise the fifteen among 'em, for me. But now—oh, now it's different. They ain't

a thousand now. They're only six hundred or so The rest of 'em—say, this salt air makes your eyes kinder wet somehow, don't it? Well, the rest of 'em ain't here anyway. Me mother's more than a march from here. She's in Knoxville, Tenn. Don't know how I am to get there 'cause I've only got a half a dollar an' the gov'ment don't give canteen boys their car-fare home. But I ain't homesick, no sir-ee, I ain't homesick a bit. You won't write in that magazine that I'm homesick, will yer? Say, don't, an' I'll tell yer all about the war.

"Yer see I joined the Seventh down at Knoxville. The Seventh came through on a long train. I asked a soldier an' he said they was reg'lars from Fort Logan, Col'rado, on their way to Chick'mauga. I stowed myself in a baggage car an' when we got near Chatt'nooga a soldier found me an' took me to a man what was real good to me. Say, he was good. His name was Benham an' they called him Colonel an' so did I. 'Colonel,' I says, 'I want to shoot Spaniards or 'tend stock.' Say, the Colonel laughed an' said me mother would worry an' that he would have to send me back home but that he would write me mother first an' I could bunk with the boys an' keep their canteens full till furthur notice. Now put this down—Colonel Benham of the Reg'lar Foot is the man to die for, hear? He was wounded same as me, at San Jocan an' so was our Major Corliss, him with the white whiskers. Well, I stayed an' stayed an' helped the cook, an' bunked first with the rookies, them's the recruits, an' then with the reg's, them's the soldiers; an' one day I heard the Colonel swearin' like the cook when the wood's wet, an' I heard the Major tell the Colonel he musn't swear afore the kid, an' I says: 'That's all right, Colonel, my dad cusses, too.' An' the Colonel says, quick as lightnin,' 'Major, draw a pair of shoes for that canteen boy.'

"Well, they call me the regimental mascot in camp. But there's lots of other mascots. There's a lot of dogs an' any bunkie loves his dog more than his neighbor. Then the Ninth Foot has an eagle, the Twelfth a coyote, the Ninth Horse a monkey, the Fifth Artillery, a parrot, and the First Horse, a lion cub—there, you can have that picture of the cub for your magazine. Oh, I've forgot Gunsling Dave.

"GUNSLING DAVE," SERGEANT DAVIDSON, SIXTEENTH INFANTRY. CHAMPION MARKSMAN OF THE ARMY HOLDS ALL MEDALS AND ALL RECORDS; IN HIS FAVORITE LONG-RANGE POSITION, THE "SAW BUCK," VERY SIMILAR TO THE "TEXAS GRIP."

He's the pride of the Sixteenth Foot an' he's the champion shot of the hull army. He holds all the medals an' all the records for all crack shot shootin'. His real name is Davidson an' he's a sergeant an' in Cuba he had goed practice pickin' off Spanish sharpshooters what was a troubling the spoils. Here are *bon mots* about Roosevelt and his men, who went to Cuba as Weary Walkers, rather than Rough Riders. Shafter made them leave their horses in Tampa—and no regiment of hornets could have been madder than those men from Fifth Avenue, Newport and Arizona. They

COL THEO ROOSEVELT AND TWO OF HIS ROUGH RIDERS, HALLET ALLSOP BARROWE AND HAMILTON FISH, JR. (KILLED JULY 1), IN CHARGE OF DYNAMITE GUN. TAKEN JUST BEFORE LEAVING SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

woundod. He's still alive just like me an' the lion cub an' the eagle an' all the other mascots."

Such were the remarks of Jim, the Canteen Boy, as he lay on the sands at Montauk, in luxurious convalescence.

I turn over the leaves of my notebook in search for some other war-time swore. Then tears rolled down the faces of some. They blubbered.

But there is very little about the Rough Riders that you do not already know. Who hath written about the war hath told all about "Teddy." And speaking of writing "The Story of the War," I estimate that one million dol-

lars has already been paid to war correspondents for their stories and pictures of the war. There were fully five hundred correspondents "covering" the various campaigns. If each of these wrote one thousand words a day and received double rates for his work, that is, twenty dollars a thousand words or two cents a word — why, a million dollars at least must have passed

When Colonel Bell was carried to the rear, he said, "Boys, I am only d—n sorry I can't go on with you."

I first met Colonel Bell and his brother officers at Chickamauga — but you may wish to know something about the other people and places represented in the pictures shown in this article, and as the pictures were taken in Tampa, perhaps we would bet-

FIRST THREE MEN (SITTING) ON LEFT OF PICTURE ARE FIRST REGULAR ARMY OFFICERS WOUNDED IN BATTLE IN CUBA. ON LEFT, CAPTAIN KNOX (SHOT THROUGH THE BODY AND INTESTINES AND GIVEN UP FOR DEAD, BUT RECOVERING); LIEUTENANT BYRAM, NEXT, SITTING, CHUNK MAUSERED OUT OF HIS FOREHEAD; COLONEL BELL, SHOT IN LEG; STANDING, LEFT, LIEUT. BEN ARNOLD; NEXT, LIEUTENANT HARTMAN.

through the pockets of the five hundred correspondents.

Colonel Bell, Captain Knox and Lieutenant Byram, who appear in these pages in a group,— all of the First Cavalry — were the first three regular army officers hit by Spanish bullets in the war. These three heroes were all wounded in the same ten minutes at La Quasima on the day of that first land battle which electrified the world.

ter take the spoils down to Tampa and look them over in the very place in which I collected them.

And what is the life at Tampa? Twenty five thousand soldiers living in tragic suspense by day and sleeping on their arms by night. Two thousand wives, sweethearts and sisters laughing when they would like to weep. Three hundred correspondents with everything written up and nothing else

COLONEL HAMILTON, SITTING IN CENTRE, (KILLED AT SANTIAGO, JULY 1) AND OFFICERS OF THE NINTH CAVALRY (COLORED). THIS IS THE REGIMENT OF CAPTAIN OLMSTEAD, INSTRUCTOR IOWA NATIONAL GUARD.

to write. Over all, tragic suspense. This is life at Tampa.

Thousands of white tents on the white sands of the beach — all 'round the bay. Among the tents moves a host of men in blue. A mile of freight-cars, groaning and creaking under their burden of shot and shell, wriggle like a great serpent around the camps, up and down the railroad tracks. Along the wharf a mile of steamships ride at anchor. Ships gorged with leaden pellets, noisy with the bang of hammer and the shriek of saw, decks all scaffolded with bunks that look like so many lairs. A lair is a place where sleeps a wild beast. A soldier in the field is a sort of wild beast. He is unkempt; he growls at the approach of strangers; he is ferocious. Here are more soldiers than have massed at any time since the civil war. What a prospect of war and battle and death is here! How the men chafe at the delay They curse the suspense. Some drink. The officers gather on the piazzas of the big and gorgeous hotel, flirt with the Cuban senoritas of Tampa and take their first lessons in Spanish. The officers of the Cuban regiments recruited here look on jealously. Every evening military bands give competitive concerts on the hotel piazzas; that is, a white band plays and then a colored band plays. People on the piazzas applaud each impartially. It is the eve of battle. So, on with the dancing and the flirting until far into the night

Then down at Port Tampa, near the encampment of General Randolph's artillery — what is there among my spoils, about that line of transports, the greatest number of transports this century has ever brought into one fleet at one time?

From the bridge of the Siguranca, the flagship, I look down a double line of transports a mile long. With a good glass I can distinguish the white W on the black funnel of the Ward Line Steamer, Vigilanca, at the other end of the line. The twenty-two intervening steamers form a gnarled, chaotic line of masts, funnels, ropes, flags and hal-

yards. Every one of these twenty-four vessels is loaded right up to the hatches. Two with pontoon bridges; two with bacon and beans and potatoes; many with rifles and bullets and dynamite, and all with coal enough to last thirty days. Every part of each of these low-lying steamers is guarded by a soldier of the United States. A lighted cigar below decks might make things unpleasant. Some of the vessels are so heavy laden that their ports are below waterline—closed, of course. Here are more ships than a Tampaite would have seen in his whole lifetime, if we had not had war with Spain. Some of these ships are painted lead color, like the gunboats in the harbor. Most of them have stuck to black, however. The lower decks of the transports are filled in with bunks and stalls. The stalls are just wide enough to admit a horse, so that, no matter how long the voyage may last, the animal cannot lie down. As for the bunks, each holds two men, and rough board affairs they are. Here must the men sleep, ill or well, miserable or happy, till the end of the voyage. Many of the captains of these vessels have carried troops before for this or some other country. Their experiences of the past lead them to pray that the troops will not remain long on board the transports. Vermin are inevitable. With the ports closed in rough weather or on a choppy sea, the heat and misery below will be frightful. The officers, of course, will occupy the staterooms, and for them the voyage will be as comfortable as for any ocean traveler in time of peace. The non-commissioned officers will be given second choice of quarters; they will be quartered in what is ordinarily the second class saloon. Certainly the sight presented by this fleet of transports is worth seeing. Twenty-four, in a double line down the wharf, beginning at Port Tampa city with the Vigilanca and ending with the Siguranca here at the bulkhead.

As for the Orizaba, aboard of her went the huge siege guns that were to reduce Santiago. Oh, for the perverseness of things. Those monster guns, loaded aboard the transport with so much trouble—they were never unloaded. At Santiago there were no

THE GOSPEL COMMISSARY AND THE WIND JAMMERS. Y. M. C. A. TENT, CAPT. H. W. BOLTON, CHAPLAIN SECOND ILLINOIS VOLUNTEER INFANTRY, AWAITING THE DISTRIBUTION OF HYMN BOOKS, JACKSONVILLE, SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 19

THE LINE OF TRANSPORTS AT DOCK, TAMPA THAT CARRIED THE TROOPS TO SANTIAGO,—THIRTY-TWO OF THEM

lighters big enough to carry them to the shore. A trial was made. One of the mastodons was put on a Lilliputian lighter; the lighter sank into the mud a hundred yards from shore, and there the mastodon gun remained. Santiago was reduced without the aid of it or of its fellows, which, when the Orizaba arrived at Montauk after the war, were still in the hold.

I look again over the note-book and find the Ninth Cavalry mentioned in a sham fight at Tampa It was glorious; they seemed to feel that day that the eyes of the nation would watch them later, in front of Santiago. On the day of this sham battle a certain trooper (colored) proved himself a hero. A picket line was thrown around the entire camp, thus guarding the mile-square within which the troops were massed. Skirmish lines advanced, fell flat on their stomachs, fired at an unseen enemy, advanced again, and again fell to the ground. The light batteries boomed and boomed. Regiments of infantry stood ready to back them up. Whole regiments of cavalry, with carbines sabres and pistols, charged imaginary foes. There was firing, but no bloodshed. There was strategy without conflict, a game of solitaire on a gigantic scale. In this smoke enshrouded field, amid the volleys, the rattle of rifles, the booming of batteries, the tooting of the bugles, the shouts of officers, the yells of men, toddled a little girl, chewing her thumb. She was a colored girl, a pickaninny. As she emerged from the woods and advanced across the open toward the masses of cavalry, the troopers heard the order, "Charge!"

Instantly four thousand men gave rein and four thousand horses rushed forward. Then they saw the child coming toward them across the open. Four thousand cavalrymen were charging upon a child. Those in front tried to stop. They could not. The troopers

behind, not understanding, urged them forward. In a moment that little life would be trampled out. Was there no way to prevent this dreadful murder? Yes! Out of the ranks a trooper suddenly shot forward, dashed on, reached the child, caught her up and, carrying her in his arms, again dashed forward just in time to avoid the shock of the onrushing horsemen. Heroic trooper! Who was he? He belonged to the Ninth Cavalry, a colored regiment. This hero was black as licorice.*

ous—in his mild, stern way. He sat down in an arm-chair on the hotel piazza as if in hopeless despair. Mrs. Miles reminded him that the perspiration was pouring down his face in streams, and he remarked that things looked slightly unmilitary. He evidently felt that it was impossible for him to restore order. In the midst of the bustle came a telegram from Washington ordering General Miles to "suspend the expedition." The general's amazement changed to chagrin. All

LOADING THE HUGE SIEGE GUNS INTO THE HOLD OF THE ORIZABA, FOR SANTIAGO. ONLY TWO WERE UNLOADED.

At last came the order "On to Cuba." And what do my war-time notes say about this onward move to real war? At Port Tampa, where the troops were rushing helter-skelter, pell-mell, aboard the transports, there was something resembling confusion, if not chaos, in the midst of which General Miles arrived. I can see the look of amazement that overspread his features when he perceived the state of affairs. He was more than angry; he was furi-

the men and stores were aboard, and some of the transports had moved twenty-five miles down the bay and the gun-boats, to act as convoys, had steamed up. But, nevertheless, the expedition must be suspended. General Miles at once ordered the gun-boat Helena to signal the transports, "Return to your stations."

Then followed seven dreadful days—for those aboard the transports. Horses and mules were disembarked and taken back to the nearest camps. The foreign attachés—representatives from

[* Is it possible Miss Bisby has bleached out this story for the woof of "The Lieutenant's Sweetheart," in this issue?—Ed.]

CAMP OF GENERAL RANDOLPH'S ARTILLERY — SHOWING RAILWAY ACROSS THE ARM OF BAY CONNECTING TAMPA AND PORT TAMPA.

England, France, Germany, Sweden, Norway and Russia—took their luggage off the Seguranca and went back to the Tampa Bay Hotel. The wives of officers, who had said good-bye, came back to the Port on the next train. If there was confusion before, there was bedlam now. The only shaded places at Port Tampa are the piazza of the hotel and the covered portion of the dock. These shady places were crowded with perspiring humanity. Officers, enlisted men, correspondents, stevedores, ships' captains and railroad conductors were all jumbled together—not for one day, but for seven.

NINTH U. S. CAVALRY (COLORED) CROSSING FIELDS OF PALM GRASS, TAMPA, GOING TO FIGHT PRAIRIE FIRE. SHOWING A TAMPA FIELD.

Then came an absurd rumor that a phantom Spanish fleet was cruising in the Gulf of Mexico, waiting to attack the transports. So all the ships were tied to the wharf, three abreast, a mile long. Thus fifteen thousand men were crowded into the smallest possible compass where they could get the least amount of air. How they suffered, those men, jammed into that close space in the bunks between decks of those crowded steamers! What could they do, save to sweat and to swear? Half the men from each ship were allowed to come ashore at one time. As shore at Port Tampa means only the wharf—a wharf built on stilts and extending a mile out into the water—the men could do nothing but sit on the rail of this wharf in the broiling sun and wonder why they were put on the transports so long before they were to sail.

But the sailing day came at last, and there ended first-class opportunities to add war-time spoils, in the shape of notes, to the stock of this particular army correspondent.

GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

(A HISTORY.)

BY COL. JOHN W. EMERSON.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)
(Begun in the October, 1896, MIDLAND MONTHLY.)

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE SHILOH CAMPAIGN BEGINS—CONDITIONS IN THE WEST.

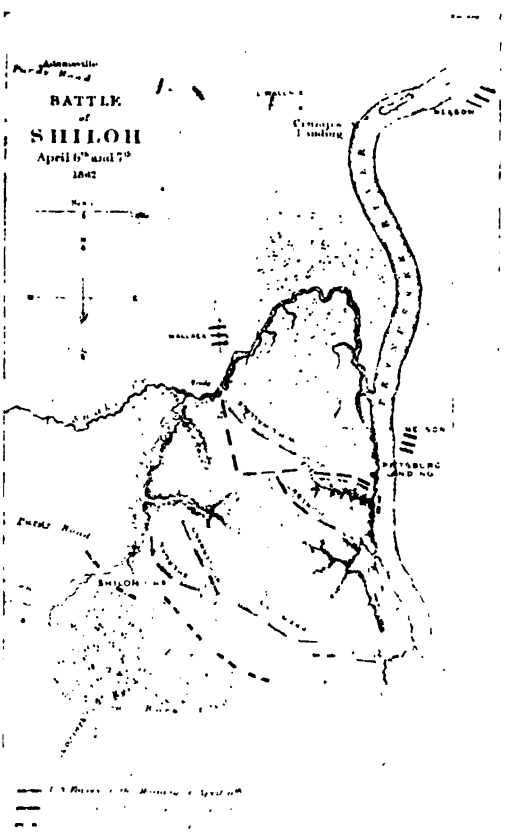
WHEN General Grant was restored to command in the field and moved his headquarters from Fort Henry to Savannah on March 17, 1862, his Shiloh campaign may be said to have begun.

Let us take a brief view of Grant's environments, and of the military conditions in the West, which were to affect him and his campaign.

We have seen that he had been quite ill at Fort Henry, and he continued ill for several weeks; but he was uncomplaining, and gave no sign of relaxation in the tireless energy which marked his entire war career.

Grant's Donelson army had been scattered, portions of it having been recalled by Halleck to Cairo and vicinity during the Beauregard scare, other portions left to garrison Clarksville, Fort Donelson, Fort Henry, and elsewhere; but other portions of it, with new undisciplined recruits, were now hurried forward to Pittsburg Landing to organize a movement against Corinth, twenty miles to the southwest.

Columbus had been evacuated; the Beauregard scare was over; General Pope was thundering away at New Madrid and Island Number Ten. Curtis had just gained an important victory at Pea Ridge, in Northwest Arkansas, and Halleck felt so relieved from all dangerand menace that he could now concentrate his energies upon the conquest of Southwest Tennessee, Memphis, Northern Mississippi and Alabama.



As soon as Buell's army moved south from Nashville the Confederate generals hastened their army south of the Tennessee River, and moved west behind that stream to Corinth, where General Johnston had informed President Davis he would be 50,000 strong. Buell moved slowly and cautiously south forty-five miles, to Columbia, over an elegant stone road, in a little less than three weeks. He had, at this time, 101,000 men in his department, as Halleck reported. The reader will note from the map that Columbia is about ninety miles east of Shiloh or Pittsburg Landing, where Halleck had begun to concentrate the army for the movement against Corinth. Halleck was hurrying forward the raw troops as rapidly as they enlisted throughout the Northwestern States, without drill or discipline, and to these he purposed to join Buell's veteran army, or at least 40,000 of them, for the advance upon Corinth.

The reader may ask, why this formidable movement on the insignificant interior village of Corinth?

Let us answer this by looking a moment at the Confederate situation. Corinth is the intersection of the Mobile & Ohio and the Memphis & Charleston railroads These were the only two through railroads in the Confederate west, north of Vicksburg; and with these roads in their possession they had quick railway communication with all points in the interior of the Confederacy. It was located in an undulating, healthful, fruitful region, and was therefore, as the generals on both sides saw, the most vital strategic point in the West to the Confederate government.

Thither, therefore, the Confederate officers moved all their available forces in the West. General Polk's army, which retired from Columbus and was not needed at Island Number Ten, was brought down; forces from Memphis were called in; Price and Van Dorn were hurried over from Arkansas (but came too late for Shiloh), Bragg's corps was brought up from Mobile and other points in the South, constituting a splendid army of over 50,000 men.

Courtesy of the War Department.

GEN. H. W. HALLECK.

As this great concentration of forces became known to Halleck, through Smith, Sherman, Grant and others, he became anxious, and renewed his admonitions to Smith (then to Grant, when he resumed command) not to risk a battle, not to advance too far, etc.

This concentration by the Confederates had been in progress for some time, concurrent with the National concentration at Shiloh, and was not fully consummated until the 2d or 3d of April. Up to that time there had con-

centrated at Pittsburg Landing or Shiloh (it is known by both names) about 38,000 Union troops.

It should be noted here that this "landing."—for there was no village, —was the only landing above overflow along the river, with passable roads connecting with the objective point, Corinth.

We saw in preceding chapters the

Courtesy of the War Department.

MAJ.-GEN. D. C. BUELL.

unavailing efforts of President Lincoln and General McClellan to secure cooperation between the armies under Buell and Halleck so long as the former had command of an independent department. Whatever the causes might be, whether ambition, jealousy or immobility, coöperation always failed at the vital moment. And now as it became apparent at the War Office that operations were in prospect which made coöperation *vitally* essential to success, the President yielded to Halleck's requests, and issued an order abolishing the Department of the Ohio, and placing Buell under Halleck. The President took the matter into his own hands and issued the following order:

President's War Order, No. 3. } EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, Mar. 11, 1862.

. . . . . .

Ordered further, That the two departments now under the respective commands of Generals Halleck and Hunter, together with so much of that under General Buell as lies west of a north and south line indefinitely drawn through Knoxville, Tenn., be consolidated and designated the Department of the Mississippi, and that until otherwise ordered, Major General Halleck have command of said department.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

. . . . . .

The President seldom interfered with the actual operations of his Generals, but now and then he found it necessary to "put his foot down firmly," as he termed it. He now did, what evidently had been wise to do in the beginning of the war; he placed the entire Western field of operations under one head, who could work out the necessary combinations. The Confederates had acted more wisely in this regard. Albert Sidney Johnston, an officer of undoubted military skill, had been given command over the entire West; and that ena bled him to wield everything into his combinations, and resulted in the rapid concentration of all his armies at Corinth.

Meantime, the reader is invited to remember that we left General Buell's army at Columbia, Tenn., ninety miles east of Shiloh, with as easy roads and as old settled country intervening as any in the West.

It is interesting to now recall the efforts that were then made to move Buell's army over this ninety miles to a junction with Grant. The War Records of that time shall speak, lest the

story, otherwise told, might seem incredulous.

EFFORTS TO MOVE BUELL TO SHILOH.

Halleck to Scott, Assistant Secretary of War, March 6th: "It is reported that Beauregard has 20,000 men at Corinth, and is fortifying. If so he will make a Manassas of it. It is his best point to cover Memphis and Chattanooga. What a mistake that Buell did not send forces to move with us up the Tennessee so as to seize that point. Smith has gone to do it, but I fear it is too late, and that he is too weak. I cannot make Buell understand the importance of strategic points till it is too late."

Scott answered Halleck the same day, saying: "If you telegraph Buell that you want a column of 10,000 or 20,000 men by river or land to coöperate, he will undoubtedly send them."

Thereupon Halleck telegraphed Buell at Nashville, as follows: "News down the Tennessee that Beauregard has 20,000 men at Corinth, and is rapidly fortifying it. Smith will not, probably, be strong enough to attack it. It is a great misfortune to lose that point. I shall reinforce Smith as rapidly as possible. If you could send a division by water around into the Tennessee it would require only a small amount of transportation, as it would receive all its supplies by river."

No answer came from Buell, and the next day (7th) Halleck telegraphed to Secretary of War Scott, saying: "I telegraphed to General Buell to reinforce me as strongly as possible *at or near Savannah*. Having destroyed the railroad and bridges in his rear, Johnston cannot return to Nashville. Buell should move immediately and not come in too late, as he did at Donelson. We must again pierce his center at Savannah or Florence."

On the 8th Halleck again telegraphed Buell: "If you determine to send any troops to the Tennessee, please let me know when and how many."

Again, on the 8th: "Do you purpose to send any troops to the Tennessee, and, if so, how many and when? My own movements are delayed for this information. Answer as soon as possible."

On March 9th, Buell, in answer to all the urgent requests for reinforcements, telegraphed to Halleck this useful bit of information from Nashville: ". . . I can move from one side of the river to the other at pleasure, and if we attempt to operate on both sides without the same facility of transit, we are liable to be beaten in detail."

Next day Halleck grew angry and sent this very emphatic and very sensible telegram to General McClellan at Washington:

> The reserves intended to support General Curtis will now be drawn in as rapidly as possible and sent to the Tennessee. I propose going there in a few days. That is now the great strategic line of the Western campaign, and I am surprised that General Buell should hesitate to reinforce me. He was too late at Fort Donelson, as Hunter has been in Arkansas. I am obliged to make my calculations independent of both. Believe me, General, you make a serious mistake in having three independent commands in the West. There never will, and never can, be any coöperation at the critical moment; all military history proves it. You will regret your decision against me on this point. Be it so. I shall soon fight a great battle on the Tennessee unsupported, as it seems; but, if successful, it will settle the campaign in the West.

This vigorous dispatch was taken to the War Office (McClellan being across the Potomac), and then to President Lincoln, and the next day (11th) he issued the order (quoted *ante*) consolidating the departments under Halleck. He had been greatly annoyed for months at the lack of coöperation between Buell and Halleck, and determined to put an end to it. When he made the order, he said: "In family rows, the old man usually has to interfere; and, if he cannot settle matters without the birch, *that* has to be used."

On March 10th Buell wrote Halleck from Nashville, urging him to establish himself much higher up the river, saying, amongst other things: "The establishment of your force on this bank of

the river, as high up as possible, is evidently judicious, and with the same view it would be unnecessary and inadvisable to change the line on which I propose to advance. I can join you almost, if not quite, as soon overland as by water, in better condition, and with more security to your operations and mine. I believe you cannot be too promptly nor too strongly established

Courtesy of the War Department.

GEN. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

on the Tennessee. I shall advance in a few days."

It would seem, therefore, that General Buell was himself quite aware of the necessity for haste in his movement to join Halleck's forces on the Tennessee, as early as March 10th, and, after much urging, then promised to "advance in a few days."

Halleck, learning that his entire force on the Tennessee only amounted to 23,000. and ten batteries, telegraphed to McClellan, saying: "You will perceive from this that without Buell's aid I am too weak for operations on the Tennessee."

On March 10th Buell telegraphed Halleck, saying: "My advance division is at Columbia. The heavy rains and the destruction of bridges will of course retard our progress somewhat."

Will the reader kindly keep this date in memory — March 10th — Buell's army had reached Columbia, ninety miles from Shiloh!

March 14th Halleck again telegraphed Buell: "All your available force not required to defend Nashville should be sent up the Tennessee."

The next day Buell answered, saying: "Undoubtedly we should use the river to get supplies, but I am decidedly of the opinion that my force should strike the river by marching. It can move in less time, and in better condition. . . . I had designed to commence moving to-morrow."

Halleck to Grant, at Fort Henry, March 16th: "General Smith must not advance so as to bring on an engagement, but must hold his position until we can reinforce him. *General Buell is moving* in his direction."

The same day Halleck telegraphed again to Buell urgently, saying: "Move your forces by land to the Tennessee *as rapidly as possible.* The enemy in strong force at Eastport and Corinth; reported 60,000. Grant's army is concentrating at Savannah. You must direct your march on that point so the enemy cannot get between us.

On the 17th, Halleck again to Buell: "It is important that you put yourself in communication with our forces at Savannah *as soon as possible. Push forward your troops as rapidly as possible,*

so that we can cut their railroad communications."

Buell to Halleck, 17th: "I have information, which seems reliable, that Beauregard moved last Thursday from Corinth and Jackson to some point not named—probably Savannah—to operate against Smith. A part of the force was to strike the river below Savannah to cut off transportation. Beauregard's force, moving towards Savannah, is said to number 26,000."

Can it be conceived that, with all these positive orders by his superior to "move," to hasten "as rapidly as possible;" and with this knowledge that Beauregard was "moving on Savannah with 26,000 men;" he yet lingered, though he *knew* that Halleck's inadequate force was in imminent danger of an attack?

By permission of the War Department.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Up to this point, Grant had been kept, by Halleck, in disgrace at Fort Henry, where he was uncomplainingly at work, energetically expediting troops and supplies to Smith, up the river. But now, by the grace of Halleck, Smith being sick. he moved up to Savannah, and assumed command. The next day he reported to Halleck, in part as follows:

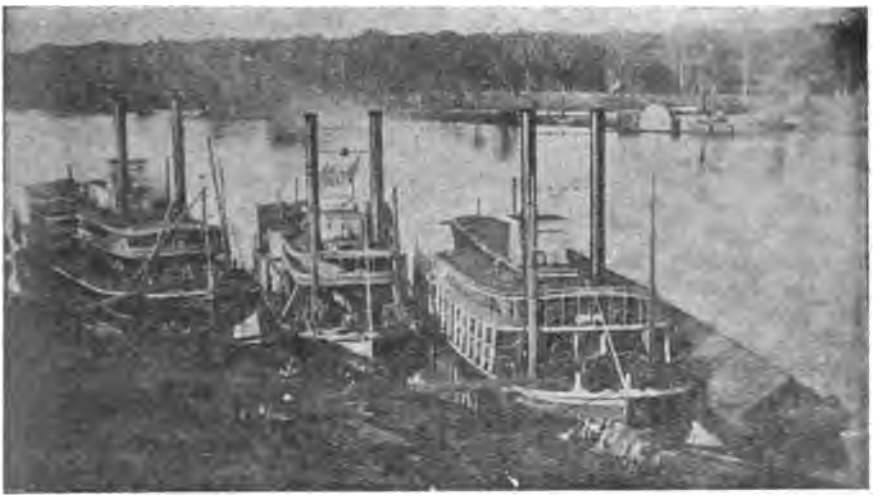
"I arrived here last evening and found that Generals Sherman's and Hurlbut's divisions were at Pittsburg, partially debarked; General Wallace at Crump's Landing, six miles below, same side of the river; McClernand's and Smith's divisions here. I immediately ordered all troops to Pittsburg and to debark there at once.

"There is no doubt a large force being concentrated at Corinth. I feel satisfied, however, not much over 40,000 effective men at this time.

"I shall go up to-morrow, and if I think any change of position needed I will make it. Having full faith, however, in the judgment of General Smith, who located the present points of debarcation (and in General Sherman), I do not expect any change will be made"

On the 19th General Grant tried his diffident eloquence on General Buell as follows: "Feeling a little anxious to learn your whereabouts and as much as possible of your present movements, I send two scouts, Breckenridge and Carson, to you. Any information you will send by them I will be glad to learn. I am massing troops at Pittsburg, Tenn. There is every reason to suppose that the rebels have a large force at Corinth, Miss., and many at other points on the road to Decatur."

At this time General Sherman received information indicating that the enemy at Corinth was not more than 20,000 strong, and somewhat demoral-



AT PITTSBURG LANDING, TENNESSEE.

The steamer farthest up stream, on the right, is the Universe. The next steamer, the Tigress, was General Grant's headquarters boat. On the opposite shore is seen the gunboat Tyler. The photograph was taken in April, 1862, a few days after the battle, and kindly loaned the author by Colonel Cornelius Cadle, an Iowa soldier, chairman of the Shiloh National Military Park Commission.

ized. Thereupon General Grant determined to move out and attack Corinth. On the 20th he issued orders: "Hold all the command at Pittsburg subject to marching orders at any time. Troops will march with three days' rations in haversacks and seven in wagons."

But before Grant started, Halleck telegraphed him (20th): "Don't let the enemy draw you into an engagement now. Wait till you are properly fortified and receive orders." And thus the contemplated move came to an abrupt termination, and the waiting for Buell was resumed.

Halleck resumed his exhortations to Buell to hasten, saying: "I understand Beauregard's movements. Move on, as ordered, to reinforce Smith. Savannah is now the strategic point. Don't fail to carry out my instructions. I know I am right."

Halleck to Grant, 19th: "Wait for Buell. He is yet at Columbia and will move through Waynesborough with three divisions."

Halleck to Buell, March 20th: "Heavy draft on me for troops for New Mexico and Curtis in Arkansas. This will divert reinforcements for Tennessee, and makes all the more important that that you reach General Smith as soon as possible."

General Smith was then sick at Savannah and Grant was in supreme command, but Halleck exhibited now and then a lingering inclination to overlook or ignore Grant when it seemed convenient to do so.

Buell's answer, 20th: "The streams retard us, but I will lose no time that can be avoided in reaching General Smith. Instructions are to go to him to-morrow from Columbia."

The same promise had been made by Buell on the 10th.

At this time, Buell's returns show his army in Kentucky and Tennessee to number 102,783.

On March 23d, when Halleck and Grant supposed Buell's army to be approaching Savannah, Buell answered Grant's letter of the 19th, saying he was still at Nashville, and conveying this cheerful intelligence: "Some days ago I directed my advance to open communication with you. *My advance is at Colum-*

bia. Our progress has been retarded by high water and the absence of bridges. . . . I shall be at Columbia myself by the time the bridge there is ready for crossing, *probably three or four days yet.*"

The italics are the author's. And this, in the presence of the impending emergency for the utmost speed during the two weeks past. His advance was at Columbia on the 10th, *thirteen days* before. His three divisions should have crossed this river in three days on pontoons or in scows; and there was not a bridge between that point and Savannah that could not have been made passable in a few hours by his regiment of engineers and bridge builders. Moreover, Grant's mounted scouts had no trouble in going from Savannah to Columbia in less than *two* days, without bridges. The truth is, these three divisions should, without the expenditure of any excessive energy, have traversed that distance in less than one week, and it did so when once in motion. But Buell's force dallied at Columbia and did not start, although as early as the 17th he reported to Halleck that Beauregard, 26,000 strong, was moving to attack Halleck's inadequate force at Savannah!

At the same time he wrote Grant (March 23d, he also wrote Halleck from Nashville), saying: "I will start from here day after to-morrow, and will move to Savannah with four divisions of about 35,000 men."

Meantime, Grant was silent and uncomplaining. Whether he despaired of Buell *ever* reaching him, or still hoped on, he gave no sign, but the idea of attacking Corinth without longer waiting lingered in his mind; and on this same 23d, while Buell was writing his excuses for delay, Grant wrote Smith (who had risen from a sick bed to visit the forces at Shiloh), saying: "I do not hear one word from St. Louis. I am clearly of the opinion that the enemy are gathering strength at Corinth quite as rapidly as we are here, and the sooner we attack the easier will be the task of taking the place. If Ruggles is in command, it would assuredly be a good time to attack."

But Halleck would not permit this move, and Grant must await Buell's coming.

On March 24th Buell telegraphed Halleck: "Intercepted letters from Corinth, dated 18th and 19th, give strength of the force there at from 25,000 to 40,000. . . . I start to-morrow. Shall then move forward rapidly."

Halleck to Buell, 26th: "All your available forces not necessary to hold your positions on the railroads should be concentrated on the Tennessee, in the vicinity of Savannah."

On March 28th Grant wrote Halleck: "A Union man who escaped from Corinth reports that the rebels have been evacuating Island Number Ten for the last eight days, and concentrating at Corinth."

March 29th, Halleck to Buell: "I wish you to concentrate everything possible against the enemy's center. Don't fail in this. It is all-important. You will find provisions and forage."

Again, on the same day, he urged: "The enemy is massing his forces at Corinth and vicinity. You will concentrate all your available troops at Savannah or Pittsburg."

Buell, *still at Columbia*, answered the same day, saying: "We will waste no time. I rely upon finding provisions and forage at the river."

On March 31st Grant telegraphed Halleck, saying: "Two soldiers from the head of General McCook's (Buell's) column came in this evening. Some of that command crossed Duck River (at Columbia) on the 29th and established guards eight miles out that night. This is the sum and substance of the information."

From this we learn two things: first, that Buell was still at Columbia; and, second, that two soldiers from Buell's army came through from Columbia to Savannah in *two days.*

Finally, General Buell put his army in motion on March 30th, and his advance reached Savannah April 5th, still clinging to his immense trains; the journey *only requiring six days, after starting!*

Inasmuch as the failure of Buell's army to reach the battle-field of Shiloh in time to participate in the first day's battle has given rise to much discussion and bitter controversy, and has found apologists, the author has thought best to let the War Records of the events speak and tell the sad story, rather than indulge in comments of his own. And he submits that the story which the records tell is picturesque as well as impressive.

When that usually energetic soldier, General Nelson, learned that General Buell had determined to move from Columbia, he got leave to take the advance with his division. He told Colonel Ammen, who commanded the Tenth Brigade, to take the advance. Colonel Ammen, in his diary, forming part of his reports in the War Office, tells what Nelson said. In explanation, it may be stated that Nelson was one of the most eloquently profane men in the army. Nelson: "You must cross Duck River at daylight on the 29th." Ammen: "Will the bridge be done?" Nelson: "No." Ammen: "Are there boats?" Nelson: "No; but d—n you, get over, for we must have the advance and get the glory." And Ammen got over.

As they passed through Waynesborough on April 3d, Ammen's diary reads again: "Small Union flags on some houses; women ask to let the band play some old tunes—Yankee Doodle, etc. The music makes them weep for joy."

EVENTS AT SHILOH PRECEDING THE BATTLE.

Leaving Buell's army at Savannah, within ten miles of the battle-field, on the evening preceding that event, let us take a brief survey of what was going on in General Grant's camp at Pittsburg, or Shiloh. (We prefer Shiloh because briefer and more euphonious.)

Grant worked incessantly, concentrating forces and material for the intended advance. New, undisciplined regiments were being sent to him constantly. He visited the position daily to advise and direct, but did not materially interfere with the discretion of Smith and Sherman in the positions which they assigned the several divisions and brigades on the field. As it was the intention to move thence and attack Corwith as soon as General Buell's army should arrive (or, *if he never came*, then so soon as sufficient other reinforcements might arrive), the encampment was arranged with reference to convenient and suitable camps, proximity to water, etc., rather than with a view to a proper line of battle or defensive purposes. Indeed, an examination of the ground makes this fact more impressive. Nothing could have been more admirable than this position of the army in its preparation for an advance into the enemy's country; or, as a line of battle, if it had been occupied by an army 75,000 to 100,000 strong. But the writer ventures the opinion that if Grant's army had occupied, when the battle began in the morning, the contracted lines which it occupied at the close of the first day's battle, nothing could have moved them or broken their lines. As an encampment, it was admirable; as a line of battle, it was faulty, because too attenuated, too irregular, too detached. The disconnected spaces had to be filled by moving raw troops forward under fire, or retiring them to alignment while in action, and this can never be safely done with undisciplined troops.

But this is comment which would be more in place after the facts are stated.

It was the expectation of *all* the officers that the Confederates would remain and fight a desperate battle at Corinth, and *not* move out and attack the National army. All the facts, as

then known, justified this opinion. This is why the army did not fortify, and did not occupy a shorter and more compact line of battle at the time the fighting began.

The Confederates were at this time conscripting in Tennessee, and their cavalry spread over the country in a cloud covering all movements in the interior. Every day they hovered around the National encampment, making raids on the pickets, and rapidly retreated when pursued. Spirited little encounters thus occurred during several days preceding the battle. The boldness of these attacks, and their strength about the 3d and 4th of April, caused some apprehension, but still not enough to arouse the fear of the vigilant Sherman, whose division was farthest advanced on the Corinth road. On the evening of the 4th there was quite a sharp skirmish on the picket line, in which some artillery was used. Grant rode out with his staff to investigate it. In returning in the darkness, his horse slipped and fell on his leg, and so badly injured his foot and ankle that his boot had to be cut off, and he was unable to walk without crutches, or mount or dismount his horse for several days without help. The injury was painful and he obtained but little sleep or rest. And this was his condition during the battle. A less determined man would have been in the hospital instead of on the battle-field in the thickest of the fight. Grant was more apprehensive that an attempt might be made by the enemy to fall upon his detached force at Crump's Landing on the river, five miles below Shiloh, and he gave orders on the 4th to W. H. L. Wallace to reinforce Gen. Lew Wallace with his entire division, in case of an attack at that point. He also ordered Sherman to keep a sharp outlook for the enemy in the direction of Purdy.

On the evening of the 5th General Sherman reported to Grant: "All is quiet along my lines now. The enemy has cavalry in our front, and I think there are two regiments of infantry and one battery of artillery about two miles out. I will send you ten prisoners of war and a report of last night's affair in a few minutes."

Grant was suspicious of these repeated attacks on his pickets, and sent an urgent inquiry to Sherman for further particulars. To this Sherman replied on the 5th, saying: "I have no doubt that nothing will occur to-day more than some picket firing. The enemy is saucy, but got the worst of it yesterday, and will not press our pickets far. I do not apprehend anything like an attack on our position."

This satisfied Grant at the time, and he went to Savannah on the dispatch boat, where he could meet Buell, whom he expected that night. Buell did arrive, it seems, but did not make his presence known to Grant; and the latter, ignorant of Buell's presence, telegraphed Halleck, saying: "General Nelson, of Buell's column, has just arrived. The other two divisions will arrive to-morrow and next day. Some skirmishing took place last night between our advance and the enemy, resulting in four wounded and four or five men and two officers of our side taken prisoners. Enemy lost several killed and eight prisoners taken; I have scarcely the faintest idea of an attack (general one) being made upon us."

Halleck answered him, saying: "You and Buell are to act in concert. *He will exercise his separate command*, unless the enemy should attack you. In that case you are authorized to assume the general command."

That is to say, *during battle*, Grant might exercise control over Buell's army, but not before or after.

General Nelson, who was as profanely wicked as he was brave, told Grant this story on himself after arriving at Savannah. In marching from Columbia he had given positive orders that no soldier should ride on a wagon:

"One day," he said, "I stopped at a planter's house beside the road to get a drink of butter-milk, and sat down on the porch to rest a few minutes A train of wagons was passing, and perched on the top of one, with his musket across his legs, rode a soldier — a mere boy — in open violation of orders. I arose as the wagon drew opposite me, put my hand on my revolver, and called out:

"'Get down there, you blank, or I'll put a bullet through you.'

"And what do you think the blank little whiffet did? He deliberately raised his musket, drew a bead on me, and sang out:

"'Try it, blank you!'"

"What did you do, General?" was asked.

"Do, what could I do but let the boy ride on. Think of it, a mere lad with nerve enough to defy and threaten a General. Why, if I had raised my pistol the blank little whiffet would have shot me sure as thunder."

THE CONFEDERATE CONCENTRATION.

Having thus followed Buell to the evening of April 5th at Savannah, and Grant's army up to the same time at Shiloh and Crump's landing, let us see what the Confederates had been doing in the meantime.

The energetic and fiery Frenchman, Beauregard, was vigorously gathering forces in and adjacent to Corinth, while Johnston was getting the remnants of his army from Tennessee and moving to a common center.

As early as March 11th, General Johnston notified Secretary of War Benjamin that, "It is supposed Buell will concentrate his main force at Savannah to coöperate with Grant."

The readers should know the intense feeling with which General Johnston and the other leaders approached the great Shiloh conflict. It was a determination to be crowned with victory or with death. The criticisms of Johnston for the disasters in Kentucky and Tennessee had been very bitter; and his friend and chief, President Davis, was criticised and abused for retaining him in command.

A fair specimen of this abuse, in infinite volume, is found in a letter written by E. M. Bruce, a Confederate member of Congress, to President Davis, dated March 11th. He says, in part:

"In my judgment, his errors of omission, commission and delay have been greater than any general who ever preceded him in any country; inexcusably and culpably lost us unnecessarily an army of 12,000 men, the Mississippi Valley, comparatively all provisions and stores, by one dash of the enemy. This is the almost unanimous judgment of officers, soldiers and citizens. Neither is it mere opinion, but is demonstrable by dates, facts, figures and disastrous results. He never can reorganize and reinforce his army with any confidence. The people now look to you as their deliverer, and imploringly call upon you to come to the field of our late disasters and assume command, as you promised in a speech to take the field whenever it should become necessary."

The poor, struggling General was himself burdened with similar complaints and abuse through his mails, and the Southern newspapers were full of unkind criticisms.

On the 26th of March, amidst the abuse heaped upon the unfortunate General, President Davis wrote him a kind and generous letter, saying, amongst other things:

> My confidence in you has never wavered, and I hope the public will soon give me credit for judgment, rather than continue to arraign me for obstinacy.
>
> Now I breathe easier in the assurance that you will be able to make a junction of your two armies. If you can meet the division of the enemy moving up the Tennessee before it can make a junction with that advancing from Nashville, the future will be brighter. If this cannot be done our only hope is that the people of the Southwest will rally *en masse* with their private arms, and thus enable you to oppose the vast army which will threaten the destruction of our country.
>
> I write in great haste, and feel that it

would be worse than useless to point out to you *how much depends upon you.*

May God bless you, is the sincere prayer of your friend, JEFFERSON DAVIS.

General Johnston's son, Col. William Preston Johnston, afterwards writing of the battle of Shiloh said: "Nothing short of complete and overwhelming victory would vindicate him A reverse, even merely partial success, would leave him under condemnation."

These give us an insight into the zeal and desperation with which Johnston threw his army (and himself to the death) upon the Union army a few days later.

On the 2d day of April, Johnston issued his orders to his Corps Commanders, Bragg, Hardee, Polk and Breckenridge, for the march on Shiloh: "Hold your commands," he said, "in hand ready to advance in the morning upon the enemy at 6 o'clock, with five days' rations, and 100 rounds of ammunition for small arms and 200 rounds for field pieces."

Next morning (April 3d) before starting he issued the following spirited address:

Soldiers of the Army of the Mississippi:

I have put you in motion to offer battle to the invaders of your country. With the resolution and disciplined valor becoming men fighting, as you are, for all worth living or dying for, you can but march to a decisive victory over the agrarian mercenaries sent to subjugate and despoil you of your liberties, property and honor. Remember the precious stake involved; remember the dependence of your mothers, your wives, your sisters and your children on the result; remember the fair, broad, abounding land, the happy homes and the ties that would be desolated by your defeat.

The eyes and the hopes of eight millions of people rest upon you. You are expected to show yourselves worthy of your race and lineage; worthy of the women of the South, whose noble devotion in this war has not been exceeded in any time. With such incentives to brave deeds, and with the trust that God is with us, your General will lead you confidently to the combat, assured of success. A. S. JOHNSTON,
General.

This being read to every regiment, the largest and best equipped army that had hitherto moved to battle on the continent, was put in motion.

While his army marched out General Johnston stopped to write and send his farewell message to his friend, President Davis, in these words:

April 3, 1862.

The President, Richmond:

General Buell is in motion, 30,000 strong, rapidly from Columbia by Clifton to Savannah; Mitchell behind him with 10 000. Confederate forces, 40.000, ordered forward to offer battle near Pittsburg, and one division from Bethel; main body from Corinth, reserve from Brunsville converge to-morrow near Monterey on Pittsburg. Beauregard second in command; Polk commands left; Hardee, center; Bragg, right wing; Breckenridge, reserve. Hope engagement before Buell can form junction. A. S. JOHNSTON.

Then he wrote the following for the guidance of his subordinate officers: "Memorandum for the commanders of corps and the reserves. In the approaching battle, every effort should be made to turn the left flank of the enemy so as to cut off his retreat to the Tennessee River, and threw him back on Owl Creek, where he will be compelled to surrender."

A copy was sent to each general, but a pitiless rain had fallen during the night. His reserves were not up, and his army was not ready, and did not get in position until late in the day of the 5th. Then the attack was deferred until the morrow. The army moved a little closer, still hid from view in the forest, and the picket and skirmish lines of the two armies were in touch.

Here were all the best Confederate generals in the West,—Albert Sidney Johnston, Beauregard, Hardee, Bragg and Polk. Price and Van Dorn were approaching from the Trans-Mississippi with what was saved from their recent defeat at Pea Ridge, Arkansas, a great army of fully 43,000 strong and seventy-eight cannon.

They had designed fighting the battle for the Mississippi Valley at Corinth, precisely as Halleck, Grant and all the other Union generals anticipated. But learning that Buell was still remote, they resolved to move on Grant's force at Shiloh and destroy it, or capture it, before Buell arrived. And now, this same Saturday evening, April 5th, on which Buell's advance division reached Savannah, and Sherman did not "apprehend anything like an attack on our lines," and Grant had gone to Savannah to meet Buell, this

well ordered, well disciplined, ably officered Confederate army of 43,000 men, quietly deployed and camped in the forest two miles in front of the National lines, *as an army*, unheard and unseen! In fact there was supposed to be only a reconnoitering party of "two or three regiments and a battery."

Under the repeated admonitions of Halleck "not to bring on an engagement," "not to fight a battle until Buell arrived," and owing to the fact that Grant, Sherman and the others were in much greater fear of Halleck's paper bullets from the rear than of the enemy's bullets in front, no extended reconnoissances *in force* were pushed into the interior to ascertain what was beyond the fringe of cavalry scouts that hovered around the front.

On the 5th, some of Colonel Appler's regiment (Ohio), of Sherman's division, returned from the skirmish line and reported, "a good many rebels out there." Whereupon the Colonel ordered his regiment into line of battle and sent an orderly to inform General Sherman. In a short time the orderly returned and said, in hearing of the men: "Colonel Appler, General Sherman says you had better take your *blank* regiment back to Ohio. There is no enemy nearer than Corinth." There was a loud laugh at the Colonel's expense, and, without orders, the men broke ranks and returned to their camp.

Next evening, after the battle for the day closed and Sherman had been so badly shaken up, Colonel Appler sent word to him, by one of the General's staff: "Tell General Sherman he had better take his *blank* division back to Ohio." Sherman laughed and said: "Well, if Colonel Appler knows as much about *that* as he did about the rebels coming, I guess we had better go. But you tell the Colonel he'd better not make *that* order until we see what fun we'll get out of this 'shindy' to-morrow"

(To be Continued.)

AUTUMN.

SUNBURNED Autumn in her gown,—
Jacket red, and skirt of brown—
Why, it looks as good as new!
Yet it was that green and blue
That her sister, Summer, wore
Three full months and something more!
But their mother, Nature, knew
How to die a green and blue,
And to dress her younger born
In old gowns that had been worn.

Anna Neil Gilmore.

THE LIEUTENANT'S SWEETHEART.

By Frances L. Bisby.

LIEUTENANT SUMNER reined in his horse sharply.

"Hark!" he said in a low, imperative voice, to his men.

"Bedad! what's the matther, Lootinant?" asked Pat Finnigan in a sepulchral whisper.

"I thought I heard a child crying," said the Lieutenant, still listening.

"Belike it's the Banshee!" muttered Pat, his teeth chattering.

A cold mist had been falling all day. The wind moaned drearily through the tree-tops. The Lieutenant's men were chilled to the bone, their garments soaked, and their spirits "considerably the worse for wear," as Sergeant Keen privately confided to his neighbor. The horses too, were splashed with mud, and now, as the little command halted, hung their heads dejectedly.

The Lieutenant and his men had been out on a small reconnoitering expedition that day; but, in returning to camp, night had overtaken them and, not being familiar with the road, they had lost their way.

The wind lulled slightly, and presently there was borne to the ears of the soldiers the sound of faint, sobbing, childish wails. The Lieutenant dismounted and entered the woods in search of the owner of the cries. As he carefully made his way along he strained his eyes through the inky darkness in the hope of seeing a light in some house. The cries had ceased, but suddenly they broke out afresh almost at his feet,—which so startled the young officer that he narrowly escaped a headlong plunge into some scraggy bushes. Quickly recovering himself, he felt cautiously around and soon his hand came in contact with something damp and silky. The sobs stopped and a flute-like voice piped out, "Papa! papa!"

"Here, dear!" said the Lieutenant softly, "are you lost?"

"Take me to my papa! I can't find him!" wailed the small voice again.

The officer gathered the wee figure protectingly into his arms. "Come, my pet, he said reassuringly, "perhaps we can find your papa." And he strode back toward the road.

"Well, Lieutenant," called Sergeant Keen, "did you capture the Banshee?"

"I've captured something," returned the other, "but at present it appears to be a very small child searching for its father. Now boys," he continued, mounting his horse, and wrapping the stray in his blue overcoat, "let us take a fresh start for camp." And the party splashed onward through the night, the men swearing softly under their breath.

For an hour the horses plodded wearily on; then all at once a voice rang out: "Who goes there?"

"Blair!" cried the overjoyed young officer, "is that you?"

"Nobody else, sir!" returned the sentinel.

"Blessin's on yer swate head!" fervently ejaculated Pat, and he would have embraced the worthy Blair on the spot, could he have found him in the darkness.

How grateful was the shelter of the tents to the returned cavalrymen! How blissful the warmth of the roaring campfire! And then the scalding hot coffee and beans and the hard-tack that Aunt Lizy, the jolly old colored cook, soon served to them!

Lieutenant Sumner's first care was the child whom he had so strangely rescued. He betook himself to Aunt Lizy's kitchen which, by the way, was an old log cabin.

"Here, Aunt Lizy," he said, "is

something I've found and want you to take care of for awhile."

Opening his overcoat, he set the child upon its feet, and there appeared the daintiest bit of a maid you ever saw—great dark eyes, flossy, yellow curls, rosy, dimpled cheeks, a rosebud mouth, and the most fairy-like hands and feet

"Now, my pet," said the young Lieutenant, with a winning smile, "if you will stay here awhile, Aunt Lizy will dry your clothes and give you something to eat."

"Dat I will, honey!" heartily responded Aunt Lizy

"I want my papa!" said the wee maid, with quivering lips and eyes ready to overflow.

"But we couldn't find him this dark night," the Lieutenant said gently, smoothing the damp curls.

"Won't you tell me your name?" he presently asked, thinking to divert her thoughts.

"Sweetheart," she answered shyly.

"Haven't you any other name?" he questioned.

"No," she said, with a positive shake of the golden curls, "just Sweetheart."

"But what was your papa called?" he persisted.

"My papa was called Major Fairley," she said with quaint pride.

"How old are you, Sweetheart?"

"I'm seven," she replied, looking wise.

She was next questioned about her mamma, her home, and how she became lost. Little information could be gained from her small story; mamma had "gone to Heaven" a long time ago; papa was fighting the "Yankees" (did the Lieutenant know about the "Yankees?"), and yesterday, dear grandma had "gone to Heaven, too." The narrator concluded, "Aunt Belle scolded me and whipped me and—and—I ran off."

Then with a piteous little sob, Sweetheart threw herself with childish abandon into Lieutenant Sumner's arms, begging him not to send her back to "naughty Aunt Belle."

He soothed her tenderly, and gave the promise. Finally, he left her to the kind care of Aunt Lizy.

In front of his tent was a crowd of men, among them Captain Harris, who called out banteringly: "Halloa, Lieutenant! Heard you were intending to found an orphan asylum!"

A roar of laughter greeted this sally. Sumner, to his confusion, was besieged with questions. At last he escaped inside the tent and was soon enjoying his supper.

When it became known in camp that Lieutenant Sumner had temporarily adopted a winsome little maiden whose name was Sweetheart, the soldiers tormented the boyish young officer unmercifully. His appearance was always the signal for some fun and he was sure to be greeted with such remarks as "How are you, Lieutenant? and how fares it with your lady love this morning?" or "Where's your pretty Sweetheart, Lieutenant? Are you jealous of us fellows?" or "When's the happy day, Jack?—June 2d, ten years hence?"

Often these witticisms were loftily ignored. Frequently they were returned to their authors with interest, for Jack Sumner could hold his own in camp.

After a day or two, Sweetheart made her first appearance among the soldiers under the escort of her rescuer. There was an unique reception in front of Lieutenant Sumner's tent. Standing with her hand tightly clasping the Lieutenant's, Sweetheart was introduced to every man in camp, from the Colonel down to the drummer boys. Each gallantly kissed the maid's tiny hand and fell captive on the spot to her charms.

Henceforth the Lieutenant was seldom annoyed, except by some of the worst wags. Even then they refrained from their banter when the little girl was around. and as she was almost constantly with Sumner, the latter was disturbed very little by the joking.

A week passed away. Sweetheart

and Jack became inseparable comrades. The little maid no longer begged to be taken to her father, for her friend had patiently explained to her why such a thing was impossible at present, and had promised her to do all he could in discovering the Major's whereabouts. The young officer and his charge spent much of their leisure time in Aunt Lizy's cabin, listening to her quaint tales, playing games, or talking lightheartedly together.

Meanwhile the camp was astir. Word had been received that a large detachment of Confederates was moving in their direction. Accordingly, every precaution was taken and all were on the alert. There would be an engagement within three days at the latest.

Lieutenant Sumner was filled with apprehension. What was to be done with the Major's daughter? Town lay between them and the enemy; it was dangerous to venture outside the lines, and at any moment the enemy might approach.

The Colonel was consulted.

"Oh," he said, reassuringly, "Nothing will harm the little one. She can be kept at the rear with Aunt Lizy and the wagons."

And Jack was forced to accept the inevitable.

The enemy had arrived at last. In the early dawn of a beautiful day, the gray columns were massed in battle array to meet the onslaught of those invincible lines of blue.

The sun rose gloriously, shedding a reddish glow upon the green and smiling fields. How soon would even the "King of Light" turn pale at sight of the warm crimson staining the delicate, crushed meadow flowers, so unconscious of impending peril!

There was tense excitement in the Federal lines. Soldiers grasped their muskets, with a look of stern determination in their eyes. Officers rode to and fro, giving orders.

Lieutenant Sumner turned his eyes toward those menacing gray columns in the distance. Suddenly he grew deadly pale, and a horrified cry burst from his lips—

"My God! It's Sweetheart!"

There, out in the meadow between the two armies, happily gathering wild-flowers was Sweetheart—a bit of pink in a sea of green.

Jack Sumner waited not a moment. With a swift prayer for success he spurred his horse across the field straight toward the wee figure unconscious of danger.

"Come, Sweetheart!" he called.

The little maid heard her friend's voice, and with flower-filled hands, ran to meet him.

Stooping low in the saddle, he caught the laughing child in his arms, wheeled sharply, and dashed back to safety.

But before that blessed goal was reached, a strange thing happened. From the motionless gray ranks there rose a murmur which gradually swelled and rolled along until finally it burst into such a mighty cheer that the very ground shook. As the daring Lieutenant gained the Federal lines, every blue-clad soldier there caught up the cheer and sent it reverberating across the field as thanks to their courteous foe.

But war is war—and soon the conflict began By sundown the brave Confederates were forced to retreat, leaving the victors to care for the dead and wounded.

Lieutenant Sumner who, despite the fact that his left arm was in a sling, was moving about doing his share to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded, felt a touch upon his shoulder. Looking up, he beheld the sober-visaged Pat.

"Ye're wanted, Lootinant," said that person. "There's a ribil major, sor, that's wounded bad, begorra, an' he kapes askin' fer 'Swateheart.' So, says Oi to mesilf, belike it's the Lootinant's Swateheart he's afther meanin'. If ye can spare the toime, sor,—" said Pat with an apologetic pause.

"Of course!" cried Jack. "Lead the way!"

The Major lay stretched upon an old army blanket. A grayish pallor showed through the bronze of his complexion.

When the young officer approached and knelt beside him, a look of recognition leaped into the Major's eyes.

"Are you the gallant gentleman that saved that little child this morning?"

Then as the Lieutenant flushed and stammered—

"Ah! I know it was you sir, I saw you through my field-glass. And the little girl, sir, who was she? '

Jack briefly related the circumstances connected with the finding of his small comrade.

"But her name—her name!" excitedly cried the Major, starting up.

"She says it is Sweetheart and that her father is Major Fairley," answered Jack.

The wounded man fell back exhausted.

"I knew it!" he murmured faintly. "Bring—her—to-me!"

It was Jack himself who brought the wondering child to her father. Then placing her in the Major's longing arms, he left them for a time

When he returned the Major was smiling with wordless content upon his wee daughter, who nestled close to him, pressing soft kisses upon his face and calling him "dear papa," "honey papa."

"Lieutenant," said the Major, smiling sadly, "would you be willing to assume the guardianship of my little one?"

"Willingly, Major, if—"

"My wound is mortal, sir," said the rebel officer, putting his hand to his side. "I think I can trust you with my darling," he continued. "There are no near relatives of ours living—'Aunt Belle' is only the widow of my step-brother. So you see we two are alone and when I—" His voice failed. He kissed his daughter passionately. Presently he drew from his pocket a small packet and handed it to the Lieutenant.

"My address—a few keepsakes—and all the information you may need," he said.

"Major Fairley," said Jack, his voice husky with emotion, "I pray that I may be true to my trust. No one could love your daughter more than I do, and she seems rather fond of me—aren't you, Sweetheart?"

The winsome maid impulsively threw her arms around his neck and kissed him

"I love you!" she declared.

"There, you have your answer, my boy," said the Major, with a faint smile. "Now, darling," to the happy child, "kiss papa good-bye, for I shall have started on a long journey when you wake up in the morning."

Wh n a new day smiled upon the slain of yesterday, the brave Major had indeed commenced his journey to that "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns."

MEN.

WHEN Freedom trembled 'neath a tyrant's heel,
When chain-bound hands were raised in mute appeal,—
God made a Washington, a Lincoln then.
God ever meets emergencies with Men.

Douglass Mallock.

VUE DU CHATEAU DE L'INFANTE.

A NIGHT ON THE BAY OF BISCAY AND ITS SEQUEL.

[CONCLUSION]

BY DANIEL EVANS.

II.

NOT many days afterward a woman, accompanied by another dressed as a Vizcayan peasant, came to my office, the United States Consulate at Bilbao. The motive of her visit, as she put it, was that she had some friends who were about to emigrate to the "States," and she wished information which might be important to them. Her questions were numerous, but she disclosed an unusual acquaintance with the geography of certain localities. She knew California was not a suburb of New York, and that Chicago was not on the Gulf of Mexico. It was a bit of feminine independence and reliance on her own judgment in matters of business quite unusual in Spain at that time. It was apparent that her companion was merely masquerading as a servant. It was evident that the purpose of the visit was other than that pretended. She affected ignorance of business, was unused to travel, and hoped that her stupidities in affairs that men ordinarily attend to would not be unpardonably annoying, and her inexperience was her apology for any mistake she might make in her desire to serve her friends. I said that Senora must have visited the "States" herself to have such precise knowledge as she had shown. She evaded a responsive reply, but before leaving, admitted she had.

She specially desired to know if household goods were dutiable under the law, and whether it were probable the law would be changed by the time her friends would arrive. The curves that played around her mouth told her enjoyment of her own little sarcasm. I was sure she was the woman I saw on the lighter and who assisted in the toast to the custom officials. I recalled at the time that I had seen her a day or two before in some department of the custom house to which I had had occasion to go. She said in an animated sort of way, as if it just occurred to her, that she had once made a journey on a Biscay steamer, and that among the passengers there was a gentleman who so closely resembled me that she

thought I must be he. I remarked that, while I had been on the Bay, it had seldom treated me kindly and that I generally preferred to go by the diligence. She said she had heard that many people were deterred from taking the steamer by reports and rumors that they were often delayed in delivering merchandise to coast towns. I said I had never suffered any delays, as we had always made the passage between tides. My interviewer seemed gratified. On leaving I said I hoped the Senora had received the information she desired, and asked when her friends would leave.

"Well," she answered laughingly, "in Spain, you know, there are large gaps between intention and action."

The afternoon of the day following this interview, I was at the *Café del Boulvarte*, which looks on to the Arenal and beyond to the river where the Andario was lying. Its captain joined me at a table fronting the park and the river. Presently my interviewer of the day before passed. I related to him the occurrence. With evident interest but with surface nonchalance, he inquired its purpose. I said it did not really appear, but, ostensibly, for information about certain tariff restrictions in America.

I observed him closely. A wistful look came into his face—an uneasiness, breaking through an air of forced imperturbability. Looking at his watch he found the time later than he had supposed, and with an abrupt apology hurried away.

Happening to meet him the next morning, he said he was on his way to my office. He inquired if I intended to visit France soon. He said "it had occurred to him that I might be intending to run over there or elsewhere, and as his steamer was about to leave for Bayonne with a roster of passengers including English merchants and others on their way to Paris and London, and a pleasant company of people, including some of my friends, he would be happy to have me among the number."

Expressing my thanks for his courtesy, I said it was impossible, as I was going to leave the next day for Santander.

"We go by the way of Santander, Senor, and sail at 8 o'clock this evening, and I shall be disappointed if you are not aboard. I press the invitation upon you."

It was late when I reached the steamer. The captain was on the river bank, expressed gratification at my arrival and said he had dispatched a messenger for me. The gangways were pulled in as soon as I had passed over them, and the great sidewheels of the boat were in motion. The cabin had submitted to entire transformation. The little platform on which I had slept, or tried to sleep, had disappeared. Its arrangements fitted the description of elegance and luxury which had been claimed for them in the circulars. That night the Bay was at its best, and Biscay at its best is as calm as the surface of a sea in a mirage. Perhaps it was an effort to keep down its average of sea ugliness.

We stood close into shore. Its rugged bluffs, for great distances rising out of the water to considerable heights and then breaking down into long stretches of level land, were distinctly visible in the flood of light which the moon was pouring on the earth. We stopped long enough at Castro Urdialis to take on a passenger—a solitary woman, closely veiled and wearing the dress of an Asturian peasant. She passed close to me in making her way to the back part of the boat, and probably the better to be able to see, had so removed her veil that I had a good view of her face. It was the woman who had interviewed me at the Consulate in Bilbao. No one paid any attention to her; she evidently needed none; she knew where to go. The time required by diligence from Bilbao to Castro in order to take the steamer on its arrival there, made it apparent that she must have left the evening of the day she

had come to see me. It was clear she knew about the movements of the steamer, but why she should have taken the long and wearisome ride over the mountains to Castro were questions I could not keep out of my mind.

Castro Urdialis, the home of three or four hundred people, chiefly fishermen, which I had had occasion to visit some months previously, was to me a repellant place. "An ancient and fish-like smell" offends you everywhere. Every house is built on the same pattern—four square walls of stone and openings therein of unequal size, serving for windows and crossed with strong bars of iron as if intended to stand a siege of burglars Not a green plat, however small, struggled against the ugly bareness everywhere; not a single visible flower was willing to wreck its fragrance against the imprescriptible odors of the garbage heaps and half hardened sewage of the streets. But the town as seen from the deck of the steamer, submerged as it was in the light of the moon, which glinted on the dirty, old walls of the houses, gave a wholly different impression from that I had received from my first visit. Its little harbor has become famous by reason of the fisherman's speech, now a widely used proverb: "*Al Castro o Al Cielo*"—Either the harbor of Urdialis or Heaven. It often happens that dozens of little fishing boats enticed long distances from shore, either by the success of the day's work or the calmness of the sea, may be seen pulling for the harbor with all the concerted strength and skill of stalwart men, when there is not a disturbance of the waters. A speck in the sky, some shift of the wind, some low-lying bunch of mist, has given warning to the keen-eyed boatmen that it is either safety in the harbor, or a wreck washed up on the strand.

We arrived at Santander early in the morning. The passenger from Castro Urdialis, with a heavy mantilla over her face, and myself were the only ones to leave the steamer, which, it was announced, would not delay at Santander to exceed an hour. Before leaving, I expressed my thanks to the Captain for the pleasure of the voyage. He accompanied me a short distance up the street toward the fonda at which I intended to stop, and said that he should return to Bilbao by way of Santander, and did not expect to be absent more than four or five days. My stay here would at least be that long, and he expressed the hope that I would make the return journey with him. I assumed these to be the usual politenesses of the occasion, and attempted to be Castillian in the expression of obligation.

"You are taking me in a Spanish sense," replied the Captain. "I mean it, veritably, absolutely, and not as a passing courtesy." He continued: "The return journey by land, or rather by mountain, is long and wearisome, a large part of which is in the night, and the passengers in the diligence are country folk who know so little of the world that they are prejudiced against foreigners."

I replied that he was surely disparaging the good country folk, and that some of the most agreeable recollections I had, were experiences in diligence travel, in the out-of-the-way parts of the country.

In answer, he said he was merely reporting his impressions, but hesitatingly continued, "Senor will be accompanied in his return by or in the diligence with the passenger who boarded the Andario at Castro, and who has just left it. Senor must give me the right to insist that he return with the steamer, which will be here not more than six days from the present I will dispatch a messenger on arrival of the steamer to the fonda. Adios Senor."

I had no opportunity to reply. The Captain walked rapidly to the landing: I went to my hotel.

In the course of three or four days I finished the business which took me to Santander, and concluded to engage a

seat in the diligence for return on the following day. That afternoon I called to say adios to the American Consul, to meet whom was a part of the object of my visit Two or three days after my arrival, he narrated an interview he had had that morning with a woman whose friends were about to emigrate to the States, as she put it, and desired to know if her household goods would be subject to tariff regulations. She said her friends would probably sail from Bilbao, and they could obtain the information desired from the American Consul at that place, but as she happened to be in town and seeing the American Consulate, she had stepped in to make the inquiry. The use of the word "States," and a certain familiarity with the speech of customs officers, and a knowledge of geography, the Consul said, indicated an object in her visit outside the expressed purpose. I was quite satisfied that the woman was the same who had called on me at Bilbao and who I knew had come to Santander on the same steamer. I went to the bureau of the diligence company and tried to get a seat, but was too late, and I decided not to leave until the next evening. Some time after a messenger came to tell me that one of the seats in the diligence had been surrendered, and that it would be assigned to me if I wished. I returned word that I had decided not to leave that day. Not long thereafter there passed in front of a window of the hotel where I was standing, a veiled senora, with an appearance and a walk that left me no doubt that she was the same person who had come aboard the steamer at Castro Urdialis.

On the following morning the Andario was lying off Santander. I received a note from the Captain that he would leave for Bilbao at 11 o'clock, and politely insisting that I be aboard at that time. The Captain made my presence on the Andario a subject of congratulation and I could no less than congratulate myself, and thanked him for his kindness in making me the subject of an unwearying courtesy. Yet I could not hide from myself something in the affair which seemed beyond mere politeness.

The return run to Bilbao was wholly unlike the outgoing one. The wind blew as if it had issued from an iceberg. The gray mists hung in patches of tangled thread as if they were tying the masses of heavy clouds just above us down to the surface of the waves and allowed but small spaces of water to be seen. The tide had run out of the river by the time we arrived off Bilbao, and we had to wait for the re-flow before passing over the bar.

At this time it happened, either by an unusually vigorous quest on the part of the customs' officials or a relaxation of ordinary tension of precaution, that a large number of persons had been arrested, charged with violations of revenue regulations, and it was asserted that among these was the chief, or alleged chief, of an organization which undertook to deliver merchandise of foreign fabrication at various places within the Basque Provinces, free of other charges than those demanded by the organization for its services. Congratulatory paragraphs appeared in the public journals over these arrests, and also there appeared, at intervals (for even the censorship of the press will once in a while nod), certain discussions of the right of unhindered trade which the fueros of the people secured to them, and the extent to which these had been modified.

The court processes, instituted for the punishment of the arrests, were watched by certain of the mercantile community as well as by the common people whose sympathies were with those who, they believed, gained or preserved to them, by defeating the revenue regulations, the advantages held under the *fueros*. Apprehension was expressed that the management of certain well known coasting steamers might be involved in the legal procedures.

ARENAL AND NERVION AT BILBAO.

A few weeks after my return from Santander I received a visit from the Captain. The conversation drifted by some leading of my visitor to these procedures. He inquired, in an aside way, if I had lately seen the Senora who had, at one time, come to me in the interest of some friends that were about to emigrate to the States of North America. I replied: "Yes; in Santander, and while there she made a visit to the American Consulate in the interest of these same friends, and desired the same information she had sought of me."

"Rumor and the gossip of the clubs," he said, "mix the Senora up in some way with the arrests which have been made,"—and with the shrug of shoulder which says so little and may mean so much: "Perhaps her friends were unfortunately belated in some of their movements." I told my visitor that I had merely heard of these rumors; that I had no knowledge of the processes about which there seemed to be not a little excitement, and that no one had ever inquired of me about any experiences I may have had in crossing the Bay, except Senora, who, on the visit of which he had spoken, had referred to the matter. My visitor left with the impression that he had obtained what he wished to know so adroitly that I thought his calling was one of courtesy.

Thereafter, at intervals of more or less frequency, I met the Captain at the *Boulvarte*. He had traveled much in the States and was loquacious of his experiences and impressions. "You people are like a man who has been walking in a muddy road, with a heavy load on his back, and all at once strikes a solid path and drops his load. You have dropped the narrow limits in which the Old World conservatisms and institutions confine the movements of thought. In truth, you have no limits except the right of your neighbor, which you may not jar, and that of the State, which you may not hurt. The only weeds in your path at the

start were the traditions carried over from Europe, but you have quite trampled the life out of them. You have no exactions of the church beyond what is voluntary; no bayonets behind a creed to make it acceptable, and nothing but the opportunities of office to corrupt your statesmen."

He ran into soliloquy in his eulogies and there was always, it seemed to me, an implication of a comparison with the circumstances which he believed repressed the energies of his own countrymen.

Sitting one afternoon in the *Boulvarte*, the Captain joined me. The Andario lay in the river in full view across the Arenal I thought him communicative and attempted to lead the conversation to my journey on the boat across the Bay from Bayonne. His eyes assumed a far-off look, beyond the steamer in the river—seemingly beyond the stretches of the ocean between the countries—and irresponsively said: "What pleases me most in your country is a certain large generous way the government has in trusting the people, and in assuming they are fit to be trusted Your scheme of government may be a success if the people can learn by the mere exercise of political power how to do it wisely. Many of them have been moulded by forces; formed into habits and saturated with prejudices which seemingly would unfit them to exercise the power you put into their hands by your easy citizenship."

After that the Andario and its voyages were omitted subjects of conversation.

It came to my knowledge that the proceedings in the judicial tribunals of the city had resulted in incomplete satisfaction to the prosecution.

I not unfrequently met the Senora in the public parks and, in passing, she would, at times, give a faint recognition as if she were not sure of my identity. I had no doubt the customs officials thought she could furnish important information if she wished, and I had a suspicion she was under espionage. I remember one time meeting the Captain in the Paseo when the Senora passed us. I watched closely to discover any sign of recognition between them. She did not look at us, or appear to see us. The Captain, observing my curiosity, said, "Your former visitor seems to have forgotten you." I replied, "She may not have seen me as often as I have seen her."

"Perhaps she did not appear to see you, as at present."

"No," I answered, "the first time I saw her she could not well have seen me."

"How could that be? It is not wise to put limitations on what a woman sees. Tell me the occasion."

I was crossing the Bay one night from Bayonne and she, with other persons, was in a lighter leaving the steamer I was on. I think she joined in drinking a toast to the health of Her Majesty's officials and others."

My interlocutor was disconcerted beyond his ability to conceal it. His face became white and his eyes had a look of bewilderment and fierceness. I was fully conscious of my indiscretion.

"Adios," came indistinctly through closed teeth as he walked away.

After this I seldom met the Commandante of the Andario, either in the public parks or at any of the frequented cafés of the city. The *Boulvarte* was the rendezvous of merchants, club men and strangers, where everyone went to read the foreign newspapers and to talk politics and trade, during the daily interruption of business, for an hour or two—that tranquilizing siesta by which the nerve force of the Spanish people is kept from dissipation and reenforced by coffee and wine. But even at the *Boulvarte* he was rarely seen. I thought perhaps he may have gone on a longer voyage than usual, but this was inadmissible for the steamer was as frequently as ever lying in the river. In the two or three times I met him there it was apparent that he had been

greatly annoyed at the reference to the voyage I had made on the Andario, and the partial disclosure of what I had been a witness. In spite of himself, I think, he made me conscious of a tension in the rather free and easy relations which had existed between us. The suspicion of mere complicity with prohibited acts is quite compatible with indifference in reference to them, but the instrumentality by which the suspicion may be transformed into certitude cannot but inspire apprehension and perhaps resentment. Notwithstanding an effort to do so, I was conscious of failure to restore his former attitude toward me. I wished him to understand he could "count on my discretion," as he declared when he said "Adios" to me on leaving the steamer on the morning following the occurrences on the Bay. I wished him to understand that I recognized my obligations to him, and that he need have no fear that I would disclose any fact which came to me as came the events of that night. I wished him to know that a sense of gratitude would keep me silent on the matters which it was so important to him should not be known. I took two or three short trips on the Andario to villages on the coast, but a stately politeness marked his greeting and a frigid reserve excluded the possibility of an interview which might have removed the fears which I was certain he entertained.

III.

A year or more had elapsed. I was reading the London and Paris journals at the Café Boulvarte. The Arenal was crowded with laughing, loquacious well-dressed people. The evening wore away into the night. A few persons, as if reluctant to withdraw from the enchantment, yet lingered, idly sauntering about, or seated on settees with which the park was provided. A breeze was coming up from the sea between the bluffs bordering the river, gratefully cooling the hot atmosphere. A full moon turned the Paseo into a silver splendor and the swaying leaves made fantastic figures on the walks. I observed a gentleman hurriedly enter the café, whom I recognized as a priest of the Abando, one of the city parishes, with whom I had a slight acquaintance. He was in citizen's dress, not an unusual thing. He came to the table where I was sitting, saying he had been looking for me for some time, that a friend wished to see me, and as it was a matter of urgency he hoped I would accompany him at once.

"It is a late hour," he continued, and regretted he had lost so much time before he was able to find me, adding my presence was needed in the matter on hand without delay. He was apparently under some excitement, a condition to which I attributed an appearance of strangeness which he presented. I thought there was something a little unusual in his voice. I went with him immediately. The streets he took were paved with large cobblestones from wall to wall of the houses on either side, except along certain stretches where modern ideas had invaded the ancient order of things and where flags were laid for sidewalks which were not wide enough for two people to walk abreast. He walked rapidly although the heat was oppressive. I supposed myself familiar with the town, having, often and leisurely, strolled up and down its streets, old enough to have been harried by the Vikings, who have left their traces of forays and visits across half a dozen intervening centuries, in the blue eyes, light complexion, light hair and Scandinavian features which one, now and then, finds among the people. I had explored all the old streets and by-ways which remain untouched by what is called "modern improvements," in order to see in quaint forms of structure in church, castle and private mansion, not only the influence of climate and of national characteristics, but also of the social and political con-

ditions of the ages through which they have stood. One may read a religious creed or see a particular state of civilization fossilized in the facade of a building.

I seemed to be going through streets wholly unfamiliar to me. My guide went on as a man not uncertain of himself, and I indulged in some admiration of him, as his familiarity with the town came, doubtless, from his lofty mission which had made all these by-ways known to him. A zenith moon was sending its light down into the narrow streets flanked with houses six and seven stories high, and where the shadows of night linger even at noonday. I recognized in passing, the grim palace of Peter the Cruel, the cousin and contemporary of the Black Prince, with its associate memories of crime, standing near the old market place into which I expected momentarily we would enter. But we went on indefinitely, and must have taken a circuitous direction, for we were passing the ruins of a convent with much ghostly history. It had once sheltered Christians from Islam foes. Its thick walls had required more destructive agencies than time to overthrow. A tender pity, forcing itself into recognition in usage and law, had drawn lines around it which the secular power dared not invade, and on its fallen stones I had pondered the value of the moral forces which had been able to put limits to political power during mediæval and earlier times. If the foot of a criminal touched the ground within its messuage, he was safe. The Jew had his refuge, the Greek his asylum near his altars, and Christian compassion and sympathy had sanctified the place and made it inviolable by the agencies of the State. Tradition was many-tongued about the ruined monastery; that it had been battered down in the many sieges to which the city had submitted; that its walls had crumbled away from the mere weight of age; that its militant monks had fought for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre and carried the banner of Santiago in many a struggle against the Moors. Belated people, in passing it, often heard chants, and, on rare occasions, exactly at midnight, a procession of bare-headed monks would issue from within the foundations and march through the streets. It was well known that when the procession went directly to the old market place and entered St. Mary's Church there, the bells of the belfry would ring violently and great events might be expected. These ghostly processions often announced the cessation of a pestilence, or the advent of a public good, or in some way the intervention of supermundane influence.

We had walked on in silence nearly all the way, and I tried to induce my conductor to enter into conversation respecting the monastery and its traditions, but his replies were abrupt, monosyllabic, and apparently reluctant. This reticence seemed extraordinary on this subject, as I recalled a conversation I had had with him on the many curious beliefs of the people about these ruins, and the prevalent dread to pass by them toward midnight. As I had not met the padre for some considerable time, I asked him if he had been transferred from the Abando, where I had become acquainted with, and occasionally saw, him, to some other parish. His reply was an explosive laughter, and expressed astonishment that he should be mistaken for a priest. "A priest indeed!" and then he laughed immoderately.

I said, "You are padre D———, one of the *curas* of the Abando, are you not?"

"That is a strange idea you have. I think it would strike my friends more comically than it does me."

We proceeded a short distance, when he abruptly stopped. "No, Senor, I am not a priest; I detest priests, and therefore regret that I have a brother who is one. Happily our lines in life lie wide apart. I saw him a few years

ago at Valencia; we quarreled; he condemned, or affected to condemn, my mode of life; I despise his. I make a duro where he gets a real. Even this comes from the fears and superstition of the people. Mine, at least, takes courage to win. I have been told that this brother of mine was a year or more ago in this city. I do not care to see him."

We walked on in silence. I had mistaken my conductor for one whom he resembled, and was following a man whom I did not know, to some point unknown to me. The long and rapid walk was wearisome and the disclosure just made not exhilarating. He soon stopped in front of a door opening inward from the street, and taking the big, iron knocker which hung on it, rapped five strokes. In the stillness the noise rose and reverberated up the streets with swelling volume. Presently some one appeared on the balcony of the fifth floor and waved a light in recognition. While waiting for the door to open the cry of a watchman from a neighboring street, "*A las dos y todo sereno*"—Two o'clock and all is quiet—sounded loud and not unpleasantly on the pervading stillness. I was quite sure I was not a part of the *todo* which the watchman declared was *sereno*. A great, heavy door, thickly studded with the heads of iron points driven into it, opened slowly and creakingly on its hinges. A little, shriveled woman, of the age when a decade or two of years adds nothing to the appearance of ancientness, stood within the entrance, holding a flickering oil lamp The man stepped aside to allow me to enter, telling the woman to ascend the stairs. He followed me, aiding the feeble light by striking matches as we ascended. The steps of the first story were stone, and slanting and uneven, and worn into hollows by footsteps. A heavy balustrade leaned over into the hall, its top rail eaten full of holes. The shadows of the lamp made queer shapes on the walls and stairway. Our footfalls on the loose tiles of the hall sounded gratingly. If the strange noises and prolonging echoes had come from the gibbering ghosts of former occupants, they could not have been more startling. The ascent was wearisome, and on reaching the fifth floor a boy appeared and asked me to follow him. He opened a door and I passed in. The others went on.

The room was large with low, grimy ceilings, full of breakages where patches of plaster had fallen off. A few chairs and a small pine table, at the farther end of the room, constituted its furniture. The bare floor was uneven and in ridges as if the layers were in some sort of revolt, and near the side walls there was a slight evidence that it had once been waxed, and certainly it had not been lately swept. A lighted candle stood on the table. I sat down to await results. The candle was burning low and threw a ghastly light, a short distance from the table, and a narrow circle overhead which served merely to show the dirt and grime of the ceiling. I tried to encourage its feeble struggle against the darkness by pricking the wick, but its total surrender soon was inevitable. I took it and strode around the room in a kind of reconnoisance and discovered a table in one corner on which were a few books placed one on top of another. I went back to the chair I had occupied to examine them. A photograph fell from the leaves of one of them as I opened it. Faded and stained as it was I felt sure the face was familiar to me. After puzzling over it a long time I recognized it as a picture of the Senora whom I first saw in the lighter that left the Andario in company with the morose and intractable passenger who had come from Bayonne. From the interviews I had subsequently had with the Captain of the steamer, I had mentally associated these two in some common purpose, and this fact gave interest to the photograph, as between the books there was a carefully folded copy of a local newspaper, which, on

opening, I found to contain a detailed account of the escape from prison of a prisoner, who was chief of a band of smugglers, a brigand and an outlaw, to whom every opprobious term which the denunciatory wealth of Castillian could furnish, was prodigally applied, and who, it was alleged, had defied the power of the government for years. It proceeded to describe his person so that the public would be able to assist in his arrest: "Of middle age, of middle stature, broad, thick shoulders, a low forehead, thin and rather emaciated face, and intensely black hair." The portraiture was so like the passenger on the Andario that his identity with the escaped prisoner seemed to me probable.

The candle had begun to sputter out its last drop of life when a boy entered the room through a door near where I was sitting, carrying a tray on which were a bottle of wine, a glass and some azucarillas, which he placed on the table. He disappeared so quickly that I did not think to call his attention to the candle, and I wondered if he had noticed it. But in a moment he reappeared with another lighted candle which he forced into the candlestick, leaving it at such an angle that I had to straighten it. The bottle was labeled "*Vino de Xeres*—1828." The wine was generous and full of optimism. So rare a vintage contrasted strongly and strangely with the environment. I began to look at the situation with more satisfaction. I recalled the words of the person who had asked me at the café to go with him. I tried to think how "my presence" could be needed in any matter touching his friend who was known to me, and how there could be any "urgency" about it. As I had mistaken my conductor, it occurred to me for a moment he might have mistaken me,—an idea I soon gave up.

An hour must have passed when a man, whose entry I had not noticed, approached and requested me to accompany him. We passed into a dimly lighted apartment and then along a dark corridor, at the farther end of which, through a door hidden from view by heavy curtains on either side, entered a large room so brilliantly lighted from an immense chandelier, hanging from the center of the ceiling, that it was some time before I could adjust my eyes to the flood of light. Costly rugs absorbed the noise of footfalls, and the narrow spaces of the floor, where uncovered, glistened with polished wax. Large mirrors were set in the walls The furniture was of the finest, and mostly of foreign fabrication. A large rocking-chair—a form of chair exotic in the country at the time—elegantly upholstered, invited occupancy with a broad hospitality. The appearances of a luxurious mode of living contrasted strongly with the "*res angusta domi*" suggestions of the first room I had entered. Fine tapestries covered the walls and hid from view whatever exits there were. The gentleman requested me to take a seat and disappeared behind the draperies without even my noticing it.

In the long history of this old city, its tumultuous life in times of civil strife, often made it a necessity to the citizen to assume and even parade poverty in order to escape exactions and confiscations. This house had probably been arranged in view of the coming of the tax gatherer. While waiting for what should occur, I was evolving its history and that of its occupants out of imagination. It was a little pessimistic, but self-evolved histories) while being quite as truthful as much of the formal record which passes for such) have the advantage of freedom from the narrow limitations of verifiable chronicles. My story, as I was making it, gave account of spectral hands which, however long they have been dust, "hold in mortmain still their old estates." This sort of mortmain is outside the operation of limitating statutes.

I do not know how long I remained thus absorbed, but, hearing footsteps,

I looked up, and the gentleman who had so suddenly disappeared was standing near me. I arose and followed him, at his request. He pulled aside some heavy drapery and we were in a small chamber feebly lit by a single gas jet. I took a seat in a chair indicated.

Presently I was able to see with more distinctness, and dimly discovered there was a bed at one end of the chamber, and some one lying in it. A table covered with vials and glasses stood near its head. As my eyes grew accustomed to the obscurity I saw that the walls were hung with numerous pictures. There were engravings of two of the steamships of the Peninsula Packet Company and of well-known coasting steamers. Between these were copies of celebrated paintings—an incongruous arrangement—producing a curious effect. A Mater Dolorosa was suspended over the head of the bed. There was a painting representing a sandaled pilgrim with a circle of cockle-shells around her neck, plodding her way to the shrine at Compostella, placed alongside of a photograph of the engine which pulled the first train of passenger coaches over the Del Norte Railway. Probably the desire to exhibit the progress made in the matter of locomotion, by such a collection, overcame any artistic sense.

I had sat quite a long time when the person lying in the bed showed signs of being awake. Immediately a woman, whom I had not before observed, went to the bedside and lifted the invalid's head and adjusted the pillows. As he lay on his raised pillow I had a clear view of his unshaven face but could recall no one whom he resembled. His features were sharpened by much suffering and his thin head lay white on the whitened counterpane. His hair was snow-white and he had the seeming of a very old man. The woman was of Andalusian type, tall, with full lips, thick shoulders and the stain of a warm climate in her complexion. She had the large, languishing, deep eyes of her countrywomen, but an eager look had displaced their natural languor and their flashing blackness was intensified by heavy brows and the long thick lashes common in the Southern provinces. In her person she perpetuated the evidence of Moorish domination in the country. She leaned her head down to catch something the man was trying to say and then turning to me:

"You are Senor Don ———. My husband sent for you. You are very kind to come. I am sure you will not grudge gratification to a man in his state. He has desired much to see you." And then in an undertone, as if she were afraid he might hear: "He is feeble and has not long to live. I leave you with him."

The invalid made an effort to raise his hand but it fell back on the counterpane. He attempted speech but it was inaudible. I expressed what always forces itself to human lips at such a time.

Then distinctly came, interrogatively: "You know me?"

I had observed him closely but was not able to remember anyone whom he resembled. There were the suggestions which came from finding the photograph of the Senora and her associations in my own mind with certain others, particularly with my fellow passenger that night on the Andario, but the person before me was an old, gray-haired man, and, although he might be enfeebled beyond his age, and aged beyond his years, it could not be he, I thought. I replied that I was not able at that moment to recall him.

"You do me a great favor to come," he said, with spaces between the words. "The hours have gone slowly with me of late, and I have had much time for criticism of myself."

It was apparent some stress was driving him to speech, in spite of his debility, leaving his mind acutely clear and furnishing a fitful strength. He

continued slowly, and, I thought, considerate of his words and economical of his strength: "Mixed good and evil enter into most of the acts of one's life; but sometimes—sometimes"—he repeated by way of emphasis, "to undo an error seems a greater evil than to let it alone to exhaust itself in its own working."

His voice grew husky, and in a moment, with eyes closed and probably unconscious of any presence, and rather as a monologue, he went on: "We fail in judgment, we lack knowledge and plead ignorance in extenuation of wrong."

There were such long pauses between his words that I feared he would waste his strength of voice in mere soliloquy. Then, rousing himself as if conscious of losing time in vague moral speculation, he hastened to say slowly and distinctly: "I have sought this interview because I desired to ask your forgiveness."

I assured him that he had fallen into undue sensitiveness and begged him to banish whatever disturbed his mind—that he had no need of forgiveness from me—and that, if need were, he had it fully and unreservedly.

He made an unavailing effort to speak. The woman reappeared and stood at the bedside and gave him some medicine and then retired Presently he said: "You say I have no need of your forgiveness." Then meditatively, as if dealing with his own thoughts: "Yes, I know there is the Infinite Divine compassion. There is the church, with its consolation of confession. But still there is the individual sinned against and must be counted, as I think, in the matter of absolution." Then addressing himself to me: "But you have no knowledge of an offense."

His voice sunk away into a whisper and I was not able to catch his words. In a little while his speech became audible: "Intention and action are one in moral quality."

I said: "You take no account of the moral effect of arrested intention. The decision to arrest an intention before consummation in action may lift the mind which has been the theater of the struggle into moral height which it has never before reached."

He replied with fuller voice, as if there had been a sudden access of energy: "Of deliberately surrendered intention, yes, but intention unconsummated for want of opportunity; no, no, Senor."

Then looking steadily at me for a moment, as if his sight were dim, and with evidently painful effort: "You owe your life to the intervention of ——, an officer of a steamer in which you were once a passenger. I believed your presence against much persuasion was incompatible with my safety and that of my friends. The officer of the ship did not believe as I did. His judgment was better than mine, but I distrusted it. With the opinions I then had, and with the values I then attached to things, I was unwilling to incur the risks which your presence and knowledge made possible. I formed a resolution which I deemed necessary for my protection and that of others. I was unable to put the resolution into action."

The words came at intervals more or less long. The forgotten face of the passenger on the Andario came back to me. There was the low forehead, the high cheeks set widely apart, the large spaces between the eyes. There were the deep lines furrowing their length on either side of the mouth. His white hair, which was without a trace of its former noticeable blackness, uncut of late, straying in threads over his forehead, and the pallor overspreading his face and an angularity of his features, easily prevented recognition. He had wasted into a wreck of his former self. His silence continued for several minutes and then he resumed: "And now, Senor, with what I have said, do I have your forgiveness?"

I could only answer: "With all my heart."

After a short interruption as if he were trying to hold what was slipping from his mind, he went on:

"If ever you meet Senor ——, the officer, tell him of this interview and that I died thanking him."

A greater sharpness touched his features, an added pallor came over his face.

The woman sank on her knees, threw her arms around his head and hid her face in the bed-covering. I saw it was she who was on the lighter in the Bay. A priest, whom I had not seen before, came forward from out the shadows of the room, extended his hands over the dying man and prayed the old prayer, which fills with musical echoes "the valley of the shadow," and which has given its solace for so many ages:

"Give him, O Lord, eternal rest and let light perpetual shine upon him."

A TRAGEDY.

I STOOD upon the storm-swept mountain side,
Where yesterday were flowers and tender grass;
Below, the lake in murky colors dyed,
Stirred by the tempest's onward rushing tide,
Swelling with torrents every mountain pass.

The fields were strewn with wreckage from the farm,
Where hostile winds had torn their way along,
Stilling the hearts of all with dread alarm
And strange delight in danger's lurking charm,
As mariners who brave the sea with song.

Above my head, upon a swaying limb,
Missed by the bolt that scarred the fated tree,
I saw a nest, and, just above its rim,
Three open mouths, as in the twilight dim
The calling brood made piteous melody.

Among the tangled litter at my feet,
The parent bird lay dead, with broken wing,
On which the tempest long had beat,
And left her there, so near her safe retreat,
With ruined plumage, helpless, songless thing!

Only a bird, yet God's unerring hand
Was in the storm that swept its life away;—
We cannot make it plain or understand
The laws that govern fate on sea and land;—
Is bird-life less than human? Who shall say?

Edward W. Dutcher.

DR. SPRIGGINS OF BALTIMORE.

By Psyche.

AS HE stepped off the train at the unpretentious railway station of Buttonville he looked around in a vain search for the gesticulating, importunate omnibus-driver who usually awaits the traveler at his journey's end, and if not altogether a pleasing spectacle in the abstract, is nevertheless deserving of gratitude for offering a solution to one of the troublesome problems which occur invariably to the roaming members of the human family. But nothing of that nature was in sight. Nor could he see a four-wheeled conveyance of any kind. He went inside and inquired of the sleepy-looking ticket agent, who was drowsing over a newspaper with his chair tilted against the wall, if he could direct him to a good hotel.

"There ain't no hotel," was the ungrammatical response; "we've got the Act, but there's a temperance house; you'll find it if you go straight along."

"What a place!" exclaimed the stranger, as he proceeded to follow these vague directions, casting a quick glance at his new surroundings. "One blacksmith shop, two general stores, a church, school, and peanut stand! It seems incredible that she should live here!"

He was a stylishly dressed gentleman of medium height. There was nothing foppish about him; everything he wore denoted good taste and substantial elegance rather than a weak pandering to fashion. He had a brisk, independent step, keen brown eyes, and a heavy, black mustache. He was neither stout nor thin, but well-built; his figure was active and wiry and sufficiently vigorous for all athletic purposes.

As he entered the weather-beaten establishment which was honored by the title "Temperance house, the one and only," a few lanky youths in meager, rusty clothes, whose legs dangled inelegantly from barrels and boxes strewn on the platform, eyed him with lackadaisical curiosity. "There's a bigbug for you," said one of them; "walks as if he owned the town, don't he?"

He was shown to his room by the obsequious proprietor, who had somehow derived the impression that he was escorting a distinguished personage, and a little later stood in the narrow passage before the bedroom door rubbing his large palms together, and looking vaguely anxious, apologetic and inquisitive.

"Excuse me, sir, for the liberty, but I think you are the man engaged by the Presbyterians to lecture on the wonders of Egypt. Am I right, sir?" he asked, suavely.

"No, I haven't that honor," replied the new arrival, as he unstrapped his valise and proceeded to make himself at home in his strange quarters.

"Then you are a phrenologist; don't be so modest as to deny it: your eye sees farther than most people's eyes, sir."

"Wrong again," laughed the gentleman, who was evidently of a genial disposition, "but there is one thing I could see quick enough if it were anywhere near."

"And what is that, sir; don't be afraid to ask for anything you want."

"A good square meal," replied the other, emphatically."

"Ah! to be sure, you shall have it immediately, sir. Excuse me for not suggesting it at once."

He hurried away to execute the order. A few minutes later the guest was seated at a table which was decorated with a red and white cloth and a vase of wilted grasses and wild flowers. His

host, whose services seemed to be required in the capacity of waiter as well as proprietor, set before him a plate of ham and eggs, fried potatoes, brown bread and a cup of very black tea; lastly he brought forward a prodigious book, a pen and a bottle of ink.

"Register your name here, sir, before you begin to eat, if you please, sir, not wishing to interrupt you after you begin, knowing myself how it feels to be hungry. I always take the names, sir, of anybody who is somebody, you understand, sir, though plenty of folks go and come and I don't take any notice of them."

The gentleman took the pen, and carelessly glancing over the column of scrawling, greasy signatures, inscribed in a firm, clear chirography, as faultless as copper plate, "Dr. Spriggins, Baltimore."

"Ah!" said the proprietor, looking at the name ruminatively, "A doc or of divinity!"

"No, medicine," corrected the other, taking his knife and fork to the ham. The questioner looked disappointed for he was in an adulatory mood and would have liked nothing better than to grovel at the feet of some famous celebrity, but an afterthought in reference to the stranger's address showed him a direct short cut to the blarney stone.

"Ah! yes, to be sure! Baltimore, that beautiful city in the United States of America. I have a great respect, sir, for the Americans, they've so much push about them—a very interprising people indeed." Dr. Spriggins was unmoved by this compliment to his countrymen; it didn't strike him as original, and, moreover, it was so undeniably true that comment was unnecessary. He finished his lunch in silence.

"Can you show me where Mr. Wilmot lives?" he asked as he rose from the table.

"You mean Squire Wilmot, I suppose. We always call him Squire, I don't know why, unless it is that he is getting old, and rich and bald, and liked to run things pretty much his own way in the village. He was a considerable land-owner at one time, but made some bad speculations last year which pretty near ruined him. Come to this window, sir; do you see that red brick house over there with the vines growing up the porch, and the rustic chairs and flower-pots on the veranda? Well, that's where the Squire lives when he's at home. He and the Missus are away on a visit to the northwest to see their son, who is on a farm out there, but you'll find the rest of the family at home, if you were thinking of going there to stay, sir. I was hoping you would honor my little establishment."

"I ll stay here for a few days, as long as I remain in the village," was the quick reply, and Dr. Spriggins turned on his heel as if to avoid any further questions from the voluble landlord. A handbill lying on the table in his bedroom announced in showy print a grand concert to be held that night in the schoolroom, and to which the best local talent would contribute. He ran his eye carelessly over the hackneyed program, and was smiling over its rustic style which evinced a lofty disdain of all unnecessary detail and forbore to mention authors or composers in connection with this musical and elocutionary treat, when his glance was arrested by a name half way down the page which he appeared to consider worthy of more than casual attention. It was number six on the program which riveted his gaze:

No. 6. Piano Solo—Overture from Mendelssohn—Miss Wilmot.

He read it aloud to himself. "So she is going to play at this concert," he soliloquized; "then she will not be at home if I call and I might as well go to the concert. It will be a clever scheme to satisfy my curiosity as to her looks and style before I go so far as to make her acquaintance." The situation had a certain piquancy for him, and after reading a few pages in the novel which

he had purchased to relieve the tedium of traveling, he prepared to put his scheme into action; made some trifling improvements in his toilet and availed himself of the additional self-respect to be derived from fresh-laundered linen.

Dr. Spriggins, who appeared to be about twenty-seven years of age, was visiting Canada explicitly for the good of his health, for change of air and scenery, rest, recreation, etc., but underlying this solid structure of sound reason, at the very root of the matter was an implicit cause and intention which imparted a peculiar zest and impetus to his peregrination. He had come to cultivate the personal acquaintance of a young lady, of whom he had more than a slight knowledge and who had become inseparably connected with his most secret thoughts, though, strange to say, he had never seen her. These are the facts: In 1889 his sister Nina entered Whitby College to take a complete course of study. During her four years' residence there, her dearest friend and room-mate, the sharer of her joys and sorrows, the confidant of her maiden hopes was Kathleen Wilmot. Under these circumstances what could be more natural than that Nina, being an impulsive and affectionate girl, should mention in terms of praise and endearment her only brother, Septimus, at that time a promising student in a medical college; what so natural as that Kathleen, in the capacity of associate and sympathizer, divining with woman's never failing intuition what was tacitly required of her should manifest a lively interest in all the young gentleman's concernments, and encourage her friend to dilate frequently on this pet theme. Nina casually referred to Kathleen in her letters to Septimus, who in his turn referred to Kathleen, sending gratuitously his "regards." The young lady responded with equal cordiality. In this way, through the medium of letters that passed between the brother and sister, there was an indirect interchange of compliments, a subtle probing for each other's views, and finally it was Nina who resolved to give these uncertain advances free scope for development, and with the cool, unblushing audacity of the tender-hearted, sentimental girl who will dare much for brothers and friends and romantic complications, especially if she is surrounded by the four walls of a college, she suggested a correspondence between Kathleen and Septimus, which was to have for its definite object "mutual improvement."

"You are both so clever; you both have 'fads' and queer, stubborn ideas about things; it will be delightful for you to exchange sentiments and will have a tendency to make you more liberal-minded," wrote Nina, in her large, school-girlish handwriting. So the correspondence began with a fine flavor of impersonal intellectuality and continued without abatement or any symptom of slackening interest not only up to the time when the girls graduated, but until a few weeks before the doctor arrived in Canada. In the last letter he had written he had remarked in a matter-of-fact way, evidently not intended to convey anything special, "I hope sometime in the near future to visit your country I've been contemplating a trip which will be a rare luxury for me. Life is too short to be given up unreservedly to the exactions of duty and business."

Her reply puzzled him a little; some foreign element had entered into its composition; it was studied, stilted and unnatural, and no reference whatever was made to his proposed visit. But on the whole he was neither displeased nor discouraged by this letter; its dignified reticence was a proof to him that his words had made an impression, and inclined him to be more hopeful than otherwise.

So at half-past seven o'clock on a tranquil June evening, Dr. Spriggins, with an inward sense of exhilaration, which is produced by an absolutely new experience, stood before the small, cracked mirror which testified to the

limited accommodation of the Temperance house, and brushing his hair in the latest approved style, made himself as neat as possible, so that when Miss Wilmot's eyes should rest upon him, all unconscious that he was the clever correspondent who had done so much for her mental improvement, she should exclaim in disinterested admiration: "What a fine looking gentleman! I wonder who he is" The young doctor was a student of human nature as well as of medicine, and knew full well the importance and significance of favorable first impressions. A little later, feeling like a conquering hero in disguise, he sallied forth to the concert. He would sit in a back seat, he said to himself, a good natured, impartial critic, and fortified against any unwholesome waves of sentiment by the stolid assurance that the young lady had no suspicion of his identity, he would study her style, manner and expression, respectfully and intelligently, and be able to calculate to a nicety the probable duration of his sojourn in Buttonville.

When he got there the hall was crowded and still the people filed in—large families of small children, young enough to be in bed at that time of the evening, were hustled into a seat by flurried parents; self-important young swains with their sweethearts, in the rear, elbowed their way to the front. Dr. Spriggins squeezed himself into a corner near the door, hung his light, grey summer overcoat on the back of the seat and presently wished himself somewhere else, there was such an influx of rowdies to that remote portion of the building, talkative, red-faced fellows with a breath that was redolent of tobacco and something stronger, a definable, commonly recognized, odor that could not have been lawfully purchased at the Temperance house.

"That's all right, Miss Wilmot," said a voice near the entrance. Dr. Spriggins started as he heard the name and, leaning slightly forward, fixed his eyes on the door in a moment of curious, suspended curiosity A tall girl, with large, frank, blue eyes that had a certain careless impertinence about them, was pushing through the group of loafers Her jaunty sailor hat was slightly awry, her dress fitted her slim, angular figure loosely, and certainly did not look neat, and her gloves were the least creditable feature of her attire; they were tan kid very much soiled; one of them flapped loose, bereft of even one solitary button; the other was twisted into a knot and carried in her bare hand. She had long arms and knew how to use them in an emergency, as several impromptu samples of their muscular force clearly demonstrated. "John Peters, you great lump, move on, can't you? You're big enough and ugly enough," she said, pommelling the broad back which impeded her progress.

The individual thus addressed did not seem to recognize this flattering description of himself. He turned on her a mild, uncomprehending stare, but did not budge one inch. She promptly shoved him to one side and marched triumphantly up the aisle. Spriggins groaned aloud. For one vivid instant he had an awful, indescribable feeling—the reaction which is the inevitable sequence of a shattered illusion. Was this the charming unknown, whose gift for letter-writing had beguiled his leisure moments, whose imagined attributes had been purely refined and feminine? This was the sort of girl who would climb fences, chew gum, talk back to her parents, use current slang, take liberties and finally come to a bad end if she didn't moderate her conduct. And he had come all the way from Baltimore to see her! His head fell forward with chagrin and mortification. The secret inspiration, which had comported itself in an eminently lively and happy manner, went off into a dead faint, so to speak, and floundered helplessly amidst some tremendous waves of disappointment.

"Will you kindly allow me to pass?" said a gentle, patient voice. The rowdies quickly dispersed and left a broad, open passage. It was the same girl, looking milder and neater, more like a lady No; there was a strong likeness, but the eyes were different, sweeter, more womanly The doctor gathered his senses together in one mighty, hopeful effort. Yes; this was Kathleen, without a doubt; every fibre of his body was delighting in the conviction. He was immensely relieved, though half provoked at himself for the obtuseness which had occasioned him so much unnecessary misery. True, it had been of short duration, but, in a case of this kind, just a little of the poignant emotion which seized upon this adventuresome young man is an almost unendurable quantity. Of course, the first girl was the younger sister, he soliloquized, he might have known as much: but, indeed, he had quite forgotten that she had a sister, so completely was his mind engrossed on subjects of more immediate importance. He settled back into his corner and prepared to enjoy himself without alloy. The program was ordinary in the extreme, but such as one might expect from the inhabitants of a small village. Selections were sung, played and recited which had been heard scores of times, even by rural natives. Dr. Spriggins gave little heed to the proceedings till Miss Wilmot's name was called and she took her place at the piano. Then he struck an attitude of flattering appreciation and attention. How beautifully she played and with such sympathetic interpretation of the composer's meaning! The piece was so much too good for the audience that they did not scruple to show their lack of appreciation. They yawned, whispered and looked bored. He wondered why she had not chosen something commoner on this occasion — a simpler class of music, more intelligible to the popular taste. But, observing her more closely — the proud, stately head, with its dainty poise; the slim, firm hands, pronouncing every note with unerring exactness; the serene look of pleased absorption — he concluded that, from first to last, she was classical — a young lady who moved on a high plane and consulted lofty standards in every pursuit; who had singularly fine perceptions of true art, and, consequently, couldn't and wouldn't play jigs if all the giddy world had risen up and demanded it in one breath. Dr. Spriggins was still in the maze of a pleasing reverie when the performance came to an end and the meek, reverend gentleman who was chairman poked his head through the geranium plants which profusely decorated the platform and announced, "'God Save the Queen,' by the choir." There was a general rush for the door; nobody cared to wait for this familiar chorus, and the doctor thought to himself as he watched the stampede, that the sovereign lady of the land was not held in much respect by her subjects. In a moment he was moving with the crowd. At first he thought he would slip quietly away without making himself known to Kathleen, and call at the Wilmot residence to-morrow with all due formality, his mood properly adjusted to the requirements of the occasion. Yet, stay -- what need was there of any delay or pretense? How much pleasanter it would be to step up to her now, and, avoiding all unnecessary ceremony, say frankly: "Here I am at last, Miss Wilmot. May I have the pleasure of walking home with you?" He glanced up suddenly to find the object of his thoughts standing at a little distance, and looking at him with undisguised interest. It was evident that she recognized him. Without the slightest trace of uncertainty or embarrassment she swept up to him, and, holding out her hand, said cordially:

"How do you do, Dr. Spriggins? I have the advantage of you as Nina had an old photo of yours. I am glad you have reached this interesting point in

your wanderings. You'll call to see us to-morrow, will you not?"

He looked at her a moment in bewilderment. She spoke as if she thought he had come to see Buttonville, and he could find no adequate answer for such an obviously absurd supposition. Buttonville, indeed!

The young fellow who had turned her music stood beside her, holding her music-book and wrap with quite an air of appropriation, and regarded Spriggins with a sort of sulky disfavor. He was rather a good-looking boy, though his hair was parted in the middle and his rough, tweed clothes had evidently been made by his mother.

"May I," began Dr. Spriggins approaching nearer and looking doubtfully at the antagonistic youth.

She bowed and murmured something which the noisy trampling of the crowd rendered inaudible, though he judged from her manner that it embodied a polite regret, and presently she disappeared with her companion, leaving him to solitary reflections which were not altogether pleasant.

He strolled slowly back to the Temperance house in the tantalizing moonlight, which glimmered in its usual sentimental fashion, and wrought havoc upon his susceptible, though practical, brain. He felt rather foolish and strangely dissatisfied, notwithstanding that his regard and admiration for his fair correspondent had received a marked stimulus. He was afraid that she would think he had gone there tonight in the capacity of a "spy" to make sure of her eligibility from the standpoint of attractiveness, before committing himself further; and this motive, though it had certainly been entertained in his mind earlier in the evening, with no sense of its unworthiness, appeared now to be so distrustful and ungallant that he promptly disowned it as being totally irrelevant to his original intention. He had gone simply to kill time, he told himself; he was innocent of anything more complicated.

Two days later he was sitting in the pretty parlor whither Nellie had conducted him, awaiting Kathleen's appearance. This was not his introductory visit. He had been here the previous afternoon, had stayed for tea, had been delightfully entertained, and in the early evening twilight had enjoyed an open-air promenade with the young lady of the house, presumably, of course, for the furtherance of "mutual improvement." He was certainly making rapid advances in a course of general knowledge pertaining to his new friends. He had begun to like Nellie immensely. She was lively and interesting, and not at all formidable as a prospective sister-in-law.

"Kathleen can't come in yet; she's making pies, and her hands are covered with dough," said Nellie, as she lounged into the room; "she says I may entertain you till she is through. I hope you appreciate the honor."

"I certainly do," said Spriggins smiling. He had reason to know that she was a versatile entertainer.

"Well, how do you like our country? Is this the first time you've been in Canada?"

"Yes, and I like it very much Nellie, what I have seen of it."

"Does our Kathleen strike you as a yielding girl?" she asked with sudden irrelevance.

"No, I can't say that she does," he replied, in some doubt as to what he ought to say in response to so strange a question. "But she is very amiable, I am sure."

"Yes, sometimes. Oh, she is amiable, of course; we all are, but she is stubborn too, and when she makes up her mind to anything she sticks to it. I don't know whether she ever said anything about it to you, but she has decided to be an old maid;" her voice sank to a cautious undertone, "she has no faith in men. Papa calls her the modern young woman, you know the modern young woman doesn't hanker after marriage the way the old-fashioned ones used to.

It is becoming the style in Canada for girls to be independent old maids."

"Yes, so I have heard," he returned, reflectively. "But don't you think I might change her views of these things Nellie? Just between you and me I should like to try."

"Are you rich?" she asked, s ill speaking in a confidential undertone.

"Yes, rather; that i-, I have more than a modest competence."

"And good natured?"

"Very," he smiled winningly.

"I wouldn't like to see her marry an American—a Yankee American like you. You have such loose ideas about marriage," she said with remarkable candor. "Your divorce courts are a disgrace to your country. Fancy Kathleen ever being divorced, it would kfll us all."

"Oh Nellie, don't say such dreadful things. How can I convince you that nice, respectable people over there don't get divorced any more than they do here; but I'll not argue the point just now, you must try to overcome your prejudices, for I confess to you that I shall do my best to become your brother. Don't tell anybody what I have said; let it be a secret between you and me."

Kathleen now entered the room with a pretty, welcoming smile, her cheeks slightly flushed with her recent cooking operations, and Nellie with a significant glance at Spriggins, beat a hasty retreat. Miss Wilmot went to the window and raised the blind higher to let in more of the radiant sunlight. The movement revealed to advantage the outlines of her rounded, supple figure. There was a good deal of character in her face; it was too expressive of reserve forces of heart and mind to be designated as merely "pretty"—an adjective which generally implies a degree of doll-like inanity; neither were the features so faultless as to comply with the rigorous demands of beauty. But the face was lovely and lovable; the blue eyes were so kindly, so earnest and, withal, so merry, the blooming complexion was so significant of a contented spirit and good health that it was not only excusable but perfectly natural that Dr. Spriggins should take a silent inventory of these charming details before relinquishing himself to the polite requirements of conversation.

"Don't you sometimes feel that your talents are buried in this place?" he asked, looking out of the window upon the few scattered houses and uninteresting scenery of Buttonville.

"I used to feel so at times. But what does it matter, what does anything matter so long as we do our duty? I don't believe there is any real happiness outside of the conscientious performance of duty. I am sometimes addicted to the bad habit of vain wishing"—she paused and looked meditative.

"For what do you wish?" he asked gently.

"For nothing at all, at present," she responded; "it is a long time since I indulged in a discontented mood. But, yes, I have one unsatisfied desire. I want Nell to go to college and have advantages which can't be procured here."

Spriggins mentally registered a vow that Nell should go to college, he would be as bountiful as a fairy god-mother to the whole adorable family.

A silence ensued. He was thinking too hard to be able to talk fluently. He had a vague intention of asking her to go for a drive with him next day. A spin over the smooth roads in the balmy, summer air would fittingly introduce the subject nearest his heart. Yet, why put off till to-morrow what might as well be done to-day? He longed to reach some definite understanding which would give him the right to take her in his arms.

"Did your conscience never trouble you about our correspondence?" she asked suddenly.

"Never; why on earth should it? What was there to be troubled about? We began it from purely intellectual motives."

"I am afraid no good motive could save it from being unconventional and rather indiscreet." She looked serious and vaguely penitent. "Yes, I have had my doubts about it, but latterly I have had so few people to talk to—people who understood me and it was such a pleasure to — "

"Please don't excuse yourself to me Miss Wilmot, there is no need, I assure you," said Spriggins, who was much touched by this manifestation of acute feminine conscientiousness. "I know all you would say; I understand you better than you think If I were to tell you that the glimpses of your womanless, which reached me through the medium of your letters, made me a manlier man and polished those delicate sentiments which had grown rusty in the inflexible routine of business, would your inward monitor still object?"

"The end does not always justify the means," she said sweetly.

"You may take my word for it that it does in this case," he replied, confidently. "There is something I want so much to say to you," he continued in a lower tone, "if I only dared. I don't want to startle you dear, but really I can't be silent any longer." He went to her, and lifting her blushing face, looked earnestly into her eyes. "I love you, Kathleen; I have loved you a long time; you have helped me so much in many ways — will you not be my helpmeet through life? I never proposed before, and I can't beat around the bush and say pretty things as some men can, but will you be my wife, dearest?"

"Yes," said Kathleen, unhesitatingly, her face radiant with love's own light.

The quick, candid response delighted him, and he said to himself that she was made of the right stuff for a doctor's wife; she was practical and sensible, and had no shilly-shally nonsense about her.

"God bless you, dear," he said, fervently, "you will never regret it."

Neither of them knew that Nell's ear was pressed against the keyhole, and that her slim form was trembling with wild emotion, for nothing so exciting had ever happened in that house. If they had known it would not have interfered with their complete happiness.

OCTOBER.

SLOWLY fall the leaves of gold and crimson,
As the kindly wind goes sobbing by.
Patient Earth with silent grieving takes them—
Bears them on her breast until they die.

And the soul, immortal, looking fondly
On the hopes that graced a vanished day,
Sees her dreams turn slowly gold and crimson,
Even while they fade and pass away.

Elizabeth F. Sturtevant.

THE HARTFORD OF THE WEST.

By —— ——

THE insurance business, which has reached such gigantic proportions and extends its protecting hand over so many objects and enterprises at the present time, originated early in the history of commerce.

Individual capitalists, desiring to promote business enterprise, assumed the risks of accident and disaster, which otherwise might mean ruin to those engaged in the undertaking.

The utility and justice of these measures of safety were at once recognized

EX-GOV. FRANK D. JACKSON,
President Royal Union Mutual Life Insurance Company.

and appreciated, and from that early day, when the ships that ventured out upon the uncertain deep, with their cargoes, were insured for the benefit of merchants and owners, this business has expanded in all directions, keeping pace with the march of modern progress.

It has adapted itself to the ever-widening fields of business enterprise, and stands ready to guard the unfortunate or the unwary against all the adverse chances of life.

While prudently and carefully forecasting possibilities, it declares the principle, that it is better for many to incur small loss, than for one to suffer great loss. Wherever danger is apprehended or calamity may lurk, it offers protection and promises indemnity. It furnishes a basis for credit that the world's great enterprises may move forward. It stands in the pathway of fire and flood, and from ashes and desolation guarantees continued and uninterrupted prosperity.

Premature death, accident, disease, old age are divested of half their power, when the prudent man provides for himself and loved ones, the safeguards of insurance.

It has been said most truly of this business, that "it stays the slings and blunts the arrows of outrageous fortune, by its system of distributing the ills of accident and chance."

For many years Hartford, Connecticut, was the acknowledged leader among American cities, in the insurance business, but with proverbial Western energy, Des Moines, the capital city of Iowa, has overtaken and outstripped its older Eastern competitor until it has won the enviable distinction of being the greatest insurance center of the United States.

Good substantial companies, representing every variety of insurance, may be found in Des Moines, offering indemnity for almost every conceivable kind of loss.

There are institutions born in the West that rapidly grow into a part of the ways and means in evidence in everyday business life, as the result of energetic labor based upon confidence in the "eternal fitness of things." After these institutions have attained power and strength, they are called the fruit of Western energy. Iowa is regarded essentially as an agricultural State. It has fifty-five thousand square miles and is divided into ninety-nine counties, and annually gives evidence of the excellent

SIDNEY A. FOSTER,
Secretary Royal Union Mutual Life Insurance Company.
Author of "In all that is good, Iowa affords the best."

care taken in tilling as well as of the productiveness of the soil. It is a fact that you can go upon any section of land in Iowa, and sometime during the twenty-four hours you will hear the screech of the locomotive or the roar and rumble of the cars. This indicates how much the State is cut up and seamed by railroads. By the census of 1890 there are one hundred and fifty-five towns, each containing more than one thousand population. These towns are of modern growth and surpass in beauty and convenience, towns of much larger size in older states. These towns are all ambitious and the town that does not expect from five to ten thousand population eventually is a rarity. They are now much more than market towns; many of them are manufacturing as well as educational centers.

One fact is very sure. Money invested in Iowa is safely invested. Iowa people are becoming very forehanded and they are carefully investing their money at home. It is true that Iowa farmers hold much the largest per cent of deposits in the 1,067 banks of Iowa, and it is also true that this per cent is increasing in the farmer's favor. Many of the towns are pretty well populated with local capitalists—retired farmers. Many a farmer has lived for years on land bought and broke, and finally becomes so situated in life that he can buy a nice home in town, and rent the old farm for cash; or, in giving his children an education in town, puts in his season on the farm and winters with his family in town. Iowa people do not appreciate how much of this is done, but when they have read this in THE MIDLAND, they will have gathered statistics from the community in which they live, and they will be surprised. The conditions in Iowa that must come in a few years are not alarming when we look at the possibilities. Situated as Belgium is, Iowa could support, from her own resources, more than thirty millions of population. All France could live in Iowa, and without boasting, live better than now.

The State of Iowa has a population of the best blood of New England and the Middle States. With energy, persistence, and a measure of "good luck," as they call it, the commercial credit of Iowa stands equal to that of any State in the Union, and the value of its farm mortgages stands the highest of any. These are the premium articles which are sought after because they are "gilt edge." Iowa has never started any boom, and while some localities may have over-reached, all this has been recovered and the golden mien of universal stability exists, based on the inexhaustive resources of this incomparable State. Iowa is a State without any indebtedness, and more than thirty millions of dollars have been put into its public institutions.

Situated in the heart of this continent with its wonderful wealth and resources, it is not to be wondered that the people of Iowa are disposed to boast of the wonderful superiority of their State. In 1886, Sidney A. Foster, secretary of the Royal Union Life Insurance Company, put in form a sentiment

that he has used at the head of the printed forms of the Royal Union, until it has appeared millions of times on the literature of the company. The sentiment is this: "In all that is good, Iowa affords the best" He placed the sentiment there because he believed it was, and it is, true. This insurance company is organized on the same lines as the other standard level premium or old line companies of the country, with the further advantage of location to get the highest rates of interest on the money invested by its patrons, and the

GEN. JOHN R. PRIME,
Auditor Royal Union Mutual Life Insurance Company.

peculiar laws controlling this class of investment by old line companies organized in Iowa; adopted by the Iowa legislature in 1867, from the National banking law, which provides for the redemption of the circulating medium of such banks, fixes absolute safety as well as profit to the policy-holder.

Under the circumstances this motto is justified and the success of the company in gaining representative strength and patronage from the Eastern States, shows that Iowa, in the East, is appreciated, at least in this particular line. Iowa people will enlarge their appreciation of this motto and the company, if they will only take the pains to investigate. They will find that the motto is true as they already know, and the company is of their own people, and by their own people, for Iowa prominence, Iowa prosperity, and for Iowa's continued supremacy.

The Royal Union is officered by Ex-Gov. Frank D. Jackson, President; Sidney A. Foster, Secretary; Gen. John R. Prime, Auditor; Gilbert B. Pray, Treasurer; Dr. J. T. Priestley, Medical Director. These gentlemen hold, to an exceptional degree, the confidence of the people of Iowa and the Midland region.

Situated and managed as the company is, it is not surprising that the Insurance Year Book for 1897 should show that the Royal Union stood next to the top, and in 1898, *first* and *foremost* among all the old-line life companies of the United States, in the rate of interest and profits earned on its mean invested funds,—7.39 per cent. In consequence of its favorable location and management above referred to, the Royal Union Mutual Life Insurance Company, on its ten-payment life policies maturing in 1897 and 1898, was enabled to return to the policy-holders a larger surplus on policies of the same age and kind than any other company doing business in the United States. On nineteen policies, insuring $24,000, on which total premiums of $13,505.20 was paid during the ten years, the company carried the insurance for ten years and returned to the policy-holders $14,993 15, or $1,487.95 more than total premiums paid.

In the reports of the thirty principal companies reported, it is shown that the average per cent of assets invested in mortgage loans is 41 per cent, while the Royal Union shows an investment in this class of securities of 75 per cent. The average per cent of expense to new business of these companies is 5.81, while that of the Royal Union is but 3.62 per cent. The average of

JAMES T. PRIESTLEY, M. D.,
Medical Director Royal Union Mutual Life.

asse's to liabili·ies is 112.40 per cent, while that of the Royal Union is 118.49. The average per cent of actual to expected death losses of the thirty companies is 75 per cent; in the Royal Union it was 59 per cent.

The Equitable Life of Iowa is the oldest life insurance company organized under Iowa laws, having commenced its business operations in 1867. It has never grown rapidly, but there has been steady progress and always in the direction of greater strength and stability. It is now recognized as a conservative institution, well managed and thoroughly reliable. Its assets are nearly two millions of dollars and its surplus a third of a million. Its motto is "Only the best is good enough," and it offers as good life insurance as can be found anywhere in this country. Good, because safe—made so by the deposit with the State Auditor of gilt-edged securities equal to all outstanding liabilities, to secure such liabilities, and because its means are ample. Good also, because cheap—made so by large dividends allowed to policy-holders.

A comparison of the report of this company for the past year, with the reports of more than twenty of the leading American life companies, shows that the rate of interest earned on its assets was 42 per cent higher than the average rate earned by the other companies.

It has just issued an entirely new policy, called the "Option" policy, which provides cash surrender values, loan values, paid-up insurance, etc., etc., and for annual dividends These and the other policies offered by this company, are sufficiently liberal and broad in their provisions to suit any discriminating person.

It would be impossible for a policy-holder to lose anything in this carefully managed company. His indemnity in case of death is certain—his investment as safe as it would be in bonds of the United States.

The deposit of the Equitable with the Auditor of State is as large as the total deposits in all the States of the Union, of the seven largest old-line companies. It never enters into litigation—but pays all losses promptly.

While it is essentially a Des Moines institution, still it belongs to the successful enterprises of the Middle-West and its agencies are already established in a number of other States, and are continually spreading out in all directions.

The United States Insurance Company, in the city of New York, of which Mr Louis E. Spencer is Manager for Iowa and Nebraska, was organized in 1850, and is therefore one of the oldest life companies doing business in the United States. Forty-eight years of honorable straightforward dealing is the history of this company, —reliable, sound and successful through the wars, the panics and all the vicissitudes of those years. Never entering into the mad race for size, its main object has been reliability, soundness, greatest care in the investment of assets, its relative proportion of assets

to liabilities, together with prompt and equitable settlement of all just claims. In this respect the company's reputation is unequaled.

Nearly 90 per cent of death claims have been paid within thirty days after receipt of proofs, 88 per cent within ten days, and 74 per cent within five days.

The management of the company's finances are entrusted to its Finance Committee,—George G. Williams, Chairman, Vice-President of the Company and President of the Chemical National Bank of New York; E. H. Perkins, Jr., President Importers and

L. E. SPENCER,
Gen Mgr. United States Ins. Co. for Iowa and Nebraska

Traders National Bank of New York, and John J. Tucker and James R. Plum, capitalists. No further assurance of safe and reliable investments and highest interest earnings need be stated. The United States Life is a mutual company, its profits going to the policy-holders.

The company's assets in 1850 were $117.981; in 1860, $701,482; in 1870, $3,686,323; in 1880, $4,998,174; in 1890, $6,529,486, and in 1897, $7,623,100,—slowly, steadily increasing along careful and well matured lines. The policy contracts of the company are unexcelled by any company in existence and are entirely free from harsh restrictions and technicalities.

The Odd Fellows' Annuity Association is based upon the theory that "insurance which costs beyond the needs of safety is an unjust burden," and that the "system is the best which combines safety with the minimum cost." Successful insurance is governed by the same laws which apply to every other successful business enterprise. That insurance is best and safest which is conducted on these principles.

The officers of this very successful institution are well-known business men whose names give stability and dignity to the association.

The Grand Secretary of the order, Wm. Musson, P. G. M., P. G. R., is President, John T. Genevay, G. P., is Vice-President; Chas. H. Baker, well known in life insurance circles, is the very efficient Secretary and Manager. Francis Geneser, President of the German Savings Bank, is Treasurer, and W. Van Werden, M. D., is Medical Director. The Odd Fellows' Annuity Association reports annually to the State of Iowa and Sovereign Grand Lodge of the World. It is a life association, composed exclusively of members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, their wives and daughters.

The amount of insurance in force at the present time exceeds ten millions of dollars, and it is steadily and rapidly increasing. The yearly income in premiums is over one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars.

It has never entered into litigation, and has paid two hundred thousand dollars in death claims

The purely mutual plan of this association is a very important feature. Under its contracts it is managed by and in the interest of its members and all profits and surplus belong to them.

Under this mutual plan the members get their insurance at cost. This association is under a system founded upon a mathematical calculation broadly announcing the fundamental principle that is to control its members in the future and pay its death losses to the end in full.

It is unbiased, aggressive, independent, clean and truthful.

It is equitable, safe, liberal and prompt.

Every State in our beloved Union has its peculiar spirit and dominating purpose. Even as the several nations of Europe in matters industrial, commercial and social, we may find almost as distinct lines of demarcation in our State boundaries.

Thus, Iowa might be called the Holland of America. Aside from the fact

C. E. RAWSON,
President Des Moines Life Association.

that there is quite a sprinkling of Dutch and their descendants within the State, the spirit of rural probity is everywhere manifest.

In all her political history Iowa is practically without a scandal or defalcation. The bank failures, during the recent panic, did not create a ripple; in Des Moines not a single failure occurred. Confidence in the financial stability of her institutions finds ready expression in the magnificent success of Iowa's insurance companies, both fire and life. The statement is offered that no people do so much business with their home insurance companies as do the people of Iowa. This supreme endorsement comes from an intimate knowledge of their stability and business habits, of the laws under which they operate, and the people who guide them on their careers of usefulness.

Iowa was the first State to enact a law governing that class of life insurance known as stipulated premium companies.

This was done to give the people an opportunity to buy life insurance at a cost commensurate with the service, and limit the expense of management, which has become most burdensome and extravagant with many prominent institutions.

This State has been followed measurably by New York and Ohio, yet there are some features of the Iowa law that commend it as superior to the laws of the above named States. The Iowa law is most definite and specific in its limitations as to expense charges, requiring the articles of incorporation, policies or notices to state what portion of each payment is to be used for expense purposes and what portion is to be used for mortuary and reserve purposes.

Availing itself of the peculiar advantages of this law, the Des Moines Life Association has built up a large and increasing business, both in Iowa and other States. Two-thirds of its business is in Iowa, and the gains from year to year in its home State attest its ever increasing popularity.

The plans of the association are such as to commend it to the best business intelligence of the country.

Its limited premium policies are models of equity and safety. The Des Moines Life uses the Actuaries' tables, with 4 per cent interest in making its rates, yet by the policy contract gives the assured the benefit of interest earnings beyond 4 per cent, and likewise gives the assured the benefit of all savings in the mortuary fund from a death rate below the Actuaries'

tables. These statements have more significance when it is asserted that companies not so restricted by law and contract are usually in the habit of transferring such savings to the expense fund and using them to swell the salary and commission account of the officers and agents. The millions thus transferred would shock the uninitiated were they but to study the official reports of some of the mammoth Eastern concerns.

While these things have been, and are now, the basis on which the insti-

MRS. C. E. RAWSON,
Secretary Des Moines Life Association.

tution rests, there is another and essential element in the make-up of the Des Moines Life, which the people of its home city know to have contributed in no small degree in bringing it to its present proud position among the staunch financial institutions of Iowa.

The officers of the Des Moines Life are among the most progressive, yet conservative, business men of Iowa.

President Rawson has a national reputation among insurance men as a manager of extraordinary capacity and demonstrated success, and yet from the very initiative, when the Des Moines Life was in its swaddling clothes, there was at the helm, in the home office, one whose faithfulness and clear cut business methods shone with a peculiar and commanding lustre, and whose care has been most constant and alert over the moneys, investments and accounts of the association.

Mrs. Rawson, who reluctantly consented to permit her picture to appear in this issue of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, graces one of the most beautiful homes in Des Moines. She is prominent in the literary and social life of the city; she has traveled not a little, including a trip abroad during the summer of 1897.

Yet withal, she instituted a system of bookkeeping in the office of the Des Moines Life Association, as its Secretary, that is a marvel in its simplicity and comprehensiveness.

The examiners of the insurance departments of the several states have commended very highly the accuracy and completeness of the system and its practical workings.

Every day each department merges its figures into a report that shows the complete history brought down to the close of business hours. No bank, government, municipal or State office could show a more elaborate, and yet, condensed, statement of their affairs.

The prejudice against women in business is fast disappearing and Mrs. Rawson is not ambitious to pose as a business woman. She is happiest in the quiet retreat of her own home, with her own family, as wife, mother and neighbor, yet the figures that mark time for the progress of the Des Moines Life will not be silent, but speak eloquently of the master minds that laid so well the foundation, and watch with solicitous but confident interest, the gradual and symmetrical growth of this typical Iowa institution.

The growth of the past five years of the Des Moines Life is little less than remarkable, and speaks in high praise of the management of the company.

The surplus reserve deposited with State departments January 1, 1893, was $34,050; January 1, 1898, it had increased to $183,486.62, showing a net gain of $149,436.62.

Amount of insurance in force January 1, 1893, $6,219,500; amount in force January 1, 1898, $15,349,750, a gain of $9,130,250. Premium income during 1892, $104,059.22; premium income dur- 1897, $278,287.76, a net gain of $174,-228.54. Assets January 1, 1893, $105,-107.75; assets January 1, 1898, $286,-137.73, a gain of $181,029.98.

The Chicago Life Association is a sterling and substantial company which began business March 7, 1896, and has enjoyed a steady growth from that time forward, each year more firmly establishing itself in the confidence of the public. It operates under what has been aptly termed the "Ideal System" of Stipulated Premium insurance, which meets the demands of business and professional men, as well as others in all walks of life. It was incorporated by over one hundred of the most prominent capitalists, bankers, business and professional men of Des Moines, Chicago, Davenport, Rock Island and other leading cities in Iowa and Illinois. It is in every respect a modern life insurance company, its plans essentially differing along modern lines, from those of any other company in the field, and will stand the closest investigation from insurance experts. Its chief purpose is to furnish absolute protection at a reasonable cost, to a carefully selected class, in the most healthful regions, thus insuring a lower mortality or death rate than could be secured from a membership taken promiscuously from all classes of individuals. The management is ultra-conservative, and every possible care is taken to jealously guard the interests of the policy-holders.

C. H. MARTIN,
Treasurer Chicago Life Association.

E. D. SAMSON,
President Chicago Life Association.

In brief, some of the general features of the Chicago Life are: Sufficient leveled or equated rates; short and simple policy contracts; payment of half the face of all policies in case of total disability; liberal provisions for surrender values; convertibility and incontestability of policies; and contracts free from the usual lengthy catalogue of petty restrictions. Its Ordinary Life policy cannot be excelled

by any company in the land, its rates being so adjusted as to ensure a saving of over 50 per cent over the old-fashioned and unreasonable premiums of some other companies. Its securities are all deposited with the State Auditor under the Iowa law, and if at any time its reserve becomes greater than necessary for the purpose for which it was created, the surplus will be distributed among the policy-holders. It has different forms of policies, all highly popular with the insuring public.

The growth of the Chicago Life has surprised its most sanguine friends. During the eight months of the current year ending August 31st, it made the following gains: Insurance in force, 37 per cent; admitted assets, 38 per cent; surplus, 35 per cent; State deposits, 240 per cent. It now has a surplus of over $16,000, and State deposits amounting to $6,800. All this has been accomplished in a little over two years, under a conservative management, and while the volume of its business might have been greatly increased by doubtful methods, the managers have thought best to build slowly and surely, and today it has as clean and as desirable a volume of business on its books as any company in the West.

H. P. BAKER,
Secretary Chicago Life Association.

DR. C. D. RAWSON,
Medical Director Chicago Life Association.

The officers of the Chicago Life are sufficient evidence of its stability and reliability. Its President, E. D. Samson, is the Vice-President and local manager of the New England Loan and Trust Company, and one of the ablest financiers in the West. Its Vice-President, G. B. Shaw, is a life insurance man of long experience, having had a schooling in some of the oldest and best companies in the country. Its Secretary, H. P. Baker, is one of the most widely known business men in Iowa, having been for years the State traveling manager of the Singer Manufacturing Company. Its Treasurer, C. H. Martin, is cashier of the Peoples' Savings Bank, of this city, and is regarded as one of the ablest and brightest young men in banking circles in the West. C. D. Rawson, its Medical Director, is a leading physician of this city, and stands high in his profession. F. W. Paschal and A. C. Parker, Directors, rank among the able lawyers of the Capital City.

This is a brief sketch of one of the most prosperous life insurance associa-

tions in the West. It is incorporated both in Iowa and Illinois, and will extend its field as fast as safety and good business judgment will warrant. It is generally regarded by even its most active rivals in business as a model insurance company, and has earned and received the confidence and good will of the public.

The Northwestern Life and Savings Company is among the younger institutions of Des Moines, and is remarkable, not only for its methods, which present some entirely new features and are peculiar to itself, but also for its most phenomenal growth. When large undertakings are launched they generally require the test of time added to various other advantages, before they can win such a place in commercial life that they are universally recognized as reliable financial institutions.

This company, possessing all the other elements necessary for success, has achieved it, and in such a pronounced and satisfactory manner that honor has come to it in the days of its youth.

Organized less than two and one-half years ago, it has already become a great corporation, commanding the confidence and respect of the public. It has apparently solved the problem how to secure absolute safety with the largest possible amount of profit, and claims to have originated the best plan for the saving of small deposits yet presented to the public.

Having been organized under the laws of Iowa, which govern the business operations of old-line insurance companies, it has securities deposited with the Auditor of State sufficient to cover all liabilities to policy-holders, so that, no matter what contingencies may arise, they can sustain no loss.

It offers to its patrons a combination of life insurance with investment—something entirely new and very attractive. The policies are called shares and are written for a term of ten years old.

That those in moderate circumstances may share in its advantages, premiums may be paid annually, semi-annually, quarterly, or even monthly. Each share has a guaranteed value at maturity which, together with the proceeds from the reserve and savings fund, will constitute the value of the share at the expiration of ten years. Every share carries with it a certain stated amount of life insurance for the first five years, which is doubled during the second five years. If death occurs, the beneficiary may either withdraw the insurance or take a paid-up policy for an amount definitely stated in the contract. Should the insured be unable to pay after the first two annual payments have been made, a policy due at the end of the endowment period will be given for the full amount such policy-holder has contributed to the reserve fund.

The company is composed of gentlemen of the highest financial standing. The following representative business men are the officers and trustees:

Arthur Reynolds, President; J. H. Owen, Vice-President; G. W. Marquardt, Treasurer; C. C. Crowell, Secretary, and F. H. Nichols, Assistant Secretary. The Trustees are G. W. Marquardt, President Marquardt Savings Bank, Des Moines; Arthur Reynolds, President Des Moines National Bank; John Herriott, Treasurer State of Iowa; G. D. Ellyson, Cashier Marquardt Savings Bank, Des Moines; D. F. Witter, President Iowa Loan and Trust Company, Des Moines; J. H. Blair, Secretary Iowa Loan and Trust Company, Des Moines; C. L. Gilcrest, wholesale lumber, Des Moines; F. C. Macartney, proprietor Kirkwood House, Des Moines; N. E. Coffin, attorney, Des Moines; J. H. Owen, ex-President Charles City National Bank, Charles City, Iowa; M. M. Reynolds, Cashier Guthrie County National Bank, Panora, Iowa; W. L. Eaton, attorney, Osage, Iowa; J. B. Tinker, Mason City, Iowa; C. C. Crowell, Charles City, Iowa; F. H. Nichols, Des Moines.

With such a strong management to direct its affairs, the continued success of this company is assured. It has made a name and a place for itself among the great institutions of the West and merits the recognition and credit due to every enterprise which has established itself through its own superior excellence

---

The accident insurance business is well represented in Des Moines, where the companies are fast supplanting the older companies from the East which have been covering the territory for many years.

The Iowa State Traveling Men's Association is a large, successful and well managed company, but confines its business entirely to traveling men.

In the general field the Banker's Accident Insurance Company is leading every company in the State, having more Iowa business than any other company, either foreign or domestic. It is also rapidly growing and branching out into the Midland States, and establishing agencies in all the larger cities like Denver, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Detroit and Indianapolis.

The success of this company is not an accident. It is chiefly due to the fact that its active officers are successful and practical insurance men, who brought experience and a knowledge of the business into the organization of the company. As a consequence the company took high rank from the start.

The plans of the company are unique and different from every other accident company. The paying of dividends during the current year is something almost unheard of in this business, and quite a surprise to those fortunate members who have remained with the company during its first five years. The company charges ample premiums to carry the risks in force and provide an adequate emergency fund for anything extraordinary. The balance is returned annually, after five years, to the persistent policy-holders, to reduce the cost of their insurance, making it an object for them to remain with the company and saving them the agent's renewal fees.

The active officers are H. B. Hawley, President, and W. E. Statler, Secretary. While the company's business is large in the home state, and even in its home city (where a prophet is usually without honor), the officers ask for no business except on the merits of the company. They instruct agents to solicit business in no other way. Believing in "the survival of the fittest," they ask for no favors except as the company is worthy of confidence and patronage and can return favors by giving value received.

The State Insurance Company, of Des Moines, has attained to the dignity and importance which necessarily attaches to a prosperous institution of many years standing. Age is one of the elements which goes to make stability. An enterprise which has stood the test of years, steadily gaining ground all the time, is one which will generally bear the closest investigation.

This company was organized over thirty-three years ago and has enjoyed a long and successful career, justly winning for itself a high place among the most substantial institutions of its kind in the West. It confines its business exclusively to Iowa and enjoys, in a marked degree, the confidence and hearty endorsement of those citizens who have been benefited by it, and of all others who appreciate a thoroughly reliable home enterprise.

At the present time it has a cash capital of $100,000—its total assets amount to nearly $400,000, and its net surplus is over $100,000

The magnificent proportions of the business of this company may be inferred from the fact that during the thirty-three years of its existence it has paid to its policy-holders over $300 for every working day of the entire period, the total amount reaching the enormous sum of $3,200,000. This amount has covered loss and damage

caused by fire, lightning and windstorms.

The management of the company has been conducted along economical, conservative lines. Its dealings with its patrons have always been characterized by fairness and liberality. Its losses have been equitably adjusted and promptly paid.

The officers are men who are honored and respected in business circles—their names alone being a sufficient guarantee of the high character and financial standing of the company.

J. H. Windsor, a prominent capitalist, who has been for many years connected with the packing house interests of Des Moines, is the President; H. A. Elliott, identified with several banks, is Vice-President; T. F. Grefe is Secretary and has been connected with the company for over seventeen years; Simon Casady, President of the Des Moines Savings Bank, is Treasurer.

In 1879, Mr. Theo F. Gatchel, the present Secretary of the Des Moines Insurance Company, came to Des Moines from Washington, D C. He has been prominently identified with

W. R. WARFIELD,
President Des Moines Insurance Company.

THEO. F. GATCHEL,
Secretary Des Moines Insurance Company.

many of the great business enterprises of the city, and is known as a bright business man, honorable and reliable in his dealings. Any project planned by him has always met with the hearty co-operation and financial backing of substantial business men. In 1880, Mr. Gatchel, with P. M. Casady, Geo. A. Wright, Galusha Parsons, W. E. Andrews, H. R. Creighton and J. G. Berryhill, organized the Des Moines Insurance Company; money for this purpose having been advanced by these gentlemen.

Its object originally was to insure against loss or damage by windstorms only. It is said to be an historical fact that it was the first company organized in the world for this class of business. It was the pioneer company to furnish indemnity against storms, and thus became the originator of what has grown to be one of the largest departments of insurance.

The first officers were Galusha Parsons, President, and Theo F. Gatchel, Secretary and Manager.

When the company started, it had no opposition in its line, but not long after the legislatures of the States of New

York and Massachusetts enacted laws permitting their fire insurance companies to add tornado insurance to the liability assumed by them, and nearly all fire companies followed their example, thus forcing the Des Moines Insurance Company to reorganize for the purpose of writing fire insurance.

In 1881 it entered the field as a stock company, with ex-Gov. Samuel Merrill, J. G. Rounds, W. E. Andrews, J. J. Towne, S. A. Robertson and others as stockholders. The officers of the new organization were Governor Merrill, President, and Theo F. Gatchel, Secretary.

The Des Moines Insurance Company has confined its business to Iowa, and by its name and interests has been closely identified with the city of Des Moines. Its growth has been steady and its resources at all times sufficient and available for its needs, as it conspicuously demonstrated by the readiness with which it met the emergency of the Pomeroy cyclone, July 6, 1893. This event, by which the company lost over $40,000 in a minute's time, occurred during the worst financial panic in the history of the United States,—

C. H. AINLEY,
Vice-President Des Moines Insurance Co.

WM. L. REED,
Counsel Des Moines Insurance Co.

when no bank would part with a dollar, — but the Des Moines Insurance Company sent its adjusters to Pomeroy and its vicinity and adjusted and paid every dollar of its great loss, the largest loss ever paid in Iowa by any company, and the largest tornado loss, up to that date, ever paid by any company in the world. About one hundred policyholders, whose property was destroyed in this great storm, joined in a complimentary letter to the company; the mayor and city council, and also the relief committee appointed by the Governor, all united in strongest words of praise and approbation of the great work of the Des Moines Insurance Company during the days of desolation, when the whole State was appalled at the great loss of life and property by the most severe storm in Iowa's history.

The history of this company can be recited briefly by the statement that it has gathered up, from time to time, small amounts of money, and when accident and misfortune has overtaken its policy-holders, has paid it promptly to the victims of such calamity, in this

way distributing the burden of loss and banishing the specter of ruin. The Pomeroy tornado was a most striking illustration of this fact

The company has always enjoyed the confidence of the public, because of its financial standing, the prompt payment of its losses, and the equitable treatment of its patrons.

Since its organization it has received over $2,000,000 in premiums, and has paid out over $1,000,000 in losses.

In 1895, Governor Merrill removed to California, resigning the Presidency. He was succeeded by J G. Rounds, who was also President of the Citizens' National Bank. Not being able to devote the necessary time and attention to the increased business of the company, he resigned, and in March, 1898, W. R. Warfield was elected President Mr. Warfield was for many years a member of the whol sale grocery firm of Warfield-Howell-Watt Company, of Des Moines, and brings to the company exceptional ability and experience as a business man. He devotes his entire time to the business of the company, taking charge of its collections, loans investments and real estate.

The unbounded confidence which the people of the State have had in this company during its past history gives it a splendid standing for greater work in the future.

The Town Mutual Fire Insurance Association was organized in 1892, for the purpose of furnishing reliable insurance at cost to its members.

Six years of successful business life has fully demonstrated its ability to do what was contemplated at the time of organization.

This company is unique because of the fact that it stands alone in its special line. It insures town and city dwelling-house property exclusively, and is the only company in the United States which confines its business to this class of risks. Only preferred risks being assumed and these hedged about with every safe-guard calculated to prevent excessive loss in any one locality, it has been able to furnish insurance to its members at a minimum cost.

It is purely coöperative in character, every person insured becoming a member, entitled to every advantage and having a voice in all the affairs of the company.

Although only six years old, it has at the present time 12,500 members and $10,000,000 of risks in force, and has carried these risks at a cost of but $5 for each $1,000, for the entire period.

The success of this association is due very largely to the energy and untiring efforts of its officers, and particularly its very efficient Secretary and Manager, Mr. C. E. Harsh, and to the fact that none but selected risks, even in this one particular class, are ever accepted.

C E HARSH,
Secretary and Gen'l Mgr. Town Mutual Fire Ins. Ass'n.

The officers and directors of this association are: President, C. J. Anderson, Lenox; Vice-President, Ed. N. Kitchen, Mt. Pleasant; Secretary, C. E. Harsh, Des Moines; Treasurer, Levi Lewis, Victor; Directors, R. J. Young, Oelwein; J. H. Vroom, Waterloo; C. N. Cadwell, Logan; F. E. Gordon, Sac City; J. C. Baker, Emmetsburg; Miles

Bradford, Washington; W. C Betts, Casey; G W Hartley, Marcus; A. W. Green, Spencer; W. H. Golly, Zearing; Wm. Mather, Springdale.

Of the many insurance companies having home offices in Des Moines, the Iowa Mutual Tornado Association deserves special mention, being the largest company in Iowa, and probably in the United States. which confines its business within one state. The risks in force at the present time amount to over $55,000.000; the gain during the

J. B. HERRIMAN,
Secretary and Manager Iowa Mutual Tornado Ass'n.

current year having been over $7,000,000.

The prompt and satisfactory settlement of claims, together with the reliability and cheapness of insurance is the cause of the great prosperity of the association.

The cost of insurance for the past fifteen years has averaged about fifty cents each year for every $1,000 issued.

The association has paid over $20,000 in losses the present year and more than $125,000 since organization.

The membership of the association is about 50,000 and includes many of the public men of Iowa.

The association could pay losses to the amount of over $50,000 with an assessment of only one mill.

This institution is certainly well managed and deserving of the confidence of those desiring insurance in this line. It furnishes insurance at actual cost and the actual cost is exceedingly small when apportioned among such a large membership.

The following are the officers and directors of this successful institution:

President. A. N. Buckman, Harlan; Vice-President, A. J. Graves, Ames; Secretary, J. B. Herriman, Des Moines; Treasurer, James Yuill, Cedar Rapids; Adjuster, J. H. Vroom, Waterloo; Executive Committee, A. N. Buckman, Harlan, C. J. Anderson, W. D. Forbes; Directors, Miles Bradford, C. H. Payne, John Steinman, J. A. Swallow, William Mather,, J. C. Baker, N. Densmore, R. J. Young.

The Farmers Mutual Hail Association is strictly a farmers' association. It was organized for the purpose of insuring its members against loss or damage to growing crops by hail within the limits of the State of Iowa.

It is a purely mutual institution, and its popularity among farmers may be inferred from the fact that, while it began its business operations only five years ago, it has at the present time over 14,000 of the best farmers of the State as members.

It has carried the insurance of its members at an average cost of six cents per acre, and has fully demonstrated its ability to carry out to the letter every one of its agreements.

The entire business management and control of the association is in the hands of its own members for their mutual protection and benefit, and it is therefore possible for each one to secure this protection at actual cost.

Its work is spreading, and under the direction of its board of directors and its most efficient officers, its continued prosperity and usefulness is assured.

THE LITTLE PLACE AT HOME.

I suppose it hasn't altered, the little place at home; —
There's the well-sweep, there's the dairy, there's the doorstep just the same.
Only mother's gone! And strangers would not know me should I come
Through the twilight to the old place; maybe wouldn't know my name.

The white lilacs by the window,— leafless in the wintry day —
But I knew those plumes of sweetness wooing to the May-time bees.
They will bloom again to-morrow as they bloomed but yesterday —
And the dear old apple orchard shows the same dear rows of trees.

It is still the old place, only not a soul I used to know
Lives in that sweet bit of Eden; — some are gone across the sea;
Some are safe in God's fair heaven — went there years and years ago;
Some are only pauper-rich men, heaping silver up like me,

With a memory of the old place, tugging at them in their dreams,—
With a hunger for the old place, and the boyish hearts they had
When the sunshine did not reach them fitfully in fading gleams,
When they had their home with mother, and were young and poor and glad.

Margaret E. Sangster.

A BURTON EPISODE.

By H. C. Vernon.

I NEVER knew a family which made history so fast as ours. I say it feelingly. Our condition may be diagnosed as chronic crisis. This has its advantages for the good people of our town. At receptions and afternoon teas, when conversation languishes, one has simply to say, "What have the Burtons been doing lately?" and behold! the fountains of anecdote are unsealed, and the rivers of wit and humor run merrily to the sea. On the other hand, this epoch-making tendency is not always so pleasant for the family itself. (Romance sometimes has its drawbacks for those directly involved.) Tragedy alternates with farce, and heart-break with peals of laughter. But, after all, it is *life*, boiled down and thoroughly flavored; and there is a good deal in that.

It is a small thing that my father was a California forty-niner, who later was inveigled into Mormonism and the Utah Territory, and afterwards escaped at the risk of his life from the tentacles of Brigham Young, and made his way to the effete East, even to Boston It is a drop in the bucket that my mother had nineteen proposals and five engagements—two of them contemporaneous—and finally ran away from boarding-school to settle down in lasting bliss with the rolling stone aforesaid. It is perfectly natural that my eldest brother should have made a voyage to the Arctic Ocean at the tender age of twelve, and shaken hands with Esquimaux and polar bears galore. It is perhaps a little odd that my sister Madge, through early marriage and a step-daughter, older than herself, should have become a doting grandmother at twenty. And my sweet sister Elsie, in the hackneyed but immortal rôle of pretty governess, has had experiences which would make a three-volume novel.

But my own recent adventures are naturally peculiarly interesting to me; and though they fill but a modest place in the Burton annals, I am inclined to think they would be voted exceptional by the world at large.

A year ago, the women's club of our town, of which I am an unworthy member, decided to investigate the perennial Domestic Service question. They appointed a committee, and in a fit of temporary aberration made me the head thereof. A year was to be allowed for exhaustive study of the subject in all its aspects, and then a report was to be made.

Now, as oldest daughter of a large family, whose means were approximately small, I had had a thorough and varied experience of housework. I had also taken my turn at superintending the remarkable succession of Marys who had held sway in our kitchen; sometimes English Mary, more often Highland Mary (from Nova Scotia), but usually Mary of Emerald nationality and condition. Yet I had never generalized on the facts. I didn't feel a bit like generalizing now. But I began to think it would be novel and interesting to look into the matter from a different point of view. And my heritage of adventurousness awoke within me.

Therefore, at our first committee-meeting, having listened respectfully to the various methods of research proposed, I said:

"Ladies, I am sorry to disappoint you. But I never was a student. Domestic service, as a science, is too lofty for me. There is, however, one way in which I may be of aid to you. I do like first principles. I enjoy getting down to hard pan; even when, as in the present instance, it is tin pan. So I have decided to go into domestic service in the concrete, leaving you to

pursue it in the abstract. I will become, for the next few months, a maid of all work. I will myself wield the poker and the kettle, the dish-mop and the flatiron. My soup shall be cream of cookery, my main course the course of the scrubbing-brush, my entrée the back entry, and my dessert a clean calico gown, a white apron and a chat with the girl next door."

Cries of consternation burst from my associates. "You don't mean it! You wouldn't do such a thing!"

"One more Burton episode," whispered Fanny Sniggers to Mary Meekins.

I assured them, however, that I did mean it. And I said, "Yes, Fanny; even so." But no further revelation of my designs did I make at that time

That very evening it chanced that my mother read me a letter from an old friend and schoolmate of hers, a Mrs. Haskell. This lady lived in a neighboring State, and the two had not met for several years. But they had always been warmly attached to each other, and had kept up a desultory correspondence. In the course of the letter in question, Mrs. Haskell bewailed the coming loss by marriage of her invaluable Hannah, the maid of all work, who had been her standby for many placid years.

"What luck!" I exclaimed, and thereupon confided to my astonished parent my interesting scheme, and begged her to recommend me, under a suitable name, to Mrs. Haskell. Elsie was now at home, and I could be spared for awhile.

"And you expect me to countenance such imposture!" cried my mother. "To say nothing of a hundred other considerations!"

"You forget, mother dear, that it is all in the cause of science. Think what light it may throw on a great socialogical problem! And we can explain everything to Mrs. Haskell afterwards."

Mother always was the jolliest of confidantes, and on this occasion she laughed till she cried. Then she spent a solid hour pointing out the impossibilities of my plan. Then she entered on a cordial consideration of ways and means, and wound up by becoming quite as enthusiastic as myself, and twice as impatient.

Our home was accustomed to witness not only new departures, but speedy ones. The next day, mother and I rummaged over our last summer's collection of gingham and cambric gowns, took sundry stitches and wrote various notes. I also packed a small tin trunk. On the following morning, leaving my confederate's quick wits to make such explanations as the notes did not cover, I set out to achieve my destiny. I was modestly attired, and bore with me a graceful letter of recommendation from mother, in which I figured as one Sarah Jones. We had decided that I must be an American girl, as I never could do anything at dialect.

My trip on the train occupied several hours, and as I drew near my journey's end my heart began to thump uncomfortably.

"Courage, Sarah Jones," I said to myself sternly. "Act well your part. You are embarked in as choice a theatrical enterprise as the most ambitious could desire."

I found on inquiry that Mrs. Haskell lived in a large, old-fashioned country place on the outskirts of the town of Newnham. Leaving my trunk at the station, I walked demurely to the house, asked for its mistress, and presented my letter.

Fortune favored the brave. Hannah had left the day before, and Mrs. Haskell was not fond of doing her own work. The recommendation from her old friend was decisive, though it led to questions which would have been difficult to answer had I not anticipated most of them and spent a large part of my journey in composing suitable replies. So I passed my examination and was definitely engaged at four dollars a week, with a "day out" once a fortnight, and every other Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Haskell was extremely dignified, though kind

and I saw that I must never fail to "know my place."

"Alas," I thought, as I was shown about the big, lonely kitchen, "I shall be a regular Robinson Crusoe! I *must* have some one to talk to."

My mistress' measured tones interrupted my soliloquy. "I do not think you will find the work hard, as there are only Mr. Haskell and myself in the family, and we live very quietly. Our hired man, John, will build your kitchen fires. He sleeps in the stable, but will have his meals here with you."

I gave an inward start. I had always been democratic in my tastes, but somehow I had not looked forward to hob-nobbing with a hired man. However, I had not much leisure for dismay, for I was soon left to my new duties, and there was supper to get, as the Haskell family still clung to old New England ways and meals.

Bye and bye the back door opened. A stalwart man walked coolly in and proceeded to the sink, where he began to pump with all his might.

"Good afternoon," he said cheerily.

"Good afternoon," I echoed faintly.

"I suppose you're the new girl," he went on unabashed.

"Yes," I murmured.

"Well, I hope you'll like the place. And what am I to call you?"

"Sarah."

"Well, Sarah, my name is John, and if there is anything I can do to help you get accustomed to things, just let me know."

"I'm sure that's kind," I said, a little surprised. Then I busied myself about the room, casting furtive glances at my novel associate, who continued to pump as if his life depended on it.

He was a tall, well-built man, in very old clothes. He was minus coat and vest. His colored cotton shirt was worn and faded, and bore a patch of decidedly different complexion on one sleeve.

But that was nothing to the patches which adorned his trousers, and those manly habiliments, once presumably black, were now yellow with age. His shoes were cracked and grimy. I was relieved to see that he looked fairly clean, and that his face, while plain, was neither coarse nor vicious.

"Why do you pump so much?" I ventured to inquire.

"Oh, there's a big tank at the top of the house, and I have to pump for half an hour every night and morning to fill it." He gave a last tremendous push and went out.

Later, while the family were at supper, I struggled with the problem of serving this barn-yard Hercules, and came to the simple conclusion of giving him his meals by himself. So, when I had removed the food from the dining-room, I arranged it neatly upon the kitchen table, set a single place and called him.

He sat down with rather an amused air, I thought, but happily made no comment. He ate enormously, and I wondered if he was ever going to stop. I noticed with relief that his hands were quite clean, and that there was nothing especially obnoxious about his table manners. I kept very busy, and was glad when he left promptly at the end of the meal. Then I partook of my lowly portion, half laughing and half crying at the extraordinary position into which my own audacity had led me.

By degrees I became accustomed to my new life, and found it not wholly unpleasant. Mrs. Haskell, though precise and distant, was just and kind; her husband I rarely saw. My work, when I had once gotten the run of it, was not excessive, and was both wholesome and varied. Of course I felt the confinement, the being tied down to other people's hours and habits; and my menial station would have been bitter indeed if I had not regarded it as one gigantic masquerade. I found that the crucifixion of snobbishness is one thing in theory, and quite another when it means the acceptance of humble positions; and I gained a practical sympathy with the rank and file of working people which I hope will stay by me forever.

It was spring, and I was healthy, sanguine and twenty-five; moreover, I was not without my recreations; a whiff of early morning air in the door-yard, an afternoon hour in the orchard, a twilight stroll down the long back avenue, a friendly book in my neat kitchen when the day's work was over and the lamplight fell on my new red tablecloth and low splint chair.

But I was intolerably lonely. "The girl next door" proved but a figment of the imagination. The house was set far back from the road, and at a considerable distance from its neighbors on either side. No enterprising fellow-worker came to investigate Mrs. Haskell's new maid; and my own passion for exploration had sated itself for the present. But a few formal words with my mistress, and an exchange of daily greetings with the hired man, were starvation diet to a lively young woman, accustomed to the free and varied intercourse of a large family and a sociable town. I had made up my mind to stay six months; but many a time I came within an ace of throwing up the whole thing. If it had not been for mother's letters I am sure I should have done so They were at once prods and caresses.

One night in particular, the silence in the kitchen seemed to stifle me. I had had one of those exasperating days when everything seems to go wrong, and was tired and demoralized I was re-reading my favorite novel, *Les Miserables*, which I had brought with me (in translation), and over its sympathetic pages I laid my discouraged head and cried.

I had been indulging in this luxury for about fifteen minutes, when the door opened and John walked in. I hastily averted my face and assumed all the dignity I could command at such short notice. But he came over to the table and said, in a remarkably gentle voice:

"What is it? Can't I help you?"

I didn't dare trust my voice to answer. He glanced at my book.

"Ah!" he cried, "you like this?"

"Why," I exclaimed, facing about in my surprise, "have *you* read it?"

"Yes," he replied; "it was lent me by my old employer. I think it's a magnificent book."

Would you believe it? I was so glad to find somebody who could talk to me about one of my own real interests, that I actually encouraged him to give me his opinions, and kept him talking there for an hour and a half. And I was more and more astonished, he talked so well. When at last he bade me good-night, there was no mistaking the compassion of his tone.

"Well," I said to myself afterwards, "this is a pretty position. To be dependent on the pity of the hired man! And you really enjoyed him, too, Mildred Burton, you know you did. I suppose a Dogberry would seem to you an oracle, in this desert island of a place. O propinquity, what follies are committed through thy spell!"

But for all that, life at Mrs. Haskell's had begun to have a new flavor for me, and I waited for his appearance the next morning with positive anticipation.

The summer which followed was the most trying time I ever had. If the first few weeks of my experiment had been stagnation, the next three months were storm and whirlwind. Every day I depended more on John's society. We took our meals together, he sat with me evenings, he was always ready to assist me in a thousand little ways. Every day his manner to me became more attentive, more unmistakable. Every day I thought him more manly, more intelligent, more courteous. Every day I called myself a fool, trying to keep in sight his inevitable limitations of outlook and refinement, trying to realize what blight and grief must come to any growing woman who should allow herself to accept the narrow bounds of his condition. There was one perfectly simple solution of the whole matter: to give up my place and go home. But that, to my consternation I could not bring myself to do. Under the

steady routine of my work, my days went on in alternate fright and joy, enthusiasm and self-disgust.

One night I had been lying long awake, tossing restlessly to and fro, when I thought I smelled smoke. My room was over the kitchen, and it was thence that the odor seemed to come. I jumped up, slipped on a wrapper, and ran hastily downstairs. As I opened the kitchen door, a volume of smoke poured out, choking and blinding me. I retreated hastily upstairs, hurried to the front part of the house, roused Mrs. Haskell—her husband was away, in New York—and then rushed out to the stable and pounded on John's door.

"Wake up! Wake up!" I shouted. "The house is afire!"

It seemed as if that man never would hear me. His sleeping and eating powers were certainly well-matched. At last I heard a "What?" and a sudden spring.

"Quick!" I screamed "The house is on fire."

"All right," he cried reassuringly. "I'll be there in a minute."

I hastened back to the house, and he was at the kitchen door almost as soon as I. But the smoke staggered him, as it had me. Stepping to the outside of the nearest window, he knocked in a pane with his fist, turned the lock, and threw up the sash. Luckily there were two large windows on the opposite side of the room, as it was situated in the ell. He ran around the house and opened these in the same way. As he met me again in the door, a sudden shriek rang out from within. He strode into the kitchen, snatching up as he did so a heavy horse-blanket which he had brought from the stable.

The smoke was beginning to clear away. One corner of the room was all ablaze, and—O, horror! Mrs. Haskell, coming in by the other door, had ventured too near with a well-meant water pitcher, and a tongue of fire had caught her cotton wrapper and run up it like a living thread It happened in a flash. John was before me. Leaping between the flames and the terrified woman, he threw his horse-blanket around her and in an instant she was saved. As she sank half-fainting on my shoulder, he stepped to the sink, pulled out the big dish pan, pumped it full in what seemed almost no time, and hurled its contents against the blazing wall. Again and again the great pan poured its gallons into the corner, and in less time than it takes to tell it, we were standing in darkness, smoke and pools of water, and the danger was over.

It may seem to you a slight affair, but it was serious enough for me. And if it hadn't been for John, I fancy it would have been altogether too serious for all.

We found out afterward that the fire started from some oiled rags which were shut up in a closet, and ignited from spontaneous combustion. But we didn't care much about that then. As soon as Mrs. Haskell had assured herself that the flames were extinguished, she resumed the dignity which clothed her as a garment, and vanished upstairs for still further reënforcements in the wardrobe line. Doubtless I ought to have gone too, but I didn't. I stood leaning against the table, trembling and unnerved, while John lighted the lamp. Then my knight of the dishpan took me into his arms and I—stayed there. I didn't care. It was literally all for love and the world well lost.

"Now, I suppose the masquerade may end," he said a little latter. "And I shall soon know your lovely name."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh," he said, "Do you realy think Sarah Joneses read *Les Miserables*, and hum Mendelssohn's *Songswithout Words*, over the ironing, and speak the purest of English, and have such distracting little pearls of finger-nails?"

"But," I protested feebly, "*You* read *Les Miserables* and speak good English."

"Yes, darling," he said, looking down at me with deep, tender, laughing eyes, "Two can play at your game. But the comedy is over for me also. Now I must go back to my Social Science Club and present my report."

Woman's Club Department.

By Harriet C. Towner.

THE STUDY OF SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

When one stops to think of it, the growing interest of women in public questions is marked. During the last few years, while the "new woman" and the women's club have been regarded by the newspaper paragrapher as his legitimate prey, women in every part of our land have been learning to *think* upon questions which, although of vital importance to themselves and those dear to them, have hitherto been considered quite beyond their province. That this thinking has been done to some purpose is manifested by the intelligent and valuable thought contributed by many women's clubs to the discussion of civic and economic problems. The Chicago Women's Club adopted last year the plan of uniting the six departments of the club into what is known as "The United Study Class" for the study of sociological questions. This plan was so successful that the united study class will continue its work this year, and will have for a central topic, "The Needs of a Great City," the program to include a thorough and comparative study of successful results in various municipalities. In many other localities municipal problems are being discussed by club women. In August the Des Moines Women's Club held a called meeting for the discussion of municipal ownership of the waterworks plant of that city, with a view to voting intelligently on the question; Iowa women being allowed to vote upon all municipal questions involving taxes. Both sides of the question were carefully presented and the discussion was dignified and earnest. Such discussion marks a distinct step forward in the club movement. Not that it is wise for any club to spend its entire time in the study of social and economic problems, any more than for a woman to devote her entire time to study, to the exclusion of other duties, but, whether she admits it or not, every woman has a public work and duty which is the expansion of her personal work and duty in the home, and for this she must be prepared. There is truth, though he puts it harshly, in Ruskin's statement "There is not a war in the world, no, nor an injustice, but you women are answerable for it; not in that you have provoked it, but that you have not hindered. There is no suffering, no injustice, no misery in the world but the guilt of it lies lastly with you. Men can bear the sight of it, but you should not be able to bear it. Men may tread it down without sympathy in their own struggle, but men are feeble in sympathy and contracted in hope; it is you only who can feel the depth of pain and conceive the way of its healing." Ruskin goes on to say that instead of doing this women turn away from it, shutting themselves within their park walls and garden gates, "content to know there is beyond a whole world in wilderness." Happily, this is no longer true; the "park walls and garden gates" are no longer closed and she who lives within is slowly, but with firm and even steps, penetrating the wilderness.

BEAUTIFYING PUBLIC SCHOOLROOMS.

The movement to bring good art into the public schools, and to make more attractive the schoolrooms, is one in which every mother should be interested. The memory of his school environment follows the child through life, influencing him in a thousand subtle ways. Softly tinted walls, with

an intelligent arrangement of suitable casts and good pictures, has a refining influence upon the child nature beyond computation. The "tulip leaf" green, which has been selected after many experiments as the proper tint for the walls of rooms where children study because of its effect upon the eye, is not more expensive and should not be any more difficult to obtain than any other color. Casts which are accurate reproductions of classic and modern sculpture may be secured at prices which are a surprise to those who have never looked into the matter. Fine reproductions of many of the world's great pictures may be obtained at very low prices, several firms having made a most successful effort to produce pictures in facsimile of the finest carbon photographs for the especial use of schools. In communities where the board of education is unwilling, or unable for lack of funds, to do anything in this direction, there can be no better field for effort among club women. The difficult thing with many is to make a beginning, for even where it is not necessary to overcome prejudice, it requires effort to arouse public interest to the point where existing conditions are not thought "good enough." It is perhaps best to begin with pictures A copy of the Sistine Madonna does not look well against a dingy wall or ugly paper, and the necessity for suitably tinted walls is soon realized. A collection of good pictures may be obtained from some of the firms which make a specialty of pictures for schools. These may be used to form an "art exhibit," held in some central locality. A small admission may be charged and tickets put into the hands of the children of the public school, it being understood that each room is to have the proceeds from tickets sold by pupils in that room for the purchase of a picture. This plan stimulates a good-natured rivalry, and the money for the pictures is collected by the children themselves. If well advertised, everyone will be interested. A beginning once made and the interest of the people once awakened, it will not be difficult to do many things in the direction of beautifying the schoolrooms. Nearly every state federation is urging the co-operation of clubs with the public schools. "Whatever we wish to see introduced into the life of a nation," said Baron Von Humboldt, "must first be introduced into the life of its schools."

CLUB PROGRAMS.

The club programs now making their appearance for 1898-9 show a marked advance, in that the work outlined is more concentrated and planned with a view to thoroughness. It is admitted that the average club woman tries to know and do too many things at once, sometimes forgetting that "moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues." She is anxious to be well informed on matters pertaining to art, literature, music, science and philosophy; her enlarged sympathies push her toward philanthropic work, and she soon finds herself studying also economics, politics and physics, covering a field, the scope of which is, when calmly considered, appalling. There are few women who do not realize the importance of knowing a few things well rather then many things superficially, but it requires courage in the face of so many conflicting interests, to choose between them in such a manner that there will be no confusion of aims. It is much better to discern one's limitations than to go beyond them.

STATE FEDERATION MEETINGS.

Nearly every month in the year, except July and August, is marked by the annual meeting of some State federation The State federations of Illinois, Minnesota, Colorado, Nebraska, Ohio and those of several other states will hold meetings in October, and the programs have been prepared with

care. These state meetings are so helpful to all who attend that the attendance increases with each meeting. When club women first began "in convention to assemble," direful results were prophesied, and ruined homes and neglected families were only a few things which it was said would certainly follow. None of these things have happened. Instead, these homes are today happier, better, more sensibly planned and more wisely cared for than ever before. The annual or biennial meeting brings women together from every corner of the state, and gives an incentive and inspiration of great value. The public discussion of subjects in which each club is interested leads inevitably to better methods and higher ideals, and not the least of the benefits derived from the state meetings is the comradeship developed. Massachusetts finds it impossible to condense into one annual meeting the programs of the State Federation and holds four meetings a year. The autumn meeting will be held at New Bedford, and the special subject to be considered is "Sensational Journalism."

Mrs. Emma A. Fox, Recording Secretary of the G. F. W. C., desires to call attention to the fact that the literary report of the Denver biennial is not to be published unless one thousand copies are subscribed for. The price of the volume has been fixed at $1, and the names of subscribers should be sent to Mrs. Emma A. Fox, 21 Bagley avenue, Detroit, Mich.

A number of requests having been received for suggestions for the study of domestic science, the following general outline is submitted:

1. The construction of dwellings—location, relation of rooms, plumbing and drainage, ventilation, heating, lighting.
2. General principles of house furnishing—use and beauty.
3. The composition, value and preparation of foods.
4. Labor-saving methods and utensils.
5. Hygienic clothing
6. Domestic service.
7. Household finance.

As chairman of correspondence for Iowa the editor of this department will be glad to answer any inquiries relating to the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and will furnish application blanks to any club desiring them.

HOME THEMES.

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER.

["I feel that this is my duty and that God has called me to it."—Extract from a letter of a private soldier, afterward killed in battle.]

Peace! Peace to the warrior!
  Cold, cold is his breast!
Far, far in the South-land
  The green swelling tent of his rest.
Over his head wave the branches,
  Oak and palmetto entwine;
North-land and South-land united,
  Knit with the clustering vine.
His was a share in the glory;
  His was a part of the fight.
He heard the call of his country
  Liberty, freedom and right!"
Hearts of a nation enthrone him!
  Souls of a people implore
God to receive him and own him!
  Hero! So rest, evermore!
Ah, but his mother at evening,
  Looks down the road thro' her tears.
Faltering, sees in a vision,
  The loveless, the comfortless years;
Sees them stand beckoning onward,
  Her, his proud mother, alone—
Sobbing she drops to the doorway,
  Laying her lips to the stone—
Here, where he knelt for her blessing;
  Here, where his young footsteps trod;
Here, where he sprang down the pathway,
  Straight to his duty—and God!

Ella Agnes True Conner.

THE TRIALS OF A PHILOSOPHER.

There are undoubtedly moments in the lives of all of us when trusted theories have failed to accomplish the mission whereunto they were sent, when, in the bitterness of disappointment, we wrap ourselves about with gloom as with a garment, and refuse to be comforted.

At such seasons, we review derisively the enthusiasms of yesterday; when in the advocacy of our pet philosophy we discoursed eloquently upon the "silver lining" of dark clouds and listed every phase of mental disquietude among the phantom creations of a world-weary brain.

We recall the exuberance of spirits in which we started out in the morning, armed to meet any foe, and girded with the thought that *serenity* is unfailingly instrumental in the production of equable conditions, and that in lending our aid to the establishment of normal or natural relations between man and Nature, we would be counted as an ethical force in this lower sphere.

If the disciple be a wife and mother, the first opponent which confronted her was, in all probability, a poor breakfast, with its weak coffee and burned muffins; add to this, the insinuation by some male member of the family that the misfortune was attributable to a lack of oversight on the part of the mistress of the house, and a cloud — at least as large as a man's complaint — will ordinarily appear in the domestic sky.

A taunt is one of those nettles which "produce after its kind" so rapidly, that unless it is uprooted as soon as discovered, there is little hope of its immediate extermination, and the poison of its sting has been known to result in that most serious of all home maladies, maternal heart failure.

Wives and mothers are invariably made the bureaus of complaint, information and cheer in every household, and the mother-heart — which is the fountain-head of supply — often needs that quality of reënforcement which is furnished by an appreciative smile or a loving word; surely it enriches alike both the giver and the receiver, and yet how many over-strained little women die for the lack of it; indeed, they are too devotedly resigned to their fate to question it

But supposing that the philosopher's armor sustained or resisted its first attack; that coffee, muffins and thoughtless criticism were viewed in the light of their real importance, and that Patience remained smilingly enthroned upon her traditional monument, is she safe from further assaults, or do greater tests await her?

"Do you believe in a personal devil?" was asked of a clergyman, not long since.

"I certainly do, as I come in contact with him or his work every day," was the reply.

Most of us will admit that either he or one of his near relatives appears often enough in our daily experiences to tax the remedial power of the most sanguine philosophy.

He is no longer the "roaring lion" of biblical days, but a purring one who, patterning after the wily wolf, dons at times the sacred garb of friendship as a disguise.

One of his names is Scandal and it is a pitiful truth that in this department of his labors, he never lacks willing messengers to do his bidding. His archers are unerring marksmen, quick to discover the unprotected and weak places in the emotional breastplate, and to pierce them with their darts.

The heart-thrusts which are received from the swords of trusted friends (whose weapons are sheathed in the shining scabbards of professedly kindly intent) are the most cruel and deadly in their effects, rarely ever healing; while the life-long scar is a constant reminder of the mortal wound dealt to implicit trust.

"Oh for 'the love that thinketh no evil'"! we cry; for one who will

> Be to my faults a little blind,
> And to my virtues not unkind!

Fortunately, for us all, however, Nature, though patient, is intolerant of prolonged indulgence in extremes, as these excesses are sure to produce those miscreative moods which come at last to revel in injustice and unreality; and soon a reactionary and salvationary influence overcomes our prejudices and draws us gently back to a brighter, better and healthier view — "the world, the flesh and the (?)."

Philosophy declares that happiness depends upon our making the best of things as we find them. Shall we discard this master because his counsels too often serve as a balm rather than a preventive of ills? Surely the presence of a remedy — in suggesting its needs — performs its highest mission and will afford ample and timely warning to the wise.

Disassociation with ill-begetting influences, will emancipate the despondent from the slavery of fear and apprehension, and mental vision which has become dimmed and weakened by continuous strain in the search after danger signals, will, under the disillusioning effect of sanguine expectation, see, not only the flower-crowned and sunlit heights of possible attainment, but be made to recognize his joint heirship in these priceless possessions.

Maria Weed.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

IN THE minds of most Americans the War of the Revolution developed but one traitor—Benedict Arnold. But in actual fact the struggle of the colonists for independence developed another traitor whose purposes and deeds equal, if they do not surpass, those of Arnold in bad eminence. Comparatively recent as is the history of our war for the independence of the colonies, and thoroughly as we think we know our country's history, how small would be the percentage of our people who could supply the name of that other traitor whose infamy at least can match that of Benedict Arnold?

***

IN the course of his brilliant address on the unveiling of the monument to the memory of Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star-Spangled Banner," in Frederick, Md., on the 9th of August last, Mr. Henry Watterson used these words:

> Another might have been chosen to lead the Continental armies,—a brilliant and distinguished soldier, but, as we now know, not only a corrupt adventurer, but a traitor, who preceded Arnold, and who, had he been commander of the forces at Valley Forge, would have betrayed his adopted country for the coronet which Washington despised.

To students of the War of the Revolution whose only sources of information are histories and biographies written prior to 1860, it must seem incomprehensible that these words should apply to any one of the historic personages in Washington's army. Sparks, in his biography of Gen. Charles Lee, speaks of the subject of his sketch as "a chivalrous spirit," "a true friend of liberty," but wayward, rash, eccentric, defeating "his own lofty purposes." "It would be ungrateful to say," he adds, "that he did not render to this country, in the time of her trial, important services; it would be futile to deny, that, by his indiscretion and ill-timed vehemence, he contributed much to diminish the respect, which these services might otherwise claim."

This tribute to General Lee's patriotism was rendered in 1846. Would that the truth of history might be thus easily satisfied! But not until the advent of George H. Moore's Memoirs of the Life and Treason of Charles Lee, in 1860, were the unwelcome facts presented to the public, revealing a degree of turpitude beside which Arnold's treason is, to say the least, comprehensible.

***

IT appears that Charles Lee—who is not to be confounded with the other Lees conspicuous in the history of the Revolution—was a disgruntled English officer who, after brief service in the Polish and the Russian army, finally entered the American army, receiving a Major-General's commission. After a conference with a committee appointed at his own request, Congress indemnified him for the loss he alleged to have sustained from renouncing his allegiance to England, appropriating $30,000 for that purpose. After Washington's defeat on Long Island, Lee's ambition to succeed his chief perceptibly developed. After the evacuation of New York he lingered for weeks in Westchester, notwithstanding Washington's urgent commands that he join him in New Jersey. Finally, Lee started; but he inexcusably lingered along the way, utterly disregarding the directions of his chief as to dates and route. While on the way he was surprised and captured by the British.

Down to this event, there is no evidence of other dereliction than negligence and disobedience of orders. But now comes the damning testimony, not brought to light till some eighty years afterwards, that Lee, in order to ensure his own personal safety, assumed

the rôle of traitor. A document has been found bearing Lee's signature,—indorsed by the British Secretary as "Mr. Lee's Plan,"—which submits to the British commander a scheme for the conquest of America, "unhinging and dissolving the whole system of defense." After his exchange and return to the American camp, Lee took reluctant part in the campaign which drove the British back across New Jersey. In the battle of Monmouth his wilful misconduct in ordering a retreat by which the battle was almost lost, in direct disobedience to the command of his chief, who was hurrying to his support, evoked from the commander-in-chief the memorable oath and scathing rebuke which marks the one authenticated exception to Washington's record for perfect command of himself under trying circumstances.

For irresolution and negligence and writing disrespectful letters to his chief, Lee was suspended from command for a year He had expected to be triumphantly acquitted. When Congress ratified the decree, he retired to his Virginia farm and devoted himself chiefly to writing newspaper slurs upon the character of Washington and the conduct of the war. At the end of his term of suspension, an insulting note to Washington compelled the commander-in-chief to peremptorily dismiss him from the service.

***

LEE'S faults and failings were many, and suspicious circumstances raising question as to his loyalty to the cause he had espoused were numerous, but the evidence of his treason rests upon the document developed by Mr. Moore before the New York Historical Society in 1858, and afterwards brought out in the Memoirs already referred to. The authenticity of the document is deemed incontrovertible.* "Mr. Lee's Plan," outlined in general terms, was "the concentration of forces at Annapolis and Alexandria for the purpose of cutting off communication between the Northern and the Southern states; the result of which would be, that while the advance of Burgoyne from the north would give sufficient occupation to New England and New York, Howe could overwhelm the American Army in New Jersey, 'thus unhinging and dissolving the whole system of defense.'"*

While the treason of Arnold was the fall of a brave man whose military record down to the date of his crime was without blemish and unsurpassed in brilliancy of achievement, the treason of Lee, like his career, was cowardly and despicable.

***

THE over-punctuation of books printed a half century and more ago is illustrated in the sentence from Sparks' sketch of Gen. Charles Lee, quoted on another page of Editorial Comment. The quotation there used includes seven commas and one semicolon. The punctuation requirements of the period would be satisfied by striking out all seven commas and the semicolon and dividing the long and chopped up sentence into two sentences, making it read thus:

> It would be ungrateful to say that he did not render to this country in the time of her trial important services. It would be futile to deny that by his indiscretion and ill-timed vehemence he contributed much to diminish the respect which these services might otherwise claim.

***

THIS leads us to answer the oft-put question: "Whose punctuation do you follow?" The answer is, Our own. Unlike D'Israeli's alleged "sensible men,"—who, when asked what their religion is, "never tell,"—we are willing and glad to tell what our rule of punctuation is. Here you have it in few words:

1. Never use a comma if "the wayfaring man, though a fool," can grasp the meaning of the text without it.

2. Never use a semicolon when a comma will serve the author and the reader as well.

*We quote from Appleton's American Cyclopedia, Vol. V, 1872.

3. Never use a colon when a semicolon will serve as well.

4. Wherever there is no climacteric effect to be preserved, cut up your semicoloned and coloned sentence into short sentences.

5. Use commas and periods as your standbys.

6. Use the semicolon chiefly to better express antithesis, and to group phrases and clauses.

7. Use the colon chiefly in formal enumeration, after "viz," "as follows," and the like.

8. Use the dash to indicate an abrupt break in the sentence, an afterthought, and, in many instances where in old times the parenthesis was used, to indicate that the words included are parenthetically employed.

9. Use the parenthesis only when you find dashes are not sufficiently exclusive.

10. Never use brackets except where you insert some word of your own in a quotation from some other author.

11. Never use an interrogation point except when your question is direct; *e. g.* it would be improper to use it after "girl" in this sentence: "He asked what ailed the girl."

12. Use an exclamation point whenever you want to, but don't want to overmuch. An over-use of the exclamation point, like the over-use of italics, seriously weakens. Used temperately, the exclamation is strengthening.

These are our rules to-day. To-morrow, if we see any new light we shall follow it. But we are not likely to stray far away from the course above marked out. Punctuation, like sentence-making, becomes second nature after while. In punctuation as in sentence-making, we do well or ill as we succeed or fail in presenting our thought in fewest words. The words should be so chosen and arranged as to develop our meaning, our whole meaning and nothing but our meaning.

***

SPEAKING of "the wayfaring man," we recall a story heard years ago in Missouri. It was given a local application; but one never knows the age or actual birthplace of the local story he hears. In an address to a candidate for the ministry, the preacher declared the truths of the Gospel to be so plain and easy of interpretation, that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein—. Here the preacher, being somewhat of a logician and therefore nothing if not on the defensive, fortified his declaration by adding:—"provided he be a reasonably intelligent man!"

***

A WRITER in the *Saturday Review* suggests that Spain "raise the wind" by offering her art treasures for sale. That device would surely succeed in putting money into Spain's empty purse, but at what a cost! No country is poor that has laid up for itself treasures in art—real art. Every year adds to their value. This writer tells us that in the Royal Picture Gallery at Madrid there are over two thousand canvases, and among these many of the most beautiful and famous pictures ever painted. Here, for instance, are ten paintings by Raphael, forty-six by Murillo, sixty-four by Velasquez, twenty-two by Van Dyck, sixty-two by Rubens, forty-three by Titian, twenty-five by Paul Veronese, and ten by Claude Lorraine. No one could hope to make such a collection now. It is estimated that the two thousand paintings are easily worth $200,000,000. Spain is not likely to act on the suggestion. The sale of such a collection to relieve a temporary embarrassment would be as contemptible as the sale of family portraits to gratify individual extravagances.

***

GREAT BRITAIN has wisely followed the counsel of George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, the "Halifax" of the reign of Charles II and of William and Mary. Whenever he was driven from court or impelled by his own caution to seek the security of private life, Halifax handily turned his attention to pam-

phleteering. In 1694 he wrote his "Rough Draft of a New Model at Sea," containing, among many other notable passages, the admonition that "the first article of an Englishman's political creed must be that he believed in the sea; for it may be said to England, Martha, Martha, thou art busy about many things, but one thing is necessary. To the question what shall we do and be saved in this world, there is no answer but this, Look to your moat." More than two hundred years have since elapsed, and England is looking to her moat more closely than ever before, and woe to the power that threatens that

> "Fortress built by Nature for herself
> Against infection and the hand of War."

In using the word "moat" in this connection doubtless Halifax had in mind Gaunt's splendid tribute to England in Richard II, in which the sea is mentioned as a wall,

> "Or as a moat defensive to a house,
> Against the envy of less happier lands."

***

DR. JOHN HALL, whose death occurred on the 17th of September, was a man of ponderous brain and body, but gentle as a child. With the suggestion of a resemblance to Colonel Ingersoll, in physique and in manner, there was no other known resemblance than in his love for men, and for the beautiful in nature and art, and his high appreciation of the domestic virtues. Doctor Hall accepted in faith and on trust the whole Gospel, and was not disturbed by any of the old doubt-provokers to be found in Old Testament Scriptures. Colonel Ingersoll accepts nothing in faith and on trust, whether in the Bible or out of the Bible. Doctor Hall spent his life trying to build up, being perfectly satisfied as to the foundations of his faith. Colonel Ingersoll would build up; but is not satisfied with the foundations prepared for him, and is spending his best years in trying to pull them down that they who come after him may lay new foundations.

GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Octave Thanet's labor stories, which have been running in *Scribner's*, are to appear in book form under the title "The Heart of Toil."

Maj S. H. M. Byers contributes to the New York *Saturday Review* of September 10th a delightful sketch of Lord Byron's summer in Switzerland.

Harper & Brothers have accepted for publication a volume of Danish fairy and folk tales prepared by Mr. J. Christian Bay, of Des Moines The tales were gathered from a number of sources, oral and written, and will be illustrated partly from Danish drawings, partly from new ones made expressly for the book. The volume will be published by both the New York and the London branch of the Harpers.

Andrew Lang is trying to find just what it is in *Quo Vadis* that the public likes so well.

Mr. Lang thinks the "New Testament Novels" of the period exactly answer in our day to the old dramas in which biblical history was acted in miracle and mystery plays, filling up the spaces which the imagination leaves vacant, and show the characters in real dresses and properties.

Mr. Lang is not recognizable if not satirical, and the dear unknowing ones are his daily food. Hear him! Speaking of the public he says: "It likes to read a lively sketch of an Apostle at home. Peter's wife's mother would make good 'copy;' also the treatment of Peter's wife by the local medical man."

Here even the all-knowing Andrew Lang's memory slipped a cog. If he had turned to his Bible he would have found that it was not Peter's wife, but Peter's mother-in-law, who was very low with the fever.

M. Rostand, author of the poetical play "Cyrano de Bergerac," promises to be the greatest luminary that is to light up the darkness of these last nights of the Nineteenth Century. Though critics still incline to credit the phenomenal success of his drama to the genius of M Coynelin chiefly, yet, nevertheless, the play continues to grow in public grace, and the genius of its author is reluctantly acknowledged by many who at first withheld the word of praise. M. Rostand is only 29 years old. Augustin Tilon, in *Fortnightly Review*, concluded his adoration of the newly discovered genius in these words: "I

do not shrink from saying that Cyrano is France, France at her best, France at the culminating point of her genius"

There seems to be a genuine revival of interest in Jane Austen. One of the incidentals of turning over again the pages thumbed by our grandmothers is the enforced comparison between the English of Jane Austen and that of her present-day successors. There is little difference worth noting; but now and then one comes upon such an unaccountably bad sentence as this (from Chapter X of "Persuasion"): "Anne admired again the sort of necessity which the family habits seemed to produce, of everything *having to be* communicated, and everything *having to be* done together, however undesired and inconvenient."

Henry James is safe—for a time, at least—for Mr. Garland is far, far away in the Upper Yukon country. Mr. James finds in Hamlin Garland "a case of saturation so precious as to have almost the value of genius." And again, "I express his price to my own taste, with all honor, if I call him the soaked sponge of Wisconsin."

Paul Leicester Lord points out a distinction which needs to be borne in mind in this day of many historical novels, good and bad. "A novel is historical or unhistorical" he says, "because it embodies or does not embody the real feelings and tendencies of the age or generation it attempts to depict, and in no sense because the events it records have happened or the people it describes have lived. . . . The events and characters must be typical, not exceptional, to give it the atmosphere which, to another generation, shall make it seem more than a mere created fancy."

Blanche Roosevelt, the Marchesa d' Alligrilli, singer and author, died in London on the 10th of September. This woman's short career was Americanesque—that is, varied. Her real name was Blanche Isabella Pauline Tucker. She was born in Sandusky less than forty years ago. Her father had charge of Camp Douglas, Chicago, during the last years of the war. Blanche was a beautiful girl with a voice of rare possibilities. The generous souled Franc B. Wilkie sent the girl to Paris to be educated. After a not wholly successful career on the stage, Blanche married Marquis d' Alligrilli. Among her friends was Longfellow, and under his supervision she wrote her first book, "Home Life of Longfellow." Her life of Doré won for her a decoration from the French Institute. During her residence in the French Capital her beauty won for her the reputation of being the most beautiful woman in Paris Had Blanche Roosevelt possessed less of physical beauty, her intellectual life doubtless would have been more productive. But "beauty is its own excuse for being," and there are compensations.

The death of "Winnie" Davis removes from American literature one of its most promising contributors. The name of Varenna Anne Jefferson Davis was slowly and surely winning its way, and almost wholly on the merits of the novels to which it was attached. "The Veiled Doctor," and "A Romance of Summer Seas" promise to hold a permanent place—though several removes from the highest—in American literature. "The Daughter of the Confederacy," as she was called, was beloved by her friends in the North for her own sake and by everybody in the South, not only because of her beautiful character and charming personality, but also because of her association with the Lost Cause and her close relation with the leader of that cause.

"Gutter Scotch!" Gracious heavens! Is the confidence of millions in the perfection of dialect used by the new school of Scotch novelists to be rudely destroyed by the Scottish Text Society? At a recent meeting of that society, Chairman Findlay urged the necessity of doing something at once to save the Gaelic language from hopeless amalgamation with the slang of the gutter. The new school of Scotch fiction Mr. Findlay ungraciously terms the Kailyard school—which, translated into our English, means the cabbage-garden school! And certain especial favorites of American lovers of the Scotch-English fiction of the period—are tabooed as gutter Scotch! It takes a Scotchman to scientifically do a Scotchman.

Edward E. Hale, Jr., likes John Jay Chapman's essay on Browning; but disapproves of his treatment of Whitman and Stevenson. Mr. Hale saddens some of us who think we know Browning in part, by endorsing Mr. Chapman's belief that the great mass of Browning will, in future, be rediscovered by be-

lated sufferers from the philosophy of the Nineteenth Century.

Mr Chapman thinks it is Stevenson's style that attracts. Mr. Hale, still prodigal with his red apples—kept in stock for better purposes—says (we quote from *The Dial* of September 1st), "I would bet a large, red apple that about nine-tenths of those who delight in Stevenson have no suspicion that he 'has style' and would regard it as a blemish if the notion occurred to them."

May not Mr. Chapman be wholly right and yet Mr. Hale be in no danger of losing his bet? If simplicity and perspicuity are not essentials to style, and if these are not the qualities to which the masses who read books have ever responded, knowingly or unknowingly, then we shall have to call on Mr. Hale to give us his new definition of style, and his secret as to the power of Stevenson if it be not the simplicity and perspicuity of his narrative.

Mr. Hale says that while the Emerson and Browning cults are now accepted, and are no longer annoying, the Whitman cult and the Stevenson cult are not accepted, but are still on the offensive, so far as they are cults at all.

The number of Stevenson's readers and admirers is certainly on the increase. But so simple and vivid is the Stevenson style that no two or three are prompted to gather in his name and study his text. Stevenson is his own interpreter.

It is not so with Browning—it is not so with Whitman. Both these poets and philosophers either consciously or unconsciously clothe their thoughts and fancies in obscurities, in mysteries. There is, we think, abundant evidence in the writings of both that they at least regarded with complacency the complaints of their friends and the censure of their enemies on the obscurities of much of their text. Whitman somewhere compares his own mysticism to that of the Almighty as found in His works.

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

The second number of *The Critic* in its monthly-magazine form is so interesting as to almost drown our sorrow over the loss of its once-a-week visits.

Newspaper readers will readily recall the thrilling accounts published by the Associated Press, of the destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet. September *McClure's* enables the writers of these accounts, Mr. George E. Graham on the Brooklyn, and Mr. W. S. M. Goode on the New York, to deliberately retell their story.

The New York *Ledger* is making the mistake of its life-time—changing from a weekly to a monthly. The *Ledger* constituency is of an insistent kind that find a week a long time to wait for the next installments of its continued stories.

TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

Enclosed find short original poem which I hope you may think available for your magazine, though, perhaps nothing is acceptable that does not come from a regular contributor.

The nine volumes of this magazine include hundreds of poems and nearly all of them are by contributors whose names appear but once. The only regular contributors to THE MIDLAND are, Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Weed, Mrs. Towner, and a few others who do departmental work.

As I was born but a few miles from Des Moines I feel that I have a right to be in the magazine.

The birthplace of a writer "has nothing to do with the case."

This is the first time I have tried to write anything and I don't know as it is of any merit, but you will know of course. I would not want my real name printed, so it will be no use to write it.

You have taken a most effectual way to keep your name out of print—and your manuscript also.

CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

REMBRANDT (1607–1669).

Rembrandt Harmens van Rijn was born at Leyden, July 15, 1607. His father was a miller of some means and, Rembrandt being the fourth son, it was decided in the family to give him a liberal education, fitting him for a learned profession. At the high school he soon manifested his decided talent, and also his determination to be a painter. In those days painters were men of value to church and society. Kings and prelates delighted to do them honor. A boy with a genius for

art was not discouraged, but at once placed with instructors that he might early master the language of art expression. For three years Rembrandt studied with a teacher of ordinary merit, probably recognizing his own superiority, but content to gain what he could from tradition. Six months with Tastman of Amsterdam, a man of more power, completed his academical training; from henceforth nature, and nature alone, was to be his inspiration, his instructor.

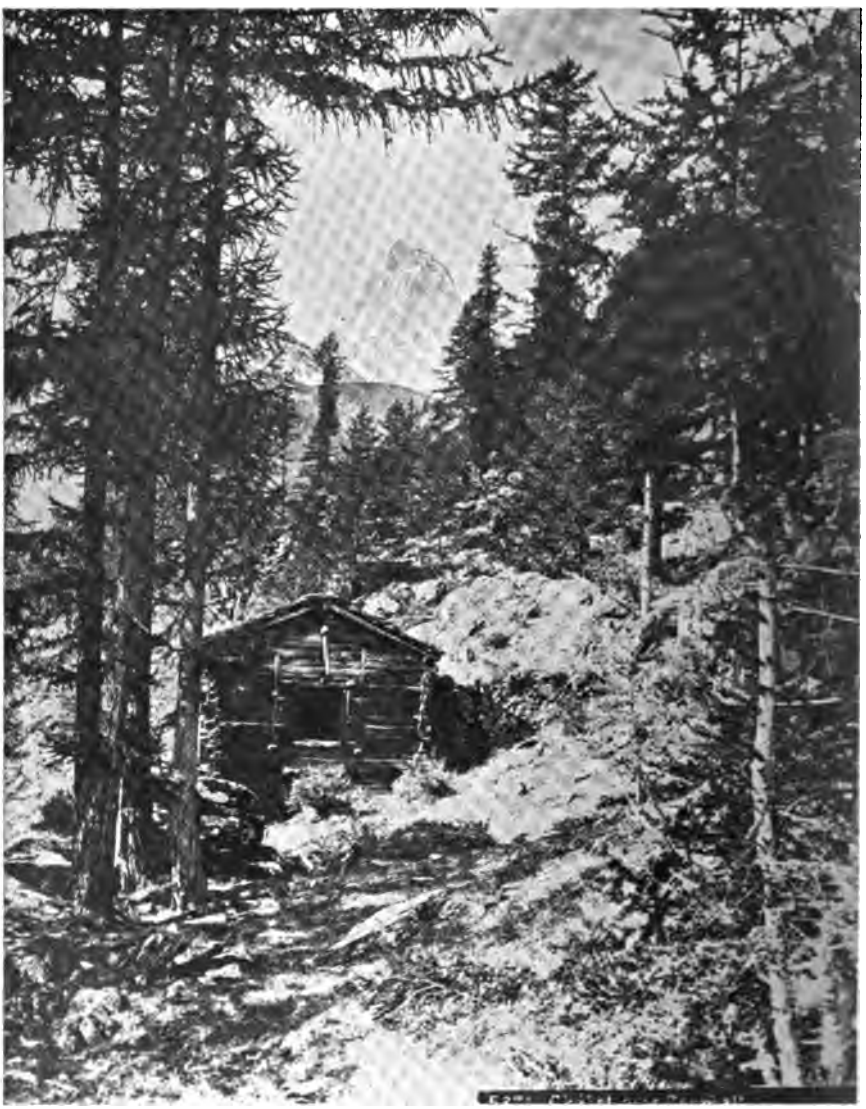
In these early days his mother, his sister, his own face in a mirror were his models, constantly recurring and painted with the excellent results which familiarity with one model brings to the painstaking student.

He found inspiration and encouragement in these gentle women of his home and never did his love for them waver, nor was his duty to them forgotten in after years of success and happiness with his beautiful wife, Saskia. Urgently requested to come to Amsterdam, he went in 1631, and at the age of 23 became the first portrait painter of Amsterdam. The incidents of his life, its brilliant beginning, its happy flowering in the sunshine of love and wealth and fame; its loss and sorrow and sin in the darker years that followed need not be repeated in this brief note. His life was a romance, surrounded by the picturesque setting of the Seventeenth Century. Through it all to the end his hand never faltered, his purpose never swerved; to paint always and ever for the highest and best expression possible — to give the world the glories he saw of light, color and form, even when all light and glory save that of fame, was gone out forever from his individual life.

Rembrandt's earlier work has a prevailing tone of greenish-gray; it lacks color, though the effects of light and dark are most carefully thought out and strongly expressed. To this earlier period belongs the "Lesson in Anatomy" of The Hague. This picture is rather disappointing to one who has formed his ideas from fine photographs of later work, and from that splendid head of "The Gilder" in our museum at New York. Painted when only 25 years of age it is a marvel, but it leaves the "spectator" cold and unmoved. We wonder at the life which permeates that little group around the handsome Dr. Tulp, and one also wonders if the medical students of that time were such elegant gentlemen as this picture represents them to have been. We look in vain here for the color, the glow, the intense light and dark of our ideal Rembrandt. To find this in its perfection we must enter the gallery at Amsterdam. The "Night Watch," more correctly the "Sortie of the Banning Cock Company," hangs at the end of a long gallery, empty of paintings, out of which lead alcoves where one may study the painter's contemporaries. At the end an immense curtain, hanging from an arch of great height, hides all but the outward rush of this gallant company from its club house. All is movement, life, gaity and military glory. A pageant of that buried century is caught and held forever on the canvas, 'though all who made its glory, and the hand that snatched the moment from oblivion, are dust and ashes. It is not a picture; it is a living representation, although the "light that never was on land or sea" fills the canvas After the first impression of surprise and delight we wonder how daylight could ever have been translated into that jeweled glare. It is like electric light shining through stained glass windows on a background of night and mystery. In the Amsterdam gallery hangs the portrait of an old Dutch dame. This figure is so instinct with life that it appears to an imaginative on-looker to breathe, or as if the last breath were just drawn and you wait an instant for the next. I saw but two portraits in all Europe that have this quality and they were both by this master—the "Madam Bas" and the "Burgermaster Six" of the collection at the House of the Burgermaster Six, who was so long Rembrandt's friend and patron. This portrait seems to embody all the study and experience of years in one sudden moment of inspiration, struck off at white heat; it has the dash of Franz Hals, added to the unapproachable solidity, finish and elegance of Rembrandt.

The work of Rembrandt has a quality of soul, the "spirituelle" of the French expression, something entirely different from our word spirituality or ideality. High thinking and noble feeling are everywhere prerent in his work and there is little that is not of first rank. Never for a moment do we detect the coarseness of Rubens, though often we meet the richness of color, the opalesce quality of shadow which is Ruben's especial mark of greatness.

There be many prophets in art, but surely a greater has never arisen than Rembrandt van Rijn of Leyden.



A SWISS SHEPHERD'S HUT ON THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN—THE MATTERHORN IN THE DISTANCE.

[See "Two Midlanders Among the Alps."]

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

VOLUME X. NOVEMBER, 1898. NUMBER 5.

THE VILLAGE OF SIMPLON.

TWO MIDLANDERS AMONG THE ALPS.

BY B. J. THOMPSON.

AFTER a month in Italy "doing" everything from Naples to Milan, one begins to feel the need of fresh air and something besides ruins, statuary and painted Madonnas. We had landed at Naples in good health and in excellent spirits, with nothing more to worry us than the probable chances we had of retaining our personal effects among the Italians, now especially voracious because of the light crop of American tourists. The mental strain produced by trying to see in a month everything it had taken 3,000 years of the world's history to produce, aggravated by a constant effort on the part of cab drivers, beggars and hotel "attachés" to relieve us of all our worldly possessions, put us in excellent condition for the mountains and something as verdant as ourselves.

After three days on the beautiful Italian lakes amid some of the most picturesque scenery in Europe, we took the train from Pallanza at the foot of Lago Maggiore for Domo d' Ossola, a little village lying at the foot of the Alps at the Italian end of the Simplon Pass. Early the next morning we started over the pass—the famous road built by Napoleon Bonaparte over the Alps in 1806 to facilitate his military campaigns in Italy and Egypt. Our carriage with two little horses started up the steep road about seven in the morning. We reached the side of the mountains and were soon sweltering along the bottom of gorges and ravines,

[The entire contents of this number copyrighted by Conaway & Shaw, 1898.
All rights reserved.]

with a burning sun beating down between rocky walls that rose thousands of feet straight above us on either side.

The heat was intense and there was not a breath of air. The road was steep and narrow, and our two little mountain climbers were foaming with sweat as they slowly pulled us up the steep incline.

At 2 P. M. we reached the little village of Simplon at an elevation of 5,000 feet, where we stopped for luncheon and a rest for the horses. After leaving the inn we soon reached the snow line. The wind began to blow and the extreme heat of the ravines below quickly gave place to cold and frost. We gladly put on the coats and overcoats discarded below and began to run behind the carriage to keep warm. From here on up to the summit of the pass, 7,000 feet above the sea level, the road wound back and forth through great banks of snow, sometimes tunneling avalanches that had come down from the mountains above, completely covering the pass. The view from the summit is truly magnificent. On every side great snow-clad peaks tower on up thousands of feet. A sea of snow and ice stretches away as far as the eye can reach, broken here and there into huge waves by masses of rock, bleak and ragged. Not a sign of life; not a tree or bush—perfect silence,—the cold glitter of the ice and the grim, barren monuments of rock amid eternal snows.

Below we could indistinctly trace the little streams from the melting glaciers, winding away like silver threads at the bottoms of the gorges. The descent into Switzerland at once enters the most difficult and dangerous part of the pass. The road tunnels through avalanches of snow and ice that have completely covered the pass in many places. In others huge galleries of rock have been built over the road to protect it from the violence of storms and the avalanches of snow and rock from above. Over one of these—the Wasser Gallery—dashes a mountain stream in its almost perpendicular descent to the valley below, the rocky gallery poorly protecting us from the spray as we rode through. The long, hard drive to the

ROAD OVER THE SIMPLON—REFUGE No. 9.

OVER THE SIMPLON PASS—"THE FASTEST DOWN-GRADE TEAM ON EARTH."

top had taken us nearly ten hours. Our Swiss driver, quite cold from exposure to the icy winds, now began to warm up in the approved manner of the country, viz., by very frequent interviews with the large-sized bottle always on hand. With his temperature rose his spirits, and with a probable desire to show us some extra consideration, began one of the most exciting drives it has ever been my fortune to experience. The team he was driving, it seemed, was his own property, a rare thing in poverty-stricken Italy.

While it had been impossible to proceed faster than a slow walk coming up the steep climb on the other side, he did not want us to leave Italy thinking that his noble steeds were incapable of anything faster. The first few miles in the snow mattered little, but when we reached the dry road skirting the face of the mountains, at the very edge of precipices whose terrible depths we were able to see at almost every turn of the road, the pace became a trifle fast for our Anglo-Saxon temperament.

Requests to drive slower were frigidly unheeded. He wanted to have us understand, to everlastingly impress on our minds that he had the fastest "down grade" horses in all Europe—and he succeeded. Around curves in the road, barely wide enough for our carriage, we swept like all-possessed.

In places the rapid descent made the turns so sharp that the back wheels in going around so fast would swing out to within a few inches of the edge of the precipice, giving us an excellent view of the gulf below. We acknowledged that the view was inspiring, but a trifle too hair-raising. What with hanging on to the carriage and catching my breath as we would shave to the edge of one of those bottomless pits, I had no time for going into raptures over views that under the circumstances

were not calculated to increase the pleasure of the drive.

The endurance of those horses was astonishing. The driver had just cause to feel proud of them. The pace never slackened for an instant, except an occasional halt to enable the driver to take another drink. With whip in one hand and the reins in the other, he made a record from the top of the Simplon to Brieg that he need not be ashamed of. There is only one quicker way down, and that is to jump off.

This was our first experience in the mountains. It was thrilling, to say the least, and we decided that we must see more. Our experience in *real mountain climbing* had been limited. We had gazed at the tops of the Alps from the decks of lake steamers for days at a time; we had watched their rocky walls and snow-clad peaks from car windows; we had been comfortably carried up the side of Mt. Salvator in the car of the funicular road and had ridden up Vesuvius. After this most extensive experience in "*climbing*," we began to wonder how the impression had gotten abroad that those Alps were difficult things to get on top of. In fact, I remember that we congratulated ourselves on being quite well seasoned mountain climbers as we left Brieg for Zermatt, lying at the foot of the giants of the Alps, the Breithorn, Matterhorn, Mt. Rosa and the Dome.

It remains to be seen how little one is apt to know of the other fellow's business.

After going over the Simplon, we were not exactly weeping like Alexander, but we had our eyes open for new worlds. There were several at Zermatt of which we had often heard, and off we started for more experience. If there was a shadow of a doubt in my mind as to the advisability of our trying first the most difficult and dangerous mountain in Europe, it was quickly dispelled by George's supreme confi-

THE VALLEY OF THE VISP—MATTERHORN AND ZERMATT AT UPPER RIGHT.

ACROSS A GLACIER—A CLIMB IN THE SNOW.

dence in his knowledge, ability and experience in mountain climbing. "Why, my boy, all in the world you have to do is to follow the path. I know how to walk; learned that early in life, and that's all that one needs to know," was his caustic reply to my only doubting inquiry.

We had been told by everyone that the Matterhorn was the most difficult to climb—quite dangerous and only attempted by a very few. That was enough. We would climb the Matterhorn or nothing.

We had been raised on the prairies of Iowa, had come 4,000 miles to see mountains, and didn't propose to leave without seeing them, from the top of the center-pole to the edge of the tent.

As soon as we reached Zermatt we hunted up a guide and proceeded to inform him that on the following morning we were going to start for the top of the Matterhorn and would like to have him go with us—more as a matter of form than anything else—and show us the shortest way. Imagine our surprise when we were politely informed that he could not accompany us for any consideration. "I was born among these mountains," said he, "have lived on them for thirty-eight years, and have acted as guide among those peaks up there for the last twelve years. That, sir, is my business, but you don't get me on the side of *that* mountain this time of the year. No, sir, young men, it's too dangerous, and will be for weeks, until enough snow has melted to make it possible to get a foothold on the rocks. It's just possible that I can get you to the top of the Breithorn with the help of another guide if you think you can stand the climb."

Further investigation developed the fact that it has been but a comparatively short time since that ill-fated party made the first ascent of the Matterhorn, when three young men and two guides fell from near the top and were killed 4,000 feet below—an almost perpendicular fall. One, alone, of that party, returned to tell the story.

I must confess that our ardor was a bit cooled. A few minutes later, in going to our hotel, we passed a little cemetery containing the remains of nearly an hundred who lost their lives in trying to reach the top of these mountains. The temperature of our zeal went down another degree or two. It began to be evident that mountain climbing among these higher peaks was quite serious business, and *anything* but a Sunday school picnic. We also learned later that most of the people who flock to these hotels in the summer, great parties of whom we saw coming down from the mountains each evening, clad in the most complete and approved mountain suits, with all the climbing paraphernalia imaginable, rarely get any higher than where the snow begins, and do not attempt the difficult summits. We were not to be discouraged, however, and by noon of the next day we were ready to set out with our two guides, for the top of the Breithorn, having an elevation of 14,000 feet. On the backs of our two guides was packed the extra clothing necessary for the extreme cold that we were to encounter at the top, including heavy woolen leggings, mittens and overcoats, besides the ice-axes, ropes, and provisions for four. We left the village soon after 1 o'clock, taking a well-defined path across the pasture lands at the foot of the mountains,

THE BREITHORN—A DIFFICULT AND DANGEROUS PIECE OF CLIMBING.

which brought us to a little plateau overlooking the village after half an hour's walk. Here the real work began. Following around the base of the mountains the path began to ascend rapidly, and we were soon working up the steep slope, crossing back and forth the face of the mountain. This brought us into the heaviest of the forest, which forms a belt around the mountains almost to the snow line. From the valley below, these forests of pines, 60 to 100

ROAD CUT THROUGH THE ALPS BY NAPOLEON IN 1806—SHOWING ONE OF THE GALLERIES CALLED "KALTWASSER GALLERIE," AND SOME BEAUTIFUL WATERFALLS.

feet high, completely hide the ragged, crevassed face of the rocky walls, and give them the appearance of smooth, grass-grown lawns,—so great is the distance. Once above the trees we crossed a deep ravine, at the bottom of which plunged the muddy waters of a glacier stream. At this point the most difficult and dangerous part of the ascent began, and every sign of a path or trail disappeared.

In front of us for nearly 1,000 feet towered an almost perpendicular wall of clay, boulders and loose rock. The soil was slippery from rains, and the loose rock made the footing insecure and difficult. Slowly and very carefully the first guide started up the slippery hill, testing every step to see that the footing was secure and that the loose rocks would not give way—the most serious thing that could happen. We followed as closely as possible, the second guide bringing up the rear, ready to help either one of us unfortunate enough to fall. The climb became so steep in places that my head was on a level with the feet of the guide in front, when I followed closely. For nearly an hour we worked carefully up this treacherous pass, using hands, arms and feet in pulling ourselves up some of the most difficult places.

After nothing worse than a bad scare or two as a loose stone let me start down what might easily have been a fall of 1,000 feet, we reached a little plateau where the ice and snow fields began. At this elevation all signs of life disappear. The valley below had faded away. We had reached the clouds and were beginning to feel their mists. Great banks of snow, piled high on every side, stretched far on up to the peaks above, clothing their bleak sides in a mantle of perfect white. Away below us, to the left, spread the seared and crevassed ice fields of the Garner-Grat Glacier. Before us to the right the ragged Matterhorn reared its

ROPED TOGETHER—A CREVASSE IN ONE OF THE GLACIERS.

massive crest, sharp and wild. To the left the majestic peak of the Breithorn towered bleak and barren, — behind and beyond a panorama of peaks and glaciers of snow and ice that is never seen from the valley below. I had admired from below all the view; it was there a beautiful landscape. Here it became sublime. We were with Nature alone, and she spread before us her grandest masterpieces, the glory and majesty of which one never gets from below. We had been climbing now two hours or more and were only too glad when the guide halted to let us exchange our lighter shoes for the immense things they had brought for us to use on the ice above. They were great, heavy, thick-soled shoes, each weighing about six pounds, the soles being thickly studded with nails to avoid slipping. From this point to the top we were continually in the snow and ice. The heat of the afternoon had softened the snow so that we sank in to the knees at every step. The heavy shoes, the severe exertion coming up the steep climb on the rocks below, and now the added strain of walking in snow to the knees, began to tell on us. Soon we were so fatigued that each step was slow and painful. We were plodding along, trying to keep up with the guide as long as we could, then sink down in the snow and rest. The steep sides of the mountains, all white with snow, make distances very deceiving. As we worked on up, sometimes with hands as well as feet, when the climb became too steep, we began to look longingly for the hut that the guide had told us would be our refuge for the night. He had pointed out a peak on up above, behind which he said we would find it. It did not look far, but we were to learn our mistake by another hard hour's climb. Both of us were becoming very much exhausted from the long climb, and the severe strain was telling on us at every step. Time and again on that last climb

BREAKFAST IN THE SNOW — ALTITUDE 13,000 FEET — NEAR THE TOP OF THE BREITHORN.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS ON THE BREITHORN.

one or the other of us would stop from exhaustion and sink down in the snow for a moment's rest before we could proceed. After a last hard pull we reached the top of an almost perpendicular snow climb, staggered into the hut and fell down on the floor, too exhausted to care for the dirt and slime all over it.

From 9 until 4 o'clock the next morning we slept. It seemed that I had just closed my eyes when the guides called us. After drinking a little black coffee we started on. The summit was yet four hours of hard climbing further up. As soon as we left the hut we were all roped together. One guide at the head tied the end securely around his waist, about ten feet back the rope was tied around me; George came next, and the second guide at the other end. This precaution is taken to avoid serious accidents resulting from crossing the glacier, several of which we were compelled to go over.

These immense fields of ice are full of crevices and cracks hundreds of feet deep. During the winter these crevices become covered with a thin crust of snow, forming a bridge over these dangerous spots. As the snow entirely covers the glacier, there is no way of telling where the crevices are until some unfortunate has broken through and gone down. During the early hours of the morning the crust is frozen and they can generally be crossed with safety. It was bitter cold as we started on to the top. The wind and ice at this altitude (10,000 feet) made the air very cold and we were glad to put on all the extra clothing brought up. The climb on up to the summit was without any serious accidents, although it was most fatiguing. At 8 o'clock we were at the top, after four hours of most severe climbing. Over some of the ledges, steps had to be cut in the ice before one could get a foothold, the incline being so steep.

At this altitude (nearly 14,000 feet) the air is so rare that breathing is difficult. My heart was beating like a Waterbury, and my breath was coming almost in gasps. As we clambered up the last sharp climb we both sank down in the snow completely exhausted. The climb to the summit, from Zermatt, had taken us from 1 o'clock the day before. We had never climbed a moun-

tain before, had taken no exercise to get in condition for this one, and in consequence we were both badly used up. The experience was a severe one, but luckily resulted in nothing worse than a few blisters and some lame muscles that lasted but a day or two. Had I been offered a fortune, when we finally were back to the hut, to turn around and go up again to the summit, I should have laughed at it. We had had the experience, but one was enough. I never heard a word from George after that, expressing a desire to go up another, and I think I have been fully as reticent on the subject myself. Yet the grandeur of the mountains, their wonderful magnitude and their sublime beauty cannot be understood, cannot be felt in any other way. The descent was much quicker and easier. Some of the long, steep climbs that we had labored over coming up, we coasted down like a streak in going back. At 5 o'clock that afternoon we were again in Zermatt, tired, hungry and almost used up. We had made the second ascent of the year. As we left the little town the next morning, and the huge proportions of those mountains began to fade away, I remember hearing George say: "I think I've had enough mountain climbing to last me the rest of my life."

THANKSGIVING.

The day is drear, a bleak November day;—
Its chilling winds sweep through the leafless trees,
The dust in clouds is whirled along the streets,
Where, shivering in the cold, are worthy poor,—
The cripple, creeping on his hands and knees,
The sightless, singing for the pittance given,
The mother, asking bread to feed her child,—
I see them all, I feel the withering blasts,
But open hand nor heart to give relief.

Night comes, I lack not bread nor wine,
The evening lamp gives forth its radiant light;
The glowing hearth its cheerful warmth affords,
The dear ones all their loving greetings give,
And I give thanks for gifts to me and mine.
Alas, alas, the gracious Giver knows
I nothing gave to those I saw in need—
Can He accept the thanks I give to Him?

Charles A. J. Marsh.

AVALON, SANTA CATALINA ISLAND, CALIFORNIA.

THROUGH A GLASS-BOTTOM BOAT.

BY S. M. KENNEDY.

LYING off the California coast, about thirty miles from San Pedro, is an island which to all appearance looks as if it once were a portion of one of the mountain ranges on the main land, that had torn itself away and floated out to sea. It has a length of twenty-two miles and abounds in great mountains with lofty peaks, fairy-like cañons, deep gorges, stupendous rock cliffs and beautiful coves. A picturesque bit of the world by itself is Santa Catalina, with scenery and climate peculiarly its own. Towards the southeasterly end of the island is the little town of Avalon, situated on the bay of the same name, a rendezvous for fishermen from all corners of the earth. Wonderful are the waters of Avalon, blue as an Italian sky and almost as transparent as the air itself. Evidently they are appreciated by the finny tribe, for in them the game fish of the Pacific seem to congregate.

Here, by means of glass-bottom boats, they have a pleasing way of demonstrating that there are "as good fish in the sea as ever were caught." These boats are constructed much like any other, except that in the center they have a sort of well about two feet in width and twelve feet long, the bottom of which is made of clear glass three-eighths of an inch thick. Over the boat there is a canopy or awning which serves a dual purpose in keeping the sun's rays from striking the heads of the passengers and in preventing any reflection from the light above, when they are gazing into the depths.

Through this invisible bottom, one may look down into a hundred feet of transparency, down into nature's vast aquarium and marine gardens, and watch the denizens of the ocean in their own homes. So marvelously clear is the water that one may distinguish the smallest objects at a great depth. As the boat moves easily along we can see vast forests of gorgeous kelp, with water diamonds sparkling on their leaves, and constantly swayed to and fro by the action of the currents. Our course carries us over submarine hills, valleys, gorges and precipices, which, in shape, appear much like those on the island close at hand, but in their exquisite shadings they look as if the wand of a magician had touched them.

Here are emerald weeds and dainty sea ferns and mosses; there are gged rocks, multi-colored ebb les and odd looking shells; yonder is a sandy plain with a sparkling brightness second only to the noonday sun. And in and out and among them all are a myriad fishes—blue, brown, gold and flaming red, darting here and there or lolling .ong lazily, just as we may see men and women on the streets of any city. Look! there are half a dozen lobsters sunning themselves on the top of a rock with fifty feet of water above them. That queer looking thing hiding near by is a sea urchin. There is an octopus groping along with its creepy looking feelers, and a little behind it comes a round-faced sunfish. This creature seems to have no tail, but is all head like the man in the moon. On the bottom, far below, is another representative of the airy regions—its shape tells the name, for a child would know it to be a starfish. Yonder is a large jelly-fish drifting peacefully with the tide, and half buried in the sand at a little distance off is a long-forgotten anchor over which is swimming one of those terrors of the sea, a white shark, prowling along with piratical intent. One feels as if he would like to see a sword fish steal up and run its keen-edged snout between the shark's ribs. But what is the cause of the commotion among that school of mackerel? They act like boys running away from a policeman. Yes, there is a policeman, and see, here he comes in the shape of a big, swift-moving yellowtail, who has an appetite for a mackerel dinner.

Such is the apparent life below the surface of the waters. The sunlight penetrates far into the deep and finds there much in common with the world above—the active and the indolent, the harmless and the dangerous, the beautiful and the repulsive, the old protecting the young and the strong preying upon the weak.

What a maze of wonders is down there! What kaleidoscopic colorings and magic beauty, and what bustle and commotion! And yet how quiet it seems to us as we peer into those mysterious depths. Noise is banished and stillness reigns, for all we can hear is the lapping of the waves against the sides of the boat.

THE BEDESMAN OF THE YEAR.

Stands Time, the gray old bedesman,
  And loosely through his hold
Slip down the days like carven beads,
  Silver and dusk and gold.

And each day hath its whispered prayer,
  Each one its patron saint,
And each its holy memories
  Like incense sweet and faint.

O gray old bedesman when you've told
  Life's rosary all through,
Leave us the old life's memory
  To consecrate the new.

Sharlot M. Hall.

CONTENTED.

COUSIN JOHN hez built a mansion, 'Lizabethan in its style,
Crochet-trimmin's 'round the corners, hard-wood floors all done in ile,
Porters hangin' in the doorways, didoes pasted on the wall,
'Color schemes' a-runnin' riot in the settin'-room an' hall!

Went to see 'im on a visit; felt like I wuz in a dream,
Not a heatin' stove er wood-box, all the house wuz het by steam.
Pipes a-leadin' from the basement, gla-diators in each room,
Carpets dragged by little go-carts, never saw 'em use a broom!

Parlor mantel piled with bric-bracs, Injun mattin' on the stairs,
Hiroglyphics worked in yaller on the satin-covered chairs;
Water-fassets in the kitchen, hot er cold, you took your choice;
Telephone in handy waitin' ef you liked to try your voice.

'Lectric lights blazed every evenin' till the moon itself seemed wan,
No more use fer cracker-matches, jest a flip would turn 'em on;
Breakfast showed up late an' tired, lunch cum on at twelve o'clock,
Dinner shook the hand of twilight, givin' my old nerves a shock.

Stayed a week an' saw the city! Cousin John was awful kind;
But I come away rejoicin'; home wuz suited to my mind!
Thought the old brown house looked nicer than it ever did afore;
Mary sewin' by the winder, Rover barkin' at the door.

Slipped right back into the traces, all the wheels rolled smoothly round,
'Lectric blaze hed been too glarin'; lamps air better, I'll be bound.
Bric-bracs make a feller weary; purest water lives in wells,
Common chairs 'll do fer farmers, satin couch 'll do fer swells!

Noon-time allers finds me ready fer a dinner,—not a lunch!
An' steam heat,—you can't compare it with a fire you kin punch!
Hick'ry wood a cracklin' gayly; stove a glowin' cherry-red!
Warmth an' peace an' drowsy comfort stealin' up from foot to head.

Fall is slippin' into winter; never mind its storms an' chills;
Pack the iron pump in sawdust,—we shan't run no plumbers' bills!
Eat an' drink an' read the papers—let the world go brawlin' on!
Happiness is my twin-sister,—I'm ez rich ez Cousin John!

Emma Eggleson.

OUR WOMEN MUSICIANS AND COMPOSERS.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MRS. THEODORE SUTRO, THE FOUNDER AND PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL FEDERATION OF WOMAN'S MUSICAL CLUBS.

BY GILSON WILLETS.

THAT musical composition is becoming a usual thing among women, and that the attention of many girl-students is being directed to the higher branches of musical study, is in no small degree owing to the loving and indefatigable work of Florence Clinton Sutro.

MRS. THEODORE SUTRO,
Founder and president of the National Federation of Women's Musical Clubs.

Her experience on various responsible committees in Sorosis and other literary clubs qualified her admirably for the organization of the Federation of Woman's Musical Clubs which she has recently accomplished in the face of great difficulties. Mrs. Sutro first came into prominence through her remarkable work in connection with the musical committee of the Atlanta Exposition. It is seldom that a woman of her youth, wealth and beauty has the discretion, the persistence, and the ability to perform such original and arduous work. The story forms a most interest-

ing chapter in the story of woman's progress in music in this country.

Mrs. Sutro, as a musician and composer, ought really to be of the languid, languishing, half-awake sort.

MISS CLARA KATHLEEN ROGERS,
Composer.

But she is not. As the President of the National Federation of Woman's Musical Clubs, representing two hundred and fifty clubs and thousands of musicians and hundreds of composers, she ought to be tall and stately and frigidly dignified. She is not. She stands a whole foot less than two yards high, is self-contained rather than dignified, has very wicked black eyes, and ten wonderfully agile fingers. She is beautiful, her beauty being simple rather than complex, the sort of face that does not mystify but electrifies. This Lady Bountiful in the world of music is all enthusiasm, all magnetism and vivacity. She is rich and she understands the art of the toilette perfectly. But more of her money goes to music-makers than to dressmakers. All New York knows her. All Boston, all Chicago, all the Midland knows her. She is known wherever there are women interested even in a passive way in any branch of the musical art.

Mrs. Sutro's principal associates in music are gathered about her in these pages in photograph. They represent the twenty-five thousand women belonging to women's musical clubs all over the country. The only intimate associate not represented in portrait here, is Mrs. Josephine Gro, who said she was too busy composing her new comic opera to sit for a photograph. Mrs. Gro lives in Santa Rosa, Cal., and hence is the extreme Western representative of the Federation of Woman's Musical Clubs, just as Clara Rogers, Margaret Lang and Helen Hood, in Boston, are the representatives in the extreme East. The group of composers here surrounding Mrs. Sutro is represented in the musical field by more than one hundred original compositions, from masses, oratorios and operas down to popular lullabys and ditties.

Miss Amy Fay is a pupil of Deppe, just over from Dresden and just out with her new book, "Music in Germany."

Miss Octavia Hensel is a relative of Fanny Hensel, who was the sister of the only Mendelssohn. The present Miss Hensel is the author of a book on Wagner.

Mrs. Murio Celli has set a thousand poems to music, and made the poems

MISS LANG,
Composer of oratorios.

songs. Miss Lang, slight of frame but with purpose strong and broad, has composed a number of oratorios. Miss Gisela Frankl, a foreign lady of wit and beauty, received the grand prize for

her compositions at the late musical convention. Maud Powell—every concert patron knows Maud Powell and has listened to the exquisite music of her violin. The same people know Julia Rive-King—for they have been entertained many an evening by this eminent pianist. Then here is that very attractive, progressive woman, Mrs. Steiner, who has conducted orchestras for the pleasure of thousands; and Liza Telman Bedford, who writes masses and the best of church music; and Mrs. St. John, with a national reputation as a song writer; and Miss Hattie Starr, with an equally broad reputation as a composer of waltzes; and then two women famous on two continents, and intimately associated with music in America—Emma Thursby, prima donna, and Cecile Charminde, French by birth, an American by choice, and universally acknowledged as the greatest of women composers.

AMY FAY,
A pupil of Deppe, and author of "Music in Germany."

OCTAVIA HENSEL,
Author of a book on Wagner.

All these ladies, with three hundred others, recently gathered in Chicago and formed what has already been referred to as the National Federation of Woman's Musical Clubs. For twenty years the only big musical club was the Music Teachers' National Association, composed exclusively of men. Occasionally a spasmodic effort was made to have women represented, but so little interest was taken in the matter and so little encouragement given, that those who made the worthy efforts soon dropped out of the contest. Two years ago, however, the Association requested Mrs. Sutro to interest the musical women of America in the annual convention that was about to be held. Mrs. Sutro agreed to accept the responsibility. Her prompt measures and her energetic mind soon brought order out of chaos. She resolved to form a woman's department upon a solid foundation, and to insure success where heretofore there had been only failure.

Her enthusiasm was contagious. She was at once elected President of the Woman's Department of the Association, and was surrounded by a corps of

MURIO CELLI,
Who has composed 1,000 songs.

willing workers. With the development of the Woman's Department came the idea of a federation that would represent all the Women's Musical Clubs of America. Mrs. Sutro and her committee discovered that there were at least 250 of these clubs in the United States. It was decided to form fourteen departments, each one covering some special line of work; each department to be represented by a committee, and

MAUD POWELL,
Who ranks among the great violinists of to-day.

each committee represented by members of the different clubs under their respective heads.

The plan met with success, and the committees of the fourteen departments number 300 American women who have distinguished themselves in the world of music. This ultimately led to the formation of the Federation.

At the first convention at which the Woman's Department took part, a concert was given by the women, in which musical compositions by women only were rendered. This resulted in the famous Woman's Library of Music collected by Mrs. Sutro and exhibited at the Atlanta Exposition. The Library created a sensation, not only in America but in Europe. It consisted of 1,400 compositions, embracing every phase of musical composition, from the simple ballad to a concerto, and compositions for the violincelli.

JULIE RIVE-KING,
Pianist.

A young lady was appointed by the Directors of the Exposition to form committees in New York in behalf of the Fair. She proposed that every State in the Union should send a representative performer on some instrument, or a singer. "But I suggested," Mrs. Sutro has just said, "that there might be a deluge of artists, and asked, on my part, to be allowed to send, instead, an exhibit of women's books on music and musical compositions. I well remember the young lady's reply, for she was a musician, 'Why, that will be an impossible task; women have not yet entered the field of composition.' From that

GISELA FRANKL,
Who received the Grand Prize at the Musical Convention for her compositions.

moment until the opening of the Exposition I devoted myself solely to the work of obtaining women's compositions. I wrote to all publishing houses, to every

MRS. STEINER,
Conductor of Orchestras.

conservatory of music, to every musician who advertised in the various musical journals. Thousands of letters were sent out asking for information about composers.

"Hundreds of these letters remained unanswered. From the directors of one college I received the information that

LIZA TELMAN BEDFORD,
Writer of masses and church music.

it would be impossible to collect a library of women's works. This gentleman afterwards made me director of he Woman's Stringed Orchestral Society. I had often to send ten letters to secure one composition. The composers themselves, with few exceptions, were not enthusiastic, and in most cases it was difficult to interest them in the exhibit.

"By incessant labor I obtained seventy-three books on music and fourteen hundred compositions. The directors of the Exposition awarded me a gold medal for my exhibition of woman's work in music.

"When I was a very small girl I heard my father remark, 'Women are constantly practicing the piano, and there is not an important composer among the sex. This proves that

MRS. ST. JOHN,
A successful writer of songs.

women's brains are not as capable of development as the brains of men.' I wondered, in childish fashion, at the reason for this, and immediately set about discovering women's compositions. Later on I referred my father's opinion to a man of learning and eminence — an honored graduate of Harvard and other universities. He answered, as a matter of course, 'Oh, yes, women's brains are deficient. Your father was right in informing you that women are quite incapable of composing music.' Still I was perplexed, and addressed myself to Mr. Harrison Millard, the well known composer. He replied, 'Women will never become composers of music they lack

the creative quality.' This last opinion, I found, was considered an axiom.

"In 1892 a lady called upon me from the Metropolitan College of Music and

MISS HATTIE STARR,
Distinguished Composer and Pianist.

invited me to give an address at one of the dinners of the Cleff Club on some phase of woman's work in music. I discovered, after I had accepted the invitation, that the club was composed of two hundred professional men, mostly organists and directors of conservatories. I resolved that my subject should be Women Composers.

EMMA C. THURSBY,
Prima donna.

"I went to a large music store; when I made known my errand the salesman laughed, 'Surely, you are aware, Madame,' he exclaimed, 'that there are not any compositions of any note by women!'

"I searched through the New York libraries. I discovered but one book on the subject of Women in Music. Naturally delighted at my find, you can imagine my disappointment and surprise when I read in its pages the positive assertion that women could never become composers or creators of this divine art. I found also an essay, entitled Women in Music, written for the Philadelphia Exposition. It contained the names of eleven composers, but their works were not mentioned. There was a book entitled Women's

CECILE CHARMINDE,
A native of France, and the greatest of women composers.

Work in America, by Annie Nathan Myer, written in 1891. This spoke of women in education, literature, journalism, ministry, law, State, industry and philanthropy, but not a word about women composers.

"It occurred to me for the first time that it would be rather difficult to entertain two hundred cultivated musicians with this meager information; but in the meantime I had managed to collect some works written by women, and I courageously proceeded to compose my address.

"One of the other speakers at the dinner remarked that 'women could

sing and hum tunes while rocking the babies to sleep, but they never had written any music and never could.'" In her reply Mrs. Sutro gave it as

MISS PITMAN,
On the Committee of Original Manuscript.

her opinion that the alleged lack of the creative qualities in a woman's mind is due to her surroundings and to a faulty education. She said:

"Women have only by way of an exception been allowed to enter colleges or to strive for higher education, because public opinion has been against

MRS. M. R. O. DOREMUR,
A member of the Federation and a patron of music.

them, and the college doors locked. This holds good of musical colleges as well as others, and women have been debarred until recent years from taking musical degrees. Germany has admitted a woman as Royal Professor at the School of Music in Dresden, and the Mendelssohn scholarship has been won by one of the fair sex. Thus old ideas have been gradually changing, and in England, for example, women are now admitted to the Cambridge examinations for the musical degrees on the same conditions as men. The Royal College of Music and the Royal Academy are now equally open to them. The same either holds true, or will shortly hold true, of the other great music schools of Europe. In this country there has been no distinction

FANNY M. SPENCER,
A writer of quartettes, masses and songs.

between the sexes, as they are now in nearly every state in the Union equal before the law.

"These improved and changed opportunities for women's intellectual training have not existed long enough to produce palpable results, or to permit of a fair comparison between the possibilities of the male and female intellect in the way of musical creation. So far as the past is concerned, there is no doubt where one woman has, by way of exception, been able to enjoy this hard mental training, there have been thousands of men whose education has gone as far as their capacity and time would allow them. In the latest issue of

Grove's Dictionary of Music appear the names of 100,000 men and only about thirty names of women. Yet among these 100,000 men are only about a

HELEN E. HENDRICKS,
A member of the Committee on Composition.

dozen names of really great composers. So, by the law of averages, why should there have been any great women musical composers at all?

"If women like George Eliot and Mrs. Browning have penetrated to the depths of thought, and displayed the

LYDIA KUNZ-VENTH,
A prominent member of Brooklyn musical clubs.

strongest kind of intellect in literature, and women like Maria Mitchell and Caroline Herschel, in astronomy and mathematics, and others in every other branch of mental activity, we need no further proof that the female mind is capable of the highest original efforts in music. In the field of musical composition the very fact that women grasp matters by instinct and emotion rather than by reason, would give her a great advantage over men, provided her mind is trained as well as their's in other respects. This fine intuitive sense of what is beautiful, appropriate and harmonious should produce greater results in musical composition, if added to the trained and disciplined intellect, than might be expected of the intellect alone. That this is true is proven by

MRS. GERRITT SMITH,
Member of the Manuscript Committee.

the array of women musical composers of the past and present, who, as a rule, have not had anything like the same mental training as men.

"The few women who enjoyed the direct or indirect benefit of strong intellectual training or influence are also the very ones who have really stood pre-eminent as musical composers; for example, Clara Schuman, who was under the beneficial influence of her husband, Robert Schuman

"Walter Damrosch and his orchestra have also come to the conclusion that our sex can do something in music worth perpetuating, and he has produced several women's orchestra compositions."

GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

(A HISTORY.)

By Col. John W. Emerson.

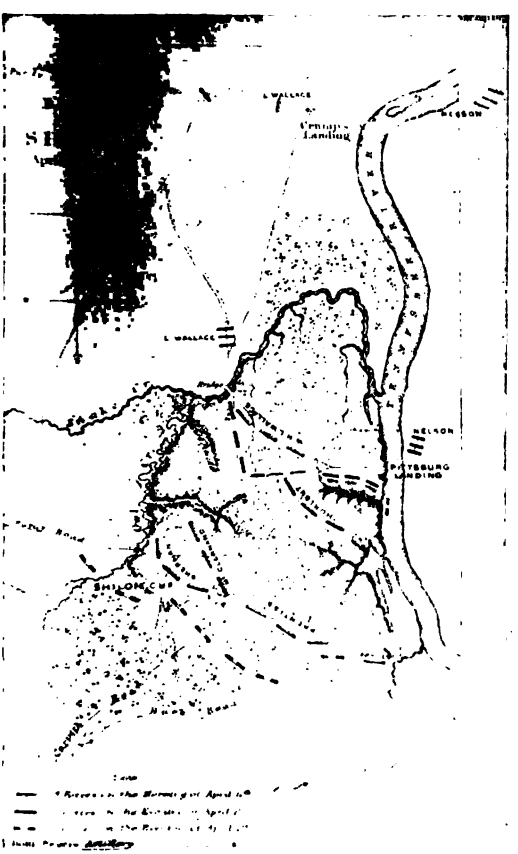
(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)
(Begun in the October, 1896, Midland Monthly.)

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XLIV.

The Battle.

THE accompanying map shows the positions of the five divisions of Grant's army on the battlefield—Sherman, McClernand, Hurlbut, Prentiss, and W. H. L. Wallace; also the division of Lew Wallace at Crump's Landing, five miles down the river.



In the Federal ranks there were 32,733 effectives, and sixty field guns in addition to reserve artillery. About one-half of this force were raw, undisciplined troops.

There had been much rain, but this Sunday morning, April 6, 1862, the sun shone brightly. The Confederate army breakfasted at 4 o'clock noiselessly, and without tap of drum or bugle note; had inspection of arms and ammunition, piled up their blankets and other impedimenta, and at 5 o'clock were in line, just beyond sight of the Union picket line, ready for the command to march.

In the Union camp there had also been early rising and early breakfasting. A number of the colonels on the front line had not liked the appearance of things during the preceding days. The skirmishing had been too severe, too persistent, to be meaningless, and they had doubled the strength of their picket lines the night before; and as picket firing was brisk at dawn, the advance line was reinforced. The firing gradually increased in volume and rapidity. This made the whole camp alert. Sherman and Prentiss, whose divisions were most exposed at first, were in

saddle, and their men speedily in line of battle. Prentiss sent several companies forward to support the advance picket line, and they pressed on until they met the enemy's line of battle, which was moving forward to the attack. The skirmishers were pressed back, and the Federal lines of battle were formed in front of their several camps. Immediately the whole Confederate army deployed along a front of two miles, moved rapidly to the onset, and opened a deadly fire on their incredulous, but still alert, adversary.

THE BATTLE-FIELD AND THE FIGHTING.

Grant's army was encamped on a high, undulating plateau, 75 to 100 feet above the river, extending back between Lick and Snake Creeks and their branches. The most advanced encampments, stretching very irregularly, and without reference to alignment or close connection, across between the creeks, a distance of more than two miles of front towards Corinth, the left resting near the river, and the right extending west and northwest about two and one-half miles back of Pittsburg Landing. The gullies and ravines near the river along these creeks as they extended into the interior, were deep and their sides very steep; but the general plateau was moderately undulating, and excepting two or three small fields, was densely covered with a primeval forest; some of it moderately open, and much of it thick with underbrush and vines, completely concealing the movements of troops until within short range. Grant and his generals, therefore, could not tell where the enemy would mass his force until attacks were made. Sometimes it would be at one place, then at another; sometimes along the whole line; again pressing through openings where the divisions did not connect in line. Troops had to be moved from point to point, where needed, much more by sound of firing than by sight.

In less than an hour from the time the attack began, both armies, excepting a few reserves on both sides, were engaged, from end to end of lines, in deadly combat. More than 60,000 men and 100 guns were firing, charging and countercharging through the dense forest of Shiloh battlefield, amidst the cheers of the living and the groans of the dying, the flashes of artillery, the curling of smoke, and the falling and crashing of tree tops. While a brigade of Confederates would drive back a weak portion of the National line and move briskly forward, a brigade of the Union army would be charging on a weaker force in their front and driving it far back through the Confederate lines; and thus it occurred that both lines would be broken and curved and twisted at different places at the same time, each wheeling upon the flank of the adversary and fighting desperately. In this way portions of both armies, at times, in impetuous charging, found themselves well in rear of their adversaries; and, wheeling, would attack any force opposing their return to alignment with their own army. These conditions resulted naturally from the impossibility of seeing more than a few rods through the brush and smoke. In most cases, where a brigade of either army charged and drove the adversary far to the rear, they could not tell, because they could not see, whether or not the whole army was moving in unison with them. They would only know when they found themselves attacked in flank and rear by portions of the respective opposing lines which had not given way. Thus the battle went on hour after hour, surging one way and then the other, forward here, backward there; retiring and advancing; with the general trend toward an advance by the Confederate army.

Leaving the two armies thus engaged in desperate conflict, let us see what Grant was doing

He had risen early, sick and lame though he was, and was partaking of an early breakfast at Savannah, expect-

THE OLD SHILOH LOG CHURCH AT THE TIME OF THE BATTLE.

A sketch made at the time by A. F. Matthews, 51st Ohio. Loaned the author for this work by Col. Cornelius Cadle, Chairman of the Shiloh National Military Park Commission. The old church was carried away by relic and souvenir hunters. It was from this church the battle took its name. This was the scene of severe fighting in the forenoon.

ing to meet Buell on previous appointment, before returning to Shiloh for the day; desiring to instruct Buell about the most expeditious mode of moving his army to Shiloh. While at breakfast, a little after six, he heard the battle's roar up at Shiloh. He knew by its proportions that it was a serious attack. If Buell was in town, he did not make his presence known to Grant. Nelson was there with his division, and Grant instantly gave him this order:

"An attack having been made on our forces, you will move your entire command to the river opposite Pittsburg. You can obtain a guide easily in the village."

This order was given at *7 o'clock in the morning*. The distance from Savannah to the ferry across from Pittsburg Landing was about eight miles, over a muddy road. When Nelson *did* go, he went without artillery or wagon train; these were to follow by river.

Grant also sent a note to Buell, who was supposed to be approaching Savannah, informing him of the attack, and that he would hasten to the scene of conflict. Then he immediately started on a dispatch boat, calling midway at Crump's Landing to tell General Lew Wallace to hold his division, near 8,000 strong, in readiness to move to the battlefield should he (Grant) send such orders upon his arrival at the scene of conflict. At 8 o'clock Grant reached the scene of strife, and learning that it was a *general* attack, sent Captain Baxter of his staff at once to General Lew Wallace, five miles below, to hasten with his division to the battlefield. Wallace immediately put his force in motion on the route which *he* supposed would enable him to reach the battle quickest; but, probably without fault of his, he had to change his route at midday, and did not reach the battlefield until after dark of the 6th, and after the battle for the day had ended. The absence of this veteran division from the battlefield during the desperate battle of the

first day, was a loss that no doubt cost Grant's army the lives of many brave men.

Grant, still suffering and unable to mount without aid, hastened to the front and was everywhere along the lines in the thickest of the fight, encouraging officers and men, and hastening regiments from one part of the field to another where most needed, rallying retiring forces here and there, and encouraging them by his presence.

Prentiss' and Sherman's divisions, which were first struck by the enemy, were entirely raw troops, and parts of two or three of their regiments in the center gave way early in the action, and their precipitate retirement had a bad effect upon other forces hastening up from the rear to fill the gaps. This occurred as early as 10 o'clock. Grant hastened off the following message:

PITTSBURG, April 6, 1862.

Commanding Officer Advance Force Buell's Army, near Pittsburg:

The attack on my forces has been very spirited from early this morning. The appearance of fresh troops in the field now would have a powerful effect, both in inspiring our men, and disheartening the enemy. If you will get upon the field, leaving all your baggage on the east bank of the river, it will be more to our advantage, and possibly save the day to us. You will be furnished a staff officer on arrival to guide you to your place on the field. U. S. GRANT,
Major-General Commanding.

The staff officer who hastened across the river with this urgent message expecting to find Nelson at or near the ferry by that time, ready to cross, did not meet Nelson until he *reached Savannah* by land, over the route upon which Nelson was expected to be advancing.

Meantime, the Confederate army was, little by little, gaining ground, and Grant's anxiety increased. It seemed intolerable to him that the advanced veteran division of Buell's army, that had slept the night before within less than ten miles of the battlefield, and his own fresh and veteran division under Lew Wallace, only *five miles* distant at Crump's Landing,—both *urgently* ordered forward, the former at 7 and the latter at 8:30 A. M., both aggregating 16,000 men—should not appear when so vitally needed. The order did not reach Wallace until 11 o'clock. Grant hastened off another messenger to Nelson about 1 o'clock with this urgent order:

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SHILOH CHURCH, OR MEETING-HOUSE ON SHILOH BATTLEFIELD, APRIL, 1862 AS SEEN BEFORE THE BATTLE—SHOWING A PORTION OF SHERMAN'S ENCAMPMENT.

PITTSBURG, April 6, 1862.

General Nelson:

I am directed by General Grant to say to you that you will hurry up your command *as fast as possible*. The boats will be in readiness to transport all troops of your command across the river. All looks well, but it is necessary for you to push forward as *fast as possible*.

CLARK B. LAGRAW,
Aid-de-Camp.

This met General Nelson on the road between Savannah and the bank opposite Pittsburg Landing.

This advance division of Buell's army, which had been ordered at 7 *o'clock in the morning* to *hasten* to the battlefield, and was all the time within hearing of the terrific cannonading only ten miles distant, did not *start from their camp* until 1:30 P. M.! It would scarcely be safe for an author to make the assertion, hence General Nelson shall tell the story himself, through his report in the War Records. He says:

CAMP ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE,
April 10, 1862.

. . . I have the honor to report that the fourth division of the Army of the Ohio, under my command, left Savannah, by order of General Grant, reiterated by General Buell in person, at *1:30 p m. on Sunday, April 6th*, and marched by land to the point opposite Pittsburg Landing. The anxiety of the soldiers to take part in the battle which was going on on the left bank of the river enabled me to achieve the distance, notwithstanding the dreadful state of the roads over a lately overflowed bottom, *in four hours*.

WM. NELSON,
Brigadier-General, Commanding Fourth Division.

That is to say: the division rested in camp *six and one-half hours*, within the sound of battle, *before it started!* Then it spent "*four hours*" says Nelson, in marching *eight miles*, without baggage or artillery! If a fresh division of infantry, without baggage, artillery, or military train, going to the rescue of beleaguered comrades, had "achieved the distance" in *two hours*, the "achievement" would have been creditable. Scores of times was such expedition "achieved" during the war. Then another hour was spent making a road down the bank and in crossing the force and reaching the battlefield, as the battle for the day closed.

Whether that usually energetic officer (Nelson) waited all the forenoon at Savannah to have General Buell "reit-

WAITING FOR THE ENEMY ON GRANT'S LINE OF BATTLE, EVENING OF FIRST DAY.

erate in person" the order given him early in the morning by General Grant,—as Buell's army had been so lately an independent command,—may be inferred, for such delay was wholly unlike Nelson's usual promptness. Whether such inference can be drawn from the following two incidents occurring at the time, the reader may determine for himself.

After Grant's messengers—staff officers—had reached Savannah after noon, and Buell and his officers knew of the imminent need of great expedition, Buell's aid-de-camp issued the following order to General Thomas, approaching with the rear division:

"Hurry forward your troops. Bring your ammunition and three days' rations. Leave your baggage."

Whether such haste appeared unseemly to General Buell, or for what reason is not known, a little later this second order was sent to General Thomas, to-wit:

SAVANNAH, April 6, 1862.

General Thomas, Commanding Division:

SIR—Instead of leaving your train, push forward with your troops *and train* as rapidly as the condition of the roads will permit.

By command of General Buell:

CHAS. L. FITZHUGH,
Aid-de-Camp.

Still clinging to "due form" and "regulation *deliberation!*"

Nor was Grant's patience less tried in his anxiety about the non-arrival of General Lew Wallace with his division.

Twice during the afternoon, as he felt more and more the need of all his forces in the combat, he dispatched staff officers in search of the lost division. But, as before stated, it did not arrive on the field until after the close of the battle of the 6th.*

Amid all disappointments as to the non-arrival of expected support, Grant was tranquil. No part of the battlefield escaped his personal attention long. He rode fearlessly along the front lines, amidst a storm of missiles, to see with his own eyes what was going on: His staff and other officers were urgent in appeals to him to desist from such exposure, and often tried to lead his horse out of danger; but he persisted, and was vigilant all day, doing all that was possible for *any* general to do in the situation. There was no room for grand strategy. He had no reserves. He had no force to throw on the enemy's flank and rear and sweep down their lines. The enemy was unable to flank his army. There was nothing to be done, nothing for either army to do, but stand up and slaughter each other hour after hour. No such fighting,—hot, close, brave and terrific on both sides,—had ever before occurred on this continent. The author is inclined to let the officers in the two armies tell the story of the battle in their own official reports at the time. They were generally as ready with the pen as with the sword, and there is much said by them, making some allowances for extravagances, that is very fine and very picturesque, — in interest far beyond any generalization of any author. It will be the task of the writer to group these pictures and give them a setting. The reader will find the accounts written by the Confederate officers especially brilliant.

Next day after the close of the battle, General Grant telegraphed General Halleck at St. Louis:

"Enemy badly routed and fleeing toward Corinth. Our cavalry, supported by infantry, are now pursuing him with instructions to pursue to the swampy grounds near Pea Ridge."

The following day he wrote more elaborately, saying:

PITTSBURG, April 9, 1862.

On Sunday morning our pickets were attacked and driven in by the enemy. Immediately the five divisions stationed at this place were drawn up in line of battle, ready to meet them. The battle soon waxed warm on the left and center, varying at times to all parts of the line. The most continuous firing of musketry and artillery ever heard on this continent was kept up until nightfall, the enemy having forced the entire line to

*The cause of Wallace's delay was this: He started to reach the battlefield by a road which led to the right of the Federal army. Before he reached the bridge over the creek, the Confederate army had advanced to that point, and he was obliged to retrace his steps and cross the creek nearer the river, and in rear of Sherman's right wing, at evening.

fall back nearly half way from their camps to the landing.

In the final repulse of the enemy in the evening, much is due to the presence of the gunboats Tyler and Lexington, and their able commanders, Captains Gwin and Shirk.

He then explained that General Lew Wallace's division and three divisions of Buell's army arrived during the night, and added:

"Feeling that a great moral advantage would be gained by becoming the attacking party, an advance was ordered as soon as day dawned. The result was a gradual repulse of the enemy at all parts of the line until the afternoon, when it became evident they were retreating. My force was too much fatigued from two days' hard fighting and exposure in the open air in a drenching rain during the intervening night to pursue immediately."

General Grant's statements were very modest and very quiet as compared with those of the brilliant and picturesque Beauregard. At the close of the battle of the first day, the latter telegraphed to the Confederate War office at Richmond, saying:

We this morning attacked the enemy in strong position in front of Pittsburg, and after a severe battle of ten hours, thanks be to the Almighty, gained a complete victory, driving the enemy from every position Loss on both sides heavy, including our Commander-in-Chief, General A. S. Johnston, who fell gallantly leading his troops into the thickest of the fight. G. T. BEAUREGARD, General Commanding.

This is quite as brilliant as the dispatches sent off from Fort Donelson by Pillow and Floyd, a few hours before their surrender.

But General Beauregard followed it up on the 11th of April by his general report of the entire battle in which, after recounting his success on the first day, he said:

"This (Grant's) army had been driven in utter disorder to the immediate vicinity of Pittsburg, under the shelter of the heavy guns of his gunboats, and we remained masters of his well selected, admirably provided cantonments, after over *twelve hours* of obstinate conflict with his forces, . . . but only after a sustained onset of all the men we could bring into action.

"Our loss was heavy. . . . Our Commander-in-Chief, General A. S.

Photo by Donnell.

THIS WAS THE SCENE OF TERRIFIC FIGHTING ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE FIRST DAY. THE GOVERNMENT TABLET HAS WELL NAMED IT THE "BLOODY POND."

THE OAK UNDER WHICH GENERAL GRANT WAS SEATED IN THE RAIN AT SHILOH,
During the latter part of the night after the first day's battle. The tree stands inside the wall of the National Cemetery. Its roots were injured in building the wall and it died in 1897. The picture was presented by Captain Shaw, keeper of the Cemetery.

Johnston, fell mortally wounded, and died on the field at 2:30 o'clock.

"It was after 6 P. M. when the enemy's last position was carried and his forces sought refuge *behind a commanding eminence covering the Pittsburg Landing*, not more than half a mile distant, and under the guns of the gunboats, *which opened on our columns a fierce and annoying fire with shot and shell of the heaviest description*.

"Darkness was close at hand; *officers and men were exhausted* by a combat of over twelve hours without food, and jaded by the march the preceding day through mud and water. It was, therefore, impossible to collect the rich spoils of war, or make any disposition to remove them to the rear.

"I accordingly established my headquarters at the Shiloh Church, . . . hoping from a dispatch I had received that delay had been encountered by Buell in his march from Columbia, and that he could not reach the field of battle in time to save General Grant's forces from capture or destruction the following day.

"About 6 o'clock on the morning of April 7th, however, a hot fire of musketry and artillery opened from the enemy on our advanced line, assured me of the junction of his forces, and soon the battle raged with fury."

It may as well be here remarked that only the camps of three out of the five divisions of Grant's army, viz: Sherman's, McClernand's and Prentiss', were captured. The camps of W. H. L. Wallace and of Hurlbut were farther in the rear and were not captured. The Confederates were repulsed before advancing that far.

Secondly, Beauregard shows clearly that the presence of any portion of Buell's army on the battlefield *was not known* on the evening of the 6th, and *not* until the battle opened next morning.

It shows, also, that his army was so shattered and exhausted that they could "make no effective disposition to

remove the camp spoils to the rear." Beauregard proceeds to say of the second day's battle: "On the left the enemy drove forward line after line of fresh troops. . . . Our ranks were perceptibly thinned under the unceasing, withering fire of the enemy. My last reserves were disposed of, and accordingly, about 1 o'clock, I determined to withdraw from so unequal a conflict."

Moreover, General Beauregard admits that Grant's forces occupied "a commanding eminence not more than half a mile from Pittsburg Landing," where the battle closed on the evening of the 6th; the very position which it ought to have occupied, and probably would have occupied, before the battle began, if a battle had been anticipated.

General Bragg's report of the battle is as picturesque as that of Beauregard.

After explaining their approach to the battlefield on Sunday morning, he says:

"From about 6:30 o'clock until night the battle raged with little intermission. . . . About 10:30 we met the most obstinate resistance. Hindman's Brigade was gallantly led to the attack, but recoiled under a murderous fire. The noble and gallant leader fell and was borne from the field. The command soon returned to the work, but was unequal to the heavy task. I brought up Gibbon's Brigade, and threw them forward to attack the same point. A heavy fire opened, and after a sharp conflict this command also fell back in considerable disorder. Rallying the different regiments by means of my staff officers and escort, they were twice more moved to the attack, only to be driven back by the enemy. Finding that nothing could be done here after hours of severe exertion and heavy losses, and learning of the fall of our commander (General Johnston), I moved rapidly to the extreme right. Here I found General Breckinridge with his *reserve* division pressing the enemy; Brigadier-General Withers with his splendid division, *greatly exhausted*, taking a rest. It was now probably 4 o'clock, the descending sun warning us to press our advantage before night should compel us to desist."

He then describes the surrender of Prentiss, and says that the Union forces fell back, "in much confusion, to where they were *covered by a battery of heavy guns, well served, and their two gunboats, which now poured a heavy fire upon our supposed positions, for we were entirely hid by the forest.* The fire was terrific, and produced some consternation.

" . . . *The sun was about disappearing, so that little time was left us* to finish the glorious work of the day. . . . An advance was ordered.

"Our troops, greatly exhausted by twelve hours' incessant fighting without food, *mostly* responded, *though a heavy battery in our front and the gunboats on our right seemed determined to dispute every inch of ground.*

"Just at this time, an order was received from the commanding general to withdraw the forces beyond the enemy's fire. The different commands were soon in motion to the rear, and the action ceased. The different commands mixed and scattered, bivouacked at points most convenient and beyond range of the enemy's guns. All firing except shots from the gunboats ceased, and the whole night was passed by our exhausted men in quiet, again drenched before morning by one of those heavy rainstorms which seemed to be our portion for this expedition.

"Such was the nature of the ground over which we had fought, and the heavy resistance we had met, that the commands of the *whole army* were *very much shattered.* In a dark and stormy night commanders found it impossible to find or assemble their troops, *each body or fragment bivouacking where night overtook them.* In this condition morning found us confronting a large and fresh army, which had arrived *during the night.* . . . Our ranks had been thinned by killed, wounded and strag-

glers, amounting in the whole to nearly half our force, and did not fight with that animation and spirit which characterized them the preceding day."

Surely here is a picture of a badly "shattered" and a badly demoralized army. "One-half their army" had been put *hors de combat* in the first day's battle. Beauregard, also, stated that when attacked next morning he "could not bring 20,000 men into action."

Again, what *is* the test of victory? When two armies fight for "*twelve* hours," and one retires inch by inch during the day the distance of a mile, stubbornly maintaining an unbroken line of battle in the evening, on the field, with "heavy batteries in a commanding position," in full play and "well served, determined to dispute every inch of ground," and the commanding general" (of the attacking force) "orders his army to withdraw beyond the enemy's fire," and they do so withdraw a mile from that last point of attack, leaving their opponents in position, in battle array, fighting and repelling all final assaults—pray which is the victor? Is an army ever *defeated* until it retreats and refuses further combat, or surrenders? Is a man beaten, until he asks for quarter or runs away? Grant had no thought of either surrendering or retreating; he was maintaining his solid line of battle from which the enemy recoiled and retired; at the same time Grant was hastening his own (Wallace's) fresh division into position to resist all further possible attacks He had simply lost one mile of ground in fighting "*twelve* hours"—32,700 against over 40,000—and the day closed with him stubbornly in battle array. He was *not defeated.* His army was shattered; so was that of the enemy. He had many stragglers, and so had the enemy. The enemy had lost *half* their army in "killed, wounded and stragglers" they said. Grant had not lost nearly that many

But we must pause to hear some extracts from Confederate General Hardee's brilliant report. He says: "Nothing could be more brilliant than the attack; the fierce volleys of 100,000 musketa and the boom of 200 cannon receding steadily toward the river from dawn until night. . . . General Johnston at about 11 o'clock, brought up the *reserves* under Breckinridge. Deploying it *en echelon* of brigades with admirable skill and rapidity, he turned the enemy's left toward Pittsburg." (This was a mile and a half from Pittsburg.) "At this moment of supreme interest it was our misfortune to lose the commanding general, who fell mortally wounded at 2:30 o'clock and expired in a few moments in a ravine near the spot where Breckinridge's division had charged.

"This disaster caused a lull in the attack on the right and precious hours were wasted.

"I ordered Colonel Wharton to charge the enemy's fleeing battalions with his cavalry brigade. The command was obeyed, but the cavalry fell into an ambuscade and was repulsed with loss. The gallant Wharton himself was wounded. . . .

"The conflict was continued until near sunset, when the order to withdraw was received. The troops were ordered to bivouac on the field of battle. Exhausted by fasting and the toils of the day, *scattered and disordered by a continued combat of twelve hours*, many straggled to find food amid the profuse stores of the enemy or shelter in the forest. . . .

"It would be unjust to the brave and enduring soldiers who stood by their colors to the end, if I did not mention that *many stragglers* from their ranks fell back without orders. A few, allured by the rich spoils in the captured camps, and some terrified by the bloody scenes, fled towards Corinth. From these causes, and the casualties of the battle, we could not on Monday form in line of battle more than 20,000 men."

Here is a vivid picture by one of the three corps commanders of the Con-

federate army of the condition of that army when "the order to withdraw was received *near sunset!*" He says: "*Exhausted by fasting and the toils of the day, scattered and disordered by a continued combat of twelve hours, many straggled to find food, or shelter in the forest.*" If this averment were made by a modern chronicler, it would be doubted, denied; but here it is in this able general's official report of the battle in the Confederate war records.

Can any unprejudiced mind see any vitality left in this attacking army that Sunday evening, to attack Grant's contracted and compact line with its central battery of nearly fifty guns, "well served," opening "a terrific cannonade," and the two gunboats firing broadsides of "huge shells, grape and canister" up the creek and ravine which had to be crossed by the enemy to reach this formidable battery, supported by 4,500 men of Hurlbut's and W. H. L. Wallace's division? Was the Confederate army in a condition to assail this new position of Grant, when it withdrew "near sunset?" Do the War Records not conclusively answer?"

Col. William Preston Johnston, son of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, writing of the events of that evening, says:

"Orders had been conveyed by Beauregard's staff to brigades and regiments to withdraw, and the troops wandered back over the field, without coherence, direction or purpose, and encamped where chance provided for them. All array was lost. . . .

"General Beauregard at Shiloh, two miles in the rear, with the *debris of the army surging back upon him*, the shells bursting around him, sick with his two months' malady, pictured in his imagination a wreck at the front!"

The newspaper reporters and other frightened people in the rear of Grant's army drew a similar picture at the time, and gave the public a false impression of the true condition of his army on the front line which has not been dissipated to this day.

But Beauregard was an educated soldier, and a veteran fighter, and was not deceived as to the *wreckage* of his army.

General Prentiss was forced to retire a short distance in the morning, until supported by Wallace's division, but he took a position on a worn and washed-out road which ran along a slight elevation, and in this, and adjacent thickets, his men fought with a stubbornness and a persistency never surpassed. General Grant came along his lines, inspected and approved the position, and ordered Prentiss to hold it at all hazards, and nobly was the order obeyed, until evening.

This position the Confederates called "the hornets' nest."

General Bragg saw the importance of the position, and ordered General Gibson to carry it. He led his fresh columns bravely, but the deadly fire of infantry, and an enfilading fire from Prentiss' battery, mowed down his ranks, and his brave command fell back decimated

These terrible attacks continued until well in the afternoon. There were gaps in the line for lack of men to fill them. The Confederates pressed through these gaps and reached the rear of positions held by portions of the National force. Thus it happened late in the afternoon to Prentiss. He was obeying orders to "hold his position at all hazards," and after as heroic a defense as brave men ever made, he found, about 5:30 o'clock in the afternoon, the enemy had broken through the line on both sides of his division, and were in front, flank and rear of him. He made a heroic effort to cut his way out, and a large part of his men did escape, but he was compelled to surrender with about 1,500 men. Four or five hundred men of Wallace's division were also captured near the same time.

This left a gap in the National lines which made it necessary for Grant to retire Sherman's and McClernand's

divisions and contract the lines to connect with General Hurlbut farther east.

Some time was spent by the Confederates over the event of the capture of Prentiss, they at first thinking that it ended the battle. The delay gave the National forces time to take up a new, contracted, and much stronger line, with Grant's left wing resting on the river a few hundred yards south of the Pittsburg landing, extending west at right angles with the river for a distance of about three-fourths of a mile, then bending northward, completely covering the road leading to Crump's Landing, five miles below, whence General Lew Wallace was approaching with 6,500 fresh troops to reinforce Grant,—had been expected all day, and soon arrived.

Another incident occurred on the line of battle of momentous importance, which should be referred to, although no technical or detailed description of the part taken by each command is intended.

Before 2 o'clock General Johnston had passed to the right of his army. The fighting had been so stubborn on the part of the National troops that he was impatient at the slow progress he had made in pushing back his antagonist. He had already, as early as 11 o'clock, begun to send his reserves into action. In his front on the east, all assaults on the Union lines had been repulsed. Colonel Jordan, Beauregard's Adjutant-General, rode up. Johnston inquired the time. On being told that it was twenty minutes past 2, he remarked that "the battle should have been won by this time." General Breckinridge was near with the last of the reserves, and Johnston decided that they must be ordered into action. They attacked and fell back repeatedly. Breckinridge could not induce them to again attack, and appealed to General Johnston. This seemed to him a grave crisis. The battle would surely be lost to him unless he could push forward his right wing. He rode slowly along the entangled line, talked to the men, encouraged them, promised to lead them himself, and they promised to again charge. He did lead them; advanced some distance to a large oak, then, as his men charged past him and drew the terrible fire of the Federal brigade opposing them, he received a wound in his thigh which severed an artery, and he was carried to a ravine in the rear, where he died in less than half an hour. "This disaster," says Beauregard, "caused a lull in the attack on the right, and precious hours were wasted."

General Johnston (Commander-in-Chief) must, indeed, have felt the case very desperate, when he, knowing the supreme importance of his own life to the safety of his army, would risk all on the chance of a bullet, and throw himself into the thick of the combat.

It has been said by his friends that the wound was not necessarily mortal, and as an educated soldier he knew how to stop the flow of blood from a gunshot wound. But no effort seems to have been made; and there have been suggestions that possibly he labored under so great pressure and with feelings wrought into so desperate a resolve to succeed or die, that he was heedless of the fatal character of his wound. He had just said, "it is time the battle was won."

By the time the Confederate forces on that part of the line rallied from the shock and consternation at General Johnston's death, Prentiss had surrendered, and this made it necessary for the Federal forces which had been confronting Johnston at the time of his death, to retire to the new contracted line on which Grant was now concentrating his army.

And this brings us to consider some of the controverted points in this most misrepresented battle of the war.

A few words, in the first place, as to the *time* of Prentiss' surrender.

The newspaper journals at the time averred that his men were captured in

their tents and "in their shirts before breakfast!" And this picture being very picturesque, and a little romantic, I verily believe is still largely credited by those who have not studied the facts. It is very difficult for people who believed this story to be convinced later that, instead of being surprised in their tents, this division fought for more than *ten hours* and repelled as terrible shocks of battle without retiring, as any division in Grant's army!

Out of the scores of statements in the hundreds of reports and official correspondence of officers in both armies in the war archives, the author believes that the weight of evidence is that the surrender occurred about 5:30 P M.,—possibly ten or fifteen minutes later. Some of the Confederate officers place it at a little after 4, others at 4:30, others at 5 P. M. General Polk, who was present, and whose forces made the capture, says:

"About 5 P. M. my line attacked the enemy's troops. The resistance was sharp, but perceiving that he was flanked and his position completely turned, hoisted the white flag and surrendered."

This would place the surrender at about 5:30 or later.

General Grant says: "I was with Prentiss' command at about half past 4 when his division was standing up firmly and the General was as cool as if expecting victory."

General Prentiss says the surrender was at 5:30. Colonel Shaw, Fourteenth Iowa, says that he compared watches with his captor and they agreed that the time was about a quarter to 6 o'clock.

At any rate, the story of Prentiss' surprise and capture in his camp at early morn vanishes before the light of truth.

Colonel Jordan, Beauregard's Adjutant-General, relates a pleasant incident of Prentiss' capture. He and some other Confederate officers spent the night with Prentiss, and had much pleasant conversation about the battle of the day. With a laugh Prentiss said to them: "You gentlemen have had your way to-day, but it will be very different to-morrow, you'll see! Buell will effect a junction with Grant to-night, and we'll turn the tables on you in the morning." "I showed him a dispatch which I had received during the day saying that Buell was going toward Decatur. He insisted that it was a mistake, as we would see. Sleep soon overtook us all until dawn, when the firing, first of musketry, then of field artillery roused us, and General Prentiss exclaimed: 'Ah! Didn't I tell you so! That is Buell, you'll find!' And so it proved."

This disposed of, let us briefly consider the two other persistent claims by the detractors of Grant, namely: Was Grant's Army of the Tennessee *defeated* on the 6th of April? and secondly, did the arrival of General Buell's Army of the Ohio rescue him from destruction that evening?

I shall arrange the facts as briefly as may be, as written at the time by the actors on both sides, and then consider this evidence judicially and try to reach a just judgment.

The reader will please remember, at the outset, that "hearsay" is not competent evidence in any court, and will be ruled out. "*Opinions*" and "*ifs*" are not "facts," and *facts* should be the only basis of all just judgment on *any* subject.

THE TRIAL.

We will first hear the testimony as to the condition of the two armies, and *why* the battle closed "near sunset."

The testimony of an adversary, when against his interest or claim, is always esteemed of greatest weight. Let us, therefore, first hear the Confederate officers, and first of all, General Beauregard. He says:

"It was after 6 o'clock P. M., as before stated, when the enemy's last position was carried, and his forces finally

NOTE.—All citations are from Confederate and Federal War Records.

broke and sought refuge behind a commanding eminence covering the Pittsburg landing, not more than half a mile distant and under the guns of the gunboats, which opened on our columns a fierce and annoying fire with shot and shell of the heaviest description.

"Darkness was close at hand; officers and men were exhausted by a combat of over twelve hours without food, and jaded by the march of the preceding day through mud and water."

This much from the Commander-in-Chief.

We will call General Bragg, second in command:

"The enemy had fallen back, and were covered by a battery of heavy guns, well served, and their two gunboats, which now poured a heavy fire upon our supposed positions."

"The sun was about disappearing, so that little time was left to finish the glorious work of the day.

"Our troops, greatly exhausted by twelve hours' incessant fighting, *mostly* responded to the order to advance, though a heavy battery in our front and the gunboats on our right seemed determined to dispute every inch of ground.

"Just at this time an order was given to withdraw our forces beyond the enemy's fire. The troops were soon in motion and the action ceased The different commands mixed and scattered, bivouacked at points most convenient beyond the range of the enemy's guns.

"Such was the nature of the ground over which we had fought, and the heavy resistance we had met, that the commands of the whole army were very much shattered."

General Polk will be the next witness:

"We had one hour or more of daylight still left when Prentiss surrendered; were within 300 to 400 yards of the enemy's position. At this juncture his gunboats dropped down the river near the landing and opened a tremendous cannonade of shot and shell in the direction from where our forces were approaching.

"Here the impression arose that our forces were waging an unequal contest; and they were exhausted and suffering from a murderous fire, and by order from the commanding general they were withdrawn from the field"

We call General Hardee as the next witness: "Upon the death of General Johnston," he says in his official report, "the command having devolved upon General Beauregard, the conflict was continued until *near sunset*, and the advanced divisions were within a few hundred yards of Pittsburg Landing, when the order to withdraw was received. The troops were ordered to bivouac on the battlefield. *Exhausted by fasting and the toils of the day, scattered* and disordered by continued combat of twelve hours, many straggled to find food in the enemy's camps or shelter in the forest.

"Many of our men straggled from their ranks or fell back without orders. A few, allured by the rich plunder of the captured camps, and some, terrified by the bloody scenes, fled towards Corinth. From these causes and the casualties of the battle, we could not on Monday form in line of battle more than 20,000 men."

Colonel Jordan, Beauregard's Adjutant-General, says: "At the time of the reception of the order given by General Beauregard late on the afternoon of the 6th, for his greatly disorganized advanced troops to withdraw from action, I had reached a point very close to the Tennessee River, where it was densely timbered. The large ordnance of the gunboats were raking this position with their heavy projectiles as they tore and crashed in all directions through the forest."

General Ruggles, who commanded a division in the Confederate army and assisted in the capture of Prentiss, and who was then present, after describing the capture, and what immediately followed, says:

"I received instructions from General Bragg to carry forward all the troops I could find, and *while assembling a considerable force ready for immediate action, I received from Colonel Augustin notice of General Beauregard's orders to withdraw from the further pursuit, and finding soon afterwards that the forces were falling back, I retired with them just as night set in, to a field in the rear.*"

Thus far we find no evidence that any of these commanding generals made any actual attack in force on Grant's new position.

We have seen a little further back that all the Confederate reserves had been put into action as early as 2 o'clock, and many of them as early as 11 in the morning, hence there were no fresh troops to be put in battle.

Col. T. M. Russell, who commanded the brigade to whom Prentiss surrendered, in his report tells of the movements of the Confederate forces after the prisoners had been sent to the rear, as follows:

"The prisoners having been disposed of, I made preparations to move the forces under my command forward, but part of the command being out of ammunition, I ordered details to bring up supplies. This being done, General Cheatham directed a line to be formed in rear of the captured encampment and await further orders. The enemy's gunboats kept up an incessant fire of shot and shell. After waiting in this position for some time, orders were received from General Bragg to fall back out of range of the gunboats and encamp for the night."

Major-General Cheatham, C. S. A., who commanded the division (in which the preceding witness commanded a brigade), tells in his report what his command did the rest of the evening, as follows:

"The enemy was then understood to have concentrated on the river bank" (this part is hearsay, for Cheatham was in the forest more than a mile from the river and could not see what the National troops were doing in their new position), "under the shelter of his gunboats, from which at this time an active shelling was being kept up on our advance. *My own and other commands* came forward, *but many of the regiments having entirely exhausted their ammunition, a halt of some time was necessary for the purpose of replenishing.* The day was now far advanced, and before proper preparations were made, darkness prevented further operations that day, *and all commands were withdrawn for the night out of range of the shells from the enemy's gunboats.*"

These divisions and brigades were the best of the shattered forces the Confederates had left on the field, and yet we see that they withdrew out of range, without again approaching or attacking Grant's new lines.

Colonel Money, who commanded one of the brigades in General Cheatham's division, and who was on the Confederate line near the river at the time Prentiss surrendered and the Union lines withdrew to their new position, knew personally what the Confederate force was doing on that part of the line during the evening.

He said in his report:

"I made a short halt on the position from which the enemy had been driven, and with the First and Ninth regiments" (probably 500 men) "advanced in the direction of his flight. I was halted *near the river for the purpose (as I understood)*,"—this is *hearsay* —"of allowing some concentration of our troops for attacking the enemy near his gunboats. Our forces came rapidly up, but it was already late in the day, and they were halted a short distance *in my rear* for the purpose of replenishing their ammunition. I held the position at which I had been halted until dark, *the enemy all the while* keeping up an active shelling from his gunboats. At dark, finding our troops generally retiring, and understanding that it was the order for all to do so, I withdrew my command for the night, and this

ended their part in the battle of Sunday."

Not a shot seems to have been fired by them in this new position. They simply waited for the concentration of forces and an order to advance which never came; and this handful of men were left in this advanced position, without orders to retire, long after the regular forces in the rear had withdrawn beyond the fire of the gunboats.

General A. P. Stewart, C. S. A., who commanded a brigade in the forces operating nearest the river, says in his report: "I moved my command along a road by the left flank to the camp where prisoners were captured. We finally took position, under the orders of General Breckinridge, to aid in the pursuit of the enemy, *which was checked by the fire from* the gunboats."

This was certainly a *good* reason *why* they did not advance or again attack.

And General Anderson, who commanded another of Ruggles' brigades, and moved toward the river after the surrender of Prentiss, gives graphic evidence as to *why* they *did not* make an attack on Grant's last lines. He says: "When the white flag was run up my men reached it first. The sun was now near the western horizon. The battle had ceased to rage. I met General Ruggles who ordered me to take a road leading in the direction of the river. I had not proceeded far, when, overtaking me, he ordered me to halt till some artillery could be taken to the front *when he would* give me further orders. The enemy's gunboats soon opened fire. General Ruggles directed me to move a short distance and by inclining to the right to gain a little hollow which would probably afford better protection for my men against shell than the position I then occupied. I gained the hollow and called a halt, ordering the men to take cover behind the hill and near a little ravine which traversed the hollow. We occupied this position some *ten or fifteen minutes*, when one of General Ruggles' staff directed me to retire beyond the range of the enemy's floating guns. In filing off from this position *several men were killed and many wounded by the exploding shells of the enemy. It was now twilight. As soon as we had placed a hill between us and the gunboats, the troops moved more slowly.*"

These troops were really driven and scattered by the terrific fire from Grant's heavy batteries and the gunboats, against the fire of which no fatigued and battered troops could possibly stand. At any rate, this valuable testimony explains *why no final general attack in force was ever made* on Grant's new lines.

We come now to General Withers, whose division was on the extreme Confederate right on that evening. Let us hear what he and his officers say as to *why* they did not succeed.

General Withers: "After the fierce fight which ended in the capture of Prentiss, this division was moved forward, although some regiments had not succeeded in obtaining a supply of ammunition. We had just entered a deep and precipitous ravine when the enemy opened a terrific fire upon us. Staff officers were immediately dispatched to bring up all the reinforcements to be found. These orders were being obeyed, when, to my astonishment, a large portion of the command was observed to move rapidly by the left flank from under the fire of the enemy. Orders were immediately sent to arrest the commanding officers, and for the troops to be promptly placed in position for charging the batteries. Information was soon brought, however, that it was by General Beauregard's orders that the troops were being rapidly led from under the enemy's fire. Thus ended the fight on Sunday."

General Chalmers, who commanded a brigade under General Withers, on that part of the line nearest the river, after Prentiss surrendered, says:

"It was about 4 o'clock in the evening, and after distributing ammunition,

we received orders from General Bragg *to drive the enemy into the river.*

"My brigade, together with that of Brigadier-General Jackson, filed to the right and formed faced toward the river and endeavored to press forward to the water's edge." (The river was nearly a mile distant.) "But in attempting to *mount the last ridge we were met by a fire from a whole line of batteries* protected by infantry and assisted by shells from the gunboats. *Our men* struggled vainly to ascend the hill, which was very steep, making charge after charge without success, but continued to fight until night closed hostilities on both sides." (This "charging and fighting until night" is at variance with the testimony of Generals Withers, Jackson, Stewart and all the other Confederate officers.)

"During this engagement Gage's battery was brought up to our assistance, but suffered so severely that it was soon compelled to retire."

In truth this battery of Gage's was a long way off on a slight elevation, and was very soon knocked to pieces and silenced by Grant's heavy batteries, and that was all the fight that ensued on this part of the line in the evening, except by skirmishers, as we shall see. At any rate, Chalmers had at this time but a few hundred men in this demonstration.

Chalmers then adds: "My men were too much exhausted to storm the batteries on the hill, but they were brought off in good order."

Here is an admission that his small force was too weak and shattered to accomplish anything.

General Jackson commanded the leading brigade in this movement, and General Chalmers followed him with his brigade. Jackson therefore knew as well, or better, than Chalmers, what occurred. He says:

"My brigade was ordered to face towards Pittsburg, where the enemy appeared to have made his last stand, and to advance upon him; General Chalmers' brigade being on my right. My men advanced under a heavy fire from light batteries, siege pieces and gunboats. Passing through the ravine they arrived near the crest of the opposite hill, upon which the enemy's batteries were. Being without ammunition, and having only their bayonets to rely upon, they *could not be urged farther without support.* Sheltering themselves against the precipitous sides of the ravine, they remained under fire for some time.

"*Finding an advance without support impracticable,* remaining there under fire useless, and believing the further forward movement should be made simultaneously along our whole line (Chalmers had withdrawn), I proceeded to obtain orders from General Withers, but before seeing him was ordered by a staff officer to retire. The order was announced to me as coming from General Beauregard, *and was promptly communicated* to my command."

Colonel Smith, of the same Confederate command, in referring to this movement after the surrender of Prentiss and the retirement of the Union forces to their new line, says:

"After their retreat the gunboats opened a most destructive fire, which we endured for some time, not being able to reply, and under orders we retired."

Colonel Dunlop, of the Ninth Arkansas, whose regiment was in this movement, says that after Prentiss surrendered they "advanced in the direction of the river and of the batteries that were firing, to our front and right. We continued until our position became one of great peril, placed as we were between two batteries, both pouring destructive volleys of grape and canister into our ranks. In this position we received orders to fall back to a safe position, and we withdrew."

General Martin, Second Confederate Infantry, who commanded a brigade Sunday afternoon, gives us his testimony as to what occurred in this

alleged movement on Grant's batteries and the Landing, after the capture of Prentiss. He says:

"I immediately assumed command of the brigade (after Bowen was wounded), moved to the left and front, then toward the river. When within 300 or 400 yards of the river the enemy opened on us with their gunboats and two batteries in position near the river, which sounded terribly and looked ugly, and hurt but few.

"Being now nearly night, I fell back, by an order from General Bragg, to the first encampment in the tents farthest from the river, visited occasionally by a shell from the gunboats."

Colonel Moore, who was present at the surrender of Prentiss, and commanded a brigade, tells what happened:

"From this point," he says, "we marched eastward, toward the Tennessee River. As we were about marching, a shell from the enemy fell and exploded in our ranks, mortally wounding two men. After advancing about half a mile we came to a deep ravine and found ourselves in front of a heavy battery of the enemy at a distance of 400 or 500 yards on our front. They opened on us a fire of shot and shell. After having kept up this fire for a considerable time they then changed the position of some of their guns, placing them so as to bring on us a raking fire up the ravine from our right. Seeing this state of things, we made a rapid retreat from our unpleasant position, and proceeded back to the camp.

"It was dark when we reached camp and we bivouacked in a drenching rain."

Colonel Moore's men were on the extreme right of their line next to the river, and he tells an entirely accurate story as to what then occurred, as the author has verified from many other sources. The battery which he says the Federals changed "so as to bring on them a raking fire up the ravine," was a battery which was run out on a ridge projecting south from the landing and terminating at the deep ravine or creek, up the mouth of which the gunboats were sending their raking shot, shell and canister. This is the battery which the Thirty-sixth Indiana supported near 7 o'clock P. M., and it enfiladed any force in or attempting to cross the ravine. This ravine, too, was deep in overflowed water far back from the river, and could not be crossed for nearly half a mile above its mouth, making the position at the landing unassailable. That point could only be reached by the capture of the heavy batteries of more than forty guns in line, extending from a point 150 yards south and west of the landing, back about one-third of a mile The heavy batteries consisted of 24-pounder siege guns, 20-pounder Parrotts, 18 and 12 and 6-pounder field guns; and the central heavy guns occupied one of the most commanding artillery positions on the entire field. This tremendous battery swept all the approaches in front for distances beyond infantry fire. Was it surprising that the Confederate infantry, "worn out and shattered by twelve hours of fighting, refused to advance farther," or charge it?

The last alleged attempted assault of the batteries, 600 to 700 yards from the river (for no force could cross the overflowed ravine nearer the river), was made by the Eighteenth Louisiana regiment. This regiment went into the battle 500 strong, or less. It lost 211 killed and wounded; must, therefore, have been about 289 strong. And this was the only *organized* force that made any pretense of an actual charge on the batteries. The Colonel says: "Being unsupported and unable to accomplish the capture of the battery, or the repulse of the enemy, I was compelled to retire."

If the case were here submitted to the court upon this Confederate testimony as to Grant's *defeat* on the 6th, what would be the judgment?

General Beauregard made a *general*

claim of victory on the 6th. The claim was based upon the fact that Grant's forces were driven back a mile during the day, and left the camps of three of his divisions in Confederate possession during the night. This only. And yet Grant was not driven from the *field*. He still held on firmly, on a strong and contracted line, repelled all final attacks from left to right, and the enemy retired from his front. Does not a careful analysis of this Confederate testimony sustain the assertion of Colonel William Preston Johnston, C. S. A., to the effect that the feeble demonstrations of Chalmers' and Jackson's fragments of shattered regiments in front of the batteries at 6 o'clock, or later in the evening, "has been generally mistaken by the Federal writers for the final assault of the Confederate army, *which was never made*?"

I submit that *no other conclusion can be drawn from it.*

It demonstrates that the Confederate army was so completely exhausted, so shattered, torn and depleted by its long and recklessly brave fighting for "twelve hours," that it was utterly *impotent* for further aggressive fighting that day, and was forced to retire.

It demonstrates, too, that the firing which the Confederates met on the line nearest the river, came from Grant's *batteries* and the *gunboats*.

"These batteries were supported by masses of infantry," the Confederate witnesses say. And so they were,—Hurlbut's division and parts of the broken divisions of W. H. L. Wallace and of Prentiss, were, most of them, massed behind the batteries, as strong in purpose as at any hour of the day, reinforced by many returning stragglers.

There was a little infantry firing a quarter of a mile southwest of the Landing a little later after Colonel Ammen's men arrived, as we shall see, but we shall also see that the enemy they were firing upon was not an organized infantry force, but a few straggling cavalry skirmishers in the brush, who did not know that their army, as such, had retreated under orders.

It may be asked, where was the balance of the Confederate army under Hardee, Bragg and the others, that they did not concentrate on Grant's batteries and lines near the Landing? The answer is: They had had a terrible day of it with Sherman, McClernand, Prentiss and W. H. L. Wallace in the region of Shiloh Church, and eastward to the "Hornets' Nest," and when the Federal army fell back, after the lines had been penetrated on both sides of Prentiss, and took new positions in the rear, and also west of, Grant's park of artillery which had been concentrated under Colonel Webster during the afternoon,—(not in the hurry and consternation of the evening as has been represented)—the bulk of the Confederate army found itself so badly shattered, scattered and mixed, that some time elapsed before they could concentrate their fragmentary masses to make another advance. And when they did advance they found Sherman and McClernand, with part of the forces of Prentiss and Wallace, in new contracted lines, with their field artillery ablaze, ready to receive them. All further efforts to move Sherman and McClernand during the balance of the day utterly failed, and all attacks ceased there before sunset and the Confederates withdrew a mile to the scene of the battle of early morning. This accounts for the fact that only the fragments of the depleted and shattered division of General Withers, under Chalmers and Jackson, found their way, "400 or 500 yards in front of" Grant's new line of artillery, where, as soon as their skirmishers were discovered, they were fired upon by this line of "frowning artillery and the gunboats with shot, shell, grape and canister," and the intended attack was too feeble to make the slightest impression, and their "forces withdrew in good order out of range of the enemy's fire," as they declared. This was the situation at the close of the day.

The reader must try to understand that as the two armies were locked in a death-grapple all day in the forest out of sight of the gunboats, the latter were wholly unable to take any part in the battle—not knowing where to throw their shells—until the Federal forces retired north of, and behind, the deep creek and ravine which emptied into the river 400 yards south of the landing. There, for the first time (near 6 o'clock in the evening), did the gunboats come into action by taking position in front of the mouth of this ravine, and swept it with their great guns, with "shot and shell, grape and canister, tearing through the forest," and landing their huge shells amidst the enemy two miles or more from the river, "killing and wounding many."

In his official report of the battle, General Sherman tells of the situation in front of his lines most remote from the river (three-fourths of a mile), Sunday evening. After describing the terrible fighting in the region of Shiloh Church all day, he says:

"About 4 P. M. it was evident that Hurlbut's line had been driven back towards the river, and knowing that General Lew Wallace was coming from Crump's Landing with reinforcements, General McClernand and I, on consultation, selected a new line of defense, with its right covering the bridge by which General Wallace had to approach. We fell back, gathering, in addition to our own, such scattered forces as we could find, and formed a new line During this change the enemy's cavalry charged us, but was handsomely repulsed The Fifth Ohio battery, which had come up, rendered good service in holding the enemy in check for some time; and Major Taylor also came up with a new battery and got into position just in time to get a good flanking fire upon the enemy's columns as he pressed on McClernand's right, checking his advance, when General McClernand's division made a fine charge on the enemy and drove him back into the ravines. I had a clear field of about 200 yards in my immediate front, and contented myself with keeping the enemy's infantry at that distance during the rest of the day.

". . . General Lew Wallace arrived from Crump's Landing shortly after dark and formed his line to my right and rear."

This, then, was the condition on the most remote portion of General Grant's lines at the close of the battle, without aid from any source.

General Hurlbut, who was in command of that part of Grant's new line of battle embracing the line of heavy and other artillery, extending from the river above the landing to a connection with Sherman and McClernand, and the line which has been said by some writers to have been so fiercely assaulted and so seriously menaced on Sunday evening, shall be called to tell the truth about conditions there. His official report was made April 12, 1862, only five days after the battle. He describes the fierce fight of the day, and tells how his division, being flanked on the left, was forced to fall back about 4 o'clock, and then says:

"The retreat was made quietly and steadily, and in good order. On reaching the 24-pounder siege guns in battery near the river [they were about one-third of a mile back from the river] I again succeeded in forming line of battle in rear of the guns, and, by direction of Major General Grant, I assumed command of all troops that came up. Broken regiments and disordered battalions came into line gradually upon my right, and I sent my aide to establish the light artillery on my left. Major Cavender posted six 20 pounder pieces on my right. Many officers and men unknown to me, and whom I never desire to know, fled in confusion through the line in the morning. Many gallant soldiers and brave officers rallied steadily on the new line. . . My First, Second and Third Brigades were reunited at the heavy guns.

"I passed to the right and found myself in communication with General Sherman, and received his instructions. In a short time the enemy appeared on the crest of the [opposite] ridge, led by the Eighteenth Louisiana, but were cut to pieces by the *steady and murderous fire of our artillery*. Dr. Carnyn [who was an expert gunner] took charge of one of the heavy 24 pounders, and the line of fire of that gun was the one upon which the other pieces concentrated. General Sherman's artillery also was rapidly engaged, and after an artillery contest of some duration the enemy fell back.

"Captain Irwin, United States Navy, had previously called upon me by one of his officers and requested me to designate the place the gunboats might take to open their fire. I advised him to take position on the left of my camp ground and open fire as soon as our fire had receded within that line. He did so, and from my own observations and the statements of prisoners, his fire was most effectual in stopping the advance of the enemy Sunday afternoon. I advanced my division one hundred yards to the front, threw out pickets, and officers and men bivouacked in a heavy storm of rain.

"*About 12 p. m. General Nelson's leading columns passed through my line and went to the front, and I called in my advanced guard.*"

On this report, General Grant made the following endorsement:

PITTSBURG, April 25, 1862.
This is a fair, candid report, assuming none too much for officers and men of the division.
U. S. GRANT,
Major-General.

Then follow, in the War Records, official reports of ten colonels who commanded brigades and regiments, and the commanders of two batteries who retired to this new line of Hurlbut's on these heavy batteries, all fully corroborating in detail Hurlbut's statements.

These officers all make use of expressions like these, in substance, varying in form: "A large portion of my men were rallied and formed in line on the left of the heavy siege battery."

Another says: "With 212 men we moved to the rear of the siege guns, where we bivouacked for the night."

Another colonel says: "My regiment was brought off without wavering, unbroken, and assisted in forming the line at the siege guns. My men, tired and hungry, laid down and rested on their arms during the night."

Another colonel in command of a brigade reports: "General Hurlbut now ordered me to fall back and take a position on the road leading to the landing, near the heavy seige guns, and my brigade rested on their arms during that stormy night."

And thus they continue through the list.

We have now the evidence of those who were *present* and *engaged in the combat* on *both sides*. Not the alarmed visions of reporters, or frightened cowards and stragglers who fled to the rear; not *opinions* of those who afterward became interested in showing the "*ruin* of Grant's army," and its "*timely rescue*," but testimony of the brave men who were at the front on both sides and *saw*. And it is submitted that there is a most striking concord between the statements of the Federal and Confederate officers as to why the battle terminated as it did that Sunday night, with Grant firmly planted in his new line—a line stronger and more defensible than any he had occupied during the earlier part of the day—the Confederates being unable to make any further impression upon it, and retiring, exhausted, broken, and their ranks terribly decimated, but still brave and courageous.

Based upon the *Records*, the *evidence* which survives from the *very time*,—rising from the dead, as it were, to confront and confound the modern rhetoric which has so greatly misrepresented the truth,—what will be the verdict and judgment of the candid and thoughtful reader?

As a fitting close to the battle of the first day, I quote a brief, but most elegant description of the terrible fighting, by that eloquent Southern writer, Col. William Preston Johnston, C. S. A.:

"There has been criticism that there were no grand assaults by divisions and corps The fact is that there were but few lulls in the contest. The fighting was a grapple and a death struggle all day long, and, as one brigade after another retired before the deadly fire of the stubborn Federals, still another was pushed into the combat, and kept up the fierce assault. A breathing-spell, and the shattered command would gather itself up and resume its work of destruction. These were the general aspects of the battle."

And this description may be applied with equal appropriateness to the fighting of the Federal army.

(To be continued.)

SHALL WE KEEP THE PHILIPPINES?

BY A. L. CONGER.

THIS question is now causing great discussion among American manufacturers, business men, and our public press, because of the momentous questions which are sure to arise at an early day touching the situation in the far East.

There seems but little doubt in the minds of all that the great Chinese empire must soon fall to pieces, crumbled with its own weight, and it will be known only in the annals of history, following the course of the great Roman empire. Its epitaph may be truthfully written: "The anointed children of education and civilization have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant," while they have shut themselves in and pursued their ancient customs. They have so far fallen behind that they are no longer considered by other civilized nations as a common factor, and they must stop and turn aside and get out of the way of the great caravan of modern civilization, which is now steadily moving forward.

But what has this to do with the Philippine Islands, you ask. As a nation we have within the past few years advanced from *one* of the common factors among nations and taken our place at the *head* of the list, or side by side with England. Here is an empire that will soon go to pieces, with 4,179,559 square mileage of acreage in territory, and with a population estimated from 350,000,000 to 400,000,000 of people who are to be fed. Russia has already come into possession of Manchuria, a province as large as England and France combined, with a population estimated at 23,000,000.

It is known that other foreign nations are scheming to get possession of this territory. England has already done great service to the world and advanced civilization by securing open markets for all nations for the Chinese trade. Already our country has a good slice of this trade by reason of superiority of goods offered and direct water transportation, which can be trebled and quadrupled for the future. But in order to do this our government must enforce and maintain our rights. To do this they should retain possession of the entire archipelago commonly known as the Philippine Islands.

The history of the past shows that our government has been very derelict in aiding the American manufacturer and merchant by way of reaching out for foreign commerce, partly because the resources of our country were undeveloped, and our policy has been not to interfere or assert ourselves so far

as foreign commerce was concerned, leaving the American manufacturers and merchants to fight the battle alone. But now the entire situation has changed, and our nation should at once conform itself to the new conditions.

If we retain the Philippines, we not only have a coaling station but we have a key to the far East that will enable us to secure a trade that in a few years will be worth $500,000,000 per annum to us, and in ten years perhaps $1,000,000,000 per annum.

We need only look back to the recent opening of the Argentine Republic. By the superiority of goods of American manufacture were we enabledto get a foothold over England and France and Germany in these markets, and today goods of American manufacture will take precedence over any other in that market.

The industrial capacity of the American people has outgrown the demands of our home markets, and our manufacturers and our country must hereafter make a greater effort to secure the markets of the world.

Recent events have presented a grand opportunity for us, and we are foolish if we let the opportunity slip by and not avail ourselves of the key to this trade by retaining the Philippine archipelago.

If complications arise by which our peace commissioners cannot compel a settlement on the basis mentioned, then we should do as we did with Mexico when we paid her, after our army had entered her capital, $15,000,000 and assumed $3,000,000 of indebtedness. If we have to pay any bonus and can secure our share of the Chinese trade thereby, the money will come back to us ten-fold in a few years.

But, in order to bring about this result, we must have warships at our command, and the Philippines would be the rallying point from which we would enforce the situation by joining hands with England in compelling open markets for the world.

Take for instance the possessions of Manchuria; her extensive forests of pine and elm alone are an immense source of wealth. Their forests are so situated that logs may be floated down the rivers to the sea. At the mouth of the Yalu as many as 40,000 raftsmen are said to congregate in summer. Gold, silver, iron, and coal, are found in abundance, but China has heretofore forbidden the development of these mines. No part of China is more richly endowed by nature than Manchuria, and under the jurisdiction of Russia, Manchuria is destined in the near future to astonish the world in her wonderful development; and yet Russia acquired all of this vast territory through the mere form of diplomacy, without a single cent of expenditure, or the killing of one of her subjects, and it is said that now she is scheming to get a greater foothold in the empire, and the sooner we join with England in procuring written guarantees or assurances on the part of China, that if any further concessions are made to foreign nations our present trading facilities shall be properly protected, the sooner we will be able to retain and strengthen our trade with this country.

The present Chinese empire is soon to become a complete network of railways, and the development of all China's territory will be opened up by the immense railway systems which are soon to be completed in that country. The importance of this to the American nation will be readily understood when it is recalled that Baron Von Richtofen estimated that the anthracite of their coal fields alone would supply the world for 2,000 years A railroad is already being constructed through that region. A company of English capitalists has just received a sixty-year concession of the coal and iron fields in the province of Shansi.

A careful statistician says that "according to charters already granted for Chinese railroads, there will be more railroad tracks in China built the next

year than in the United States. American engineers will do the bulk of the work and American rolling stock will furnish the bulk of the equipment." Now is the time for our government to take care of the future, and, as President McKinley says, "Secure the fruits of our victory."

While we have made wonderful development in this country within the past few years, it must be borne in mind that at the great World's fair in Chicago, England, France and Germany each had hundreds of their expert mechanics on the ground, copying and making plans of our improved machinery, and where that could not well be done, they bought the machinery entire, so that machinery from our patterns of American genius and invention is now being made in every part of the world. Heretofore our government has been very slow in fortifying itself and our business men and merchants in securing trade with foreign nations.

Several years since, while upon an European trip, I was standing one day upon the docks of Liverpool, England. I saw there many carloads of American farm machinery, properly boxed, waiting trans-shipment to the Argentine Republic. As the season was rapidly advancing when this machinery should be in the harvest field, and having heard complaints from American manufacturers about great delays in their foreign shipments, I made inquiries to know how soon it would be shipped. The agent in charge advised me that it would be shipped on the steamer that would sail on Saturday of that week. The next morning I arrived at Bedford, and visited the office of one of the principal manufacturers of agricultural machinery in England, and while discussing with him, in his office. the trade of the Argentine Republic, I casually mentioned the fact that our manufacturers were competing for that trade, and that we had a large amount of machinery then upon the docks at Liverpool which would go forward on the Saturday steamer of that week, when, with a merry twinkle in his eye, he replied: "Oh, no, your machinery will not go on the Saturday steamer. I have just returned from Liverpool this morning. We have a large amount of machinery, together with that of two other manufacturers (whose names he mentioned), for shipment to Argentina, and we have engaged all the space on the Saturday steamer for our machinery. Yours will be shipped at a later day." I replied that this was not fair treatment to the American manufacturers. His reply told me volumes upon this question. It was as follows: "Oh, well, it is our ship, sailing under our flag, carrying our commerce, and we are entitled to the preference. When you get your line of steamships, sailing under your flag, then your manufacturers can have the preference." It was an object lesson; and while only an incident it is worthy of our careful consideration, as it shows how easily the American business man can be embarrassed when seeking for commerce without the aid of the strong arm of our government.

President McKinley came the nearest to sizing up public opinion when he made a speech before the Merchants' Exchange of St. Louis on the 14th of October, in which he said: "We have one flag and one destiny, and wherever that destiny shall lead us we shall have hearts strong enough to lead us to meet every responsibility, and we must gather the fruits of our victory." And the next day, at Terre Haute, Ind., he said: "What the people want of those of us who are charged with the administration of the government is to see to it that the war was not in vain, and that the just fruit of our achievements on land and sea shall not be lost."

President McKinley has made but few mistakes, if any, during the war. His wide experience in governmental affairs resulted in the great good of the American people. In every embarrassment that rose from the commencement

of the war he was equal to the occasion. He is in close touch with the people of this country, and especially with its business interests, and we can safely trust him in the peace settlement as fully alive to American interests and equal to the present occasion. In his present language, as above, he doubtless means that we shall retain the archipelago embracing the Philippines.

In view of the present situation it is extremely fortunate for our country that we have such an able and distinguished representative as Hon. Edwin H. Conger as Minister to China. He has had a wide experience in public affairs while in Congress, and, coming as he does from the great State of Iowa, he is most thoroughly qualified in every way for the position which he now holds. He is undoubtedly the right man in the right place in this critical period. He knows as well as any man can know the wants and needs and rights of his country, and will insist upon them.

TANDEM RACING FOR HIGH STAKES.

BY ARCHIE R. EGGLESON.

THERE is a little railway station in one of the western states that is called Defiance, and the agent who presided there is Joe Grow, an old friend of mine.

Once a year Joe has a vacation, and now and then we spend it together in some wild corner of the universe, wasting powder and shot on ducks and grouse that have a way of flying off in triumph, in spite of our correct aim and skill in shooting at a mark, angling for big fish and catching little ones, and traveling miles after deer, only to buy our venison steak from some more experienced hunter.

Our last trip was made on a tandem bicycle, with Winchester rifles strapped to the frame and revolvers in our belts. Of course we worked our passage, for the miles on miles of rough roads that we encountered meant for us to walk and push the wheel ahead of us; but when we struck a wide stretch of prairie we whirled along with a speed that made up for the previous toilsome progress.

At the beginning of our journey Joe was a novice on the wheel, but he soon learned to use the handle-bars and keep in the saddle.

We slaughtered some game, had a great deal of sport, and grew brown-skinned, firm of muscle, and reckless in equal proportions.

One day we camped on the bank of a sluggish river, where we captured a fine lot of fish, and building a fire made a roast of them for dinner. It was four o'clock when we mounted and took a crooked path through the scrubby trees and undergrowth out on a prairie that showed no signs of human habitation, leaving behind us our dying embers and raw and cooked fish enough for another meal.

"We are growing more and more like savages as we leave civilization farther behind us," said Joe, looking back at the remnants of our feast. "When we have luck in getting food enough to eat, we eat, and what we can't use, we waste Why did we push out on this plain so late in the day, when this is such a comfortable place in which to wrap our blankets about us and lie down to pleasant dreams?"

"Because there is no wind to face, there will be a full moon to-night and we can reach another stream and belt of timber before blanket-wrapping is in order," I replied.

"Pump on then, my brother!" said Joe, convinced by my reasoning.

Sunset found us still on the wheel with a level stretch of ground before us. I had been straining my eyes at intervals the last half hour to catch a glimpse of the trees that would indicate water and shelter ahead, but had been surprised and disappointed by seeing only the waving herbage changing in texture and color as we wound over swelling ridges to avoid turf mounds and sloughs.

"Where is your river, Charley? It don't seem to show up," remarked Joe.

"Still westward!" I said encouragingly. "We shall find it in time."

"As we find good luck and riches and other things we work the pedals for in this life! You will kindly dismount for a season. I must fortify my patience with a smoke"

We rolled off the machine, laid it to rest in a bed of purple trumpet weeds and wild phlox, and threw ourselves down on the earth, while Joe lighted his cigar and began to puff in slow contentment. Thoroughly warmed up by my exertions on the wheel, for I did two-thirds of the work in propelling it, I dried my forehead with my handkerchief and, unstrapping my blanket, threw it over me to avoid a cold and stiffening of the limbs

Twilight was coming fast. The moon was already dispensing her light, and as Joe smoked on in silence, a drowsy feeling stole over me that I did not try to resist. I dropped off into a very comfortable sleep, which Joe discovered when he had finished his cigar, and he, too, was inclined to doze, he followed my example, stretching himself close by my side. The sense of companionship must have prolonged my slumbers beyond the limits of a nap, for when I awoke night was fairly advanced. I sat up for a minute before I could clear my head and take in the bearings of the situation. We were certainly lying together with the tandem close at hand, but what was the meaning of those yells behind us?"

I gave Joe an energetic shake and leaped to my feet at once. Far across the landscape I could see by the clear moonlight a dozen dark forms swinging along over our trail and yelping now and then in a way that made peculiar thrills run from my elbows to my shoulders as an ague chill begins.

"Quick, Joe!" I exclaimed, clutching my blanket and making it into a roll. "A bunch of wolves is after us."

Keen-witted and cool in an emergency, Joe gathered himself and his belongings together, we clambered into our seats simultaneously and bore away to the west, taking a flying gait from the start.

"You see, Charley, we have learned the wastefulness of the savage without his caution. This comes of leaving our fresh fish beside the river instead of bundling it into the water. We have been tracked from that savory camp to this place!" he growled as we glided along.

"Never mind," I said, assuming a cheerfulness I did not feel, "there must be timber within a short distance, and at this pace we shall certainly beat the brutes!"

"All luck!" said Joe. "Moonshine isn't sunshine, and we're not spinning over pavements. If we strike a slough we're set, and if we run full tilt against a badger-mound we're upset! In either case, the wolves will have a square meal and the Columbia will be chief mourner at our double funeral."

There was grim truth in this humorous view of the case, and I moved my limbs a little faster without disputing it.

"Do they gain on us?" Joe inquired a few moments later. I glanced back over my shoulder.

"They are holding an equal rate of speed.

"Can we move faster?"

"No, this is our best clip!"

The words had scarcely left my lips when the tandem plunged into a hollow place and brought up against a knoll with such force as to unseat both of us

and mix us up in a confused heap. The pursuing yells increased and drew nearer so rapidly that we lost no time in contemplating our bruises, but picked ourselves up, lifted the wheel over the obstruction, and heading it toward a higher ridge, we flung ourselves upon it and renewed our flight.

"Another little accident would result in a loss of the race," said Joe, with a deep-drawn breath.

"Look ahead!" I cried suddenly, "There's a black line rising against the sky all along the horizon! Joe, it is timber!"

"You're right, Charley! Now comes the home stretch! Let's go under the wire shouting!"

We brought every nerve and sinew under subjection, and, guided by our swift-moving feet, the machine seemed endowed with fresh speed. On and on we flew and above the measured click of our chain the sound of the bounding feet of our enemies became apparent.

"Turn in the saddle and give them a charge from your revolver, Joe!" I cried in desperation.

"Steady! steady!" cautioned my companion, as he obeyed, and the next instant there was a sharp crack, followed by a series of howls. We had no way of ascertaining whether he had wounded one of their number or not, but one thing was evident, he had diverted their attention from us for a brief space of time and we gained several yards in consequence.

The timber line was quite near now, and we felt a renewal of confidence as we saw the outline of oaks and poplars rising against the sky. The track began to grow sandy and suddenly we struck a trail that was easier to follow, though it showed the fine gravel of river-bottom land.

"We'll stop at the first big tree!" I exclaimed, and as the words left my lips we saw straight ahead of us a forked burr oak. Slowing our gait we alighted and Joe was up in the branches like a squirrel a moment afterwards. Then I found a limb on which to hang the wheel and pulled myself up beyond it just as the panting brutes reached the scene. Their leader leaped in the air, and snapped viciously at the rubber tire, but missed it by an inch and his jaws shut together like a steel bear-trap! Before he could make a second jump, I had drawn the tandem to a higher position where I proceeded to strap it securely in place.

"Howl on, wild beasts of the jungle!" said Joe, brushing the moisture from his face. "Two pairs of legs and a bike have won the race. You are clearly out-classed!"

We were jubilant over our escape for a few moments, and then the disagreeable features of our situation began to show themselves. The night was cool and rapidly growing cooler—an unpleasant fact to those whose clothing was wet with prespiration! and never having learned the art of going to roost like fowls, we found perching on scraggy limbs precarious business.

The wolves pattered about in circles below us, snarling continuously and breaking out occasionally into a chorus of yells.

Now and then they would swing their gaunt bodies out into the open space, making grotesque shadows in the moonlight, and looking up at our retreat with hungry eyes.

"I can't stand that beastly promenade!" said Joe after a time. "If they will trip the toe in such style, let's take the rifles and give them some music for waltzing."

"A happy idea!" I returned, and taking the weapons from the frame of the wheel, we made ready and picked off a couple of them. The cries and snarls increased directly, for the remainder of the blood-thirsty pack at once fell on their unfortunate comrades and began to devour them. We fired again and dire confusion reigned, but by and by the living squatted down by the relics of the dead with appetites

partially appeased, but determination undaunted.

"Ah, Charley!" groaned Joe, as he vainly endeavored to change his cramped limbs to an easier position. "Would that I were a bird with wings! I would fly away to a tree with softer branches."

"I have often wondered why chickens crow at four o'clock in the morning," I sighed, "but now I know; they are too tired of their perches to keep silence till day-break."

The longest night must have an end, and at last we began to see faint streaks of light in the east. A line of pink clouds gathered along the horizon, and as the sun began to wade through them to his day's work, our sneaking foes arose to their feet, stretched themselves, licked their jaws and went off in several different directions. The last one on the ground was a large she wolf, who took a shoulder bone of one of the slain animals between her teeth and carried it with her.

"Providing for her family," I remarked to Joe, and, after waiting for a quarter of an hour, we descended to terra firma, took a lunch of crackers and cheese from our grip, oiled our machine, and began our day's journey.

"We will follow the bank of this stream till we find a crossing," I said decidedly, "and then we will keep nearer civilization. I don't want any more wolf adventures."

"No," echoed Joe, "this will do for a life-time!" We pushed on quite leisurely and had nearly recovered our usual equanimity, when, as we were passing a bunch of high buffalo grass, a growl met our ears.

"Hist!" whispered Joe; "look quick, Charley!" I turned my head, and what I saw was a group of baby wolves sucking and tearing the flesh from a bone, while advancing toward us with eyes aflame, red tongue, white teeth and bristling hair, was the mother, who had carried them their breakfast from the root of the tree in which we had found refuge. She was close at hand, jumping and snapping at the wheel, and the way Joe and I emptied our revolvers reminded me of the charge of a full company of militia, heard at a distance. Crack! crack! crack! we were sure to hit the mark if we kept on. Another repetition of shots and she was wounded! She staggered, fell to her knees, and was up again, dragging herself on with dying ferocity. We abandoned the wheel, the last chambers of both revolvers were empty, and she was still after us, shrieking and gnashing her teeth, with foam dripping from her mouth.

Suddenly Joe leaned over the tandem and drew his Winchester from its strap sheath; then he brought it down like a club on her skull and she fell. A few convulsive struggles and she was still. The orphans crunched their shoulder-steak in seeming ignorance of the loss they had sustained, and Joe and I gathered up our nerves and our weapons at the same time. While we were looking about us in uncertainty as to the safety of our locality, a clear whistle and the sound of galloping hoofs echoed on the morning air, following which three stalwart cattle herders appeared at a bend of the river ahead. We hailed them, and in their jolly company passed the remainder of the day. As for the young wolves, the boys secured them and carried them away captive. Neither Joe nor I had a fancy for such pets after our experience with their kind.

A STORY OF A LITTLE SIWASH.

By Sue O'Bannon Porter.

THE hot afternoon sun beat down fiercely on the bare parade ground. A calico cayuse drooped drowsily before the agency office. The distant foothills, in their lavender mist framed the wide alkali plain and a little copper colored Yakima, with round, curious eyes, stood before the pretty young matron of the government school.

He stood in the center of Miss Carey's room and gazed into her face with his round, flat eyes. There is nothing in Nature so round and flat as the eyes of a little Siwash. Andy Wa-chalk-kee's gaze was placid and unabashed. Under his copper skin flowed the blood of a noble line; own grandson, he, to the warrior chief, Wa-chalk-kee, and heir to the nine scalps that proved his grandsire's prowess. Six reservation winters had brought Andy to his present stature, and much riding of cayuses had given his legs their gentle bow.

The matron eyed the little blanket Indian critically. A soft, black hat, through which was thrust a wild goose quill, covered his head well down over his eyes; about his neck was knotted a scarlet kerchief. His tiny jacket had been roughly fashioned from a piece of ancient tent canvas, his long, tight trousers were of blue-striped ticking and ended in his little moccasins.

"His name is Andy, you say, Nehemiah?" said the matron, glancing up at the Indian policeman, standing grimly against the door.

"Andy Wa-chalk-kee" answered the man slowly, in a deep throaty voice.

"Oh, dear," said Miss Carey, with a comical pucker between her level brows, "Oh, dear, Andy Wa-chalk-kee, you certainly are not six yet, I really don't see how you can be more than five this summer, for you see the Great Father at Washington didn't expect you to have a birthday this summer and so did not make you a clothing allowance. Don't you think you hurried your birthday a little this year?"

This conceit touched the matron's lips with a fleeting smile, for the grim-visaged Nehemiah, with the outward and visible signs of a long hot ride, speaking eloquently from every inch of his uniform, hardly proved the Wa-chalk-kee a willing victim to Indian departmental theories.

"Well the first thing is a bath," said Miss Carey briskly. "I rather fancy we can keep you inside of Tommy Wapso's other trousers until your dress suit case arrives." And she held out a persuasive hand.

Andy Wa-chalk-kee looked at her hand resentfully, and tried to dig his buckskin-covered toes into the unyielding plank floor.

"Come," said the matron sharply.

Andy shook his head.

The tall young matron gazed down at the belligerent a moment, and then stooping suddenly she caught him up in her strong round arms, and started toward the door, but the small Wa-chalk-kee fought and screamed like a captive mountain cat.

It may be a thought of the ludicrous figure they cut came to Miss Carey, for although she set the small Siwash down with some emphasis, a smile flitted from her eyes to her lips, but it was with a proper dignity she turned to Nehemiah.

"Carry Andy Wa-chalk-kee to the wash room," she said briefly, and led the way through the halls, followed by the panther-footed Nehemiah with the shrieking child.

Who can picture the anguish the next half hour brought Andy Wa-chalk-kee? The assistant matron, a big, red-armed Hibernian, was grand

priestess of the rites of absolution, and the accumulated grime of the six reservation winters, not to speak of summers, fled before her vigorous ministrations.

Loudly howled Andy Wa-chalk-kee, and the hot tears of his wrath rolled down his coppery cheeks and fell from his chin into the hotter water of the bath. Soaped and soaked, and rinsed and rubbed and soaked again,—the long torture of it!

With swollen eyes and trembling lip, in the other suit of Tommy Wapso, with his ragged locks close-clipped, it was a much subdued little Yakima that was at last led into supper, after the other Indian children were seated.

Andy Wa-chalk-kee, a "blanket Indian" no more, having heard the voice of the Great Father at Washington, commenced his school life.

. . . . . .

The summer vacation was over. The Indian children, after two months of freedom, in which they had managed to shed most of the civilization which they had absorbed during the other ten, were gathered once more under the protecting wing of the American eagle; some by choice, but more by the Indian police, who found their hands full corralling small Siwashes.

From the mountains with its berries and bears, from the hop fields at Puyallup and the State Fair at North Yakima they were rounded up.

The first days of the agency school term are days of sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion. The Willie, Agatha and Tommy Alto of the last school year have become once more Straight Arrow, Whispering Grass and Little White Swan. The boys have allowed their close-cropped government locks to grow out into shaggy black mops, and the only token of a former civilzation is the blue jean of commerce.

Andy Wa-chalk-kee was one of the last to return, then only moved thereto by force of circumstance, *i. e.*, Captain Nehemiah. Mutiny was written on every inch of his lithe little body.

"Boston man school hiue cultus" (white man's school no good), he said one day in reply to a patriotic outburst from Mrs. McDermott, the assistant matron.

"Faith, ye little haythen, it's a good batin' wud hilp ye, and it's mesilf as wud be plased to blister ye if the ould gintlemon wasn't so careful av yer rid hide."

Mrs. McDermott always referred to the Indian Department as "the ould gintlemon."

But shortly after this Andy Wa-chalk-kee became so obstreperous that the matron was forced to punish him, so he was banished to a room at the top of the house and doomed to bread and water for the rest of the day.

But the tender heart of the girlish matron ached throughout the long day at the thought of this poor, untamed thing of the sage brush shut in the stuffy room; and so, when the sunset bugle rang out, answered by the eager tattoo of the drum, she went up to him.

Instead of the sullen little Siwash she expected to find, it was a bronze cupid, with crossed arms, and head proudly erect, outlined against the crimson glory of the sky. (His cast-off shell of civilization was discovered later on the parade ground under his window.)

But it was only the next day that the matron with a worried look in her pretty blue eyes, dispatched Tommy Alto across the parade ground with an official looking letter to the agent, and in a short time the long-suffering Nehemiah went loping out across the level reservation.

There was a whisper among the school children that Andy Wa-chalk-kee had run away.

Long shadows were creeping down from the foot hills and slowly closing in on white Fort Simcoe, and a blue crescent moon hung out in the sky when Captain Nehemiah came loping back;

but the story brought sent the government doctor hurrying out from the fort in Nehemiah's wake.

"For," said the wise old doctor, "a rattle-snake bite won't wait."

A few miles north of Fort Simcoe there is a little group of white churches, and near these stands a famous old Pom-Pom house.

When within a half-mile of this place the two horsemen could hear the shrill song of the medicine-men and the beat of the tom-tom that grew louder as they approached.

"Many medicine-men—big dance!" said Nehemiah in answer to the doctor's look.

The Pom-Pom house, as they came up to it, resolved itself into a long, low building, built of unplaned boards, set up lengthwise and was guiltless of window. At one end was a small opening hung with a dirty blanket.

The tall, old doctor was compelled to bend nearly double to enter. When inside he settled his glasses firmly on his long nose and glanced comprehensively around.

He was in a long, low room, the dirt floor of which had been beaten hard as asphalt by generations of Indians' feet. At one end of the room burned a fire that added the pungent odor of burning sage-brush to the offensive odors of the unventilated room. The sides of the room seemed alive with glittering eyes that burned resentfully at the doctor.

The glare of the red fire-light blinded the white man for a moment, coming from the soft grey of the outer night, but he is soon able to distinguish a dark pile of skins spread before the fire, on which lies the nude form of Andy Wa-chalk-kee, about whom a half-dozen big medicine-men in paint and feathers and carrying long, willow sticks, are dancing.

A big warrior, standing near the door, said something in a deep, guttural voice that hushed the quivering tom-toms and brought the fantastic dancers to an abrupt stop, and they, too, turned malignant eyes on the old doctor.

"I come to the grandson of the great chief," said Dr. Savage quietly in Chinook. "I bring the silver tongue of God that it may speak to the tsi-at-ko (demon) of the shng-o-poots (rattlesnake)," holding up a small, hypodermic syringe that held the strychnia.

The doctor paused a moment and then stepped toward the child lying on the furs.

Then out of the dimness beyond the firelight stepped Captain Jack, a quarter-breed, fearful in his feathered headdress. As he stood before the doctor, erect and motionless, the light fitfully touched his tall, spare figure, playing along the yellow length of his bared throat, dimly outlining the uplifted chin with its ragged beard, and glinting the large brass rings in his ears. His scraggly locks strayed across his high, narrow forehead and on to the heavy fringe of the white weasel skins strung across his bony chest. His eyes from their deep sockets burned with the savage, restless gleam of a fanatic.

He spoke slowly, in Klickitat, for an Indian never willingly speaks either English or the Chinook jargon.

"We have heard the voice of the white medicine man; we have listened with our hearts. The demon of the rattlesnake is a bad spirit; it hears not the voice of the white man's god. Us it obeys. We will drive it from the heart of the great chief's grandson, that he may live. I have said."

He paused a moment with uplifted hand, and then uttered a long, wild note that the other Indians took up, and the dance commenced again.

Whenever the turn of the dance brought the medicine men near the rough pallet, they brought down sharply upon the naked child the long willow wands they carried, and his wild screams mingled with their weird song and the tom-tom's note.

"Where is the boy's mother?" asked the doctor.

Nehemiah pointed to a rather good-looking kloochman beating one of the tom-toms.

"What! Mary Wa-chalk-kee? Come, Mary, you know Boston man's medicine good for sick boy, don't you?"

"Nika halo kumtux" (I do not understand), answered Andy's mother, brazenly.

"The child should be taken by force," muttered the old doctor.

Some of the listening Indians began closing in around the government men, talking angrily.

The doctor glanced at Nehemiah, who gazed stolidly before him. Seeing no support in that direction he began backing slowly out, followed by the policeman.

For some time, as the two men rode back through the sage-brush, the wild music followed them.

"It's murder," sputtered the old doctor to Nehemiah, "simply murder."

Nehemiah looked at the tall figure of the white man, curiously; one could almost fancy an ironical smile curved the heavy mouth.

"Murder," repeated Nehemiah slowly, "Ay ou."

. . . . . .

But it wasn't.

The ground had hardly felt the chill of the first frost, when one day a bit of flaming color was blown across the reservation and at last drifted up against the school gate, and speedily resolved itself into Andy Wa-chalk-kee and his mother on a calico cayuse.

But it was a thoroughly subdued little Siwash that had returned.

"Faith, an' its mesilf as allus sed, it was only a batin' the little rid haythin nayded," commented Mrs. McDermott.

DOLORES.

A MEXICAN ROMANCE.

By Miss Georgie Lee Bruce.

IT WAS during our stay in Bernalillo county, New Mexico, that the following authentic story was told me by Paulo, a grim and grizzled peon, who had been born into virtual servitude in the Alarid family, and who had watched the gate of the Casa Cochiti for nearly sixty years, boy and man.

This land of "Poco Tiempo" is a delightful one to dream in, its people are never in a hurry, but are gentle-mannered and languorous, with a sleepy kind of charm in their slow movements. It was Paulo himself who showed us over the casa and who volunteered in his slow way to tell me the tragical story of Dolores, the fourth bride who had come to reign within those gloomy walls, whose portrait we had admired most enthusiastically.

The painting represented the full-length figure of a young girl in her bridal dress of white satin heavily embroidered in seed pearls, which had come from Spain.

It was low in the neck, and its short puffed sleeves displayed bare arms twined with pearls.

She had strands of pearls around her neck, in her hair and in her ears. Her long lace veil was held on by a small crown of graduated stars, made of pearls.

The face that looked timidly out of the canvas was that of rare Spanish beauty, and it was this, coupled with the enormous size of the picture, that first drew my attention.

The Casa Cochiti itself is worth a word or two of description. It was built over a hundred years ago, when every man's house was a castle, and a fortress as well.

The way for a long distance lay over the mesa, until we had passed from the pinon shade inside of high, sun-dried

brick walls, and were at last at Casa Cochiti.

The grounds immediately surrounding the house comprised some five acres, and were walled and filled with fine fruit trees, and streams of running water that were bridged in rustic fashion for graveled walks to cross, while the driveway wound around and up to the bare, blank-looking walls of the casa itself, which stood off at one side. It looked as though it might be a stable — though an immense one — but instantly the heavy-barred gate of the entrance swung back as if by magic.

The house itself was two stories high; quite an unusual thing for an adobe house of the age that it boasts. Just one room deep, it extended around the patio or inner court, which was itself almost an acre in extent. The wide, two-storied balconies extended clear around the patio, which is open to the sky, of course, and the columns were wreathed with glossy vines and palms, and blooming flowers were placed at regular intervals along the railing, which was of wood and handsomely carved. In the center of the patio a fountain was sending up gratefully cooling sprays of water, which came from a snow-stream in the mountains.

The mist-like drops fell back into the basin over a statue of Venus at her bath, an exquisitely carved marble.

The patio was filled with plants of tropical growth and overpowering fragrance.

Every room in the house opened on this patio.

The ball-room, at the right of the entrance, was done up in red and gold and ebony.

A regal looking apartment, but hardly to be compared to the corresponding room on the left, which was divided by yellow damask curtains, heavy with gold embroidery, into two parlors. Gold and ebony were the colors there, and as we passed from room to room, I found that the most exquisite taste had been exercised in selecting the draperies and furniture.

The casa was a regular museum of rare old books, fine bits of sculpture, paintings, and bric-a-brac from every corner of the world.

And the owner of all this magnificence was a wanderer on the face of the earth, "an exile through sorrow," as old Paulo poetically expressed it.

He was mildly pleased with our admiration of his master's home, and found no fault whatever with us for prying into every picturesque nook and corner.

I will not attempt to give the story in Paulo's remarkable broken English, but in a few words of my own.

Senor Florencio Alarid of Casa Cochiti, had wooed, after the Mexican custom, the daughter of an old Spanish grandee, Dolores Chaves, a beautiful young girl, just out of the Convent of the Nativity, where she had completed her studies and music.

She was not in love with her intended husband, but her father and mother had selected him, and she had no voice in the matter at all. However, a woman's heart is the same the world over, and pretty Dolores had managed, while at school, to fall in love with a penniless young Mexican, handsome and full of passionate ardor, and jealous to a dangerous limit. Her parents, however, knew nothing of this until it was too late, as the acquaintance had begun at school, where, in spite of the faithful guardianship of the good nuns, the young lovers had contrived to meet in secret, often enough to declare their passion for each other.

This is a rare thing to happen in Mexico, where love-matches are still rarer, and where a girl is never allowed to see her lover alone for one moment.

"Love laughs at locks," however, and Dolores proved the truth of the old adage by climbing out of her window at night, when the inmates of the convent were supposed to be asleep, and meeting her ardent young lover in the shelter d part of the grounds.

When Dolores came home the meetings had to be given up, and while she

was waiting for courage enough to tell her parents this pretty love story, they presented Senor Alarid to the girl as her accepted husband.

Too much accustomed to obedience to dream of objecting, she was formally betrothed, and the marriage took place in a few months.

We afterwards went to the cathedral, as it was there that the wedding was celebrated, our minds filled with the glowing description of the ceremonies that Old Paulo had given us, a ceremony which begun just about the time the sun came up, and was not concluded until it went to rest behind the mountains. This is one of the oldest customs of the country.

The cathedral was a gloomy old barn, built of adobe, with walls fifteen feet thick at the base. Its mysterious recesses were made only gloomier by the numberless little wax candles that were grouped about the altar, which was resplendent with gold-embroidered velvet and satin draperies.

It was here, at this very altar, that poor Dolores was bartered away to the Senor Alarid. The wedding festivities were continued night and day for a week, and not until these are over can the husband claim the pretty senorita he has bought, as his wife.

On the last night of the celebration Senor Alarid missed his bride from her place among the guests, and began a hasty search for her through house and grounds. What was his surprise and horror to find Dolores in a sheltered nook of the grounds, bidding a tearful adieu to her young lover, who, hearing of the intended marriage, had written to Dolores to meet him there and say goodbye. Determined to see him once more and explain matters at any cost, she had slipped from the house, and was then in a passion of tears, her lover's arms around her, her face hidden on his shoulder. It was thus the newmade husband found them, and he heard enough of their whispered conversation to learn that they had been lovers.

Then, it is said, his fury knew no bounds. He sprang from his hiding place, his dark face livid with rage, and with one bound was upon his rival. The struggle was a short one. Young Juan Tranquillina was unarmed, and, taking advantage of this fact, Senor Alarid plunged his dagger deep into the boy's heart. He was perfectly justified in killing his rival, so his countrymen thought, and he went unpunished, as it was an affair of honor, and the matter was hushed up by his friends.

The gates of Casa Cochiti, that shut on Dolores that night, shut away all the outside world, and inside the fortress-like walls that encompassed her a sorrowful existence was begun with a jealous husband.

The shadow of grief settled over the beautiful face, and the young Senora Alarid was never allowed to go beyond her garden walls while she lived. Miserable, heart-broken, and finally desperate, Old Paulo told us how one morning just before the gray dawn he had heard un unearthly cry, "and always a cry that pierces and clings to one's soul," and that, terrified and numb with horror, he heard it repeated, followed by a dull sound like that of a falling body.

Dolores had flung herself from an upper window down on the stone-paved courtyard beneath, where they found her, a little later, quite dead from the fall.

The servants of the household, even the husband, for these Mexicans are a very superstitious people, believe that the spirit of poor, unhappy Dolores comes on windy, moonlight nights to cry for vengeance on her oppressors.

Senor Alarid left the casa to the care of Paulo, and went abroad, never having returned at the time of our visit; but whether from fear of the ghost, or for other reasons, we did not learn. As the walls of Casa Cochiti faded from our view, I could not help thinking that

> "Never was a story of more woe,
> Than this of Juliet and her Romeo."

THE MYSTERY OF RED LIGHT ISLAND.

A STORY OF EARLY IOWA.

By W. S. Kerr.

NOT far from Risteen's ancient saw-mill, on the Wapsipinicon River, there is an island with a crimson history. It is only a few miles above this river's old-time fording place on the ancient mail route from Davenport to Dubuque. Commencing at Davenport this highway ran north to Mt. Joy, bore off to the right past Eldridge, along the "hogback," crossed in tortuous course the "Wapsie" bottoms south of De Witt, extending up to Maquoketa, through Jackson county, past a dozen later towns, like buttons on a string, to old Dubuque.

At first, part of the way, this road was a bison track, than an overland Indian trail, afterwards a mail and stage route, till now with its iron bridges and modern fences, a straightening here and there of angles, it is fast losing its identity. Long ago, it would have been only a nameless road were it not for the endless tales by the passing pioneers of the tumble-down inns, of robbed stages, of Indian attacks, of mellow stories of endurance, strength, and skill, all much the worse (or better) for wear.

Red Light Island is near D——, in gunshot of the big iron bridge to Risteen's mill—now abode of bats and ghosts—on a branch highway that leads to the old-time Allen's Grove road. This ran angling northwest from Davenport along the land swells to Dixon, Big Rock, where it branched—one artery passing on to Wheatland—Toronto, an old grove pregnant with tales of horse thieves and counterfeiters, to Massillon, up to Oxford's old mills. The main route extended west from Big Rock to Posten's Grove, to Inland, on to Tipton, till in linear abandon it reached Iowa's former capital.

When the rectangular survey came in to somewhat square out homesteads, the often incompetent, sometimes drunken, land carpenter found trails and land routes running out from Davenport to the commercial ganglia, into Iowa, like the spokes of a twisted wheel. To this day, in spite of litigation, statutes and progress, those old "ridge roads" cut farms into fantastic forms, and have old, frost-cracked, weather-gnawed brick houses facing all points of the compass. Here and there, at last, some of these old patriarchs have fallen. What a tale they could tell of broken-hearted partings, the long journey overland, the heartsick longing to return, the struggle against soil, sickness, poverty, storm, of birth, of love, of marriage, of death,—all unhistoried and half forgot, still unwept and still unsung!

Red Light Island on the north has no boundary line. There are numberless sloughs, bayous, half stagnant runs, sand flats, minor currents, muckbars covered stragglingly with willows or entirely bare, boggy pasturage levels during the dry season where previously crane and water fowl frequented, but all more or less reformed and robbed of definiteness by the equinoctial storms. Its very features would vastly change with the season and its entire form with the succeeding years.

Red Light Island was once no man's land—unclaimed, unbounded, unsurveyed and unnamed. It might have remained so to this day had it not terminated on the south in an indescribable thorn and bramble-covered, scaleless bluff, two hundred feet high, and a tragedy. On the short acred top was a fine front of oaks. Facing them on the opposite side of the river was a hidden

bluff of stratified stone, sand and vegetable mould. Commencing there, a grove led back for miles, most of the way an inextricable confusion of worthless vegetable growths. Along the top for acres back there was a trackless labyrinth of sumac, grape and poison ivy vines, making a dense mat over the black trees. In the circling gorge, through jagged layers of limestone, thirty feet deep and as wide, the "Wapsie" flowed. Dark, still, except at the furthest bend; there a terrible vortex gave out sounds like bludgeons on soft flesh. Here the flood runs back under the stratified bluff—no one knows where the blackness ends—but the Indians said that one of their chiefs, who miraculously made the passage during a famine season, saw a herd of half mangled, flaming, green water demons, who rushed out for him with a hideous roar.

At Risteen's ford below, the gabbling German farmers would watch the day after a flood for the prey cast out on the yellow, shining sands of the crossing. Many a beast the farmers hauled away, and human beings, mangled, eaten, blackened, torn, the oldest inhabitant said, often had been found.

The terrible trouble came in the famous dry year of the later 50's. Davenport was making giant strides. By a political coup she had robbed the earlier Buffalo settlement of the county seat, and perhaps unwittingly was sapping the commercial blood of the elder sister, the transfer queen at the head of the deadly "rapids," Le Claire.

Some of the settlers near Risteen's mill had walked dry shod across the northern approach of the island, and seeing the fine timber and a chance for squatter sovereignty, two of them, a stubborn German and a pugnacious Irishman, had erected two shanties. Each claimed the stray island for his own. Thus the trouble began. An island proprietorship divided against itself could not stand The war was carried into Africa. The excited settlers took sides. The Hibernian element was for the Irishman, the Germans stood by their countryman, to the last smoking, gabbling Teuton. The half dozen New Englanders were each for himself, first, last and all the time.

Soon a government surveyor, competent, sober, unbribable, politically unattached, the most difficult combination of our republican institutions, got off at the river transfer depot—offspring of that immortal, blood-mixed, prairie interpreter and embassador—Antoine Le Claire. With a surveying outfit he came to identify the real estate nondescript—the unnamed island. In an hour Surveyor Cathcart was at work. The Wapsipinicon—unnavigable—was not meandered or lotted and of course the government had no longer any proprietary right. He found that the common corner of four sections, 9 and 10, 15 and 16 was exactly in the center of a giant old oak, which was on the highest point of the island. Patents already had been given for each section. He ordered the would-be claimants off. The German, race-like, obediently removed his *lares* and *penates* to the main land. "Red Mike," the Irish claimant, filled up on St. Louis rum and started in to whip the government. He succeeded perfectly with a fragment of it. Surveyor Cathcart was the most completely, all-round pounded man that ever carried a chain. Then "Red Mike" chased everybody else, notwithstanding their race, color or previous condition of—incertitude, out of his domain. That night he enclosed more rum, went to the settlement, cuffed the wife of the other short-termed insular proprietor, later ran the husband into the woods, and having no more worlds to conquer, he returned to his jug.

Surveyor Cathcart that night sent to Dubuque for a certain special agent of the United States land office, named John Bruno. Luckily he was closer at hand and arrived during the night. Now John Bruno, who is somewhat belated in his arrival in this narrative, was a muscular phenomenon and a hero

in more ways than one. He was fine-featured, generous-hearted, fearless, lithe as an otter, with muscles of a panther. He weighed about 150 pounds and it was no uncommon feat for him to twist a horseshoe in twain.

An expectant crowd followed him out next morning to see him make the arrest of "Red Mike." The Irishman's almost incomparable superiority in the muscular arena was not in his immense strength and cattish quickness, but in his ability to fight on the under side, his brutal impunity to pain and his unequaled endurance. He fought best, this six-foot, one-eyed, scarred, and crimson-headed brute, the second hour. When they arrived the Irishman was sitting in the fork of the tree singing in calliope tones:—

"Oim monarch av all oi survey
Moy roight ther is none to daysputе;
From the sinter the oile all roun' to the say,
Oim Lord av thay fowl and brute—survey-
or."

The extra word was uttered something like a pea fowl's cry. When he saw the crowd approaching he got down and picked up his rifle. The crowd halted and Bruno approached alone. When the agent was near, Mike called out very loudly:

"Air yez afther the tellyscope I ate oop yesterday? Who might yez bay, friend or con-*stab*-le?" Bruno explained in a conciliatory tone the case, his unpleasant duty and advised him to "quietly come and take his medicine like a man."

"Yer juty t' rest *me*—"Red Mike?" and the Irishman winked his one eye knowingly. Again Bruno talked in a persuasive, pacificatory manner. Mike sat down and meditatively rubbed his spike-like thumb that had gouged many an eye, through his bristly cochinealish-colored beard. After a time he said:

"I can lick me weight av wildcats; con*stab*les is me regular presarves. No; oive made oop me moind to shtay an' raise petaties an' h—l."

"You have got to come, Michael." The Irishman stiffened quickly. He knew "got" meant blood and he rose instantly.

"Git aff me land ye blackguards." To his amazement Bruno stripped to his shirt and trousers. Mike burst into a harsh, incredulous laugh.

"Yez little fiste, *you* foight 'Red Moike?' "

"Yes, Michael. I'm going to take *you*," and Bruno made a pretense of yawning. The Irishman glancing at the circle, then at his opponent cried out: "Do you mane fair?" and he swept his arm around at the crowd amazedly. "Fair," echoed Bruno. Muttering his incredulity, "Red Mike" pulled his shirt. They approached. A flash, an arm shot out piston-like and Mike was hit in the chest and sent stumbling backward ten feet, sitting down hard at last.

"Holy shmoke!"uttered Mike, as yet more surprised than angered. He got up instantly and approached on guard cautiously. He rushed. Bruno stepped aside, and struck the Irishman a hard rap in the ear. Mike was changed into a demon. He gathered and returned. There was a murderous light in the glaring eye. Bruno was smiling but very pale, and divined his antagonist's intention of closing in. Gorilla-like, Red Mike wanted to hug his victim with legs and arms, and then—bite, tear, gouge out an eye. Just a fractional instant before Red Mike was ready he received a crashing stroke in the mouth that felled him, and as he sprang up, received another and another,—six times. The Irishman with this terrible punishment was wholly unsubdued and murderously insane. The blood streamed lively down his brown-red, battle-scarred, hairy breast. In a physical contest he had never known defeat. The last time he fell he whirled on his hands and knees and ran out into the weeds, and Bruno not following, he rose and faced about. His face was a terrible, dream-racking

sight of swollen, black and red flesh. He crouched on two knees and one hand and came slowly back, his still unclosed eye gleaming like a mink's in the dark. Closer and closer, Bruno tense, alert, perfectly comprehending, Red Mike came. Then with head down he shot like a ram on the agent, with wide-clutching arms. Bruno's feet caught in the grass and down they rolled, locked like fighting serpents. The first thing the gasping crowd saw was a huge mouthful of bloodstained shirt in the Irishman's teeth; the next thing, two feet in the Irishman's stomach, and then—Red Mike whirling end over end like a stick in the air, with a red streamer in his jaws. He fell twenty feet away with a crash like a slain panther out of a tree top. He arose stumblingly, gulped, caught his breath and then stood there panting. Where not discolored, his great body reeked with dusty sweat. Still unsubdued, having no conception of defeat, he returned to Bruno. There was a rush, lightning flashes of commingling arms, thud, thud, thud, flailing flesh, grunts, rasping breath, strokes, counters, crouching, dodging, ducking, lunging movements too quick for the eye. One—two minutes pass, then a rattling crash, and John Bruno was lifted clear, carried by a chest punch ten feet away. The stroke was so mighty that Red Mike recoiled and almost fell. He sprung up and lunged at the dazed agent. With all his force Bruno's arm flew up aimlessly as he was blindly rising, and Red Mike received the terrible thrust on the point of his chin. With a dull cry he fell back, all but dead. Panting for breath and nearly nerveless, John Bruno went to the bluff crest, sat down and gasped in the light breeze.

"Come here," called the agent. The half-dumb crowd rushed to him.

"Better pour water on the red imp," said Bruno.

"I tinks he no eats mehr tellyscopes unt raise keines—keines, what you call um, huh! kartofeln, ya, still." Then those Germans, having found their tongues, gabbled like ganders around a dead cat. They brought water and doused the defeated monarch of the isle. After a while he weakly sat up and gazed around, stupidly. The scared people eyed him excitedly and in silence. He arose and went weakly, totteringly towards Bruno. He paused and they heard him mutter, "Licked fair—fair—ugh!—fair." He wavered on towards Bruno, holding out his hand.

"Licked fair, boys—licked fair." Now he was within touch of the agent, who had half risen to take the extended paw. He sprang, caught Bruno with the movement of a fish otter and cast him headlong down the bluff. A cry of horror rose. In ten seconds two dozen farmers were each trying to kill Red Mike. A minute later he was in the throes of strangulation hanging from the oak. At last he was quite still. Red Mike had fought his last fight.

I must hasten with my story. John Bruno could not be found. The inhabitants in an hour or two made long tie ropes of green slippery elm bark and every foot of the savage bluff was picked over. They traced him at last, by blood and fragments of clothing, nearly to the foot of the bluff. He had not been killed by the fall, for it was seen where he had crawled through the dense thicket to the water's edge. Dying of thirst and wounds, he had lost his weak balance at the river's edge. The vortex, no doubt, had carried him to the green demons under the bluff. So they thought, one and all. Day and night for three days a watch was placed at the ford below. The wicked waters told no tale. Then all gave up hope.

The third night there came a terrible storm. The lightning was incessant and the thunder burst almost continuously for an awful hour. Only a few drops fell. A strange storm! A moonless night, even when the storm had chiefly passed, the darkness was in-

tense. Then the people of D —— saw a strange, nerve-chilling sight. Far to the northeast, somewhere near the treetops, was a blood-red light, a pointing hand, a dull glowing hand with the index pointing downward, pointing all the night! The crowds grew white and still as they gazed. In the morning, gone! The following night it reappeared — the red light, the bloody hand! pointing down, always movelessly pointing down. The braver formed a crowd and sought it. They were filled with dread, those old pioneers. They had bravely faced death a hundred times, but the red light was too supernatural, too ghostly, and the stoutest heart was inwrought with dread and fear. When they approached to a seeming close vicinity, from the finger tip to the palm, the wrist, the bloody hand of warning would gradually disappear. And the third night it was the same. Then Surveyor Cathcart set stakes by torches and got its course. He even got the altitude and the angles of the pointing, glowing, ominous hand.

Crazy John was a hermit of the Wapsie. No one knew where he lived. Thrice yearly or oftener he would come silently into D—— to purchase certain kinds of food. No one ever heard him speak. His wants were always written and he departed in silence. On this night of Cathcart's survey he suddenly appeared at D——. They showed him the hand. He immediately was seized with a fit. His ravings were pitiable after recovery from his convulsions. His gestures were violent and he poured forth a torrent of ejaculatory words. No one could understand him save I.

"The sword! the sword! the man!" he wept and shouted. "The woman! the blood! the sword!" he cried out in French a hundred times. Then he sprang away at last and rushed into the woods. Two men followed him, the surveyor and I, for miles. That pursuit to me, now, seems incredible, an impossible feat. Soon we were bruised, bleeding, our clothes mostly in shreds. Perhaps we would have been denuded entirely had it not been for the Spanish needles, ticks, beggar's lice and burs. When Crazy John fell exhausted before a hut we, too, were half dead with him. A sudden impulse of curiosity or something else took us after him, and I ran because the surveyor followed. A foolish, causeless, useless race it seemed to us now when we came to our breath and senses. Both laughed aloud out there in the trackless, gloom-wrapt forest. We had no idea of direction; we were completely lost. As Crazy John began to mutter again we grew more earnest. I had seen the demented man but once before, but had studied him and his actions narrowly. He had seemed grave, austere, and appeared cleanly, with cropped beard and hair. He always left the written order with the storekeeper, and taking his packages would disappear for months. There was a haunting fear hidden in every feature, and his deep eyes had a gleam of horror in their depths. He was a demented Frenchman, perhaps once one of distinction.

"What shall we do, Captain?" asked Cathcart in rather a dismal tone.

"Stick it out till daylight. We certainly can follow the race course tomorrow by the wide swath we cut." I replied:

"I took a forty-link swipe of Spanish needles and sand burs while you broke down several long acres of hazel nut bushes, Captain. No trouble to get back in daylight. How do you like, though, the idea —staying out here and perhaps Crazy John sitting on your stomach for nightmare?" Just as the surveyor finished John jumped up and rushed into his hut and barred the door.

"I like the French gentleman's hospitality, Cathcart," said I. "Shall we go in and kill him or playfully set his palace on fire?" We listened; there was a most plaintive child-like whine, then a most unhuman cough. Curdling chills raced up our spines. A little

light suddenly gleamed from within. There at one window was Crazy John chattering and laughing like a hyena, at the other window a—monster—we could not tell in the dim light what it was. The windows appeared to be made of round, wooden bars. The light vanished, the clank of a door,—silence. The gloom around us was rayless, the sky entirely shut out. Step, step, step, then the cattish, stealthy sounds at the window. Cathcart whispered, "I think it's a mad panther." As our eyes grew more accustomed to the darkness we could now and then see two big, green eyes glaring ravenously at us through the window bars. We soon learned to know by a deft pat at the opening that the restless, supple demon within had reared and was eyeing us. It seemed to circle round and round, then passing the opening would rear and glare hungrily at us—such terrible green eyes! We had our pistols and hunting knives ready for perhaps an hour. We could hear furtive noises and movements in the darkness around us and once or twice, warned by a crackling twig, turned and saw eyes stealthily watching us. The suspense was unendurable. We grew alarmed when we heard a vicious gnawing at the window and sprang up in terror when we heard a breaking bar. The caged monster was getting out.

"Fools, not to think of it before," and Cathcart in a minute had a fire blazing up. There were sudden vanishing sounds among the underbrush. But at the window we saw two ears lying flat, the line of a yellow gray muzzle—a green-eyed panther just visible above the sill, motionless, fierce, terrifying. Cathcart went cautiously forward; as he got near, up shot the lithe cat, with shining jaws—yelling with rage. Squarely in its face Surveyor Cathcart emptied his "Colts." It fell back with a yell and, panther-like, was a long time dying.

We got torches and investigated from the outside. Crazy John was nowhere to be seen. There was a partition dividing the log hut into two rooms. In one was the dead beast's filthy pen with bare walls; in the other a hermit's belongings, in which was a ladder leading to a loft. We soon battered the door down and went in. We called for the inmate but there was no response.

"S'pose he's waiting for us with a gun and a herd of panthers up there in the loft, Captain?"

"Possibly," I replied.

We opened the door into the panther pen. There was beyond a small wicket door with the fastening on the outer side. We went outside opposite this door and saw—only the log siding. The ladder was pulled to one side and examined. The rungs were well worn. Still fearful of the loft and its yawning hole we examined the apartment. There was nothing eatable to be found, save some acorns. There were several weapons,—not a cooking utensil anywhere. There was a couch of robes, yet no fireplace or oven, no evidences of eating, no water jar. We paused. We knew there was nothing to do but ascend that ladder into that hole. Neither had the courage to face its probable death. We got a torch, and fastening it on a long pole, thrust it in the black chasm. Not a sound.

"No wild animals, at least," said Cathcart, immensely relieved. "We'd 've heard a nail scratch if there were."

"Stick up your conflagration, Cath, and I'll mount," said I, with my heart pounding excitedly. I began to ascend.

"Wait," said he. Then he placed his hat on a ramrod I trod up and down on a rung, and slowly, by the torch, the hat was lifted to the top of the loft floor. We somehow expected to hear a gun roar. There was only silence. Then I went to the ladder's top and gazed around.

The loft floor was clean and bare. Our astonishment was unbounded. Where had Crazy John *gone*? There was no avenue of escape. We stared in each

other's face the question we could not answer. We visited the pen. There was no possible way for us to unlock the wicket door. We gazed through the barred door and saw dimly on a shelf a calf's liver, and—could we believe our eyes?—a pan of milk. Liver was possible, but milk—utterly impossible! Perhaps it was three miles or more to a settlement—to a cow. We went back to the other room, and finding an oil pan with a rag wick, we soon had a continuous light.

"This beats fiction, Captain. You belong to Uncle Sam's service, unravel this tangle and you'll win glory enough to be President. Just think—the disappearance of Bruno; the red hand in the sky; jungle race after a runaway lunatic that we can't lose until we are sure that we have him in a hole—and then he ain't there; a caged panther; a pan of milk miles from nowhere; weave it into sense if you can. I'm going to bar up that door and go to sleep. You watch that loft hole with your cocked pistol. Wake me after a time; then I'll watch."

It was morning when I woke him. He stared around. "You've got it?" said he, excitedly.

"Almost," said I. "Time enough; didn't go to roost."

"I'm all ears," said he, walking around me nervously.

"I've been putting together evidence for several hours and here's my theory: Near here is a little garden and a milk animal—a goat. Near the garden is a house with a woman in it. She is under restraint because she is trying to escape and already has made two attempts. There Crazy John lives and is cared for. John Bruno is in this house getting cured of his wounds. Crazy John wants to kill him and the woman won't let him."

"Very fine, Captain Tupelo, very fin When are you going to publish it? Fine story that." Cathcart was amused. Then he looked disappointed and asked: "*Havn't* you found *anything*?" It was some time before I could convince him I was in earnest.

"You go back to the village, Cathcart, get your instruments and follow your stakes already set. That bloody hand is on the island, I believe, and the reason it disappears is because of an intervening hill. Go over the hill. You'll find the hand. I'm going to investigate here." He returned to D—.

My conclusions were from manifest evidence. The demented man I had noticed, wore clean, patched garments and his beard was carefully trimmed; his purchases I had known were nearly always sugar, salt, needles, thread, and sometimes cloth. Several times he had bought many yards of cheap gingham. The written orders were in a feminine hand. In his hut he only slept in daytime. He ate somewhere else. He must have a hidden garden for vegetables. His pan of milk meant some animal under domestication. The loft was the entrance to a tunnel to his home. He must have light for his garden and if a woman was under restraint she must be cut off by natural obstacles. So the river and bluffs must be the place. The panther was the guard to the tunnel entrance. The loft led to a secret passage into the tunnel. The panther was wild and vicious. There were some great scratches on the wicket door, old and new, as if the animal had sprang at some one behind the door. But if the witless man could go down into the tunnel, then a prisoner could come up the same way by the same means. Therefore there must be a drop from the top of the hut to the passage below, of many feet. When he went down, the ladder could be left, for she would not attempt to escape while he was with her. If he went out he would pull the ladder up. Her only chance of escape would be through the panther cage.

I got a pole and battered the door to pieces that was at the entrance to the tunnel. I found a few feet to the right in the double wall a hole that led down-

ward. I went back and found a cunning trap-door in the loft. Then I got the oil torch and went creeping on hands and knees down the tunnel. At last I came to a rude door; I opened it softly; I saw a sight that almost made my heart stop. Crazy John had a beautiful woman by the hair and a sword poised ready to strike. She was pleading for her life, and John Bruno, almost a skeleton, on a bed of skins staring at them, helpless, with horrified eyes. Quick as lightning I fired; with a groan of pain he sank down with a shattered arm. Then I bound him. Her gratitude hardly knew bounds, but she spoke a strange language. She kissed my unwilling hands and garments a dozen times, then she went over and kneeling by Bruno's couch, prayed with a fervent vigor that thrilled me.

The place was at the foot of the ledge in a partially built-in cave, facing the terrible vortex. Here between the high impending rocks and the river was an alluvial bottom shut in at the ends by the ledge, in which was a considerable acre. Between it and the river was a vine-covered patch of trees. The place was a nest in the bluff, the home of Crazy John and his grown daughter, Jeannette.

I learned from Bruno that the heroic daughter had pulled him out of the very jaws of the whirlpool, and had carried him unaided to where he lay. He said the father had been eyeing him in a murderous way for days, but the daughter having promised something to her father in a foreign tongue, in a most impressive way, matters grew safer and easier. But coming in suddenly and catching his daughter kissing him, Crazy John was turned into a demon. He had bided his time, and though the daughter was watchful, the father had pulled out an old, secreted sword, and was about to slay her as I entered.

At noon I had the crazed father at D—, whence he was sent to an asylum. He died soon after. Jeannette became the wife of John. Surveyor Cathcart continued his investigations and found that the lightning in the rainless storm had split the section corner oak, and set fire to some punk—hand-shaped—therein.

And this is the crimson story that happened in the famous dry year in the later fifties on Red Light Island by Risteen's ancient mill, where the bats and ghosts are.

A LILT.

It's hard to sing with the chill wind blowing,
Or bravely smile while the rain beats down;
To dam the stream while the torrent's flowing,
Or think of the blue when the heavens frown:
Be hopeful! The sun is but hiding!

The same cold wind repellant in anger,
He cometh a lover in summer to woo;
Flowers most fair are born of its languor,
The stream goes singing the happy days through:
Be patient! No gloom is abiding.

Cripple Creek, Colo. *Clara H. Holmes.*

NEBRASKA'S SACRIFICE FOR HUMANITY.

By E. A. W.

WILLIAM LEWIS, Private in Company E, First Regiment, Nebraska Volunteer Infantry, was killed in battle at Manila, Philippine islands, Tuesday night, August 2, 1898. Death came while in the trenches, caused by exploding shrapnel, he being struck in the face and killed instantly. The remains were interred on August 3d, in a lot set apart for American soldiers who are killed or die in the Philippine islands.

The feature connected with this affair, that attracts more attention, is the fact that he was the only volunteer soldier from Nebraska who was killed in the Spanish-American war. The official report shows that he was a good soldier, always obedient and obeying all orders, and that when killed he was in the line of duty.

He was born in Osceola, Polk county, Nebraska, on May 2, 1876, being 22 years of age at the date of his death. He was mustered into the United States service, with his regiment, at Lincoln, Nebraska. The people who enjoyed his acquaintance, held the young man in high esteem, and among his associates he was a general favorite. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church, Epworth League, and Y. M. C. A., and at all times endeavored to live an upright life.

Memorial services were held at Osceola, on Sunday, September 18th, and the attendance was extremely large. Speeches were made by the leading men of the city, and the exercises conducted in an appropriate manner. A movement is now on foot to erect a monument sacred to his memory, on the public square at Osceola, and the funds for the same are to be collected by public subscription.

William Lewis' name will be preserved in the annals of the State, and the patriotic people will ever remember that he laid down his life while upholding the cause of humanity.

He was not a commander, he was only a private, and obeyed without question. At the command of his superiors he stood bravely at his post until laid low by a Spanish bullet. Of him it can be truly said, he sacrificed his life for the Nation.

WILLIAM LEWIS.

THE PAWNEE ROUGH RIDER.

By Helen W. Ball.

ABOUT twenty-seven years ago, in a tepee in Nebraska there was born a little Indian boy. His father was a Pawnee warrior and could wear a number of feathers in his long, black hair, for he had fought in many battles. But he did not live long enough to teach his son, Syrae-risout-Kuwyh, the art of war. The removal of the Pawnees from Nebraska to the Indian Territory brought suffering and death to many and this father was among the victims. After a time there was a stepfather who was kind to the little lad and his days passed happily by as he played with his brothers, or sat around the camp-fire with the old men, listening to their recitals of deeds of valor when battling with their enemies.

In 1884, a new government school was opened at Lawrence, Kansas, and Syraerisout-Kuwyh was persuaded to enter as a pupil. He was now called William J. Pollock, for Major Pollock, an Indian inspector.

In addition to his work in the school room he worked in the paint shop. Here his artistic talent began to manifest itself, and he painted pictures of warriors, buffaloes, scouts and battles. His kind old instructor gave him all the assistance in his power. Soon he became known to the employes and others interested in the school as the "Pawnee artist." He also showed musical talent, sang bass in the choir, was the leader of the band and a member of the orchestra.

After finishing the grammar school work and taking some studies in the normal department, William concluded to enter the art department of the State University. His progress was marvelous. In technical drawing he was very successful; his paintings and sketches won him enthusiastic praise from his instructor and other friends.

But when such a bright future seemed opening before him, William's health began to fail, and it was thought best for him to go home for a time. He went back to the reservation, but not to the blanket. His courteous, gentlemanly ways gained friends for him wherever he went. After he grew strong enough to work he filled the office of deputy sheriff for a time and held other positions of trust.

Then came the war with Spain, and William became one of "Teddy's Terrors." In writing to a friend, after his

WILLIAM POLLOCK.

enlistment, he said: "If my mother were living I would not take such a step; my brothers are all men and will not worry about me, but will rather be proud of me, even should I fall at my duty as a soldier under the service of the United States government. I am not going to predict any, or do any boasting, but I'll only say that in the memory of our brave fathers I will try and be like one of them who used to stand single-handed against the foe."

Surely his brave ancestors' spirit was upon him, for in the ambushed battle of Las Quasima, the taking of San Juan hill, and the final capture of Santiago, he was in the thickest of the fight and made a splendid record. He felt himself a representative of the Pawnee race, as he expressed it, and wished to prove himself a worthy one.

In his quaint way of talking of it afterward he said, "It was no laughing matter, it was very serious; but it did make me laugh sometimes to see the way those Spaniards would shoot."

A letter written by this Pawnee hero from Santiago soon after the surrender says: "Well, I have learned a little in the soldier's life; I have learned how to make a charge when the command is given, and how to stand my ground and stay with the boys during the battle, and also that some of the boys had to fall. It was in the second fight when near the edge of Santiago, right on top of the hill overlooking the city, where it made a good mark for the Spaniards to pick off our boys that Henry* was shot in the shoulder and one of our boys was then killed. Right here we held the ground in spite of the thickness of the Spanish expansive bullets until the surrender."

Colonel Roosevelt at different times and places has spoken many warm words of praise of this "brave," whom he considers a "splendid type of his race, a man worthy of confidence and respect." His parting words to him were: "Pollock, you are one of the bravest men in my regiment. I could not wish for a better soldier. I would have liked some more Pawnees like you."

Now that the war is over and the "Rough Riders" mustered out, William Pollock, musician, artist, and soldier, is at his home for a little rest and visit before going into active work. According to the custom of his people, many feasts are being given in his honor. Because he is now a warrior he will be called by a new name and will receive many presents. He has the privilege of wearing feathers in his hair—the number agreeing with the number of battles in which he has fought—but he laughs over this and declines the honor, for, though he loves his people and is loyal to them, he is a Christian gentleman and has outgrown their old-time superstitions and customs

*Henry Meagher, a home friend of Pollock's.

MOODS.

A rain-swept earth and a wind-swept sky,
And gray mists trailing low;
A wailing wind and a troubled sea
With a moan in its ebb and flow—
And a soul at war with itself and God,
A heart surcharged with woe.

A rosy light in the cloudless sky
And a new-born earth below—
A golden mist on a sapphire sea
With an anthem in its flow—
And a soul at peace with itself and God,
A heart with love aglow.

Lizzie Clark Hardy.

PINE RIVER STATION—SECTION OF LOGGING TRAIN.

AN OUTING IN THE NORTH WOODS OF MINNESOTA.

THE SCENE OF THE RECENT INDIAN OUTBREAK.

By C. W. Stiles.

THE day for our final preparations and departure had arrived and we made them in a pouring rain, which, in a way, initiated us for what was to come. A night ride to St Paul landed us just in time to catch the Northern Pacific to Brainerd. A word in regard to this ride might be of interest. We passed through a beautiful farming country with but few stops, winding along the valley of the upper Mississippi, black with floating logs from the great lumber camps of the North woods, where we soon expected to enjoy life with the rod and gun. As we neared Brainerd we suddenly entered the timber country and one could hardly comprehend such a transformation from the beautiful open country to the tall, majestic pines. And our only regret at leaving the train at Brainerd was that we could not continue our journey further on this scenic line, rich with all that nature gives. Here we had to wait three hours for the Brainerd & Northern and we enjoyed ourselves looking over the large lumber yards and sawmills which help to supply the ever increasing demand. From here we journeyed through a beautiful country dotted with myriads of lakes which one has to see to appreciate. A trip over this road, which was originally intended for the large lumber camps, develops the fact that pleasure seekers have found it the gateway to one of the most delightful and healthful resorts in this country. Pine River! At last, after a journey of over six hundred miles, we arrived at the end of our railroad journey. We found here little of interest—a general store, hotel, and last, but not least, a typical "lumberjack"* saloon, all contained in the same building. To reach Kabekona Camp, where we intended to make headquarters, we had a twenty mile drive, winding through dense forests, now fording a stream, over hills and into clearings where the lumberman's ax has laid waste, then skirting a lake hub deep in the water to avoid the expense of making a road through the dense underbrush and timber. To the lover of nature this ride is one long to be remembered, the foliage, just turning from the first attack of Jack Frost, making a beautiful fringe to the mirror-like lakes, with the tall, dark pines forming a background, which adds grandeur to it all. Here we find where

*The localism for lumberman.

the forest fires have laid waste the fine timber land until some of the larger lakes have stayed their progress, leaving the tall trunks divested of life as monuments of the ruin wrought. At last darkness shuts out the beautiful view and the old buckboard jolts on until we wonder how the driver can locate the road, as it all looks like a blank in the forest of pines towering one hundred feet above. We can scarce distinguish the horses, which are white, and imagine our surprise to hear a child's voice just in front hailing us at this lonely spot. On investigation we find she has been sent from a so-called "farm house" with a package for the camp, and she points to the lights at her home back in the forest with as little concern as we would direct a stranger in the city.

You can form some idea of the lonely life led by this family when you learn the nearest neighbor is about five miles distant. Bears and wolves are no uncommon sight,—deer were seen by us before we had driven three miles. Elk and moose are often encountered, and no doubt can be entertained that this country is the hunter's paradise and the angler's delight. At last, after five hours' ride, the lights of Kabekona Camp were a welcome sight. A large log cabin, divided into three apartments, answered the purpose of a sitting room, dining room and kitchen. Into this we were conducted, where we found a roaring fire in an old-time fireplace, which soon thawed our benumbed fingers and cast such a cheerful glow over the surroundings that we were lost in admiration as we sat gazing at the wall decorations, consisting of snowshoes, guns, fishing tackle, etc. A call to supper broke the spell, after which we were shown to our quarters for the night. Sunrise found us up overhauling our outfit, preparing to locate camp, which consumed the greater part of the day, and while resting after our labors we concluded a few photos would be of interest to friends at home. A view of our camp was taken, which we present herein, after which we strolled over to Kabekona Camp and made a few other exposures. This is a beautiful spot, situated on Woman's Lake, which is about five miles long by four wide, and is connected with a chain of lakes, compris-

OFF FOR KABEKONA CAMP ON A BUCKBOARD.

A TYPICAL LOAD OF LOGS—14,440 FEET.

ing Man, Girl, Boy, Child, Baby, and others too numerous to mention, all of which empty into Leech Lake—the seat of our late Indian outbreak. You will see from the above-named lakes we were among an extensive family. I might add, within a radius of twenty-five miles there are 300 lakes. The

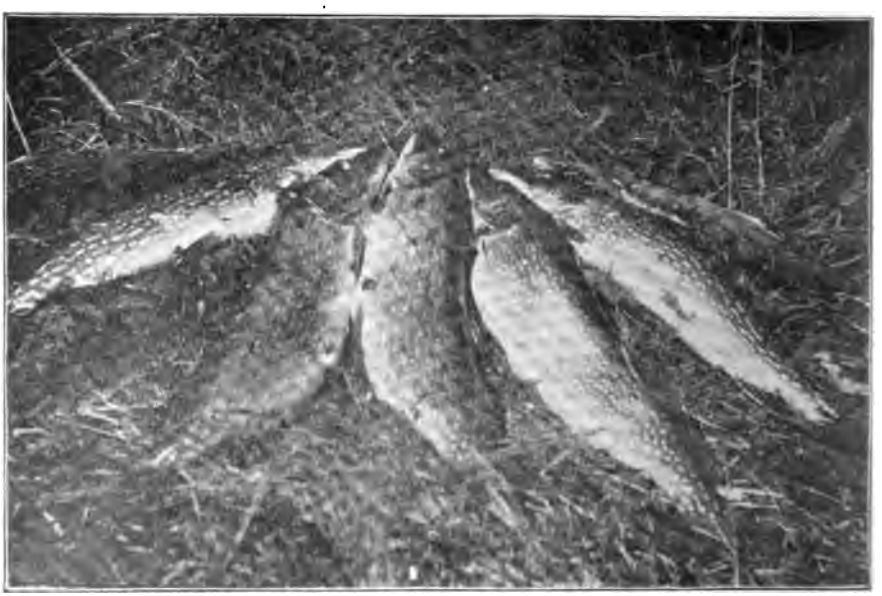
A LUMBER CAMP—THE HOME OF EIGHTY LUMBERJACKS.

THE HUNTER'S PARADISE AND ANGLER'S DELIGHT—OUR CAMP ON WOMAN'S LAKE.

ONE OF THE KABEKONA CAMP CABINS.

camp is composed of nine log cabins, some of which are divided into two apartments, making ample accommodations for sportsmen who enjoy outdoor sports and dislike tent life. The following day we engaged a guide and made arrangements for a day with the fish, which resulted in a catch of thirty, including one muskallonge. We saw hundreds of ducks, but got only one shot, bringing down a fine drake, which on our return to camp was served as only hungry hunters can. Several days were passed in hunting and fishing, but as yet we had not hooked any of the larger fish. There were several brought in every day, Mr. E. A. Charles, of Minneapolis, landing the largest, which weighed thirty-four pounds and was caught in Boy Lake. Messrs. Gillispie and Walters, of Chicago, also came in from Wabedo Lake with a nice catch of six, weighing 130 pounds, of which we present an illustration.

This was too much and we broke camp, determined to move down through a chain of lakes where they were having better success. After a hard day's work paddling and shooting rapids, one of which was about three miles long, and so swift and turbulent it nearly swamped us, we made camp on Little Boy lake, which was extremely rough and we had to skirt along the shore, not daring to cross where the guide intended to camp, with our boats so heavily loaded. As the shades of evening deepened we discovered numerous camp fires flickering at various points on the lake shore, two of which we learned later belonged to fishing parties and the others designated the camps of a band of Chippewas, who became frequent visitors to our camp. They were gathering rice, which grows wild, and, from a distance, resembles an oat field. On closer inspection we found it grew out of water which was several feet deep, and is gathered by bending the heads over a canoe and beating them off with a stick, after which it is parched and comprises one of their principal articles of food in winter. There were several hundred



A CATCH OF GREAT NORTHERN PIKE, WEIGHING FROM TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN POUNDS EACH.

"A NICE CATCH, WEIGHING 130 POUNDS." WE CAUGHT THESE—WITH OUR KODAK.

of this old, historic tribe encamped around the rice beds, and we have since learned this lake was intended as a rendezvous in case actual hostilities should break out among all the bands. We learned from some trappers that the Pillager Chippewas who inhabit Bear Island, and are the most ferocious of all the tribes in Northern Minnesota, were on the point of taking the war-path.

As we were only about seven miles from Bear Island, where fighting occurred a few days later, we became somewhat interested to learn how true the reports were, not knowing but our would-be friends might call and make us the principal actors in a barbecue. We learned from our guide, who spoke their language fluently, that too much "fire-water" caused all the trouble. The Government had just distributed the tribe's allowance, and the sale of liquor being prohibited to Indians, an attempt was made to arrest the chief and discover who were guilty of selling the intoxicating fluid. The young bucks resented this and would not allow the officers to take their chief. The short but bitter struggle that ensued is familar to all. Concluding we were as safe as other camping parties, we voted to remain, and many pleasant days were spent here, in the very heart of the old forest. It being the closed season for large game, we could not enjoy that sport without the risk of heavy fines; however, one deer was so rash as to offer a target at short range, which one of the campers accepted, killing it with number five bird

A FORTY-ONE POUND MUSKALLONGE.

shot. This furnished fresh meat for us all, and was very acceptable after a diet of bacon and fish. We had feasted on duck and partridge, it is true, which are very plentiful, and one could secure a day's rations of them for the camp

BIRCH-BARK CANOEING ON LITTLE BOY LAKE.

easily in one hour. After presenting the sunny side of life it is but fair to describe some of the pastimes entered into as the shades of evening fall.

We usually were required by force of circumstances to resort to the latest baths, which are given in this region. They are called kerosene rubs, and are taken in this manner: your friend usually takes the lantern and pours the oil, not upon the water, but on you, as directed, and you become so expert in distributing it over your person that not a drop is wasted. This bath is taken to prevent your going mad when attacked by an army of Minnesota fleas. They allow you to rest quite well during the day, but insist you shall recognize them at night. Our time having expired we were forced to prepare for our homeward journey, and with many a backward glance we passed from the scenes of one of the most enjoyable trips it has ever been our lot to experience.

FROM MY WINDOW.

Now little tufts of tend'rest green
With big brown patches in between,
Where wind-blown Easter flowers are seen.
The meadow-lark's voluptuous trills,
The throbbing heart of nature thrills,
As Spring once more creeps up the hills.

** ** **

From out my window, open wide,
I catch a glimpse of green hillside
And sun-kissed valleys that divide.
Upon the river's shining breast
The mirrored forest trees are pressed.
The Summer sunlight breathes of rest.

** ** **

Although the day is wondrous fair,
A touch of frost is in the air—
The trees are decked in colors rare.
A purple mist bathes all the land,
The river idly laps the sand,
The earth by Autumn's breeze is fanned.

** ** **

Anon the frost king paints my pane
With fairy pictures—all in vain;
He only wins from me disdain.
For still my hilltops crowned with snow,
That catch the sunset's roseate glow,
A grander picture make, I know.

Hawarden, Iowa. *Generzia Dunham Stone.*

LOST ON THE PRAIRIE.

A NARRATIVE OF A DOG'S EXPLOIT—A STORY FOR BOYS.

By Frank W. Calkins.

MY PARENTS moved to a wilderness of Western prairie shortly after the war. For nearly three years we lived, with a few families, strung along the Valley of the Sioux, a hundred miles from the nearest railroad station, and a score or more from the nearest human habitation. Directly westward there was absolutely no settlement between ours and the Rocky Mountains. It was many years, so complete was our isolation, before the Indians and the blizzards and the prairie fires ceased to have any terrors for us.

But I set out to tell of my dog Brave and of the part he played in one of the most exciting incidents of our frontier life. This dog, a true account of whose long and intelligent life would make an entertaining volume, was about one year old when we moved westward, a great strong, glossy, black and tan pup, of Newfoundland and Scotch collie breed. He was my friend, companion and protector, at home, in the fields and on the prairie He fought valiantly with tough-skinned, plucky badgers, chased the coyote and deer occasionally, and when wandering *Musquakies* (Indians of the Iowa tribes) came to the house to beg or loaf about, he "stood them off" with the fierceness of a young grizzly. No Indian, not even a squaw or a pappoose, could get inside our house until my dog was tied, so great was his antipathy toward those evil-smelling intruders.

It was during such occasional visits at our house, that Brave gave the sole instance of complete insubordination in all his long life of more than ten years.

As to his intelligent usefulness as a member of our household — which he truly was — much could be said. There were few things, indeed, which come within the range of dog accomplishment which he would not do at my bidding And he obeyed commands, too, without special training, simply by intelligent comprehension of the human voice and gesture.

It was on a night in early September that the incident I am about to relate occurred. At that season, in those days, the term "wilderness" could be most truly applied to our region. The country was, in fact, a continuous swamp of grass as far as the eye could reach. Cornstalk grass upon the bottom lands, and the seed-stalks of the blue-joint upon the upland prairie stood, everywhere, as high as a man's head.

Our small family, consisting of my father, mother and myself, were just on the point of going to bed on the evening of the night in question, when our nearest neighbor, living a half-mile down the river, without stopping to knock, burst in at the door.

His excited appearance alarmed us, and his breathless story still further aroused our fears. This neighbor—Harvey was his name—had, he said, about five o'clock that evening, sent his boy Tommy, a little fellow of eight years, to the upper grove—which was our nearest patch of timber, and about a half-mile below his claim—for an ax which he had left stuck upon a stump, close beside the wood trail. As sunset came without the boy's return, he had become alarmed and gone in search of the lad. He had been through and around the grove and to the *Musquakie* camp beyond, and returned to his cabin, shouting and hallooing all the way,

without finding any traces of Tommy. He now believed the Indians had been skulking in that neighborhood and had stolen his boy, or killed him, and his distress was pitiful to see.

As a band of thirty Indians had been camped upon a bluff above the grove within the week, the situation seemed truly alarming. The Indians had pitched their tepees at that point in August, and had roamed over the country in pursuit of elk and deer, until, three days before, they had broken camp and left the neighborhood, to the great relief of everybody in it.

Though much alarmed for the safety of our neighbor's boy, my father did not believe that the Indians had anything to do with his disappearance. If the *Musquakies* came back, he said, bent upon mischief, it would not be to capture small boys or children. But the case was scarcely less desperate for the wandering boy if he were, indeed, lost upon the prairie. My father, however, did not say so He was a man of action, and always a leader in times of peril or of threatened danger. He now directed our neighbor to ride at once through the settlement above and collect all the men and boys who could furnish, or find, a horse to mount, and to gather them at his cabin as quickly as possible, and he, himself, would be there to meet them in time to direct the search.

In five minutes after Harvey had ridden away, my father and myself, with my dog following, were mounted and galloping across the Sioux bottom lands, toward the Ocheyedan River. My mother had greatly demurred at my going, but father assured her that all I had to do, to insure a safe return, was to stick to "Old Bill," the horse I was to ride, and he would bring me home from whatever quarter we might wander; also, that he expected my dog to take part in the search, and that the animal—which she knew was perfectly true—would work for no one as he would for me.

The stream—the Ocheyedan - toward which we rode, was a small branch of the Sioux, and which emptied into the latter stream half way between our cabin and Round, or upper Grove, was only a half-mile distant from our claim.

On the south of this little river—nearly all streams are "rivers" on the Western prairies—was a new wood trail, used by our neighbors, Paulsen, "Old Man" Berry and his two sons, and my father believed it quite possible that Tommy Harvey had mistaken this trail for the one which ran up our side of the Sioux Valley, and that the boy had got lost in trying to follow it, for the grass on that side of the valley was a tangle of tall cornstalk—so tall that a man could tie it above his shoulders, while sitting upon a horse—and was cut in different and numerous directions by cattle and deer-trails.

The night was moonless, but the stars were shining, and as we rode we could dimly see the dark line of slopes which marked the southern extremity of the creek valley. We soon reached and crossed the stream. Then back and forth between the low hills and the river we rode, keeping some distance apart but within hearing, sending the dog out, first on one side then on the other.

My father said: "Tell Brave to hunt Tommy," but I said no; that I had often sent him to Harvey's to "fetch Tommy," and that he would go straight there if I gave such a command. Father saw the force of this, for, although I was a lad of 12 years, Tommy was my only steady playmate, and the dog knew and loved the little fellow almost as well as he did his young master. So we told the dog to "Go hunt 'em!" sending him out on this side and on that, as we did when hunting the cattle or horses.

Away the faithful creature would go at command, ranging out through the swamp of grass, yelping in answer to our shouts, occasionally, until the sounds of command grew faint in his

ears, then back again, quite as ready to plunge away in another direction.

We hoped by this method of search, making a complete circuit of the Harvey premises, Brave would come upon Tommy's trail and follow it, and that he might let us know by his eager yelps and whinings. For he would follow the fresh trail of a rabbit or a deer, unerringly, and no man or boy could wade through the grass at that season without leaving a pretty plain "swath" behind. The track of a horse or cow could be followed, by sight, for days, that of a man for at least a few hours in daylight. We neared the upper or Round Grove in a half hour or so with no sight or sound of Tommy. Here the valley narrowed sharply to a quite steep bluff not far below the timber. It was on the height of this bluff, some eighty rods from the woods, that the *Muxquakie* hunters had pitched their tepees, out of the way of the swarms of flies and mosquitoes, which were a frightful pest upon the lower bottom lands. These Indians had remained with headquarters at this point all through the month of August; they had ranged out over the country upon their wiry little ponies, hunting the deer and the elk in all directions, and though their prolonged visit had caused our small settlement no little uneasiness, the savages had a few days before broken camp and trailed away to the south, leaving us in peace.

After we knew they were gone, Tommy Harvey and myself had planned some day to visit their camp, where I believed we should be able to find some stray hatchets, knives, arrow-heads or other trinkets lying about. I now told my father of this plan, and that I believed it quite likely that Tommy had gone up there alone, after reaching the grove, which was so near, and that maybe that was the way he had come to get lost. He thought this very possible, so we climbed the hill to the Indian camp, which was easily found, as the grass had been trampled and eaten down by their ponies for many rods around. While I held his horse, father lighted torches of dry grass, and searched among the old ash-heaps, and on the worn ground about the tepee stakes for tracks of the lost boy. But there was no sign amongst the dead embers, and the ground was tramped and baked, until neither bare feet nor shoes would have left any trace upon it.

So we descended the bluff again, rode down the river some distance, crossed over and hunted, with the dog, back to Harvey's cabin. We hoped to find that the little fellow had returned, but there was no Tommy there. A number of the neighbors had arrived, though Clark, Winkle, Paulsen, old Mr. Berry and his boys all had come in within twenty minutes or so. And my mother was there, too, giving such cheer and comfort as she could to a distracted woman, who wailed for her boy—her only child—and well nigh refused to be comforted. Harvey, himself, unable to curb his impatience, had started out again, leaving my father to organize the search.

This he did speedily and thoroughly. There was only one possible theory in his mind. The boy had simply wandered away from the wood trail and got lost in the tall grass. The streams were all too shallow, at that season, for drowning anyone, the wolves were harmless, save in winter, and the Indians were several days on their journey southward.

He marshalled us out in a squad to the northeast, halting a man and starting him out upon a circuit of search at every half-mile or so of advance. These were instructed, each, to make a complete circuit of the Harvey claim and the round grove, to ride back and forth so as to cover a considerable scope of the country, to shout and listen at short intervals, and when his round of the premises was complete, to ride in to the cabin and report, then out again for a wider search until the boy should be found. My father and I, with

the dog, rode to the outer reach of the search. It was agreed by all that the lost boy would almost surely wander in a circle, and that he would tire out before he could possibly, by his own efforts, get any great distance from home.

And now followed a weary night search, with such shoutings and callings, such straining of eyes, such anxious listenings, as only those know who engage in anxious quest of the lost.

My father kept me near him, and the dog worked steadily for hours. But at last the faithful animal's legs gave out. He had covered, doubtless, ten times the ground that we had, and our horses were also giving unmistakable signs of weariness. We now tried, in vain, to send Brave out; the poor fellow crawled up on my horse's side with his fore legs trembling against my ankles, and begged, whining piteously, to be let off.

"There ain't any use," I called to father, at length. "Brave's done out in his legs, and can't go any more." We were then, long past midnight, with our circuit only half completed, at the mouth of a small stream, known as the Muddy, about four miles southwest of Harvey's cabin. My father knew the locality, although I did not.

"Very well," he answered; "I guess my boy's about done out, too, by the sound of his voice. Now you and your dog rest right here till I come back for you; tie your horse among these willows on the creek bank, pull off your blankets, lie down on them and go to sleep. I'll be back in two or three hours." And he rode off into the darkness and left me.

I was only too glad to obey, worn and sore as I was with riding—I had only a pair of blankets for a saddle—and I was hoarse as a crow from shouting, dizzy and half blind, in fact, with weariness.

It did not occur to me to be afraid. I had Brave, and without the dog the reader may rest assured I should not have been left in that lonely spot. The last I remember of that night, I lay upon my blanket in a bed of tall grass, my dog beside me fast asleep, his nose against my breast, while his muscles twitched in convulsive shudders and his breath came and went in the jerky, gasping fashion of a thoroughly exhausted animal.

I was awakened about sunrise by someone shouting above my head:

"*Hulloo thar, bub; wake up!*"

I awoke to find one of the Berry boys leaning over me from his horse's back.

"Yer par says fer you ter come home," he announced. "Ride right up th' river and yer can't lose the way."

"Have they found Tommy?" I asked.

"No, an' they ain't like ter, nuther," he said, soberly. "It's my 'pinion 'at one uv them prowlin' Injuns has got *him*, but we're goin' ter keep on a lookin' ez long's there's any show. Take keer o' yerself; I'm off fer down the river now." And he rode away to the southward.

I watched him in a heavy-hearted way, until his broad-brimmed, slouch hat disappeared in a field of tall grass.

Brave got up from our blankets—he had not so much as barked at the newcomer, whom he knew—trotted to the little brook close at hand, rolled about in the water for a few minutes, then came back, gave himself a hearty shake and looked up brightly in my face, as though to say:

"Well, you see I'm all right again; what is it you want of me now?"

As for me, my thoughts were of Tommy, and there was a choking lump in my throat, which I tried in vain to swallow. "Brave," I said desperately, at length, "Go find *Tommy*, TOMMY, TOMMY! Go! Go!" and I pointed up the creek—why in that direction I do not know. And away went my dog, capering through the grass, as ready to do my bidding as he had ever been.

I put my blankets upon old Bill again, led him down to the creek for a drink, and mounted his back from the bank. I had tied the horse "long" and he

had foraged a fair morning's feed from the willows and the grass within his reach.

I rode him up the bank again, and sat for some time waiting for the dog. Minute after minute passed and there was no sign from Brave. I called loudly to him and listened for an answering yelp in vain. The great sea of grass stretching up the creek valley had swallowed and closed in upon him, and gave not even an echo to my shouts.

I waited, probably, near half an hour, then, thinking the dog must have started to find Harvey's cabin, as he would have done at such a command at home, I rode old Bill across the stream and headed him in that direction.

It was a warm, sunny morning; blackbirds and rusty-coated ground-birds were flitting about and swinging upon the tall stems of "cornstalk," chattering in a lively fashion. But I felt chilled and miserable, and sat upon my horse a dumping, tearful, and very pitiful small boy.

But when about twenty rods from the creek bank a sound struck upon my ears that straightened the kinks from my back and set me eagerly listening. It came from far up the creek valley, a faint "*yip-yip-yip-yip*," the voice of my dog.

What had he found, and why had he run so far in that direction? It might be the trail of a deer or a coyote, and it might be some sign of Tommy. He was most likely upon the scent of some animal, but the bare possibility that he had found a trace of Tommy was sufficient to turn me about and urge me in the direction of the sounds.

I rode Bill at a stiff trot up the flat valley, using the halter stale as a whip to urge the old plow-horse at his best gait. *Swish*, *swish*, *swish*, his long legs mowed a broad swath in the heavy grass as he lunged awkwardly along.

We advanced a half-mile or more, then came upon a slight ridge that ran down to the creek from the higher prairie.

I halted my horse upon the crown of this for observation. There was a level sweep of the brown-topped cornstalk for a mile or more in advance, then another projecting ridge and a turn of the valley. As I looked there came into my field of vision, upon the rise ahead, a flitting black speck, bobbing among the blue-joint tops. A half-dozen times this small, skipping object came to the surface, then disappeared over the crown of the ridge. It was my dog, still going.

I pushed ahead again as rapidly as old Bill could be urged through the impeding grass. I now believed that Brave was upon a fresh deer trail—the grass was wet with dew—and that he might follow it so far he would never get back to me. He had once either lost himself in such a chase, or had deliberately kept it up for many hours, for he was missed from home for three days and had been given up for lost or killed, when he returned, so draggled and worn as hardly to be recognizable. At all hazards I felt that he must be called off from such another chase. On and on I went, lathering the old horse furiously, and straining my eyes for another sight of the dog as we passed over ridge after ridge. I shouted and called from time to time.

For an hour or more I pushed ahead without seeing or hearing anything further of the dog. At last I gave up the chase, and weary, half-starved and discouraged, set out for home, crying heart-brokenly. It seemed to me now that the last chance of finding Tommy was gone. If Brave could not find the boy's trail that day, I thought, no man or boy in the settlement could do so. Old Bill followed his back track with perfect instinct, and I dropped the rein, gave him his head and myself up to misery.

The old horse had, perhaps, carried me half way back down the creek valley, when a long-drawn mournful howl sounded upon an opposite slope across the stream. At first I thought a wolf

was howling over there, then a familiar note struck my ear, and I knew it was Brave. A chill struck to my very bones; the dog had found Tommy and Tommy was dead. With my heart in my throat I rode across the intervening space, calling to the dog as my horse neared the slope. His howling ceased and a joyous answering yelp lifted a great load from my mind.

"Tommy, Tommy! Answer me, Tommy!" I shouted.

And sure enough, a faint but unfamiliar crow came from the grass in front of old Bill's nose. Tommy was there, lying upon the ground, with both hands clutched in Brave's woolly coat. The lad was a pitiful object, pale, hollow-eyed, almost speechless, his thin pants worn through upon the front, and his legs and bare feet so cut and swollen, he could no longer stand upon them.

How I managed to get him upon the horse, and climb up behind, I do not know, at this day, but the thing was done someway. Then bracing the limp, half lifeless figure in my arms, we rode as fast as the old plow-horse could walk.

Tommy managed to tell me how he had come to get lost. He had, as I had imagined, gone up to the Indian camp, for he was always a fearless little fellow—with far more courage than I then possessed—and had lingered too long. Darkness overtook him there, playing with the deer and elk antlers, and looking for knives and hatchets. He lost the trail on the bottom land, and just wandered on and on, sometimes walking, and sometimes running for hours and hours, falling down and resting occasionally, until at last he could go no longer.

After that he did not know what had happened until he had come to himself to find Brave licking his face. Then he had "just grabbed into his hair and hung on" till I had come.

And so my grand dog had been upon Tommy's trail all the morning, and his faithful and intelligent work saved the boy's life.

The scene at the Harvey cabin, when we finally got in, and during the day, as the men, wearied and discouraged, came straggling in, must be left to the imagination The distance he had wandered that night, and the narrowness of the scratch, by which Tommy s life was saved, never ceased to be a topic of wonder and interest in our settlement, and, indeed, is often talked of yet.

SUBMISSION.

The longest day of toil will have a night of rest,
The deepest sorrow, balm will know some happy day;
Lift up thy sorrowing soul, thou weary one, and pray;
Believe, whatever comes, that surely God knows best.

E. Carl Litsey.

Woman's Club Department.

By Harriet C. Towner.

WOMEN'S CONGRESS AT OMAHA.

FOUR important gatherings of women were held in Omaha during the week, known as "Jubilee Week;" the National Congress of Mothers; the fifth annual meeting of the Nebraska Federation of Women's Clubs, the Congress of Women's Clubs, and the sixth annual meeting of the National Household Economic Association. The officers and board of directors of the General Federation of Women's Clubs also met in Omaha during the week. The Nebraska State Federation was the guest of the Omaha Women's Club, and the Women's Club Congress was organized under the direction of Mrs. Stoutenborough, President of the Nebraska State Federation. Mrs. Stoutenborough, whose term of office expires with the year, has, by her efficient service, not only endeared herself to the women of her own State, but has greatly impressed the club women of many States by her fine abilities and beautiful character.

The Mothers' Congress, of which Mrs. Theodore Birney, of Washington, D. C., is the President, came first, and brought together many women from the Trans-Mississippi States. Mrs. Birney, in her able address, told of the establishment of many day nurseries where the children of the poor are left and cared for during the enforced absence of their mothers. She also spoke of the necessity for enlarging kindergarten facilities, and of the immense importance and wonderful influence for good of such work. She said that perhaps the most important work of the Congress during the past year had been in instituting mothers' clubs among the lower classes, the objects of which are to study the care, education and training of children.

The success which has attended this week has been encouraging.

Mrs. Mary H. Weeks, of Kansas City, Auditor of the organization, delivered a very interesting address on the subject of these mothers' clubs. She gave experiences and practical suggestions for their organization, and strongly urged the necessity of keeping them entirely free from sectarian influence. Set programs and formality was discouraged, and adaptability to circumstanc s and elasticity of methods advocated. It was shown that in the very lowest tenement districts it was possible to develop an interest, and that where these clubs had been established the death rate for children had diminished. Mrs. McMullen, of Evanston, Ill., made an earnest plea for cooperation among mothers for their mutual help, and also advocated a closer relationship between the mother and teacher.

Kindergarten work and methods were presented by two distinguished kindergartners, Miss Amelia Hofer and Miss Newton, of Chicago. Miss Hofer strongly advocated the establishment of scientific courses in high schools and colleges, for the study of the fundamentals of child nurture. Miss Newton spoke of the practical adaptability of kindergarten work in the improvement of the home life, in mental culture, practical hygiene and the economics of the household.

Mrs. Heller, of Nebraska, emphasized the educational influence of the first three years of the child's life in school, and presented many helpful and practical suggestions.

An interesting feature of the meeting was the reading of letters received by the Secretary from Tokio, Burmah, and Rio Janiero, asking for reports

from the Congress and telling of the home life and aspirations of the mothers of those distant lands.

The Mothers' Congress was followed by the meeting of the Nebraska State Federation. That which relates directly to the Federation and to the work of the Nebraska clubs will be given next month. At the evening session of the Federation meeting Mrs. Lowe, President of the G. F. W. C., and the other officers of the General Federation were introduced, Mrs. Lowe delivering an address.

The first session of the Club Congress convened Wednesday morning with Mrs. Philip N. Moore, Treasurer of the G. F. W. C., in the chair. The subject chosen for discussion at the morning session was traveling libraries, and Mrs. E. L. Buchwalter, of Ohio, presented a paper on "Traveling Libraries in the United States." This paper was read at the library meeting at the Denver Biennial, but did not lose by repetition. Mrs. Buchwalter gave some interesting statistics. The first traveling library of one hundred volumes was sent out in February, 1893; in May, 1897, 927 libraries and 47,171 books had been sent out, and in May, 1898, 1,657 libraries with 73,558 books had been circulated, showing an increase *in one year* of 728 libraries and 26,389 volumes. Mrs. Buchwalter spoke particularly of the relation of the club to the traveling library, quoting Mr. Hutchins, of the Ohio Free Library Commission, who said at the library meeting at Lakewood this summer, that "The recent development of the work is due to that powerful factor, the women's club," and Mrs. Buchwalter said that in most states women's clubs are doing more than the libraries in the establishment and spread of traveling libraries. The State Federations of Georgia, New Jersey, Kansas, Nebraska and Missouri, have started these libraries without State aid, and the women's clubs in many other states are doing much in this direction. Mrs. Buchwalter told of the growing demand for these libraries among the farmers and people living in isolated communities, and said that in Ohio the farmer's wagon was often the means used for carrying the libraries from place to place. Mrs. Buchwalter's paper was followed by a discussion of ways and means for encouraging interest in traveling libraries, and questions were asked with regard to necessary legislation, Mrs. Buchwalter explaining how the necessary appropriation was obtained in Ohio.

A paper which was announced for the morning session, "Rest Rooms in Market Towns," by Mrs. Giddings, of Minnesota, was omitted on account of Mrs. Giddings' inability to be present. The time was occupied by the annual address of Mrs. Stoutenborough to the Nebraska Federation, which had been postponed from the day before.

The afternoon session of the Congress was held in the auditorium at the exposition grounds, Mrs. Lowe, President of the G. F. W. C., presiding.

Mrs. Lowe was introduced by Mrs. Stoutenborough, and responded in a few happily chosen words. The large auditorium was filled to overflowing with club women and their friends, and Mrs. Lowe received an enthusiastic reception. President McKinley had been asked to honor the Congress by his presence, and after a beautiful rendition of an arietta from Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," by Mrs. C. S. Cotton, the President of the United States was announced. He was received with enthusiasm, and in response expressed his interest in and appreciation of the work of women's clubs, congratulated them on what has been accomplished and wished them God speed. The President was gracious, as he always is, and felicitous in the words of greeting spoken, and his enthusiastic reception was a tribute to the pure and noble character which has added new honor and dignity to the place which he occupies.

The principal address of the after-

noon was given by Mrs. Sarah S. Platt, of Denver, Vice-President of the G. F. W. C., who spoke upon her favorite theme, "The Unlimited Club." Mrs. Platt speaks with an eloquence and earnestness which cannot fail to carry conviction. Her plea was for the *large* club, the club that includes every woman who desires to improve, to enlarge her opportunities, or who needs the help and comfort and uplifting influence of the club, oftentimes the only spot of brightness in many otherwise dreary and commonplace lives. Mrs. Platt urged women who have only time for one club to join the large club, to organize the large club, "because of the blessed help and inspiration you may give to others' and the world's work."

At the Thursday morning session of the Congress Mrs. R. R. Peters, President of the Kansas Federation, presided. Miss Helen M. Cole, of Boston, delivered an address on the "Bible as Literature," in which she strongly urged the study of the Bible by clubs. The most notable feature of the program was an address by Miss Julia Lathrop, of Hull House, Chicago, in which, under the subject "Philanthropy and Charities," she discussed the defects of institutional care for children who are charges of the state, and strongly urged the placing of these children, when possible, in homes. She pointed out the mistakes made in the past by many of the "placing out" societies and gave numerous examples of the success of this plan when properly conducted. Miss Lathrop has made a study during the summer of this system of "placing out" in homes as it is practiced in Scotland, and her bright and humorous descriptions of these homes added greatly to the interest of her address. Miss Bertha Rockwell, of Junction City, Kan., presented a paper on "Evolution in the American Home," which was well received.

The afternoon session of the Congress nd that of the National Economic Association were combined, the time being equally divided. The program of the club meeting included addresses by Mrs. Willis Lord Moore, of California, and Mrs. Selwyn Douglas, of Oklahoma.

Thursday evening a reception to all visiting club women was given in the church parlors by the Omaha Woman's Club, and not the least of the pleasures of the week was this opportunity for social intercourse.

The first session of the annual convention of the National Household Economic Association was held Thursday morning, October 13th. A cordial welcome was extended by Mrs. Mary Moody Pugh, Vice-President for Nebraska, to which Mrs. Emma M. Van Vechten, President of the Iowa Federation of Women's Clubs, and a director of the Association, responded. The interest of this morning session centered about the reports from the different States which are represented in the Association. These reports showed growing interest in all matters pertaining to domestic science. Efforts have been made to induce women's clubs to inaugurate departments of household economics, in many cases with success. Special classes for the study of domestic science have been formed in communities where women's clubs do not exist, or where it is impracticable for them to take up this work. Departments for the study of domestic science have be n introduced into a number of high schools and colleges, and a strong effort has been made to arouse public sentiment to demand that household science be taught in a practical and scientific way in the public school. There are twenty-eight states and the Dominion of Canada represented in this Association, and it is regretted that the reports cannot be given more in detail

The subjects of the papers presented during the two days' session were as follows: The Problems Which the Present Century Presents to the House-

keeper; Household Economics in the Schools; Household Economics in the Rural Districts; How May Women be Most Useful and Successful? How Not to Furnish a Home; How May Every Woman Become a Sanitarian? The Relation of Woman to the Labor Problem; Economy of Time, Money and Labor; The Necessity of Instructing Children Concerning Their Prospective Conjugal and Parental Duties.

IOWA...If the secretaries of the various clubs of the I. F. W. C. would please send programs to the journalist it will be a great favor; also send reports of work accomplished in the interest of schools, public or private libraries, civic growth or other matters of public welfare.

The co-operation of all clubs is earnestly desired, and it is hoped material will be sent so that satisfactory reports may appear from time to time in this department.

Three programs have already come to my desk—the Corning Culture Club, Holly Press Club, Belmond, Iowa, and Tuesday Club, Storm Lake. For its motto the latter club has taken "Haste not, rest not." Meetings are held every Tuesday from October to April The program is varied in its subjects. One feature is spelling at each meeting Italy, Mexico, Hawaii, Switzerland, all come in for discussion, and other topics are given. It will certainly keep the fifteen ladies composing the membership busy this year. The President of the club is Mrs. Cora T. Faville; Secretary, Mrs. Lucie W. Smith. The Holly Press Club has an original program. The meetings are held once a month. The subjects for the October meeting are quotations on art to answer roll call. Quotations to be memorized. Symposium: Fathers and Mothers; Blank Verse; Club Topic: What is Poetry? A Pastoral Poem; Criticism of Literary Column in Herald. In April this club has a symposium: Satire on Spring, and Club Topic; What Relation Should this Club Sustain to the Town? Mrs. Mary Felton is President and Mrs. Jeannette Richardson Recording Secretary.

The Corning Culture Club, as usual, has a most excellent program. The work for the year is on Tennyson and George Eliot. A modified form of the Socratic method of discussion is used in the topics as arranged.

The program is well worth close study and the members of the club cannot fail to be well acquainted with the two authors under consideration. Mrs. F. L. LaRue, President, and Mrs. Arthur R. Wells, Secretary.

The Ladies' Literary Society, of Waterloo, has a very attractive program this year. The study is Spain, its history, biography and literature. The earliest history of the nation is considered and through the intervening time down to Spain of to-day. There are topics interspersed with this study such as the The Ideal Club; Woman's Part in Municipal Government; How can Coöperation of Clubs Best Serve a Community? Mrs. L. C. Newcomb is President and Miss Mary Alford, Secretary of the Society.

The twentieth anniversary of the Ladies' Literary Society was celebrated in April Invitations were extended to all who had ever been members and to the P. E. O Society. Last year this Society presented a handsome rosewood gavel to the Ladies' Literary Society. Inscribed on the gold band around the head of the gavel were the names of the societies with dates This gift was much appreciated by the members. We began to tell about the reception in April. It was an event long to be remembered in the annals of the Society. There were over two hundred invitations issued. The addresses, music and refreshments were all excellent. It was hoped State President of I. F. W. C. Mrs. Van Vechten, would be a guest, but owing to sickness in her family it was impossible for her to be present.

September 15th and 16th the officers and members of standing committees met on invitation of Mrs. Van Vechten, in Cedar Rapids. The following ladies were present: President, Mrs. G. F. Van Vechten; Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. E. Blythe, Mason City; Corresponding Secretary, Jessie B. Waite, Burlington; Treasurer, Mrs. Mabel Dixon Hutchinson, Ottumwa; Auditor, Mrs. Helen Hawley, Manchester; Chairman of Library Committee, Mrs. D. W. Norris, Grinnell; Chairman of Art Committee, Mrs. Anna B. Howe, Marshalltown; Chairman Educational Committee, Mrs. Milton Remley, Iowa City; Mrs. Hurd, Dubuque, Mrs. Burke, Carroll, members of Educational Committee; Mrs. Warren Garst, Coon Rapids, of Educational Committee; Mrs. C. H. Cogswell, Cedar Rapids, member of Reciprocity Bureau, and Mrs. Siddie F. Richards, Journalist, Waterloo.

Wednesday, September 15th, the officers met, and Thursday afternoon a conference of officers and committees was held. Reports from committees were read and bills allowed. An outline of the program for State biennial, which meets in Burlington in May, was submitted by the officers.

There will be a three days' session, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of the first week in May. Mrs. Lowe, President of General Federation, is expected to make an address, also Octave Thanet, Mrs. Ellen Henrotin, and other noted women. After the business sessions were ended the visitors were the recipients of a number of social courtesies. Mrs. Van Vechten gave a tea party Thursday evening, and the Magazine Club, of Cedar Rapids, were also guests at this delightful function. The decorations in the dining and drawing rooms, where the large tables were laid, were red roses, white carnations, the blue of the color scheme being added in favors, which were small booklets with name of guest and a sketch of Federation badge in blue and silver on outside and blue print of the home of the hostess on the inside. Friday morning the Woman's Club gave a reception in their club rooms to the visitors. These rooms are in the Savings Bank building and the amount paid for rent is $400 per year. The club has a membership of 150 members, annual dues, $3. Mrs. N. O. Lawton is President of the club.

Friday afternoon Mrs. U. C. Blake entertained the ladies at the Country Club House. This was a very pleasant reception and not at all formal. There were fine refreshments, music and bright conversation during the afternoon. About nine o'clock carriages came to take the guests back to the city. The club house is a mile and a half from Cedar Rapids. The first conference of officers and committees of the I. F. W. C. was certainly a very pleasant and profitable one.

Well, this article is not entirely confined to a review of programs. Send them in please, secretaries, and any items of interest to club workers.—*Siddie F. Richards, Journalist I. F. W. C. of Iowa.*

WHICH.

"I love my love with my money,
"I love my love with my fame;"
But the third he loved without either—
With only his heart and name.

Alice Hamilton Rich.

HOME THEMES.

SUMMER'S FAREWELL.

I heard it in the silent night,
The river 'neath my casement flowing,
The breeze blew out my candle light,
And left the stars of heaven glowing;
The moonlight through my lattice crept,
The trees beside my window sighing,
And diamond dews the willow wept,
For ah! the Summer sweet is dying;
Through winding glen and woodland dell
Sweet Summer sends a sad farewell.

I hear her ling'ring footsteps pass,
Her leafy garments slowly trailing,
A breeze comes up and o'er the grass
It sends afar a sound of wailing;
A murmur through the pine wood creeps,
The shadows flit o'er hill and river,
The night in moon-lit beauty sleeps,
The stars in tearful silence quiver,
As if the orbs that gleam above,
Like earth, regret her parting love.

I hear her midland echoes call
Through forest deep and mountain hoary,
Like some sweet vision over all
She bendeth yet in pensive glory;
Her spirit on the threshold stands
Retouching all with tender fingers,
Fond looks and long delaying hands,
She goes, and yet departing, lingers,
As southward from the valleys sweet,
She passes with unwilling feet.

I hear her far receding sigh,
Through gloomy glen and grassy valley,
Where late her vagrant footprints lie,
And lazy zephyrs wanton daily;
When lo! before me filing glide
The ghosts of all the gracious hours,
That leave their haunts in woodlands wide
To follow bright to farther bowers.
They, like the going Summer, grieve
A fond regret for scenes they leave.

She goes; and yet sweet days will come.
Stray suns will seek the haunts of roses,
And birds will hop and bees will hum
O'er beds where dust of these reposes;
And hills will rise, and trees will wave
And rivers run in gladdening splendor,
As from her dew-besprinkled grave.
Fond earth evokes her memories tender,
But in the dell and by the shore
Her steps and songs are heard no more.

Mary T. Downey.

MOTHER GOOSE'S PHILOSOPHY.

Did you ever stop to consider the philosophy of Mother Goose, that rival in popularity of Shakespeare and Defoe? No? Then give a moment's attention to this extract from her pen, and ye boasted discoverers of the science of Mental Healing, "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's."

Little Tommy Grace had a pain in his face,
So bad that he couldn't learn a letter;
When in came Dicky Long, singing such a funny song,
That Tommy laughed, and found his face much better.

How admirably simple and comprehensive! The cherub, in whose baby face is mirrored every emotion of his tiny being, can understand and apply the curative principle here. How much more absorbable than this scientific statement: "It is made clear in occult research that thought, with its dynamic potency, can restore disturbed equilibrium to the physical body—can so change the vibration of its molecules that soundness and health replace disease."

To-day, everything which is unscientific must be tabooed; consequently it is most essential that the simpliest truth should receive the official seal of those mighty minds who are masters in the use of "heavy weight" terms, and adepts in combining them in the proper proportion to secure that impressive and fascinating obscurity of meaning which is comprehended in the word occult.

Decry as we will this action, it must be admitted that even *we* will not associate with any new ology or ism until it has triumphantly withstood this test. It is then fitted to the needs of the simple and profound, and in the end, the object sought is attained, and the world lists this with many enlarged, retouched and heavily framed copies of old masters which are supposed to be the product of later-day wisdom, and calls it new.

But the truth itself, like wine, is strengthened and improved with age, and the important thing after all, is to lay hold of and develop it to the limit of its possibilities. There are too many "Tommy Graces" in this work-worn generation; too many who are striving, oblivious of all else, for the space which we are assured remains for those who reach "the top" There are heights and heights, however. Some are glory-crowned and others are snow-capped; far up beyond the "verdure line" of real happiness, where the beauty and perfume of the wild rose never charm the senses, and the warble of birds is unknown.

But, thanks to the "Dicky Longs," this world's aches and pains, cares and trials can be charmed—under the curative influences of thought transference—into those normally happy conditions which our God-Father designed for His children. "Forethought minus Fear thought" will illiminate the fric-

tion of needless anxiety—that agent to which we are indebted for a majority of life's ills.

The reflection of our mental state by our physical natures is now generally conceded by those whose research has made them an authority in such matters; and when we all learn the value of a bright face and cheering presence, mankind will take another long step toward that higher plane—it will be that forward movement which we call Progress. *Maria Weed.*

FORMALITY.

When two congenial friends who trust and respect each other, and are little short of intimates, cling to the formal address, what are the possible explanations?

Either one or both would not have it otherwise; perhaps one or both would avoid even a seeming impropriety; or else one is afraid of taking a liberty with which the other might not be pleased. The more friends esteem one another, the more they shrink from the risk of offending one another.

Rarely are friends satisfied with the continuation of the more ceremonious bearing. Few really relish giving or taking the clammy hand offered to the world. Most of us want to get nearer those we like; would break down all barriers between us; we chafe at the restraint; we deprecate the possibility that the loved and admired one wishes to hold us at a distance. In our reflective moods conventionality seems so frigid and repellant; propriety so rigid and uncomfortable; this world at its best so cold. Often both are deploring the necessity of supporting the burden and brooding over its possible significance, each longing to drop the weight but not understanding the other. It is extremely unfortunate when two who would, cannot, get together. A little more outspokenness would relieve the situation.

Whose is the only right to say whether it would be an unwarrantable liberty for you to address me familiarly? Mine exclusively. Then if I say, not only that it would be unobjectionable, but that I would prefer it, what excuse is left? Dilatoriness in taking the initiative suffers the accumulation of dust on the threshold of many a coveted, legitimate privilege. Much that would be mutually grateful is missed because of a common fear of appearing ignorant or forward.

There is something inconsistent about the notion that it would be any derogation to be frankly familiar with an admired friend, when it is to those nearest us, those of whom we think most, that we would not dream of being formal. Formality would be a blow if offered to one with whom we are most closely linked, and for whom we have the highest regard, and it is a mistake to suppose it to be the only mark of respect due to those with whom we are only just less intimate than is desired. The same form of address that would be discourteous to your best friend cannot be the high water mark of respect to your next best friend, and it is illogical that what is a sign of the warmest esteem for those within the inner circle can be so grossly unjust to an esteemed one just outside.

There are a few of those we meet frequently, whom we do want to know better, to whom we would get closer, from whom we would remove the least impediment that separates us. It becomes second nature to tramp after the crowd. Of course any form or ceremony would be immaterial, would not cast a shadow, would not cost an anxious thought, from an acquaintance to whom one feels entirely indifferent. But where one does want to decrease the distance, formality seems to be in the way, and unnecessarily so.

Formality is seldom needed as an insurance against presumption; especially is it often unduly prolonged. Affability is but rarely abused. Informality is rarely dangerous or even rash. Precautions need not and ought not to be used, even with strangers, if they are well guaranteed. We can trust more than we are apt to think. It puts most people on their best behavior to rely on them.

Ernest Avery.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

GRAND old Carlyle! With all his crabbedness, one of our truest prophets, one of our most helpful teachers! His crabbedness is more easily explained than is his noble life-long striving for the uplifting of a race that in personal contact he found irritating and at times exasperating. Who would not be crabbed under like conditions! A hopeless victim of dyspepsia and for twenty years or more ground to earth by poverty, the wonder is that the clouds of despondency ever lifted from his mind. The wonder is that circumstances did not drive him to despair and death, or at least to the philosophy whose logical consequent is suicide.

***

AN ENGLISH writer in *Literature* glibly declares that Carlyle is no longer a power in men's lives. Possibly in England, but not in this country. The frequent calls for Carlyle and the well worn volumes of his writings, in all our public and reference libraries, attest the present-day power of the pre-eminent hero-worshiper. The gospel of noble manhood, with its outcome, noble service, was never more gladly heard among us than it is to-day. Nor can we believe that on the other side of the Atlantic there is any lack of interest in the word as preached by the sage of Chelsea. The persistency with which Carlyle's name and sayings are kept before the English public and the present strength of hero-worship, not only in England but also in that Greater Britain beyond "the little isle," lead us to conclude that the critic was premature in relegating Carlyle to the cemetery.

***

ANOTHER batch of Carlyle letters has come to light, in *The Atlantic*. Despite the commonplaceness of much of the subject matter, these letters are full of interest because behind them is one of the most picturesque characters of the century. Even "the little round of small economies" to which his circumstances subjected him have an interest as showing that, like Milton, upon himself the lowliest tasks he laid, and yet without complaint. There is a touch of pathos in the care of this large, all-comprehending man for such petty details as the measurement of his flannel shirts and the mending of his drawers. "You are to be careful to scour the flannel first," he writes. And again, he finds the best plan for the overhauling of his drawers to be "to clip the leg off altogether and put in four new inches above the knee."

***

THE unwise publication of many painfully private letters by Carlyle's literary executor soon after his death, closed the eyes of the public to the noble side of the man's nature. These later letters in *The Atlantic* gives us glimpses of that better side, and so do much to restore the character equilibrium wantonly disturbed by Froude. His love for his sister Jenny, and for his ailing mother, with his constant solicitude for their health and comfort, in which his wife Jane is ever admitted to a share, reveals far happier family relations than we were led by Froude to suppose. In August, 1840, we find him compelled to sell or give away his horse because, as he expressed it, "the expense of a horse every day here is nearer four than three shillings, far too heavy for a little fellow like me." In October of the same year he thanks his dear sister "a hundred times" for her goodness to his mother, and tells of his delight "to promote her comfort by all means possible." In July, two years later, he sends his mother off for some sea bathing and asks Jenny how her money stands out, adding, "and if at any time, my dear sister, I can help

you to anything, be sure to not neglect to write *then*." Of his wife, after her mother's death, he thus affectionately writes: "My poor wife is still very disconsolate, silent, pale, broken-down, and very weak. I urge her out as much as possible. . . . I speak to her seriously sometimes, but speaking cannot heal grief; only time and Heaven's mercy can." In another letter he says that Jane and her cousin have gone to Windsor, and affectionately adds: "The jaunt in the open air will do the poor wifie good."

***

BUT the most valuable part of these letters is their unstudied and free avowal of the secret springs of a great nature. In 1841, after his first visit to Lord Houghton's home, and other great country homes, he wrote his wife:

"I never lived before in such an element of 'much ado about *almost* nothing;' life occupied altogether in getting itself lived; . . . and such champagning, claretting, and witty conversationing. *Ach Gott!* I would sooner be a ditcher than spend *all* my days so."

Of mere fame he wrote his mother in '42: "Fame? Reputation? etc., as old Tom White said of the whisky, '*Keep* your whisky to yoursel'! deevil o' ever I'se better t' an when there's no a drop on't i' my wame'—which is a literal *truth*,—both as to fame and whisky."

Speaking of his then projected "Oliver Cromwell," he wrote his mother: "I shall have a terrible heap of reading, of meditating, sorting and struggling of every kind. But why should I not do it if it be good work? I feel as if there did lie something in it I will grudge no toil to bring it out . . . In the whole world there is only one true blessing for me,—that of working an honest work."

This is the Carlyle whom we, who early came under the influence of his "Heroes and Hero-Worship," persist in seeing behind the books which bear his name. These letters, we repeat, were needed to correct the one-sided and therefore false impression left by the Froude collection of letters. They to whom the writings of Carlyle stand for honest thinking and noble doing owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Charles Townsend Copeland for restoring to its rightful place the rudely overthrown idol of their youth.

***

ONE has only to glance down the monthly list of "Literary Articles in Periodicals," published in *The Writer*, to be impressed with the extent to which magazine readers are addicted to the habit of reading about literary folks, and how little real literature appears at first hand in our magazines. Many of the articles that pass for "Literary" are this class: "Characteristics and Peculiarities of Roger Payne, Binder," "The Anecdotal Side of Mark Twain," "The Late Georg Ebers at Home," "Characteristics of R. L. Stevenson," "An Interview with Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson," "Personal Recollections of Celia Thaxter," etc.

***

NOW after one has read the works, or a reasonable part of the works, of an author, and so has become interested in the personality behind the work, then it may be worth one's while to study the author's characteristics and peculiarities *ad libitum*. But a large percentage of our magazine readers seem to "feel literary" and enjoy themselves over this comparatively inconsequential sort of reading and evince no inclination to follow up their new knowledge of the worker with knowledge of his work. As Hamlet said to the players, "the play's the thing." In case of a novel, the novel itself is the thing—not the author's diet, ways of taking exercise, home pets, pet aversions, etc., etc.

Take for example that group of pictures of Mary E. Wilkins, etc., on the first page of a leading home magazine,

and presumably the reading matter which accompanies the pictures. There we have Miss Wilkins and her cat, Miss Wilkins and a group of her neighbors, Miss Wilkins out for a walk, Miss Wilkins gowned for a social function, etc., and all with Miss Wilkins' especial sanction and apparently to Miss Wilkins' entire satisfaction. Here we have the author of "Jerome" in almost every rôle except that of the modest young story-writer who has bravely won first place as the historian of New England country-folk life. No harm can come of reading about this writer's home life; but little if any good can come from it unless it induce the reader to seek to know for herself at first hand the secret of Miss Wilkins' popularity.

***

THE magazines are solving "the knotty problems of the Philippines" with great facility and dispatch, generously anticipating the work of the Peace Commission.

***

PROFESSOR SLOANE, the historian of the Napoleonic period, has, in the October *Century*, a dispassionate view of Bismark's character and career. It is refreshing to read something on Bismark written by someone not under "that strange spell, a name." Professor Sloane found Bismark a bulky, self-centered man, great as an embodiment of force, but weak in sympathy with the masses, and, after his enforced retirement, undignified and ungenerous in his ill-concealed attempts to thwart and embarrass his sovereign. The Chancellor was disappointing to the American as an orator and debater. His voice was weak, his manner was brusque, and his utterances were trivial, coming from a man of so great fame.

***

LORD PALMERSTON more than a half-century ago embodied the winning British policy in his instructions to Sir John Davis. He said: "We shall lose all the vantage-ground we have gained by our victories in China if we take a low tone. . . . Depend upon it that the best way of keeping any men quiet is to let them see that you are able and determined to repel force by force; and the Chinese are not in the least different in this respect from the rest of mankind."

And we might add that the retiring Spaniards and the up-and-coming insurrectionists in our new colonies are also not in the least different in this respect from the rest of mankind. But the exhibition of force should in no instance be accompanied or followed by the unnecessary use of force. President McKinley in his recent speeches in the Middle-West nobly voiced the conscience as well as the ambition of our people.

GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Mr. Tallemache, Gladstone's Boswell, quotes Mrs. Norton as maintaining that all women in their hearts are believers in prayers for the dead. And he himself adds as a corollary that "the belief in the intercession of the righteous dead for the living, nay, in their helpful coöperation with the living, has a greater hold on the female heart than most women would acknowledge even to themselves." And he adds: "Well, be it so. '*Wen Gott betrügt* is wohl betrogen.'" All this in *Literature* of August 20th. This radical distinction between the masculine and the feminine mind will be news to many of us.

The very attractive story of "Midlanders Among the Alps," and the ascent of the Briethorn in this magazine gives the impressions of two very typical young Iowa bankers, Mr. B. J. Thompson, of Forest City, Iowa, who is accompanied by Mr. George A. Lyon, of Rockford.

The famous library of the late Rt. Rev. William Stevens Perry, Bishop of Iowa, a collection comprising many interesting works in general literature, some Americana, history, biography, travels, antiquities, controversy, poetry, etc., and special lists of books relating to Charles the First of England, the Dance of Death, Jeanne D'Arc, the Maid of Orleans; Thomas a' Kempis, and a long list of liturgical literature

was sold at auction by Bangs & Co, New York, October 10th–15th. Bishop Perry was the foremost Bishop in America as a writer of books. Among the works written by him, a hundred or more, are the following: Documentary History of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, History of the American Episcopal Church, and Life of Bishop White, of Pennsylvania.

The Bookman thinks Richard Harding Davis must have read "Daudet's Kings in Exile" before writing "The King's Jackal." Many of our bright young writers must plead guilty to the charge of having read Daudet absorbingly.

Frank R. Stockton's "Governor General," in the October *Cosmopolitan*, somehow recalls Daudet's "Tartaran of Tarascon." Not that—

And now comes Mr. Arthur Machen, in *Literature*, August 27th, and pronounced Carlyle dead to the world, unwept, forgotten! "Of the primeval seer nothing remains except perhaps a dark and threatening shadow—a fetish to which men no longer give sacrifice." This *is* news!

Andrew Lang says, "People seem to like their novels muddy now," referring to Zack's "Life is Life."

The best selling books, according to the October *Bookman*, are Rupert of Hentzau, Helbeck of Bannisdale, The King's Jackal, The Pride of Jennico, Caleb West, The Gadfly and Penelope's Progress.

Rev. Father Clarke, a Jesuit priest, in *Nineteenth Century*, pronounces Mrs. Ward's "Helbeck of Bannisdale" a most absurd travesty of all things Catholic.

Hall Caine's next will be "The Drunkard;" Anthony Hope's next, a novel which threatens to be a very penetrating study of Disraeli.

Sir Thomas Bodley, in the preface to his autobiography, thus refers to his book: "It favours not the language of our age, that hath the art to murther with a smile, and fold a curse within a prayer, but speaks the rhetoricke of that better world, where vertue was the garbe and truth the complement." Let us keep on trusting that this better world is yet to come.

One more book-lover—this one embalmed in "Mill on the Floss." Maggie Tulliver had gone to *Thomas a' Kempis* for consolation. "She knew nothing of doctrines and systems, . . . but this voice out of the far off middle ages was the direct communication of a human soul's belief and experience, and came to Maggie as an unquestioned message." And George Eliot adds: "I suppose that is the reason why the small old-fashioned book, for which you need only pay sixpence at a book-stall, works miracles to this day, turning bitter waters into sweetness; while expensive sermons and treatises, newly issued, *leave all things as they were before*."

In the October MIDLAND the engraving entitled "Vue du Chateau de L'Infante a St. Jean-De-Luz," in the story "A Night on the Bay of Biscay" is of exceptional historic interest. The Chateau is the one in which Marie Therese, daughter of Philippe IV, of Spain, lodged at the time of her marriage to Louis XIV, of France, June 9, 1660. The building with towers seen in the picture at the left is the maison of Louis XIV, where Cardinal Mazarin resided during the ceremony during the marriage which was largely the result of his diplomacy. The cathedral in which the marriage was celebrated is hidden, but the towers appear above its roof.

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

McClure has discovered another artist, W. J. Glackens. Mr Glackens takes his art too seriously. His remarkable drawing of "The Ford of the San Juan," in the October *McClure's*, suggests fine possibilities in caricature.

In *Scribner's* for September, Richard Harding Davis, in his splendid "me and Napoleon" style, tells of the Rough Riders' fight to victory and fame in front of Santiago, and Correspondent Marshall tells how it feels to be shot and yet brokenly keep right on reporting the fight.

The Bookman admits that two plain, ordinary blunders in grammatical construction recently disfigured its "otherwise chaste pages." If that were all!

The Osprey, of Galesburg, which in an evil hour winged its way to New York, has found rest in that ever open grave for over-ambitious flyers.

When illustrated articles are scarce, the magazines bring out their reserves on old world cathedrals *The Chautauquan* has set out to do the English cathedrals.

The Arena has been dying for years. It passed away in September. Its editor, Mr. Ridpath, far from fulfilling the expectations of the magazine's friends, outflowered Flower, in extreme-ism.

The *Century* for October is big with responsibility for the future of our country.

Self Culture must have a gold mine in that encyclopedia behind it. It adds thirty-two pages to itself and drops the price to a dollar.

"A Conversational Circle," by Agnes H. Morton in the October *Century* is full of suggestions to those who are ambitious to do the right thing, the reasonably expected thing, in society. The pity is that they who most need to read this suggestive paper are not habitual readers of *The Century*. If the *Ladies' Home Journal* would crowd over some of its twaddle about good form, the latest things in dress, the latest fads in cooking and table furnishing, and the other inconsequentials of society, and give its worshipers some sound sense on preparation for the real thing without which society is a bore, namely, general conversation, it would do good missionary work among hundreds of thousands who do not even suspect their deficiency in that essential. With all her getting and combining and arranging and heartburnings, and goings and comings, the society woman of the period has not yet grasped the essential fact that society is a failure without free, entertaining, soul-warming social intercourse.

TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

Do you write Essays for parties who wish them? If so, could you send one, the subject, "Influence of Modern Fiction on Social Life." If possible I should like it by the 10th and not later than the 20th of this month. Not very lengthy but plane and simpel. Not knowing your price I will send the amount if you will be kind enough to send it with the Essay & Oblige

No, we write only for ourselves, collectively and individually. Your inquiry suggests a way to put money in our purse, a way not despised by Sterne and other writers of note whose poverty consented to the sacrifice of self-respect. Our objection to this way is not so much the labor involved as the dishonesty of the transaction. If you can't write a plain and simple essay on the influence of modern fiction on social life, the reason is: You haven't read enough, observed enough and thought enough. You have no more moral right to read a paper written by us and allow people to infer that it was thought out by you than you have to sign our name to a note at a bank.

I write upon any sub. [subject] and would be pleased to furnish articles, or stories, for your valuable journal. Also would like to become a subscri er to said journal.

Kindly awaiting a favorable reply, I am, etc.

It may be well to explain that these "talks with correspondents" are not our individual answers to inquiries; for, whenever postage is enclosed for reply, we reply by letter soon as possible. Whenever an inquiry, or an offer of service, or a statement of condition, purpose, desire, etc., seems to us to be typical of a class of inquiries, or suggestions, or conditions, etc., then we think we do well by many widely scattered members of that class br clipping out the portion of the letter which invites editorial comment, and impersonally using it in these talks. In ten minutes' time after the extract is made and laid aside for future editorial use, it has wholly lost all its personal identity, and is so much general matter, to be used as space and occasion offer, not as a personal hit, but as a useful generalization. Taking as an example, the quotation above made, we have no recollection whatever of the writer's name or place of residence. This much to show the non-personal and wholly impersonal nature of these "talks."

1. A writer "on any subject" who is qualified to "furnish articles, or stories," for any "valuable journal," or magazine, will not make the mistake of abbreviating a word as important as "subject." In letter writing, do little or no abbreviating. Life is short at the other end of the line of communication as well as at your end, and your meaning, perhaps easily guessed at, as in this case, should ever be plain as print. In writing for the printer *never* abbreviate. Editors, hard pressed for time, frequently do, but they encircle the abbreviated word with a ring to indicate to the printer that the skeleton of a word is to be filled out.

2. Magazine editors don't want articles in general, or stories in general. They return, or hold for return, at least fifty articles and fifty stories, to one that they retain for use. The only way to find out whether your kind of articles or stories is in demand, is to send a sample to some editor, and ask his judgment on its availability for his use, enclosing postage for the return

of the MS., in case he finds it not available

3. While obstacles beset the way of the aspiring writer, and few there be who surmount them, the pathway of the would-be subscriber is always and everywhere made and kept smooth as an asphalt pavement. Your laudable desire "to become a subscriber" has ere this been gratified, that desire having been followed up in the good old way, if we recollect right, with a cash subscription. Read the magazine from month to month, and you will soon come to understand the character and kind of articles and stories available for MIDLAND use.

Being a young writer anxious to appear in print, though, alas, unknown to fame, I send some mock sentimental verses for inspection.

The writers who are more anxious to reach the public with something healthfully stimulative or recreative than they are simply to appear in print are most likely to appear and reappear in print. Such writers never indulge in mock sentimental verses.

THE MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

COLONIAL STUDIES.

There is nothing superficial in Sydney Geo. Fisher's "Men, Women and Manners in Colonial Times."* From cover to cover the volumes are replete with the spirit and life of old colony days. I know of no books which at all compare with these in their broad scope and general treatment of the subject. "We are turning to investigate every detail of colonial life with a loving devotion which it is hoped may be a sign of stronger national feeling, or at least of an attempt to have a truer national feeling, and to give up the so-called cosmopolitanism and vulgar worship of everything foreign which so long has been our use. Fifty years ago, or even twenty years ago, there was little or no interest in colonial history. It was regarded as a time of slavery. It seemed as if we had then been a different people, unworthy of our present selves, and the bitter feelings of the Revolution were continued by remembrance of the War of 1812 Whatever was written about the colonial period was so dull or full of vague generalities that no one cared to read it." These are the author's words in his preface, and in the spirit of these words he has written two most readable and worthy volumes. In the light of our present and sudden expansion into world prominence, his quoted paragraphs and others in his preface, seem prophetic in their utterance. When the sentences were written, indeed, our present commanding position might well have seemed to look for in the lapse of centuries. In his work may be found largely writ the varied life and character, the highly organized and differentiated social function, the elements of amalgamation, growth and unification, the general love of law and order, of liberty of thought and action, which were the fruits of the colonial epoch, and upon which the superstructure of our present national life and character are builded, as a house is builded upon rock.

In his pages we look into a new mirror of our past. The prominent and nearer foreground of rude pioneer life, of picturesque and thrilling savagery, is here looked upon in the far perspective. We are getting the obverse view, and our foreground is the whole Atlantic shore line. Others have shown us the Puritans, the Dutch Colonists, the Quakers, the Virginians here we have the panorama of the whole. The effect is coherency and blending of what have been made to seem isolated prominences into the varied harmony of a continental view.

A companion volume to Mr. Fisher's books is Marion Harland's "Some Colonial Homesteads"* This sumptuous volume, finely illustrated with full-page gravures, seems to me Mrs. Terhune's best legacy to that large company who have so long found solace and entertainment in her romance. It is something better—a book of interest to every good American; and there are more of these, just now, than there ever were before. There is much general literature of the Atlantic coast backwoods life. In Mrs. Terhune's late study there are strong touches of the life and folk lore of those who dwelt in "the high places" during our colonial regime In her familiar and delightful gossip, colonial manor and mansion houses and their life and manners live again The romance which clusters around Chew House, the Jumel Mansion and others, the fetes and dancing, with hints of pirates, ghosts, adventures, family skeletons—all this makes entertaining reading. The more so that her work is done in the spirit of very modern research, and with an evident, earnest intention to present the truth.

What the uninstructed reader, and some others, may learn—if they will—from these colonial studies, is summed up in a remark which I recently heard from an American small boy anent the late war: "Our folks ought to quit hollerin' now."

In certain directions we have "developed backward" since the later colonial days. Independence, and the brilliant victories won by our young republic turned our heads. A long era of bluster has been followed by a lesser one of dress parade and imitation. The fanfaranade of our public and of much of our social life for the past two decades has been pleasing and instructive, but its youthful utterance and semi-bragadocio have no longer proper occasion for hearing.

We are neither new nor without history and precedent. In colonial architecture, in colonial taste in literature and the fine arts, in colonial manners and the social function, we find national development *sui generis*, and a life that was most truly self respecting and American.

F. W. CALKINS.

---

*Men, Women and Manners in Colonial Times—Sydney Geo. Fisher. J. B. Lippincott Company.

*Some Colonial Homesteads and Their Stories—Marion Harland. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

AMOUR OF PARIS AND HELENA, BY MENGS

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

VOLUME X. DECEMBER, 1898. NUMBER 6.

A BOY AND A CAMERA IN ALASKA.

A MIDLAND BOY'S STORY OF HIS EXPERIENCES IN THE RUSH FOR GOLD IN ALASKA.

BY EUGENE MCCARTHY

ON THE 12th of March last, a telegram was received at my home from an old business and personal friend of my father, who is now a wholesale merchant at Seattle, and who was then also extensively engaged in mining and mercantile enterprises in Alaska. The telegram requested my father to send one of the older boys at once to join an expedition he was interested in, to the Copper River country, where large mines of gold were said to be recently discovered.

My brothers were then in Texas and my father was out of the city on a business trip. I got the Klondike fever, but what was I to do? Here was the opportunity of my life. I knew if father was home he would permit no eighteen-year-old boy of his to go to Alaska.

The question would admit of no discussion. I had it all in a nut-shell. I started on the next train, bound to catch that vessel at Seattle before she sailed. When I reached Portland, I wired my father's friend, Mr. Agen, that I expected to reach Seattle at 6 P. M.; boat advertised to sail at 6:30.

I arrived on time, but when our friend saw that I was the youngest instead of the oldest of the boys, he thought I would better remain over with him and make an extended visit until later on. My outfit was on board the vessel at this time. After considerable protest and parleying, Mr. Agen bade me *bon voyage* and permitted me to go on board the vessel, where I found the other members of the party on the look-out for me. When they sized me up they greeted me with laughter, and asked me if I had considered the question seriously.

The party consisted of John Brennan, of Osage, Mitchell county, Iowa; Victor Holman, of Johannesburg, South Africa; a Mr. Percy, of Kirkville, Iowa; Ed. Malby, of Hatton, North Dakota; Patrick Taggart, of Independence, Iowa, and Herman Priebe, of Osage, Iowa. All proved to be as brave, faithful, generous and honest as men could be.

The vessel was the Noyo, a very inferior looking boat and terribly overcrowded, having two hundred and thirty passengers on board, twelve ladies included, and there was not room for more than one hundred and fifty. Pandemonium reigned everywhere, as there seemed to be but few sober men on board.

We sailed on time, and sighted a large whale near Victoria next morning, which furnished our first excitement. Soon we put into Departure Bay, Vancouver's Island, for coal. This is the best land-locked bay on the Pacific coast. The coal mine is about one mile from the shore. The company employs about two thousand men. All the miners are white men, who receive about two dollars per day; and all the dock hands are Chinamen, who receive seventy-five cents per day. It was yet the middle of March, but flowers were blooming everywhere.

From here we sailed for Fort Wrangel. We saw nothing of interest on the way, more than several dreary looking Indian missions, along the coast. We also passed the "Alti,"—

[The entire contents of this number copyrighted by Conaway & Shaw, 1898. All rights reserved.]

the boat that saved the crew of the wrecked "Carona," near Juneau.

We reached Wrangel on the 20th, where we found a great number of men preparing to go on the Stickine River, as soon as the weather would permit. Among them was one remarkable looking woman, dressed man fashioned, and armed to kill. She looked thirty-three to thirty-five years old. She felt so important that she paid two Indian guides $250 to take her ten miles to Telegraph Creek, a tributary of the Stickine River. She was bound to have a fair show with the men, even if she had to suffer in snow and ice for a time. Her chagrin must be imagined when her Eldorado proved to be a myth.

EUGENE McCARTHY, WITH HIS OUTFIT WRAPPED IN AN ALASKAN BLANKET.

This fort is only one in name, there being no troops of any kind. A spasmodic business is kept alive there by the influx of gold seekers, inspired by the wicked advertising of transportation companies and their "cappers."

We left here, for Juneau, after unloading some freight. We saw the first glacier and icebergs this afternoon. Juneau is built at the base of two perpendicular mountains about a block from the shore and a quarter of a mile long. It is an orderly, conservative town, and prices are reasonably low.

We visited the Greek church, built by the early Russians, out of logs. It is yet in a good state of preservation. The "Treadwell," the

LARGEST GOLD MINE IN THE WORLD,

is here, three miles from Juneau, on Douglas Island, in the bay. It is owned by the Rothschilds; works one thousand stamps, which is, by four hundred, the largest stamp mill in the world. The ore is of the lowest grade, yielding only $3.00 per ton, and netting only $2.50 per ton after paying expenses. Yet the mine cleared two millions last year, and it averaged one man killed in the mine for every day in the year.

From Juneau we went to Skaguay. This is on a body of water known as the Linn "canal," about three miles wide inside of the bay, with precipitous mountains running up about two thousand feet on both shores, and is three hundred and sixty feet deep all the way. This canal ends abruptly against the mountains at Skaguay, and maintains its depth to the end. Here are the White and Chilkoot Passes,—the White at Skaguay and Chilkoot at Dyea. The towns are three miles apart, and are, I believe, two of the toughest and most disreputable towns on earth. Murder, theft, riot, drunkenness and lawlessness of all kinds prevail continually. We had to back down this canal thirty miles to the icy straits, so as to get out

into the Pacific Ocean again, which we found to be in a very stormy condition. Next day we passed the majestic Mount St. Elias, the

HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

After passing Mount St. Elias, we entered a dense fog and drifted about for two days, head against the wind, along a rocky coast and amongst icebergs, with the captain drunk as Bacchus. Having discharged the pilot, ours was no pleasant situation.

Shortly after our yard-arm was blown away, causing a terrible scare, as we supposed we had struck the ice. At this time we all felt that we would be soon called upon to pass in our time checks and make a last settlement, but Providence had it otherwise. The captain began to sober up, enough, at least, to know that he was thirty miles off his course, and he began to right himself at once.

THE BOY GOLD-SEEKER.

To do this he had to turn the boat about. The passengers were trying to get some breakfast at the time and had no notice of what was to be done. A movement of this kind always creates a great lurch, especially in a rough sea, and when it occurred all the passengers, tables, chairs, eatables and furniture were piled up promiscuously The treatment the writer received in the scrimmage will not be forgotten in many a year.

As soon as the vessel got righted and the passengers learned that they were entering our destination,

PORT VALDESE,

they forgot their grievances so far, but when we approached the shore, being low tide, and there was no sign of any habitation anywhere, and nothing in sight but snow and ice, mountains and glaciers, and some scrubby trees, we began to fear that we were in the wrong port. The captain having some doubts himself, sent a lighter with two seamen and two responsible passengers ashore to reconnoiter.

They returned very soon with the information that the port was Valdese, and that about 1,000 men were encamped a short distance from shore. Five women were also found there. The captain was so overjoyed at the report that he got gloriously drunk in the shortest time possible, and ran the vessel ashore with the incoming tide, and passengers and cargo began to unload at once.

It was a desolate landing and had a desolate outlook, but it was preferable to what we left. The Noyo was a transportation company's boat, and they knew that no gold had yet been discovered on the Copper, Tannana and

other rivers, and also knew that all their promoters and cappers were paid to deceive. We were most miserably provisioned on the voyage to Port Valdese, but as soon as we landed we found that a large quantity of provisions were put ashore, and were sold at fabulous prices.

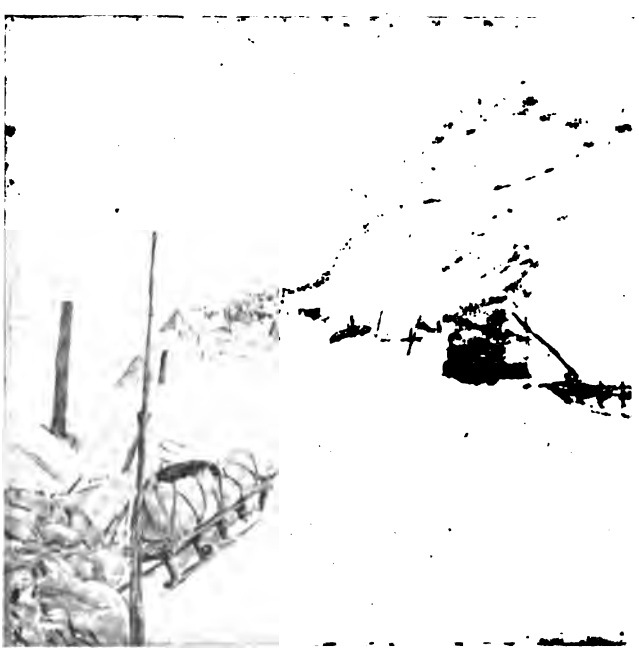
As soon as our supplies were unloaded and identified, we pitched our tent on fourteen feet of solid snow, and commenced hauling our provisions six miles on handsleds to the foot of the glacier. Everybody was busy but cheerful, preparatory to crossing the glacier Here an incident occurred that caused considerable excitement. A party of three from Montana, got into a quarrel amongst themselves and two wanted to separate from the other and divide up. The third, whose name was Doctor Tanner, became enraged, took his gun, went to the tent and shot the other two partners dead. He was overpowered and tried immediately.

A KLONDIKE COURT

was called, counsel provided and a jury impaneled. The case was tried fairly and impartially; Tanner found guilty and hanged on the spot, and was buried at low tide on the shore of Valdese Bay. Before execution he was asked if he wished to pray. He answered no, because, he said, he lived a "blank of a blank" all of his life and would die one.

All here now were preparing to go over the glacier and new arrivals coming in every day. Many were alarmed at the undertaking.

The glacier is seventeen miles to the summit and is 5,180 feet high,—a solid body of ice, and, in the winter. covered with a great depth of snow. There are five benches between the base and the summit, running from one hundred to six hundred feet high. The changes in temperature are frequent and sometimes terrible. Snow frequently falls in twenty-four hours to a depth of ten feet, and the whiteness and glare is so great that no eye can stand it even for a short time without being protected. Our party had only six months' provis ons, consequently we moved with greater rapidity than parties provided with supplies for eighteen months or two years, and were well in advance in the expedition. We started on the 29th day of March and reached the third bench on the 4th day of April, making



APPROACHING THE SUMMIT. HERE A SNOWSLIDE BURIED A NUMBER OF THE PARTY. TWO BODIES WERE DUG OUT.

TWO MILES IN SIX DAYS,

working the greater part of the time. We climbed, scrambled, meandered, worked a derrick, block and tackle and every other means imaginable, yet we were going only at a snail's pace.

In two days more we made the fourth bench, a distance of five miles. Here our South-African miner, Victor Holman, gave out. The high altitude and the great climatic difference between South Africa and Alaska was too much for him. He reluctantly returned to the coast and to Seattle. We reached the summit on the 20th, with all our supplies. The last mile was nearly perpendicular, and we were unable to make more than four inches to the step. We were frequently snowed under ten to twelve feet, and compelled several times to raise our tent to the surface of the snow to keep us from being buried. This was an ordeal never to be forgotten. It took twenty-six days of the very hardest work to travel the seventeen miles to the summit. We had to haul our wood for cooking purposes from the foot of the glacier, and if one was unfortunate enough to be compelled to buy it, the price would be $1 to $3 a stick, and so high did we prize it, that every little bit not used, after cooking, was preserved for future use.

We now began to descend the glacier and reached the timber line, a distance of ten miles, in one day.

It was cheering to us to see the timber and be enabled to make fire without limit and without price.

We took up our line of march next morning to Lake Tatekla, supposing it to be the direct route to Copper River.

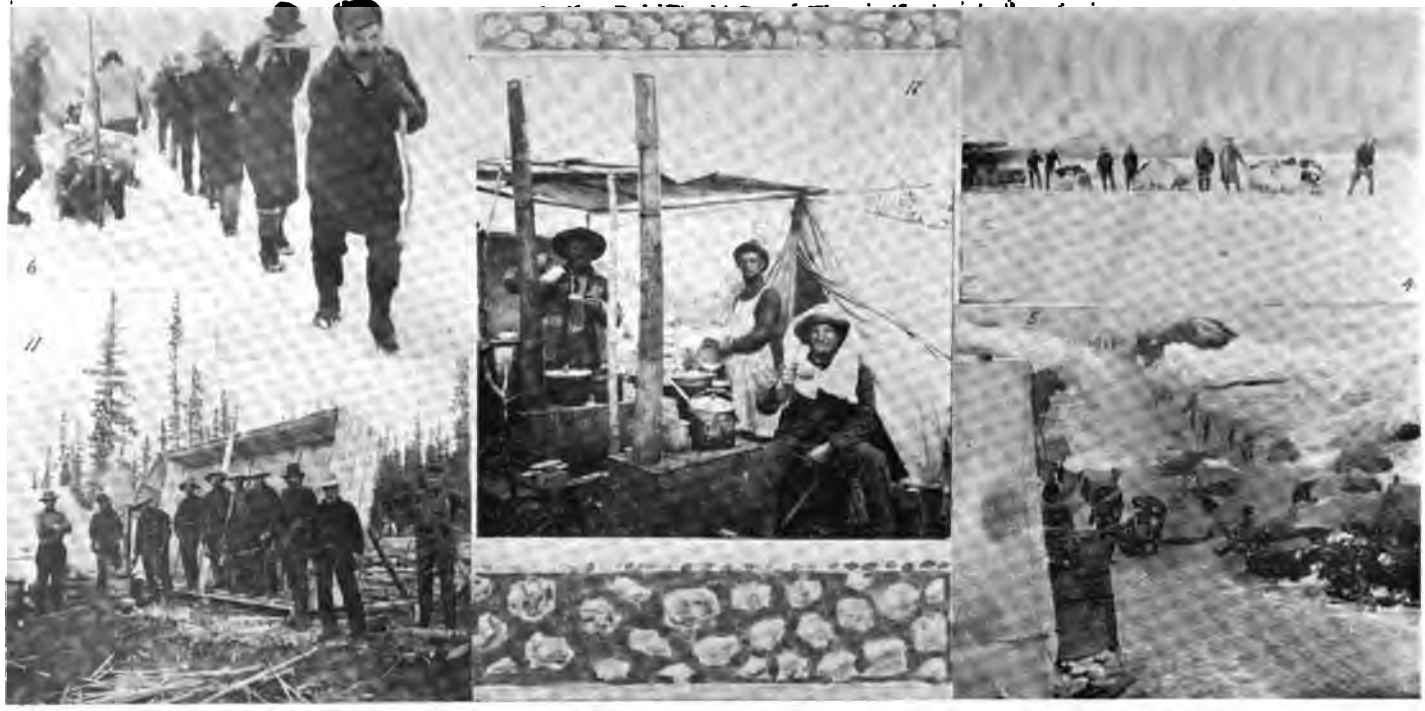
STAGE FOR WHIPSAWING LUMBER FOR MAKING BOATS.

A Captain West, who was one of the leaders and promoters of the expedition, was some distance in the advance. He claimed to have a knowledge of the supposed mining district at the head of the Copper River, and to have been there before. Soon it was reported that the West party were thrown into confusion by being carried into an impassable country. Here West was taken conveniently sick and hurried to the rear by his trusted men,—to Valdese and Seattle.

This saved West from being hanged as it was ascertained that he was a paid capper for one of the leading transportation companies, and did not know any more of the country we were exploring than he did of the moon

About five hundred of the West party now turned to the right and followed the trail of another party called the "Fox party," who were going down the Klatina River. This river was reported to be full of rapids. Our party

14—BELOW THE RAPIDS. 2—LANDING AT VALDESE. 10—THE BOATS WE MADE. 3—AFTER THE LANDING, VALDESE; SORTING BAGGAGE.
8—CAMP ON THE COPPER RIVER. 15—WADING AND TOWING UP THE RIVER; WATER ICE-COLD.



6—PULLING PACKS UP THE GLACIER. 11—CALKING THE FLATBOAT. 17—HOTEL KITCHEN, COPPER CENTER. 4—LEAVING VALDESE FOR THE GLACIER. 5—CAMP VALDESE.

reached it on the 7th of May and found the river clear of ice, and it was reported that the rapids could be passed without much danger.

Sledding was now impossible as the snow was gone, so it was decided to go into camp, cut down trees, build rafts and sail down to the Copper River; that being the great objective point for the acquisition of gold

Cutting logs and building rafts was now the order of the day and in a short time the river was covered with a fleet of rafts. Our party built two rafts large enough to carry all our supplies, and were fourth in the advance. The knowledge I acquired of boating around Thompson's Bend and shooting the chutes in Crocker Woods, at home, was not sufficient to enable me to shoot the rapids now ahead of us. We reached them unexpectedly, and were knocked about amongst rocks and currents at a velocity of about fourteen miles an hour.

The first five rafts that entered were dashed to pieces. We succeeded in throwing a rope ashore and getting it hitched around a tree, which saved us. All the rafts were now pulled for the shore and abandoned after landing the supplies. Again we had to fall back on our sleds. Fortunately we found snow enough on the bank of the river for two miles further. Here the snow gave out entirely and we went into camp again—now with the intention of building boats enough to carry us to the Copper.

We sent trusty guides from here to the Copper River, who reported that no rafts could float on the river, as the rapids were at least twenty miles and very rocky.

All hands were busily engaged in boat-building. Frames for whipsawing logs were erected everywhere. The trees were tall and smooth, but not large. Everyone was yet hopeful that gold was nearly in sight and all difficulties were easily surmounted. Boats of all descriptions were being built with great rapidity.

We were visited here by two Indians of the Siwash tribe, from the Copper River, the first we had seen in the territory, and they informed us we were seventy-five to one hundred miles farther north than we expected. They were small in stature and weakly in appearance. They would not lie or steal and were professed Christians.*

The information we most desired to get they seemed to know nothing about. They knew nothing of any gold country and had none themselves. This was looked upon with suspicion, but it was very plain after we ascertained the truth They seemed to be much interested in me, I being

THE FIRST WHITE BOY

they ever saw. They examined the freckles on my hands and gave me a special invitation to visit them on the Copper River. They remained for dinner, examined our boats and tools carefully and expressed a doubt of our boats being able to sail the remaining twenty-five miles of the Klatina River.

After remaining here two weeks, boat building, the greater number began to move down the river. Our party left at noon, May 26th. The first day we came near losing our largest boat and our supplies. We then tied a rope to the prow of the boat, with one man in the stern to guide it along the shore, other parties holding the rope on shore. In this way we were saved from the rocks and eddies, and made the remainder of the journey—twenty miles—in twelve days, in safety. During this short trip five to six hundred boats were swamped and shipwrecked. When we reached the Copper we found about fifty people at the junction of the Klatina and they had named the place "Copper Center." In a few days thousands were here and were going out prospecting in all directions.

[* ED. NOTE—The author originally wrote this sentence: "They would not lie or steal, and yet they professed to be Christians," but he at once saw the impropriety of that form of statement and changed it.]

Our party decided to go to the headwaters of the Copper River, supposing its source to be in the mountains, and, consequently, that prospects would better. We loaded one boat with thirty days' provisions in packs, tied a rope again to the prow, pulled it up the river from the shore where possible; when it became impossible, we took to the water, sometimes waist deep and extremely cold. Rowing was impossible, on account of the rapidity of the stream, the velocity being twelve to fourteen miles an hour. The first day we made eight miles to the mouth of the Tastina River. Here we found several tents on both sides of the river. These people were a part of the "West" party, who forced their way down this river from near Lake Tatekla. Prospectors found no sign of gold here, so we continued our journey north next morning. In a few miles we reached an embankment several hundred feet high on one side of the river, running up from the water's edge Here we had to take a tack. Mr. Priebe and myself volunteered to take the boat across the river and go up on the other side. Mr. Brennan, to guard against accident, took out a number of the packs and carried them over the mountain, the other four members assisting him. Priebe and I were carried down stream about a mile and a half while crossing the river before we could land. The bank being brushy there, we had to pull through the water two or three miles. We then crossed the river to the other side, meeting the other members of our party. We made slow progress this day, but made ten miles the next, where we found a camp of about fifteen men prospecting, but without success, and they left for Mount Tillman, Drum, Sanford and Wrangel. We decided to continue to the headwaters, but it looked as if our provisions might run low before getting there, so Mr. Brennan sent Priebe, Percy, Taggart and myself back to "Copper Center" for more provisions. While there was a feeling of discontent everywhere, we determined to hold out for a time longer. Brennan and Malby pushed on to the headwaters with thirty days' provisions, with the understanding that in case we did not come back they would return before running out of provisions.

CAMP ON THE KLATINA RIVER.

Pat. Taggart and myself returned on foot, and the other two returned in the boat, to Copper Center. Pat and I walked until 2 o'clock at night, when we laid down in our blankets in a pouring rain until morning; then started for camp, which we reached that day. Our boat reached camp before us. Next day we pulled our boat ashore, and had it caulked and provisioned again.

DEATH OF A BRAVE COMRADE.

Here poor Pat. was taken sick. The continual hardships,—he being always ready to do more than his share,—and the exposure the previous night, was too much for him. He sickened so fast that I was compelled to remain with him, and the other two men were unable to return with the boat. So we were forced to abandon Brennan and Malby altogether. Prospectors were now coming in from Tillman, Wrangel, Sanford and Chittenau River in large numbers every day, bringing nothing but discouraging reports, throwing the camp into despair and impressing every one with the belief that we were the victims of cruel transportation fiends.

Provisions began to decline in value, flour went down from $15 per sack to $1 or $2; everything else in proportion. New arrivals were still coming in by the hundred every day.

The salmon were now running up the river, and for the present every one was bent on salmon catching. With instructions from the Indians we made willow baskets about twenty inches deep and eighteen inches in diameter; tied a long pole to the basket, dipped it in the river and pulled it down stream rapidly, and the trick was done. Hauls of ten- to twenty-pound salmon were frequent. Salmon stewed, broiled and baked were every-day dishes. We even built platforms along the river to facilitate the work.

The weather was now delightful, and the flowers beautiful and profuse and of great variety, but strange to say, without the least odor. The mosquitoes were the only trouble we had to contend with now, and they were terrible—their size and ferocity can hardly be imagined.

Our president, Mr. Brennan, returned from the headwaters of the Copper River on the 27th of June, with Mr. Malby, without any evidence of gold, but having suffered many hardships.

They found the country wet and impassable, and that the river had its source and was fed by glaciers instead of mountains with gold formations. Their provisions were entirely run out before reaching camp.

A COURAGEOUS WOMAN OF THE PARTY AND A CUB BEAR THAT LIVED ON WHISKY AND WILD HONEY.

Our friend Pat was now dying of blood poisoning, having grown worse continually since he was taken sick. He showed evidence of being pleased when he saw that our president had returned, but he sank rapidly and died on the 28th. We broke up one of our boats and made him a coffin. Nine men from among his personal friends bore him on

their shoulders some distance from the camp and buried him in a pleasant spot, and erected a rude monument to his memory. Peace be with him! No braver or more generous man was ever laid to rest in Alaska.

The Indians were now constant visitors and enjoyed the hospitality of our people. Having provisions to "burn," we were able to give them plenty, something they much needed, but in no case did they seem to want to take anything not given to them. Even the wreckage they put away and cared for. I had a good opportunity to become familiar with their character, habits and customs.

VALDESE ON THE RETURN OF THE PARTY—SALOON, DISTILLERY, DRUG STORE AND HOTEL.

The two weeks I was caring for my friend Taggart, they were with me every day.

THE INDIAN KING.

On invitation, with three others, I went ten miles to visit the head chief "Nicoli." When we reached his place we found him astride of the ridgepole of his hut smoking, and intently watching his people, who were fishing along the bank of the river. He was of small stature, about 55 years of age, and was dressed in black slouched hat and an abbreviated black coat, that was once much longer. When he became aware of our presence, he slid down very rapidly, and greeted us cordially and began to explain that it was necessary for all his people to be very diligent during the fishing season, fish being their exclusive food during six months in the year, and in view of the fact that many canneries are being built on the coast, and of the many devices for catching fish at the mouth of the Copper, the salmon were prevented from going up the river, especially the large fish. He said the situation is becoming more critical every year, and it is so serious that he sees his people threatened with extinction, and the only alternative left is for him to move to the coast and enter into a closer commerce with the white people.

He has four villages on the Copper, about fifteen miles apart, each under a chief. He has absolute power over the whole. He makes few laws, but they are severe. Anyone found guilty of theft three times, is put to death. Their religion is also very simple, and is a mixture of paganism and Christianity. They believe and practice many of the commandments; are opposed to lying and stealing especially.

He related to us the visit of Lieutenant Allen when exploring the Copper

and Yukon Rivers; he had only three men and was the first man that ever crossed through Mantasa Pass in the Alaskan Mountains. We dined with him on a pot of boiled salmon—every one helping himself—and thanked him very kindly for the entertainment and extended a general invitation to him and his people to come and make us a formal visit.

Before leaving he congratulated me on being the first white boy that ever entered that territory. I told him I hoped it would be many generations before another victim would be found.

When we returned to our camp it was the third day of July, and a report prevailed that we were at war with Spain, which stimulated a desire for a big fourth of July celebration. We had a band (of two pieces) that played all the national airs, had a couple of thousand men engaged in all kinds of athletic sports—baseball, jumping, etc.—and had a good many patriotic speeches of no mean order. Having daylight for twenty-four hours at this time, it can be seen that our celebration was well sustained.

Celebration over, the question now was what to do—whether to prospect longer, or return. It was reported that it was now impossible, or would be soon, to return over the glacier, and it was out of the question to go down the Copper, on account of the big canon.

Our party decided to return at once to the glacier and make the effort. Mr. Malby at the last moment decided to remain until a few hundred men who were out prospecting, reported.

The president, Mr. Brennan, Priebe and myself shouldered our packs

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Percy left some time before. We abandoned our outfit here and returned with only provisions enough to last us a few days and some trinkets we picked up, in all about seventy pounds each.

We reached Lake Tatekla in a day and a night. We were then rowed across to the head of the lake in eight hours, and now for the foot of the glacier, nineteen miles. This was a dreadful trip, and we suffered terribly. On our outward trip everything was frozen, and the traveling was reasonably good. Now everything was marsh, swollen streams and flooded country, with any amount of down timber. Here we became so exhausted that we had to throw away everything except what we wore and one blanket and a little bit of coffee. I held on to my gun, which saved my life later on.

We reached the foot of the glacier in the afternoon, and rested until twelve o'clock at night, when we organized a new party of twelve men. We found two of the women of the first expedition here with their party.

They were a little the worse for wear, though yet cheerful, but would not recross the glacier until colder weather and snow came. We partook of a little coffee and began to ascend at once. We had but one life-line, and began to cross diagonally from right to left, until we met a large crevice at its widest end. We then returned along the crevice to its narrowest end, where we crossed it. After one or two experiences of this kind, we reached the summit about noon, tired and hungry.

Being a dangerous situation and having no shelter, we moved down the glacier as rapidly as possible, and got along nicely for two miles. Here the crevices became numerous and traveling extremely dangerous. The large bodies of snow had been washed down during the summer, and it looked like a skeleton of the former glacier, but a thousand times more dreadful and dangerous, on account of the large number of yawning crevices. We moved on slowly. I had my gun slung at right angles at my hip, and was traveling over a small body of thin, frozen snow. All at once the snow gave way under my feet and down I went. My gun caught at both ends on the sides of the

crevice. Half paralyzed, I clutched it and held on until I was rescued. I shudder now when I think of that chasm, at least a mile deep, and eternity at the bottom of it.

We now took up the life-line but had not gone far when one of our pack dogs went down as I had done.

ANOTHER DEATH.

Our situation was now alarming, and fear was depicted on every man's features. A few miles farther on and after passing the third bench, one of our largest and heaviest men went down, and in his fright he let go the life-line in an effort to recover himself. No help. He rolled away to the bottom!

We were now about a mile from the foot of the glacier, but the crevices were so wide and so numerous that we despaired of reaching bottom. Having had very little to eat or drink for several days, and being without shelter of any kind, we were not in a condition to hold out very long. Finally we could see Valdese. With a will we set up a good long yell, but got no response. Mr. Brennan, a Mr. Castle, from Minneapolis, and a soldier belonging to Abercrombie's expedition, who got lost somewhere on the Copper River, and who joined us in crossing the glacier, moved out as volunteers in different directions without their packs, but could find no exit. When Mr. Castle returned he fainted.

I moved out to the left about 100 feet and got on the top of a peak and halloaed. I received an answer and soon saw two soldiers, who beckoned to me to go a short distance to another point, where they asked us to let down a rope and pull them up, which we did. They

PROVED TO BE OUR RESCUERS.

The soldier boys, anticipating our wants, ordered their cook to prepare us a hearty supper, as soon as they discovered us. No one could have relished it or needed it more than we did.

POLING AND TOWING THE BOAT. PICTURE TAKEN AT ONE O'CLOCK AT NIGHT.

During the afternoon the soles fell from my shoes, then a matter of small concern, still the rough ice played havoc with my feet and now they were bleeding and swollen. Here I got a pair of moccasins. We bid our rescuers good-bye and left for Valdese, where we arrived about daylight.

There we found some changes,—several log houses, saloons, drug store, hotel and general store, and Captain

Abercrombie with a company of regulars, who were trying to find a pass to take their horses and mules inland, and who had sent scouting parties in different directions for this purpose. Our man, Coleman, was one of those scouts who got lost on the Copper and was the last to return. About three hundred prospectors were watching an opportunity to return to civilization. Many were stranded and did not have a nickel left.

Next morning we heard a boat whistle; it proved to be the Protection, one of the Pacific Steam Whaling Co.'s boats. We engaged passage for Seattle at once; bade Valdese and Alaska an everlasting farewell, and sailed for Juneau that afternoon. At Juneau we were transfered to the Alki for Seattle, which we reached on the 29th of July after a very delightful return voyage.

The weather was pleasant, the whole Pacific coast was covered with fishing vessels and the scenery was grand. Our captain was sober and competent and our passage without any startling incident.

Our friend, Mr. Agen, met us at Seattle. He was pleased to see us alive, but at first he failed to know us, as we looked more like Indians than white men. It was a considerable surprise when I reached home, for I was not in the least expected.

I wished to congratulate my older brothers on their escape, but found they were all in the army. One in Porto Rico, one in Santiago, and one in San Francisco, now gone to Manila. I hope the boys may return in as good health as I did. Through all the hardships in Alaska I did not suffer one moment's sickness more than from fatigue. I have recovered fully from that and from any further ambitions to seek gold in the Klondike.

SWEET IDLENESS.

By Florence A. Jones.

The white doves circle in the sun,
The grapes lie purpling on the wall,
A blue mist rests upon the hills,
And God's peace broodeth over all.

Far out upon the cool, brown sands
The sea creeps in — a tired thing —
Trailing, in long, slow, aimless sweep,
Its white foam like a wounded wing.

I watch the distant sails grow dim
As idly drifts my boat from shore,
And sigh, "O heart, the world is ours;
With life and love, what need we more?"

THE CENTRAL DISTRICT, PRAYA.

OUR NEW NEIGHBOR, HONGKONG.

By J. Floyd Cole.

AN IMAGINARY line carried longitudinally through the earth from Porto Rico to the Orient would terminate in the China Sea, between the island of Luzon of the Philippine group and the British island of Hongkong. Thus the United States practically owns territory on exactly opposite sides of the globe.

A coincidence, curious enough to deserve a moment's passing consideration, is the fact that the Hawaiian Islands, of which we have so recently become possessed, are directly opposite the Empire of the Mahdi, in Central Africa, now being reclaimed to Egypt by British arms under General Kitchener,—and so here we see, at one and the same time, territory at four exact quarters of the globe changing hands, for by a moment's study of the map the reader will discover, in following the twentieth parallel of north latitude entirely around the world, that this region of the Upper Nile, Porto Rico, the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines are each one-fourth of the earth's circumference from each other.

Having acquired the Philippines, Americans should naturally be more or less interested in our neighboring English colony, Hongkong, as it is quite likely that much of the military establishment to be maintained at Manila will be patterned from this model.

In 1842 the island of Hongkong was ceded by China to Great Britain. It lies so near the mainland of China that the strip of water between constitutes the world-famous harbor, which varies in width from two to five miles.

The island is nine miles long east and west, eight broad and twenty-six in circumference. It lies off the southern coast of the rich province of Kwangtung, of which Canton is the capital,

and is but a few miles east of the estuary of the Pearl River on which that great city is located. River steamers ply daily between Hongkong and Canton, making the trip in about four hours.

The exact geographical location of Hongkong is latitude 22°, 16¼ north, and longitude 114°, 8¼′ east In its entire length the island looms high out of the water, being rough and mountainous, rocky and uninviting. Its highest point rises 1,825 feet above the sea level

At the base of this mountain, near the western extremity of the island, on the north side, lies the city of Victoria (universally though erroneously called city of Hongkong).

Well do I remember the lovely June night upon which, for the first time, I entered this harbor of Hongkong. Being a moonless night, the brilliant splendor of the myriad of gas and electric lights, banked up terrace upon terrace from the praya, which extends miles along the water front, high up the steep hillside, remains still a refreshing memory.

Scarcely had our anchor chains ceased rattling through the hawse pipes when the clear, sweet notes of a well-played silver cornet followed the report of the nine o'clock gun, and the mellow vibrations of "Come, Put Me in My Little Bed" floated softly to us across the expanse of starlit water that separated us from our flagship. There was a very general appreciation of the melody, but the assurance conveyed by the tune that friends were near, meant much more to those of us who were journeying for the first time so far from America. The morning found our gunboat in the midst of a fleet of war ships—four United States and nine of other

VICTORIA, HONGKONG.

nationalities. We learned, also, that the cornet solos, rendered nightly by the bandmaster of the U. S. flagship, were looked forward to by them all with pleasure, and it *was* bewitching music on a quiet night, coming, as it did, after the nine o'clock gun,—after the clanging of the hour, "two bells," on ships far and near,—and after the shrill whistles of the "bos'ns" giving the signals "lights out" and "pipe down" had died away into perfect quiet,—then, each evening, to have the stillness broken by the rich notes of the cornet winding out the harmony of some familiar air, invariably brought forth a storm of hand-clapping from all vessels within hearing.

LOOKING WEST.

Hongkong is a popular rendezvous for the squadrons of all nations, and it would be no particularly remarkable occurrence to discover the dignified Admirals, commanders of the fleets of four of the world's great powers, enjoying a rubber at whist at the Hongkong Club, and perchance others lounging near.

England, France, Germany, Russia, Japan, China, the United States and Spain, maintain fleets of from six to fifteen vessels each in Asiatic waters at all times, while Italy and Austria are frequently represented, and other nations occasionally.

The population of Hongkong is 160,000, five-sixths of whom are Chinese, and the other 26,000, it can safely be said, are from every part of the world. On the shipping in the harbor will be found as great a variety of flags as can be seen at any other port of the universe.

Being seven degrees farther removed from the equator than Manila, there is a difference in the temperature, though the general climatic conditions are approximately the same.

The maximum temperature at Hongkong is 90° and the minimum, 50°. The average summer heat, 84°, winter, 68°.

Vegetation, where given any chance whatever, among the rocks, is very luxuriant, and Victoria has some entrancingly beautiful botanical gardens. In these public gardens the military and civic bands give frequent moonlight concerts—rare treats, too, combining, as they do, the soothing influence of music, the delicate perfume of rare tropical flowers, the comfort of easy bamboo lounges, the magnificent view of the city and harbor, and the real life masquerade of uniformed and ununiformed people in the unique costumes of their native lands, passing and re-passing in kaleidoscopic confusion.

Sedan chairs and jinrikishas, the popular conveyances, are comfortable and inexpensive, and better adapted to the country than other vehicles. A riksha coolie will draw you at a run for an hour in his miniature carriage for 20 cents, and sedans are but a trifle more expensive.

From Victoria Peak (the mountain back of the city) a magnificent view is to be had in all directions, and approaching vessels are signaled from the station there to the city below, hours before they enter the harbor.

There was not a plot of ground on the entire island level enough for a race course when John Bull came into possession of it, but he soon filled in a valley and laid out an exceptionally fine track with all that appertains thereto.

Not far from the race course is the cemetery, known throughout the Orient as "Happy Valley," and it, in reality, is a veritable dream of tropical loveliness.

There are military and civic hospitals perfectly equipped, and the "Meanee,"

THE CLOCK TOWER AND HONGKONG HOTEL.

PRAYA CENTRAL, HONGKONG.

an old-time gun-deck frigate, has long been "housed in" and used as a hospital ship out in the bay. Not far from the "Meanee" lies at anchor the old "Victor Emanuel," a frigate of war that was in its prime fifty years ago, also housed in and used as a receiving ship by the navy department.

The political affairs of the island are administered by a Governor-General.

The circulating medium is the Mexican dollar, adopted throughout China owing to the weird designs on the coin more than for any other reason. Hongkong & Shanghai Bank bills, based on the same standard, are largely used for convenience.

Counterfeiting of the Mexican dollar is carried on to such an alarming extent that each business house employs a "schroff" whose sole duty it is to sound the silver dollars that are taken in, and pass upon their genuineness. Each individual, however, necessarily becomes his own "schroff," and one soon acquires considerable dexterity in running a stack of dollars through the hands, balancing each in turn upon the end of a finger, lightly tapping it with another. The ear soon learns to detect the jingle of the good and the spurious coin.

In this land of almost uninterrupted sunshine the British government maintains a military force, rarely less than four regiments strong, one of them being "Sikhs" from India.

The island is well fortified and although the batteries and redoubts are invisible to those approaching by the sea, yet the eighty-ton guns are there, nevertheless, and are well manned.

The architecture at Victoria is characteristic of its mixed inhabitants. The central portion and principal business and residence district is easily recognizable as European, but Wan-Chi, the eastern, and Tai-Ping-Shan, the western portions, are decidedly Asiatic.

The barracks are fine stone structures of three floors, and are commodious, comfortable and convenient. The officers with their families are luxuriously housed and suites of rooms are provided for enlisted men who are married. It is my impression that the government furnishes transportation to the families of its enlisted men.

Undoubtedly many men of the American army now at Manila will elect to stay there for years, and there is no reason why their wives, and the sweethearts who wish to become their wives, should not be accorded the same privileges as are enjoyed by the families of the "Tommy Atkinses" of England. Isn't it quite possible that when Uncle Samuel gets firmly established at Manila he will send over a few transports with the better "seven-eighths" of many of his "Jimmy Greens?"

The regular army ration is more than enough for one person when judiciously used, and there are various ways in which the small compensation of the soldier can be augmented. Then, again, they are allowed to buy clothing, provisions and stores of all kinds from the government at wholesale—a great saving over regular retail prices. There are many enlisted men in the army at Hongkong who work at their various trades during off hours and are accumulating snug little fortunes.

The barracks are provided with mod-

CHINESE DWELLINGS, TAI-PING-SHAN, HONGKONG.

ern conveniences and the health and comfort of all are most carefully looked after. There are well-stocked libraries and reading-rooms, gymnasiums, billiard rooms, bowling-alleys, sea baths, tennis courts, football and cricket grounds, and carefully conducted "canteens," where refreshments are served at bottom prices. Excellent Manila cigars can be bought here at from $8 to $12 per thousand. A pot of good English ale, at the canteens, costs but two-

pence, and all other beverages in proportion.

There is a decided leaning toward conviviality in this city of Victoria and the most popular man is apt to be he whose servant can mix the best cocktail.

Aside from the military forces at Hongkong there is a large and well-equipped navy yard which is the base of supplies of a squadron of peerless British war ships that constantly patrol the coasts of Asia.

Thousands of Chinese families live, for generations, upon the water, having and caring for no more substantial habitation than the small junks and sampans that carry on a freight or passenger traffic in the harbor.

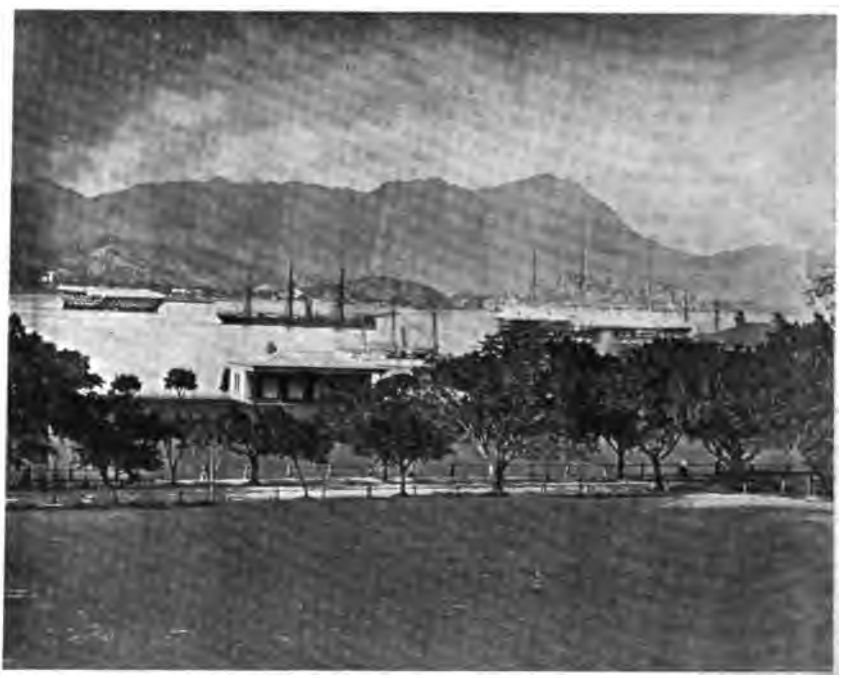
In Hongkong harbor Admiral Dewey assembled the now historic fleet, preparatory to his descent upon the Spanish squadron at Manila. Mirs Bay, to which he repaired when the strict ruling of international law would allow him to remain no longer at Hongkong, is but a few miles northeast of the island, and he was practically as well

CHINESE SAMPAN (BOAT) WOMAN.

ENGLISH BARRACKS, HONGKONG.

served there from Hongkong as though he had not been forced to move.

It is possible to fit out any kind of a maritime expedition from Victoria. The great warehouses along the waterfront, or praya, are stocked with unlimited nautical stores. The tarry smell of cordage, great rolls of canvas, piles of cases of canned and bottled goods and immense stacks of bags and boxes denote the presence of the ship chandlers, the compradores and stevedores, while anchors, chain cable, wire rope and heavy hawsers, as well as all manner of nautical gear and fittings are everywhere in evidence.



PARADE GROUND, HONGKONG.

In 1860 a strip of the mainland, opposite Hongkong, which embraces the town of Kowloong, was ceded to the British. Here are located the dry-docks, slips and ship yards.

The time cannot be very far distant when some fortunate corporation will secure permission from the imperial government of China to build a railroad through the rich and densely populated country north from Hongkong and Canton to Nganking, on the Yangtse-Kiang, where it will cross another line from Shanghai to the west. Continuing north the road should cross the Yellow River at Kaifung, thence on to Peking and around the Gulf of Liautung to Niuchwang on the Liau River. Here the great trans-Siberian railway will be crossed as it reaches down to Port Arthru. From Niuchwang the line will continue down through Corea, via Seoul, to Fusan on the southeast coast. From Fusan to Nagasaki, Japan, would be but a four hours' trip by steamboat, and Nagasaki is already connected by rail with Yokohama.

When this railroad is completed and connected, from Hongkong west through Burmah, India, Persia, and Turkey, with Europe, it will be po sible to trip around the world in forty-seven

days—twenty-five on the water and twenty-two on land.

Hongkong is purely a mercantile colony, and colossal fortunes have been and are being amassed by merchants here in trade with China, and this trade, as yet, has but scraped the crust of the great empire of 400,000,000 people, who are a thousand years behind the age. but who are as capable of becoming modernized at a single bound as were the Japanese.

HONGKONG SMALL-FOOT GIRL.

Manila will soon be America's distributing point in the East, and it will be greatly to our gain if we can be instrumental in inducing the Chinese to open their country to all, instead of allowing themselves to be parceled out among selfish individual powers. There then will be unheard-of opportunities

FIN FONG HERMITAGE.

for American manufacturers and jobbers to extend their trade.

When, in China, railroads shall supplant the wheelbarrow, the pointed stick will give place to the steel plow; the ox, the ass, and the woman, who now toil in harness together in that benighted land, will be relieved by steam and the dynamo; the mill-sweep will disappear before the patent roller in the manufacture of flour, and no longer will lumber be made with cross-cut hand saws, nor will delicate brocaded silks be woven on hand looms, as now.

CHINESE TEMPLE (JOSS HOUSE).

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

BY IONE G. DANIELS.

Serene I lay me down to sleep,
I know that God my soul will keep;
I cannot die, but joyous wake,
Again the Bread of Life to take.

BATTLE OF SHILOH.

Showing the battery of 24-pounder siege guns that formed a part of the "last line" about one-third of a mile from the Landing, April 6, 1862. A photograph taken a few days after the battle, and before the guns were removed from their battle position. Loaned for this work by Colonel Cornelius Cadle, Chairman of the Shiloh National Military Park Commission.

GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

(A HISTORY.)

BY COL. JOHN W. EMERSON.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)
(Begun in the October, 1896, MIDLAND MONTHLY.)

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XLV.

WE HAVE seen that Nelson's division was the only portion of Buell's army that reached Savannah on the 5th of April. The other divisions did not arrive there until the 6th and 7th. And *none* of them, except a *portion* of Nelson's division, arrived at Pittsburg until *late* in the *night* of April 6th—between 9 o'clock P. M., and daylight on the morning of the 7th.

Let us, therefore, inquire *how many*, and at what *exact time the first* contingent of Nelson's division, *did* arrive on the battlefield, and to what extent, if at all, did it contribute to the Confederate repulse that evening.

General Buell tells us in his report that General Nelson arrived on the evening of the 6th with Colonel Ammen's brigade, but he does not give the hour of arrival.

General Nelson says:

"I left Savannah at 1:30 P. M., on Sunday, April 6th, and marched by land to the point opposite Pittsburg Landing. . . . *I achieved the distance in four hours.*"

"Four hours," added to 1:30 fixes the time of his arrival "*at the point opposite Pittsburg Landing,*" *at 5:30.*

An hour was spent in cutting a road down the bank and crossing the river.

General Nelson goes on to say in his report:

"The gallantry of the Thirty-sixth Indiana, supported by the Sixth Ohio, under the able command of Colonel Ammen, commanding Tenth brigade, drove back the enemy and restored the line of battle. *This was* at 6:30 P. M., and soon after the enemy withdrew, owing, I suppose, to the darkness."

This shows Colonel Ammen in command of these advanced forces *at the time* they took position and attacked the enemy "at 6:30." That was sunset on April 6th.

We shall all agree, then, that Colonel Ammen and the other Colonels of the regiments of his brigade, can tell more precisely *what* events occurred, and *when*.

Colonel Ammen says that when he arrived at the opposite side of the river he sent Colonel Grose and part of the Thirty-sixth Indiana regiment across first; that he waited to send over the balance of the Tenth brigade; that the boats were so crowded with stragglers that 'not more than three or four companies could be crossed at a time." Then he crossed and found the Thirty-sixth Indiana "waiting on the bank." Two or three trips had to be made, and this must have occupied nearly another hour. "Here, too, were Generals Grant, Buell and Nelson, cool and calm. *General Grant directed me to support a battery about 60 to 100 yards to the left of the road*, which was done as soon as the line could be formed, probably in three or four minutes."

THE OAK UNDER WHICH GENERAL JOHNSTON WAS MORTALLY WOUNDED—WITH GOVERNMENT TABLET—SHILOH BATTLEFIELD.

Presented to the author by a Southern gentleman who says in presenting it: "I am a 'Johnny' who admired and respected Grant."

This position was taken near *seven o'clock*. Ammen says it was "dusk." And this position was not *back* from the river towards the heavy batteries, but was *up the river bank and south* from the landing, "behind the crest of a hill, the left protected by a deep ravine and having water in it, the right about 300 yards from the landing."

"The rebels kept up the attack from a quarter to half an hour. We had one man killed." This was a point of land terminating at the ravine, *south* of the landing, up the mouth of

AT PITTSBURG LANDING, TENNESSEE.

The steamer farthest up stream (right) is the "Tycoon," dispatched by the Cincinnati Sanitary Commission with stores for the wounded. The next steamer is the "Tigress," Grant's headquarter's boat. A photograph taken a few days after the battle, and loaned the author by Colonel Cornelius Cadle, chairman of the Shiloh National Military Park Commission

which the gunboats were firing, and *not* in the direction of the heavy batteries. *These* were 600 to 700 yards *west* of the landing. In another report Ammen says he had "one man killed and one man wounded" after taking position in line. (One man had been killed at the landing by a stray shot, which could not have come from the distant enemy.)

And this "battle" of Ammen's men lasted "a quarter to half an hour" he says. Other witnesses say the infantry firing did not continue *five* minutes. Half a dozen volleys were fired into and across the "deep ravine with water in it" at some cavalry skirmishers, and that was all.

It will be remembered that Generals Withers, Chalmers, Jackson, Stewart and all the Confederate infantry officers on this part of the opposing lines say that their "forces were withdrawn out of range of the batteries and the gunboats about sunset," at *least half an hour before* Ammen's men fired into the ravine where they had "one man killed and one man wounded."

We have thus far seen that only a part of Colonel Ammen's brigade reached the battlefield *at all* on the first day. Let us not be content with generalities—that "Buell's army arrived" and the like, but *dig up* the exact facts and ascertain precisely *how many* of this one brigade *did* fire a shot.

Only parts of three regiments of Ammen's brigade crossed the river Sunday evening, before dark, viz: The Thirty-sixth Indiana, the Sixth and Twenty-fourth Ohio; the latter two a little *after* the Thirty-sixth Indiana. Colonel Ammen in his report says: "On arriving at the top of the bank *the Twenty-fourth Ohio was ordered by General Grant to repair to a point one-half mile to the right, on a part of the line threatened by the enemy. The Sixth was held in reserve.*"

So it turns out that the Twenty-fourth

was sent "*by General Grant*" to an entirely different part of the line, fully *three-fourths of a mile* from the position taken by the Thirty-sixth Indiana south of the landing; and "the Sixth *was held in reserve*," and *neither* the Sixth nor the Twenty-fourth *fired a shot, or had a man killed.*

But we shall not abandon the inquiry here, but proceed to ascertain *by the records*, precisely how many men were in the Thirty-sixth Indiana regiment ("Buell's army") that evening. And on this subject we will hear the testimony of Colonel Grose, of that regiment. He says in his official report: "My regiment had the advance from Savannah, *two companies having been left behind on other duty.* On arriving on the south or west side of the river my regiment was formed (*the eight companies almost 400 strong*) amid great commotion and excitement."

So at last, by sifting out the facts and analyzing them, we find that the detachment of "Buell's army" that "rescued Grant's army" on the evening of the 6th of April dwindles down to "eight companies, 400 strong" of the Thirty-sixth Indiana!

If anything further were needed to show the farcical nature of that long-standing and much-vaunted assumption of "saving Grant's army," it is supplied by two facts; *first*, that the "Thirty-sixth Indiana regiment, 400 strong"—("Buell's army") lost, in this tremendous fight, "one man killed and one man wounded!" And, *secondly*, this "400" were in line "a quarter to half an hour" "at dusk!"

THE CAUSE OF THE TREMENDOUS CANNONADE.

When the scattered skirmishing penumbra of the enemy, led by the Eighteenth Louisiana regiment, showed itself "400 to 500 yards in front of Grant's frowning batteries," the guns, great and small, having unlimited ammunition at hand, opened fire, and the gun-

A BIT OF THE CEMETERY AT SHILOH, NATIONAL MILITARY PARK, IMMEDIATELY OVERLOOKING PITTSBURG LANDING.

Photo by J. C. Donnell.

AFTER THE BATTLE. CAPTURED CANNON.

boats joining, a most tremendous cannonade followed. There was no large force just then menacing them, making such a terrific fire necessary, but the enemy's skirmishers had appeared, and the Federal officers and gunners could not know but the whole Confederate army was coming upon them. They could not see far into the forest, and the artillerists swept the front with a fire that quickly drove out everything within range. When the Confederates began the demonstration, they brought up a field battery near the head of the ravine, up which the gunboats were sending a cross fire; but, as soon as this battery opened on the Federal position at long range, and had sent a few shot over the lines and frightened the newcomers and the stragglers near the landing, the Federal batteries got range of it, and soon disabled and compelled it to withdraw.

Colonel Pond, of the Louisiana regiment, relates in his report this pleasing incident of war. He says: "Just after the firing ceased Sunday evening, I heard cheering at the river below me, evidently proceeding from a large force, to which my men responded, thinking it to be from their friends; and, when the cheering ceased, a band played the air of 'Hail Columbia' from a boat which was crossing the river." This was on the boat crossing Ammen's brigade.

If the *organized* Confederate army had withdrawn sometime before the Thirty-sixth Indiana had "one man killed and one man wounded," who killed and wounded these two men? And what force was it that drew their fire into "a deep ravine with water in it" about "dusk," as stated by Colonel Ammen?

The author has diligently searched the records, has written to many, and has traveled and interviewed more than fifty people connected with this last demonstration against this part of Grant's lines; and all testimony supports the truth of the following official explanation and evidence in the Confederate War Records, found in the report of Colonel A. J. Lindsay, commanding "First Mississippi Cavalry."

His report was made only two weeks after the battle. He says, in part:

"I arrived with my command at the place where General Prentiss surrendered and reported to Major-General Polk, who directed me to take command of all the cavalry and go to the river to cut off the enemy's retreat. I was delayed a few minutes to collect all the cavalry I could. Finding, amid confusion, I could get none except my regiment (with about 200 present), I moved in that direction and reached a Michigan battery that had not withdrawn, just as it had surrendered.

"I saw another battery across a deep ravine, and started with thirty or forty men to take it, but on coming up with the battery found myself in the presence of

U. S. GRANT AT THE BATTLE OF SHILOH, 1862.

CANNON AND SHELLS NEAR THE "LANDING" TO BE USED IN MARKING THE BATTLE POSITIONS ON THE SHILOH NATIONAL MILITARY PARK.

several brigades of the enemy's infantry drawn up in line. They fired at me, but I managed to get under the hill without sustaining any damage. I returned to my regiment and proceeded toward the river and captured six or seven prisoners. I remained that night until about 12 o'clock in the saddle on picket duty."

The "six or seven" prisoners were stragglers who had failed to get across the deep, overflowed creek or ravine some distance south and west of the landing.

And this handful—"thirty or forty" cavalry skirmishers,—thus prowling about in the "dusk" to see whether there was any one behind a field battery which was silent just then, constituted the *last* attacking force; and they, finding the battery and its supporters *very much alive*, ran away behind the hill "without sustaining any damage!"

And this was the last "tremendous assault" of the "Rebel army" repelled by "Buell's army!"

Of course, these men under Colonel Ammen did their duty—did all that was required of them. But there was no attack in force and nothing for them to do. Grant had more than 5,000 of his own infantry behind his line of guns under Hurlbut.

Of this particular point, General Grant, who was *personally* present, giving directions to these Ammen regiments as he tells us, and as *they* tell us in *their* reports, says in his memoirs:

"The gunboats *Tyler* and *Lexington*, Gwin and Shirk commanding, with the artillery under Webster, aided the army and effectually checked the enemy's further progress. *Before any of Buell's troops had reached the west bank of the Tennessee, firing had almost entirely ceased. Anything like an attempt on the part of the enemy to advance had absolutely ceased.* There was some artillery firing from an unseen enemy, some of his shells going beyond us." (This was the battery that Webster's heavy guns silenced and knocked to pieces.) "But I do not remember," says Grant, "that there was the whistle of a single musket ball heard."

General Sherman says of this: "General Buell's troops took no essential part in the first day's fight, and Grant's army, though collected together hastily, green as militia, some regiments arriving without cartridges even, and hearing the dread sound of battle for the first time, had successfully withstood and repelled the first day's terrific onset of a superior force, well commanded and well handled."

Soon after their arrival, Grant sent forward Ammen's Twenty-fourth Ohio regiment (which had gone half a mile *west* upon arrival) "to ascertain the position of the enemy's lines." The Colonel says in his report: "Having scoured the woods for half a mile to the front, and finding no enemy, and the shells from the gunboats falling but a few feet in front of us, we halted and remained in that position until midnight." In fact, the combat closed very soon after the surrender of Prentiss, and as soon as the Confederate army discovered Grant's new position and his formidable artillery line, and the shells from the gunboats began to sweep up through the ravines and explode on the battlefield, they withdrew to the line where the battle began in the morning.

During the night Grant's army, with Buell's as it arrived, pushed forward some distance on the battlefield to the line of fire from the gunboats.

THE SECOND DAY'S BATTLE.

Scarcely had the fighting ceased in the evening when Grant issued orders to attack the enemy at daylight. Twenty thousand of Buell's army arrived during the night; also Lew Wallace's fresh division. The army promptly attacked Beauregard. He was gradually pushed back and defeated, and by two o'clock began retreating toward Corinth, leaving the Union army on the

ground it occupied before the battle began.

The Federal army lost about 13,000 in killed, wounded and missing; 2,100 of whom were from Buell's and 10,900 from Grant's army.

The Confederate army lost about as many; however, General Beauregard reported his loss at a little under 11,000.

The Confederates captured nearly thirty guns the first day, and lost about the same number on the second day.

On the second day Buell's "Army of the Ohio" occupied the left, and Grant's "Army of the Tennessee" the right, all under General Grant's command. Buell handled his troops on the field with caution, but with skill, and Grant's men went into the fight again with the energy and pluck of the first day, and the fighting was of the same general character, but the Confederate army, while fighting with a courage beyond all praise, was too exhausted to continue the combat with the fire and spirit of yesterday, and gave way steadily from the beginning.

THE PLAN OF BATTLE.

On the part of the Confederates, the plan was ably conceived, and it was skilfully and energetically executed. It failed only because the resistence was greater than they could overcome, and not for want of either skill or courage. Skill and courage on the Confederate side were met by skill, courage and endurance on the other.

Being unexpectedly attacked, Grant had to confine his tactics to the situations as they arose during the day; and the manner in which he moved his forces on the field after the attack began—two of his divisions being far in the rear—sending regiments to different parts of the line where most needed; strengthening first one point, then another; restoring broken lines; withdrawing exposed detachments to new positions; visiting every part of the line through a storm of missiles, he kept his army up to the terrible work from morning to nearly sunset, with a skill unsurpassed and a courage undaunted, sick and lame though he was in body.

THE GUNBOAT SUPPLEMENT.

It has been said, in derogation of the merits of Grant's army, that he called the gunboats to his aid. This constituted a part of his force as much as Lew Wallace's division which he was expecting all day, or his tremendous battery of reserve artillery behind which he retired. Besides this, the gunboats did not fire a shot until about 6 o'clock, and, if they had, they could hardly have compensated for the 10,000 difference in the numerical strength of the two armies on the field.

It has been said that, had it not been for the aid of the gunboats, Grant's army would have been captured. It has been shown that there was no strength left in the Confederate army to move or break his last line behind his batteries. But, it must be borne in mind that Grant held the road to Crump's landing, a route so flanked by overflowed lands of the creek on one side and the river on the other, as to be a safe route of retreat. Grant never for a moment thought of such a contingency.

Badeau says that when General Buell arrived at the landing on a boat on the afternoon of the first day, hours before any of his forces arrived, and saw a great crowd of panic-stricken stragglers, he asked General Grant, who went to meet him: "What preparations have you made for retreating, General?" Grant interrupted him at once, saying: "I havn't despaired of whipping them yet." Buell had not been to the front and only judged of the situation from the stragglers, mass of teamsters and camp followers about the landing.

INCIDENTS OF GRANT'S FORTITUDE.

As to Grant's courage and unshaken fortitude amid alarms and discouragements, another incident, as related by Lieutenant-Colonel Putnam of the Ninety-second Ohio, who acted as a Volunteer Aid on Grant's staff during the battle of Shiloh, must be mentioned. He says:

"A group of officers was gathered around General Grant about dusk, at a smouldering fire of hay just on top of the grade. The rain was falling, atmosphere murky, and ground covered with mud and water. Colonel McPherson rode up and Grant said: 'Well, Mac, how is it?' He gave a report as it seemed to him, which was, in short, that at least one-third of his army was '*hors de combat.*' To this the General made no reply, and McPherson continued: 'Well, General Grant, under this condition of affairs, what do you propose to do, sir? Shall I make preparations for retreat?' The reply came quick and short: 'Retreat? No! I propose to attack at daylight and whip them.'

"I think he believed that this could be done, even if the army of the Ohio were not at hand, relying upon the help of Wallace's division and on the return to their regiments of those who had left the field early in the day; also on the belief, often expressed and acted upon afterwards, that the causes which discourage, tire out and conquer the spirits of one army will affect the other in the same way; and that, in this condition, the one assuming the offensive and making a vigorous attack will be successful.

"At the time of the last repulse of the enemy, no adequate reinforcements from Buell's army had arrived; neither had Wallace come up with his five or six thousand veterans, nor were his whereabouts then known."

General Sherman says that General Grant visited his lines at about 5 o'clock (as he had done many times during the day), and they considered the conditions, and "we agreed that the enemy had expended the *furore* of his attack. We estimated our loss and approximated our then strength, including Lew Wallace's fresh division expected each minute. *He then ordered me to get all things ready, and at daylight the next day to assume the offensive.* That was before General Buell had arrived."

General Grant says: "So confident was I before firing ceased on the 6th that the next day would bring victory to our arms if we could take the initiative, that I visited each division commander in person before any reinforcements reached the field, and directed them to throw out heavy lines of skirmishers in the morning, following with their entire divisions and engage the enemy as soon as found."

THE STRAGGLERS IN BOTH ARMIES.

The demoralization in Grant's army has been exagerated and misrepresented by those who saw only the crowd of frightened stragglers, teamsters and others at the landing.

General Buell, in his official report in the war office made at the time, said when he arrived in the afternoon it amounted to "4,000 to 5,000 and was greater in the evening."

General Grant says it was 4,000 to 5,000. When Nelson came at sundown he estimated the crowd at 7,000 to 10,000. Others put it at 5,000 to 8,000. The most reliable estimates put the number of stragglers *from the ranks* at 6,000. Teamsters, servants, utility men and camp followers, who had not been in the ranks, increased the number 2,000 to 3,000; but the greatest actual depletion *of his fighting force* by straggling any time during the day did not exceed 6,000 men, and some of these were slightly wounded. More than two-thirds of them found their way back into the ranks during the night.

This great crowd of men in the rear gave the alarmed imagination at the

time, the impression of a *rout*. The crowd was great, it is true,—nearly one-fifth of the fighting force; but what were the conditions in the rear of the Confederate Army? They were certainly *as bad*, and probably *worse*. An ex-Confederate General said to the author: "Yes, the numbers of our men who dropped out of the ranks on one pretext or another, was astounding." Colonel Brown, C. S. A., said to the writer: "We were probably nearly as bad off as to stragglers as your side was. In the rear of the line where the hottest fighting continued nearly all day, the numbers were very great."

A Confederate, who was an army teamster at the time of the battle, and who was halted two miles in the rear of Shiloh Church, told the author, in his own vernacular: "By 7 in the mornin' the fellers began cummin' along, two or three at a time at first, then they kept a cummin' thicker an' thicker along the road an' all through the fields an' woods, scatterin' back; some a runnin' without hats, some with guns an' some without guns. Some of 'em said the hull army was a cummin'. Others said they reckoned the most of 'em was killed or captured, an' they was all cut ter pieces. There wus so many a gittin' back, I thought the hull army was a cummin', sure; an' by dark there wus a good many thousand of the fellers out there all through the woods that were not hurt, only scared."

Another Confederate, who was an ambulance driver in the rear, carrying wounded back to the hospital, said to me: "I saw thousands of stragglers in the rear who were not hurt. No, not so many as 10,000, but near onto it. Lots of 'em hid in the woods or kept right on to Corinth all night"

Union prisoners saw thousands of stragglers hiding in the rear, or hurrying away.

The fearful fighting told as severely on the nerves of the Confederates as on the Federals.

General Beauregard, in his report, laments the straggling in his army in this pathetic tone. After referring to the brilliant fighting, he says:

"From this agreeable duty, I turn to one in the highest degree unpleasant. I allude to the fact that some officers and men abandoned their colors early on the first day to pillage the captured encampments; *others retired shamefully from the field on both days while the thunder of cannon and the roar of musketry told them that their brothers were being slaughtered by the enemy.* On Monday not 20,000 men on our side could be brought into action."

Col. Jacob Thompson, C. S. A., said, in his report: "Our forces began to yield to the vigor of the enemy's attack on our left, and stragglers in great numbers came back, and although great and unremitting efforts were made to rally them, yet the complaint of exhaustion was such that it was impossible to rally them only to a limited extent."

General Polk says in his report, that General Cheatham's division, "was stopped some time to stop a stampede from the front."

General Hardee says, in his report: "It would be unjust to my brave and enduring soldiers, who stood by their colors to the end, if I did not mention that *many straggled* from their ranks and fell back without orders; . . . terrified by the bloody scenes fled toward Corinth. From these causes and the casualties of the battle we could not, on Monday, form in line of battle more than 20,000 men."

Many other citations could be made, but they need not be multiplied. If they lost 10,000 in battle on the first day, there must have been 10,000 to 13,000 stragglers, for they had about 43,000 when the battle began, and only 20,000 the next morning!

Beauregard says in his official report that: "The remnant of Grant's forces end of first day amounted to over 20,000, and Gen. L. Wallace's division,

8,000, making him 28,000 strong, added to Buell's 25,000, made the enemy's aggregate force some 53,000 men on the second day."

How completely does this *record evidence* dissipate the long standing error and popular assumption that Grant's Army of the Tennessee was shattered and destroyed on April 6th, and that the Confederate Army was intact, unbroken, only waiting the morning's rising sun to carry off Grant and his Army, after an inglorious and "unconditional surrender!"

WHY GRANT WAS CONFIDENT SUNDAY EVENING OF FINAL VICTORY WITHOUT BUELL.

General Grant's expectations of final victory were reasonable. We have seen that the Confederate army had lost more than one-half its strength in the first day's battle,— could bring no more than 20,000 men into line next morning, and these were worn and greatly disorganized.

Grant went into action with 32,700 men. He lost, in killed, wounded and prisoners, about 9,500 the first day. There were stragglers at the close of the day, say 6,000, leaving him, under arms and in solid contracted line of battle that evening, 17,200 – say 17,000 men. Of the 6,000 stragglers, 4,000 of them were back in line before morning, making 21,000 Lew Wallace had arrived on the ground with over 6,000 fresh veterans, who had been in previous battles. This made Grant 27,000 strong of his own Army of the Tennessee, and these were in line before midnight. Besides this force, there were the gunboats, which now had the range of the enemy and the line of fire up through the ravines, over and through which the enemy were obliged to pass to attack Grant's line, raking such attacking force in flank. Then there were Grant's heavy batteries of nearly fifty guns, in a central, commanding position on his new lines,—guns which were not in action on the first day until they joined with the gunboats in the final terrific cannonade at the close of the battle. Not in action before because located in a reserve position in rear of his general line of battle of the day.

In this position, and with this force and means of defense, is there any possible doubt of the complete defeat of Beauregard on the following day? A careful analysis of all the exact facts shows how well founded were Grant's expectations of success, without General Buell's forces.

These facts show that on the morning of the first day the Confederate army was *twenty-five* per cent stronger than Grant's army; and, at the close of that day, Grant, without reinforcements except Wallace, was *twenty-five* per cent stronger than they,—27,000 to 20,000. The conditions were exactly reversed.

The Confederate officers had, by brave but very reckless fighting, dashed and broken their splendid army into pieces.

ITEMS AND INCIDENTS.

General Grant had no general field officers to assist him during this terrible day. The generals of divisions were all busy in their respective localities. Grant, therefore, assisted only by his staff, found no rest until midnight After designating the positions which Buell's arriving columns should take, and giving orders to all to attack the enemy at daylight, he sought shelter from the torrents of rain in a cabin amongst the surgeon's operations. Then, retiring from the sickening sight, and from the sound of anguish, seated himself in the rain against an oak, to gain a little rest and await the coming light to renew the horrors of that awful Sunday.

A GREAT BATTLE—A GREAT GENERAL.

The more the student studies the battle and the battlefield of Shiloh, and

he forces there in collision, the greater the surprise that Grant's army was not utterly defeated and forced to retreat by noon of the first day. By the ordinary rules and chances of battle this should have been the result. His army, 10,000 less in number, attacked unexpectedly in camp, in the open, should have been beaten speedily. But Johnston, after assailing it for eight hours and finding it still unyielding, declared, at 2 P. M., that "it was time the battle was won;" and then lost his life in leading his troops, who had refused to further assault so stubborn a foe. And yet, at the end of "twelve hours" of terrific fighting, Grant's army occupied a stronger position than when the battle began. He had fought and repelled all efforts to drive him further, and had actually put more than one-half the attacking army *hors de combat*. Viewed dispassionately and critically, it was a great and a remarkable achievement. And notwithstanding the adverse criticisms which followed, through misrepresentations, Grant's fame as a great commander continued to steadily rise throughout the world.

It has been stated elsewhere that the character of the battlefield did not permit the display of any grand strategy. And yet this remark has its limitations. The tremendous energy, the ceaseless activity and vigilance displayed by Grant and his staff officers that day, challenge our admiration. We find staff officer after officer, several times during the day, hunting Wallace, five and ten miles distant; others crossing the river and flying towards Savannah repeatedly to hurry up Buell. From early morn until night, in person and by staff officers, Grant was up and down the lines hid in the forest and smoke of battle, heedless of dangers, amidst the excited stragglers and advancing and retreating armies, rallying, encouraging, ordering.

Then when the supreme emergency came, and his lines were broken, how did he meet the crisis? Instead of allowing the enemy to advance through his left center and isolate Sherman and McClernand, he threw forward two fresh field batteries to hold the enemy in check on that part of the field, and, under the cover of the fire of these, withdrew the two advanced divisions to a new line, on which he had ordered his chief of staff to concentrate all the reserve and retiring artillery, and behind which he rallied Hurlbut's unbroken division and all the fragments of the two disorganized divisions of W. H. L. Wallace and Prentiss; concentrating all on a contracted and much stronger line than any previously held during the day; completely covering both roads in his rear to Pittsburg and Crump's Landings. To retire his army in orderly array in the face of the enemy, charging and repulsing him the while, and planting his weary but courageous battalions firmly and immovably in a new and stronger line and maintaining it, was a brilliant and masterly performance, worthy the best achievements of the great masters of the art of war; a performance which, in itself, should bring any general imperishable renown,—as a not very dissimilar performance afterwards at Chickamauga brought to General Thomas.

That this feature of the campaign has not been hitherto suggested or dwelt upon by historians, does not detract from its great importance or its value.

This masterly movement has been passed over or treated as if it came about by accident or by chance. Instead, it was the quick inspiration and action of military genius; of the same character as his sudden counter movement which won at Donelson.

Soon after the battle the writer said to one of the soldiers who had been in the thickest of the fight: "You seem to have been badly shaken up over there?" "Yes," he answered, "the whelps attacked us Sunday morning

before we had time to say our prayers, and then they kept us so busy we didn't have time to do anything all day but profane the Sabbath with loud noises and bad words."

Measurements on the battlefield show that Grant's battery of siege and other heavy guns was about 700 yards, or between *a third and half a mile back from the landing;* and the right of his army under Sherman was 1,500 yards, *or over three-fourths of a mile from the landing,* when the battle closed the first day.

On April 8th Halleck telegraphed to the Secretary of War, saying: "A severe battle and splendid victory yesterday at Pittsburg, Tenn." . . . "General Pope has captured three generals, 6,000 prisoners of war, 100 siege pieces and several field batteries, with immense quantities of small arms, tents, wagons, horses and provisions at Island No. 10. Our victory is complete and overwhelming."

On the following day, Stanton, Secretary of War, issued an order: "That the thanks of the Department are given to Generals Curtis and Seigel and the officers and soldiers of their command for matchless gallantry at the bloody battle of Pea Ridge, and to Major-Generals Grant and Buell and their forces for the glorious repulse of General Beauregard's army at Pittsburg, Tenn., and to Major-General Pope and his officers and soldiers for the bravery and skill displayed in their operations against the enemy at Island No. 10, on the Mississippi Rive ."

Confederate General Jackson was something of a wag, and as gallant to the ladies as he was brave in battle. One of his officers told this joke on him: "We were retreating before Grant one day—well, not retreating exactly, only falling back at a pretty lively gait, as we were sometimes impelled to do rather than make too great a sacrifice of the Federals—when General Jackson brought up the rear and stopped at a house to get some water. Two young ladies came out and gave it to him. He drank, thanked them, then said: "Young ladies, I feel very sorry for you. This war is devastating the country, killing our young men, and I'm afraid there will be none left, and that you will be bound to live old maids. It is a sad picture, but I fear it is going to be true." Looking up and down the road at his fleeing men, one of the ladies replied: "General, we don't think you need to concern yourself too much. From the lively way your men have been passing all day and getting out of danger, we think there will be a *few* left when the war is over." The General saluted and galloped rapidly away."

This "rebel" soldier went on to say that he had hid 30 cents of silver in an old sofa before enlisting. "When I returned home after the war I found the old sofa safe and sound, and the money all right. I must admit I was surprised to find it. This old sofa was about all that was left, except a stove, which happened to be *red hot* at the time the Yankees called—about the only thing the Yankees wouldn't take during the war!"

During the battle, on the second day, Grant, McPherson and Major Hawkins were riding along the front and were fired upon by the enemy. General Grant says of it: "The shells and balls whistled about our ears very fast for about a minute. I do not think it took longer than that to get out of range and out of sight. McPherson's horse was killed, Hawkins lost his hat, and a ball had struck the metal scabbard of my sword, just below the hilt, and broken it; before the battle was over it had broken off entirely. All were thankful that it was no worse."

As to why Grant did not pursue the retreating Confederate army with greater persistency, he explains in his Memoirs, as follows:

"After the rain the night before, and the frequent heavy rains for some days previous, the roads were almost impassable. The enemy, carrying his artillery and supply trains over them in his retreat, made them worse for troops to follow. I wanted to pursue, but had not the heart to order the men who had fought desperately for two days, lying in the mud and rain whenever not fighting, and I did not feel disposed to positively order Buell or any part of his command to pursue. Although the senior in rank, I had been so only a few weeks. Buell was, and had been for some time past, a Department Commander, while I commanded only a district. Had I met him, however, at the moment of the last charge I should have at least requested him to follow."

"I rode forward several miles the day after the battle, and found that the enemy had dropped much, if not all, of their provisions, some ammunition and the extra wheels of caissons, lightening their loads to enable them to get off their guns. About five miles out we found their field hospital abandoned. An immediate pursuit must have resulted in the capture of a considerable number of prisoners and probably some guns."

Moreover, Halleck had hampered Grant with severe restrictions. The day before the battle began, anticipating Buell's approach and out of tenderness or partiality for that officer, Halleck instructed Grant that "Buell will exercise his separate command," except in battle. As soon as the battle ended, therefore, Buell's army was again independent of Grant, and could only be used in concert by the grace of that officer.

WHAT THE CONFEDERATE GENERALS SAID OF THEIR CONDITION AFTER THE BATTLE.

At 7:30 next morning after the battle, (8th) General Bragg reported to Beauregard who had gone to Corinth, saying:

"Our condition is horrible. Troops utterly disorganized and demoralized. Road almost impassable. No provisions and no forage; consequently everything is feeble. Straggling parties may get in to-night. Those in rear will suffer much. The rear guard, Breckenridge commanding, is left at Mickey's in charge of wounded. Have ordered Breckenridge to hold on until pressed by the enemy, but he will suffer for want of food. It is most lamentable to see the state of affairs, but I am powerless and almost exhausted. Our artillery is being left all along the road by its officers; indeed I find but few officers with their men."

At 2 P. M. General Bragg again reported to Beauregard, saying:

"I have just arrived; all are exhausted. We have labored all day trying to bring forward troops, and especially to save artillery. The roads are horrible. It is impossible for artillery to get in. The teams are exhausted.

"I left General Hardee behind in command, but the men are exhausted and work with no zeal."

At 2:30 P. M., General Breckenridge reported from the rear to General Bragg, conditions as follows:

"The enemy reported to be advancing. I am getting forward stragglers, sick, and wounded as fast as possible. . . . Two regiments of my infantry passed through, I suppose, through some misapprehension of my orders, leaving me only about 1,500 infantry."

This report was indorsed by General Bragg as follows, and then sent forward to Beauregard:

"Respectfully referred to General Beauregard. If we are pursued by a vigorous force we will lose all in the rear. *The whole road presents the scene of a rout, and no mortal power can restrain it.* BRAXTON BRAGG."

At 5:45 P. M. of same day, General Breckenridge again reported conditions to General Bragg, who had also returned to Corinth. He says:

"I have all sorts of alarms. After exploring in all directions, the result is, the enemy, in some force, is a little less than two miles in my rear. He seems to be cautious, as if expecting an attack My troops are worn out, and I don't th nk can be relied on after the first volley. As wagons come I am pushing on the sick and wounded. The stragglers are nearly all gone by here."

Such was the distressed and shattered condition of the Confederate Army next day after the battle.

(To be continued)

CHIQUITA.

By Anna Bishard.

IN THE shadow of the old cathedral, where the sunshine filtered through the scarlet creepers, Lopez, the lepero, lay resting.

The sky was without a cloud, and blue as the deepest blue of the sea; a breeze was coming in little gusts—leveling the grasses and rustling the broad banana leaves, and moving the great trumpet flowers on the wall, and the bell far up in the steeple was ringing for early mass, but Lopez was not thinking of his morning devotions, he was waiting there in the shadow—waiting to catch a glimpse of the beautiful Chiquita, whose dark orbs peeping from the graceful folds of her black mantilla, had set fire to his heart and brain.

But Senorita Chiquita was a lady with the old Castilian blood in her veins, and Lopez was a lepero, a shiftless vagabond; born a thief, reared amid the most villainous creatures, he was illiterate, he was lazy, he was a drunkard; in truth it would be difficult to find *one* redeeming trait in Lopez, unless it be his pure, unselfish love for the graceful Chiquita.

He was a being of faulty conditions; he drank the fiery mescal, he ate tortillas, he was dirty, he could almost blister the air with curses; his face was brown as a parched coffee berry, for his complexion had borrowed a good deal from the dust of the roads and the drifting sands of the barren mesa, and again, he belonged to the thieving, vagabond class, an accursed lepero, a man who lived upon his stealings, and carried a dangerous knife in his belt.

This passionate love for Chiquita was something like the adoration of a pagan for his idol, a devotee for his deity, such a distance separated them. In the city of Mexico he had had many loves, but never like Chiquita. She was far above anyone he had ever spoken to; her eyes were the most languishing eyes he had ever looked into, her voice low as the coo of the wood dove, her feet, as she moved over the floor—in the dance—the most bewildering in their daintiness of anything he had ever beheld.

He had met her at *La Fiesta Mexicana*,* and oh bliss, had danced with her, had been permitted to place his arm around her slender waist, and swing her through the mazes of a soul-enthralling waltz, keeping time to the merry tinkle of the guitar and castanets.

Love is a glorious thing, Senor,
When in the dusk guitars are playing,
And on the smooth adobe floor
The dance is swaying.

* At those annual feast days no social distinction whatever is observed, and the veriest *peon* is at liberty to enter his master's home—to enjoy his hospitality, to dance with his daughter, and to clink his wine-glass with that of the haughtiest *Don*.

to clink his wine glass with that of the haughtiest *Don*.

Lopez was desperately enamored of the fair Chiquita. But, alas, Senorita Chiquita was a coquette, and cruel as such creatures generally are. She had treated him shamefully, giving an ounce of hope and a ton of bad treatment. Still, Lopez did not despair, but pressed his suit on every opportunity. It was veneration; worship which he felt for this divine senorita, a strange fascination which caused him to follow her with a strange, dog-like perversity, hoping for he knew not what. Love in this land of tropical skies is a nectar—a passionate impulse, a mad delight.

Chiquita did not attend mass that morning; Lopez was disappointed, but when all were gone he raised himself from the deep shadow, and looked about him, like some forest creature rising from its lair.

He was not afraid of anything in this life, unless it be the displeasure of the priest—that he feared—yet, he would lie to him in the confessional. The priest had told him that God takes care of His own, and he felt a sort of satisfaction in believing himself to be one of the elect. He observed certain church duties; he attended high mass once in a twelve-month and paid liberally out of his stealings, because the good father had said his future was in the hands of the church, and the more open his purse strings, the more certain his future salvation, consequently Lopez gave lavishly to the Padre Luis.

He emerged from the shadow and stood looking out over the waving banana leaves, and farther to the snow-crowned peaks towering in the distance. He ate a few tortillas and drank an extra bottle of mescal, then he directed his steps to the cafétal owned by the mother of Chiquita.

Senorita Chiquita, who had a train of admirers at her heels, had found a novelty in this admiration shown by the lepero lover, but finding him so pertinacious, she puzzled her brain to find a way to get rid of him. This morning he found her dressed in simple white, a black mantilla over her glossy hair. Lopez, as he approached, gave her the morning greeting in a feverish way.

She had feared him, even while she danced with him, and now she shuddered as he talked on in his wild and rough way. He described his life in the city, the bull fights he had witnessed, the matadors he had seen gored to death, the festivals he had attended, the disputes he had had with other leperos, and he drew forth his great murderous knife and caressed it lovingly, saying it had been more than once dipped in the blood of other leperos who were rash enough to differ with him. He said every lepero in Mexico was afraid of that knife, because he was considered the greatest duelist that ever fought these bloody encounters with knives.

He talked on, thinking to impress Chiquita as he had other women, but she grew faint. She had dallied with Lopez and she feared him. She trembled in maidenly terror as he told of his crimes, unblushingly. "Ah, Senorita Chiquita, this morning I killed a snake with twelve rings in its tail," he said.

A happy thought struck her. She would give him an impossible task to perform—like the princess in the fairy tale—she would send him in search of something she believed he could never find; so in her sweet-voiced Spanish she said, softly:

"I have ever had a passion for rattlesnake tails, and I value them in proportion to their length. Get me a tail with thirteen rings on it. Oh, Lopez, did I possess such a magnificent trophy I would be envied by all other senoritas!"

"Ah, *dulce mia*, fairest maid in Mexico, your cheeks are roses, your eyes, diamonds; your teeth, pearls. I will get the rings, for Chiquita, remember this, I would die for thee!" Then, undaunted, he depicted his adoration, his

fever of love, his sleepless nights, his torture, his anguish. In his mad outbursts there were passion and wild imagery, and words of burning fire.

Although fond of admiration, Chiquita was not pleased by the fierce passion shown by the lepero, and she laughed in his face. He tried to take her hand, but she drew it back with a movement of disdain, and said, quite coaxingly:

"No, Lopez, not until you bring me the thirteen rings."

His heart sank within him, but still he determined to undertake this dangerous task. What was there he would not peril to gain Chiquita, lovely, graceful Chiquita?

"Yes, *dulce mia*, I will try to get the thirteen rings; I would do anything to please the senorita. Come, go with me; I love you. I will search all the forests; you shall have the thirteen rattles. Remember, Chiquita, I would die for thee!"

He drew her towards him.

"Base lepero!" she shrieked. He clutched her arm roughly; his hot Mexican blood was up. She felt his clasp upon her flesh, and shivered as though a reptile had wound its shining coils around her quivering body.

He held her while he flourished the blue-bladed knife before her eyes. "But, if I thought you were false to me," he hissed, and his eyes were, it seemed, looking into her very heart, "I would end it thus," and he drew his knife blade across her throbbing throat.

Chiquita knew she was trifling with the lepero; she was guilty and now she thought her hour had come, when the cold steel came against her flesh. She uttered a brief prayer, then she sank to the ground in a semi-unconscious state. Lopez, seeing her fright, looked at her with a wondering, devoted look in his eyes.

"Adios, my Chiquita, I now go in quest of the thirteen rattles," and he disappeared among the rustling banana leaves.

The next day Chiquita was sitting in the shade of a monstrous passion-flower vine. She was thinking about Lopez and wondering what the result of his search would be, when a young Indian appeared before her and drew from beneath his huipile a small basket made of yucca fibre. It was filled with roses and magnolia blossoms, great creamy tea-scented roses, with fragrant breath and hearts of reddest blood.

"Lopez he send this," said the Indian, with a broad grin, showing two white, even rows of teeth.

Chiquita raised up the blossoms, thinking as she did so, "Is it possible he has found the snake with thirteen rattles?"

She felt faint, and every vein in her body congealed with a nameless horror, for, if he had, what then? She had hoped to give him an impossible task to perform. Something to create an impassable gulf between them. But, lo, at the bottom of the little basket was a small roll of plantain leaves. These she untied with a feverish haste, fully expecting to find the thirteen rings; but no, when the last leaf was taken away, ah, hideous thought, there lay a man's finger. It was a pale, sickening looking thing, the nail white and deathlike, the base all thick with clots of congealed blood. But, Chiquita understood. Lopez was illiterate; he was sorry for his action, and knew no other way to make amends. So he had cut off his finger and sent it to her; he knew she would interpret it aright. It was a most horrible, grewsome memento; a barbaric reparation, but he was a lepero, and she a Mexican woman.

Chiquita had many admirers, lovers, if you will,—but while she was amiable to all, she loved one José, a hot-tempered young Spaniard who was jealous as Blue Beard. She had showed José the finger. He seized it and tossed it upon the burning coals, watching with savage satisfaction as it sizzled and fried and melted away.

"Thus could I consume his body; the

devil, the viper, the accursed lepero. I will dig out his heart. I will see to it that he comes here no more," and he fingered the steel-blue blade of his stiletto with grim satisfaction, as his eyes wandered far off where the maguey fields lay like great bristles upon the earth, with wavy lines of heat dancing and quivering above them.

Day after day Lopez traversed the fields and the forests, listening for the ominous rattling of the rattlesnake. His method of slaying the reptile was by thrusting a blazing firebrand in its face, and as the serpent dreads fire, while he stands dazed for an instant, it is easy to decapitate him in the moment of confusion. No one understood the serpent's evolutions better than Lopez, the strange rustling sound, something like the noise produced by shaking a piece of parchment, with which they move; the rapidity of their motions, the almost certain death which results from their poisonous bite, yet he sought them out Chiquita was the prize. Nothing was too dangerous to risk for the dark-eyed senorita.

In point of numbers his success was most prodigious, but none contained the requisite number of rings. He had some with ten and eleven, yes, and the one he had told Chiquita about, it had twelve, but he knew it was useless to lay even this rare find before the senorita's shrine. She would be inexorable; he felt certain that one with twelve and one-half rings would not content her. So he kept on, but all his ramblings brought no better results, and after weeks of wandering in the maguey and banana fields, and through the dark forests where the half human-like growths leered up from the twilight recesses, and monster vines hung and twisted their coils about the cypress trees, he grew weary, and at last resolved to present all his rings to Chiquita as a compromise, and see if they would not recompense for the one with thirteen rings. Therefore, one afternoon when the deep red of the parting day was painting the roses on the adobe wall a richer tone, and making the sky and earth all rich with a saffron light, Lopez came wading through the yellow-tinted flowers and found Chiquita sauntering through the gardens, arm-in-arm with her Spanish lover, José.

As he came near he could see the bright eyes, the scarlet lips, the round, bare arms. He stopped, he crept back, like a wild beast, he looked again and this time saw her smiling up at the Spaniard.

"Holy Mother," he murmured, "I have loved many women, but I adore Chiquita."

He grew pale, the blood seemed to leave his swarthy face, and he stared ahead of him with a wonderful emotion in his gleaming eye. He knew that Chiquita had many admirers, but he had never imagined such a thing as a lover who was allowed to caress her in the open garden.

José and Chiquita walked on seemingly wholly absorbed in each other's company. Lopez looked again with a dazed questioning As they neared the spot where he was secluded, there was a rustling sound in the ferns and just then the alert ear of Lopez caught the loud and sonorous sound of the rattlesnake. He listened, and then his eye saw just at the side of the path, a monster snake gliding among the tall ferns; its eyes were gleaming with an intense fire, its bifurcated tongue was agitated with an inconceivable rapidity of motion, the bronze-metallic scales on its head and back glistened with a changeful lustre, like some silken surface on which the light was playing. There was a swish among the ferns, and then Lopez saw the beady, ruby-like eyes, the slender tongue, quivering like a dancing spiral, and yet, he stood watching while the unconscious pair neared the spot.

The enormous size of the snake convinced him that it had more than a dozen rings on its tail. He had no firebrand, but his trusty knife was sheathed

in his belt. He felt that his hour of triumph had come—the moment when he should either win or perish in the attempt.

The snake came gliding on in shimmering waves of blue and gold. Lopez siezed a short club, and when it was about three feet from him it coiled itself for a spring. The loud rattle rang out through the garden; José and Chiquita halted in fright. Then seizing the opportunity—as it poised its head ready to strike—Lopez struck the head with lightning-like quickness. He severed the head from the body at a single blow. With a throb of delight he discovered, in stooping down to examine his prize, that there were thirteen rings on its twitching tail. In haste he began separating them from the carcass, his scorching eyes all the while growing more and more radiant, and all the savage blood in his nature surging through his veins; Chiquita was his!

While he worked in hot haste he felt a slight twinge on his foot; turning around quickly, he discovered to his horror that he had placed his foot on the snake's head, in which the muscular action still continued; and that, all lifeless as it was, its venomous tooth had penetrated his shoe and entered his foot. Lopez was frightened; he felt now how useless was his trophy, because his hours were numbered; his blood was warm, he had tramped a long distance, then his excitement at seeing José with Chiquita, and his exertion of killing the snake, had all combined together to raise his blood to fever heat—in which the deadly poison works with alarming rapidity. A queer dizziness was even then creeping over him; he caught up the rattler—which he had purchased with his life—and rushed across the grounds, where José had taken Chiquita for safety, with the speed of desperation.

Every moment he felt the poison working more fatally in his veins, and although only a short time elapsed — when he reached them, he was breathless, speechless, and frothing at the lips like one affected with rabies. In his swollen hand he held out to her the thirteen rattles. He was swollen and discolored, and could no longer articulate, but in his eyes was a last look of devotion she could never forget.

With a scream of terror, Chiquita fell fainting, and the lepero put his disfigured face in the dust, struggling to surpress a sob, so deep and strong — it seemed — his heart was bursting; then he rolled over, and after a few gasps breathed his last.

The sun was kissing the red roses on the adobe wall, and filtering through the trumpet creepers, and a humming bird with a breast like flame, darted in and out, sipping the nectar, while in the cathedral mass was being celebrated for Lopez, that his soul might rest in peace.

Chiquita was sad. Her mother and José could not comfort her; she could not help thinking that he had imperiled his life to gain her, and she pitied him, —it is woman's nature.

The lepero was no more; he had been a dark shadow across her sunshiny life, but he had cut off his finger because he had been rude to her, and now had sacrificed himself to gain her love — she never told José this, but there was a wild, barbaric romanticism about the deed that appealed to her semi-civilized nature.

Chiquita loves José — her husband — and the little dusky baby, who has come into her life like a sunbeam, yet she remembers the lepero, and every year she has special mass celebrated for the repose of his soul. The good padre has told her the more liberally she pays the more blissful will be his state, therefore her purse strings are always open to the padre.

Chiquita is quite happy — in her home surrounded by great, rustling banana leaves, yet she is sad when she thinks of the lepero. You ask why? Chiquita is a woman of the South.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

A VISIT TO THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

BY B. J. THOMPSON.

THE average American finds on his first visit to London an enormous array of places and things that he thinks he must see.

To Americans, London possesses more of historical interest than perhaps any other city in Europe. The history of the mother country has been so closely connected with that of her offspring, the commercial operations so interwoven, that, adding to these the sympathy and admiration bred by a common language, the center of England's commercial activity becomes at once intensely interesting.

One of the greatest exponents of the unique position occupied by London in the commercial world is the Bank of England. One need not specialize it as an English institution, however, to add charm or interest. The greatest financial institution in the world has of itself an intrinsic interest and a significance regardless of the nationality of its founders.

The American banker looks forward to a visit to this institution with something more than the anticipation he experiences in the prospect of seeing any of the other attractions of the world's metropolis. At least that was my experience. Somewhere back in my college days I think I can remember my professor of political economy trying to instill into our minds a universal law that went something like this: "Value is purely a matter of desirability." The sage who made this startling discovery must have attempted, at some time previous, to secure permission to go through the Bank of England. Translated into terms of human experience the law would read: "Human nature is so constituted that it most enjoys (or thinks it will) that which is hardest to obtain." Accepting this theory *in toto*, the Bank of England shows no disposition to *lessen* one's enjoyment of an excursion through its premises.

Being a bit ignorant as to the regulations and manner in which permission is obtained, our first attempt to see the hidden mysteries was quite fruitless. We got just inside the entrance when we were suddenly confronted by a tall, vigorous-looking attendant in a gorgeous regalia, who explained that we could go no further until we had secured from some recognized London bank a letter to the Bank of England requesting that we be shown through. That was much easier said than done, we discovered later on. The demands for these privileges are so numerous that the banks were compelled to make a hard and fast rule to grant it to none but their especial patrons or to dignitaries of recognized position.

Being unable to qualify in either class, the prospect looked a trifle somber for a time. However, after an interview with the manager of the Union Bank (Limited), whose kindness and courtesy I am glad to publicly acknowledge, my perseverance was rewarded with the coveted letter. Armed with this emblem of authority, we again presented ourselves to the bank. This time we were politely escorted to the waiting room of the secretary's office. Here our letter was turned over to an attendant, who took it somewhere into the inner recesses, where it was undoubtedly carefully scrutinized before the magic initials that made it really efficacious, were finally attached.

Soon another attendant, clad in gorgeous livery of red vest, black pantaloons, an immense, long drab coat, brilliant with brass buttons and trimmings, wearing the omnipresent silk hat and an enormous elliptical medal on which were emblazoned in huge letters, "Bank of England," presented himself, and politely bowing, begged to be permitted to show us through. We were first requested to attach our signatures to a book kept for the purpose, adding the name of the bank requesting the privilege, and the guide who conducted us. This is done probably to know on whom to place the responsibility had we attempted and succeeded in getting away with what little money they had on hand.

Having made sufficient proficiency in the preceding degrees we were then conducted to the door leading into the bank proper. Here our passes were again carefully scrutinized, more initials attached and at last it began to look as though we were really going to get in. Our faith was well founded, for we were not halted again until we had seen it all, although our guide was quite frequently requested to show the pass. Before saying more concerning what is to be seen on the inside, perhaps a short statement of the history and workings of the bank will clear the ground for a clearer understanding of the intricate details the bank has found it necessary to incorporate into its system.

To most people, English as well as American, the Bank of England is a part of the government—as integral a part of it as the army or navy or any other like institution, receiving its support from or being called into existence by the acts of Parliament. I can do no better service to begin with, then, than to clear away the cobwebs of this erroneous conception. As a matter of fact the Bank of England holds very much the same relation to Her Majesty's government as all other joint stock or private banks. The nature and essence of the bank is that of a private banking institution with the bare exception that it receives certain privileges at the hands of the government, but in almost every case it has given value received for each of these privileges. The origin of the bank is accredited to one William Patterson, a Scotchman, a far-seeing specimen of a shrewd race. In 1694 the Kingdom of Great Britian had been at war with the then powerful French nation for several years, and her resources were almost exhausted. She was therefore anxious and willing to undertake almost any

experiment or grant any concessions that would extricate the nation from the financial straits in which she found herself. Accordingly the proposition of Patterson to furnish the government £1,200,000 ($6,000,000) on condition that a new tonnage duty be imposed and pledged as security for the loan, with the understanding that the government was to pay interest at the rate of 8 per cent per annum on the loan, was readily accepted.

The original corporation consisted of 1,300 stockholders, who subscribed the entire amount of the capital within ten days.

The charter granted the bank by Parliament provided that the affairs of the bank be managed by a governor, deputy governor and twenty-four directors, and that thirteen of these (of whom the governor or deputy-governor should always be one) should constitute a court for the management of affairs of the company.

Four general courts were to be held each year and special courts could be summoned at any time by the governor —probably the origin of our present method of bank management by boards of directors.

The charter also allowed the bank to carry on a general banking business, receive deposits, lend it again at interest, and in fact, transact all forms of banking, at that time entirely in the hands of goldsmiths and pawn-brokers.

As an indication of the shrewdness of a liberty-loving people whose rights and privileges had so frequently been jeopardized by irresponsible monarchs during the period preceding this time, Parliament included in this charter a clause that prohibited the bank from lending money to the crown without the sanction of Parliament. Experience had taught them the advisability of keeping as strong a power as the money and influence of the bank, out of the hands of a King whose "divine right" might at any time be construed to include its resources.

The charter further provided that the bank was to have £4,000 a year for the management of the loan over and above the 8 per cent interest, and that the loan and charter could be taken up at the end of eleven years. Neither have been done, however. Instead, constant additions have been made to the loans advanced the government by the bank, until it now stands near £12,000,000.

The rates of interest have always been very low—at one time an advance being made of £400,000 without interest.

Of course the bank has received concessions that have fully compensated it —concessions that have made it the most powerful financial institution in the world—concessions that have doubled the value of its stock time and again.

These concessions on the part of the government have tended from the outset to establish the complete monopolistic position in financial affairs which it now enjoys. To illustrate this point I need only make mention of a part of the act of 1708, which provided that it should be unlawful "for any body politic or corporate exceeding the number of six persons to borrow, owe, or take up any sum or sums of money on their own bills or notes payable upon demand, or in any less time than six months from the borrowing thereof." This act completely shut out of the Kingdom all other banks of issue—and reserved to the Bank of England the sole power of issuing paper money. Later, in 1826, this act was altered to cover a territory sixty-five miles from London, and stands in that way to-day.

The effect of this act was to keep out of London all other banking institutions until 1833, when some one interpreted the act to cover simply banks of issue, which interpretation was later put on it by a special act. Since that time other banks have competed in London for a share of the private banking business enjoyed by the Bank of England. In 1844 a new charter was

granted, the one under which the bank now exists.

By this charter the departments of banking and issue were completely separated, the power of regulating the issue absorbed by the government, and further provisions added toward making the bank more monopolistic. At this time the bank first began to publish a statement of its condition. The directors, up to this time, following the line of argument employed now by some bankers in America, had been acting on the principle that the success and prosperity of the bank could only be secured through secrecy of its actual financial condition.

It took a long time to explode this theory, as it has taken some of our bankers a long time to come to it, fifty years later, in America. The new charter limits the issue of bank notes to a fixed amount of securities held by the bank, which could be converted into money within a reasonable length of time—and any issue beyond this amount should be based on actual gold or bullion held in reserve in the bank. Notes to the full amount of each could be issued—not a percentage as in our National bank law.

It may seem thus far that the profits accruing to the bank must be necessarily limited and hardly commensurate with the offices performed for the government. The bank acts as the agent of the government in the management of the national debt, and receives in consideration an annual allowance of about £100,000. It receives and registers the transfers of government bonds (known as consuls) and keeps a record of the transfers of these stocks from one to another. At the date of paying the quarterly dividends on these stocks, the bank simply draws on the balance kept by the government and pays these dividends. Much of the government reserve is deposited with the bank, which is another source of profit. It is from these three facts—the power of issuing money, the management of the government debt, and the fact that the bank is the depository of much of the government funds—I think, that the idea has become quite current that the Bank of England is the financial department of the government, and that their fortunes are so closely allied.

Such is not the case, however. The Bank of England is essentially a private institution, but very closely connected with the government, simply as an agent with specified powers and specified compensation, which it is the aim of the party in power to always keep as nearly balanced as possible.

Further profits accrue to the bank from its real banking department, where commercial bills are discounted (and here let me say that the rate of discount established weekly by the court of directors regulates, to a great extent, the rates of discount all over the world); from the interest paid by the government on the capital borrowed, as before mentioned; from profi in the purchase and assay of bullion, and from the interest on loans its enormous deposits make it possible to make. Enough for the theory, now a word about the practice, the actual machinery of the institution.

The bank itself is an ugly, formidable pile of smoke- and weather-stained stone; a low, rambling old building covering nearly four acres in the very heart of the city, with the principal entrance on Threadneedle street.

As a matter of protection, no windows adorn the grim exterior. The only daylight that gets in comes from open courts around which the building stands. Around the top of the building, hardly more than two stories high, was built a parapet, behind which soldiers might more easily protect the bank from organized attacks. Within the walls every department of labor connected with the business of the bank is performed, except paper making. The immense account books, nearly one hundred of which are consumed daily,

are ruled, bound and completed here. In the printing room, immense steam-propelled machines were converting great masses of blank paper into obligations of the Bank of England.

The note issued by the bank is printed on very thin, water-marked, linen paper, perfectly white. The engraving is very plain and simple, and printed in but one color — black. There is no intricate lathe-work, no elaborate designs, no careful intermingling of colors to baffle the forger's art.

At first glance I exclaimed, "Why, man alive! do you let those things go out in that shape, with no more protection against forgery than that?"

Being quietly answered that such was the case, the attendant proceeded to point out to me some of the things that quite effectually protected them.

The fiber of the paper, in the first place, is of a very peculiar texture and extremely difficult to reproduce. The water-mark, a very delicate and beautifully executed piece of work, completely covers the sheet. This is their chief guard. Notes are printed two on one sheet and numbered in a peculiar and unknown way. They are then cut apart, leaving one edge smooth on each and three edges rough.

The Bank of England never reissues its notes. If I should receive from the bank in one end a dividend on stocks of the government or others—paid by the bank—I should be paid in bright, new bills, fresh from the press. If I should carry these bills to the other end of the building and deposit them to my account, they would immediately be canceled and taken out of circulation. The number and date of every bill paid out is registered with the day it leaves the bank. Every bill coming back to the bank is likewise registered, also showing from whom it is received. They are then canceled and stored in vaults for a period of five years before they are finally burned. They are kept five years simply for the convenience of the people, and are constantly being demanded by police officers, lawyers, etc., as evidence in cases at law.

The guardian of the vaults where these canceled notes are kept gave me a little slip, from which I take the following figures:

The stock of paid notes for five years is about 77,745,000 in number, and they fill 13,400 boxes, which, if placed side by side, would reach two and one-third miles; if the notes were placed in a pile they would reach to a height of five and two-thirds miles; or, if joined end to end, would form a ribbon 12,455 miles long. Their superficial extent is rather less than that of Hyde Park; their original value was over £1,750,626,600, and their weight over ninety and two-thirds tons.

It is estimated that these notes cost, on an average, four cents to produce. The expense attached to the issue of this money is readily seen to be an enormous item, and significant of the real benefits accruing from being the only bank of issue in London.

The attendant also showed us one note issued by the bank for one million pounds sterling—a little thing in itself, but representing a tremendous equivalent in human labor and effort. Another curious note was one which had been in circulation something more than 110 years before it finally found its way back to the fountain head and was swallowed up in the dark vaults Had the holder of the note, one of £50, exchanged it for a five per cent bond, which was the prevailing rate at that time, he would have received at the time it was finally redeemed (figuring compound interest) about £6,000 interest instead of £50.

Returning from this underground vault, we were conducted to the gold weighing room, one of the most interesting departments of the institution. Here delicately constructed machines with the rapidity of thought and, seemingly, an exercise of reason, were weighing and assorting the gold coins. Great piles of the coins were put into

the hoppers; that was all the "rational" assistance the machines required.

The full weight coins were thrown into a receptacle on the right side; those a hundredth part of a grain light were thrown to a box on the left. The light ones are cut by a machine and returned to the mint. No underweight coins leave the bank. Two or three thousand light sovereigns are thus daily sent to the mint.

The great bullion reserve kept on hand by the bank is stored in what is known as the bullion vault somewhere down in the bowels of the earth. This vault is never opened and never seen even, except by two of the bank directors, the governor and deputy governor and the chief cashier.

The three last named have each a separate key of this great chest, and it can be opened only by the three keys working in unison. No other persons are allowed to approach the vicinity of this vault, much less to be present when it is opened. Another storeroom, quite as strongly built, is used as the temporary receptacle of immense quantities of bullion, occasionally taken charge of by the bank for merchants and large operators, whose business necessitates the shipping of gold.

This vault or warehouse, while it often contains as much value, has nothing to do with the bullion vault in which is contained the bullion against which the bank has issued notes, as stated in its weekly publication.

The vaults themselves, when closed, are impregnable, it would seem, to anything less than an earthquake or a bombardment. Nevertheless, the entire building is so completely enveloped in a network of wires connected with a delicate electrical indicator that the least disturbance from the outside would quickly be noted by the attendant within. Added to this, a squad of the Queen's guards walk back and forth over their beats, which penetrate every department, during the entire night. A trained brigade of firemen are always ready to extinguish fires or render any assistance to the guards. During the day uniformed attendants and detectives in citizens' dress are ever on the lookout for attempts at robbery, or a more dangerous and frequent occurrence, fanatics with high explosives. About 1,200 employés conduct the business, with its intricate system of details.

The volume of business transacted by the bank is enormous. Its deals are reckoned in millions of pounds sterling, as the statement published weekly indicates. Compute their equivalents in dollars, and the wonderful proportions of this stupendous institution are apparent.

I attach a copy of the bank's statement issued for the week ending August 24, 1898:

ISSUE DEPARTMENT.

Notes issued	£ 49,613,555	
Government debt		£ 11,015,100
Other securities		5,784,900
Gold coin and bullion.		32,813,555
Silver		None.
Totals	£ 49,613,555	£ 49,613,555

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Proprietors' capital	£ 14,553,000	
Rest	3,505,555	
Public deposits	8,196,741	
Other deposits	41,558,077	
Seven day and other bills	106,949	
Government securities		£ 13,909,654
Other securities		29,898,166
Notes		21,862,715
Gold and silver coin		2,251,787
Totals	£ 67,922,322	£ 67,922,322

GOOGAN'S CHRISTMAS.

By Norman H. Crowell.

"WHAT is the name, my man?"

"Googan, sir—James Googan."

The grey-haired superintendent glanced sternly over his glasses at the muscular figure before his desk.

"And you want to run Number Six, eh? Are you her fireman?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who is her engineer now?"

"Collins, sir—Bart Collins was—but—"

"But what, sir?"

"He's—well, you see, sir, him an' me went through a bridge a while back and Collins—he—that is—"

"Killed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, well. Who's been doing his turn?"

"Me, sir."

"Who's doing your firing?"

"I am, sir."

"Eh? What's that? Can't they furnish you a fireman—er—excuse me—I'll see about that later, sir," and the Superintendent suddenly recollected that it might have been his place to attend to such trifling matters. The stalwart figure edged closer and, with an introductory cough, said:

"You see, sir, I've got used to Number Six an' I can run her. An' thinkin' p'raps ye was short o' men, I thought as how I'd apply fer th' place. Besides—Nellie says—she's my girl, you know—she says that when I get to be an engineer she'll—that is, we'll—"

"Yes, yes, I see. How long have you been firing, Goo—Googan?"

"About two years, sir."

"Two years? Why, I fired myself for—er—well, it has slipped my mind but it was quite a while," and the genial Superintendent looked very wise at Googan. That gentleman appeared to be absorbed in a study of the floor design and his superior, looking pleased, reached over and touched a button at the side of his desk. A boy entered the room.

"Call Andrews," said the Superintendent, and the boy disappeared.

Andrews came in presently—a portly, baldheaded man with an air of business that seemed to fill the room as he strode up to his chief's desk.

"What is it, sir?" he asked.

The Superintendent motioned him into a chair by his side and the two engaged in a long and earnest whispering, to which Googan, at a respectful distance, was an anxious spectator. Andrews' ideas were evidently convincing and satisfactory, for presently the Superintendent arose and said:

"Well, sir, Mr. Goo—what is it, sir—Googan? Well, Mr. Andrews agrees with me that it would be proper to give you a trial, sir."

The stalwart figure flushed to his temples and glanced at Andrews in a manner that caused that gentleman some slight throat affection that required a hasty application of a handkerchief.

"And Googan, Mr. Andrews informs me that the run to-night is somewhat important—some bullion in transit, I believe, Mr. Andrews?—yes. And it is desirable that you make your run without incident—you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"There have been attempts recently—ah, you know—yes, yes, exactly, sir. Well, Mr. Googan, to-morrow is Christmas, and now that you are an engineer—er—I wish you joy. Good-day, sir."

Googan stammered out something and made his way from the room.

That night, when James Googan climbed into his cab, he carried a brace of business-looking six-shooters slung

to a belt about his waist. Bill, the fireman, was already at his post, and at sight of the menacing weapons, his eyes opened wide. Bill had known engineers who carried one revolver snugly tucked away in an aft pocket but *two*—

"Hello, Cap," he said, "w'at ye goin' to do with th' arsenal? Ain't leery o' nothin', be ye?"

The engineer turned and looked intently at his begrimed assistant.

"Bill, I'm runnin' this train to-night. We've got 'stuff' aboard an' we're goin' to take it through—see?" And hitching the belt an extra notch tighter, Googan grasped the long lever and pulled it toward him. The steel giant got under way slowly. Gradually she increased her speed until the rapid "chug—chug" of her drive wheels as they spun over the iron bed, told that Number Six was doing her best. Googan sat silently in the cab keeping a steady gaze ahead.

Packington was reached and passed and the iron steed raced into the twenty miles of darkness that barred the way to Ardmore. Googan's hand rested on the throttle, while a look of determination came into his face that at first frightened—then reassured, the fireman. Bill was acquainted with the engineer and kept studiously silent as he attended to his sooty duties. Everything quiet and the six-shooters lying peacefully in their holsters when suddenly the fireman uttered an exclamation that attracted Googan's attention and he turned to see Bill peering earnestly at the steam-gauge.

"Anything wrong, Bill?" asked Googan.

"Wrong? Look at the steam, Cap. She's goin' down like a lead biscuit."

Googan glanced at the gauge—then at his helper Bill did not relish the look bestowed in his direction but said nothing as Googan opened the fire-door and peered inside. There was no lack of fire—Googan's assistant was a good shoveller. Again the engineer glanced at the gauge—the steam was falling slowly—yet surely. Googan was nonplussed—that could be easily seen. The prospect of having to shut down halfway between stations on a night like this—Googan suddenly shoved the throttle halfway shut and unlimbered a six-shooter. A horrible thought was taking form in his brain. For a moment he paused irresolute, then, with a hasty "Draw that fire, Bill," he closed the throttle and sprang out of the cab to the coal on the tender.

Number Six rapidly slackened her pace and—with the thoroughly-frightened fireman drawing her fire as though for dear life—came to a standstill. The engineer sat motionless on the coal behind—a cocked revolver in each hand. He appeared to be watching something.

Slowly—cautiously—the heavy lid that covered the water-tank moved upward, while Googan's eyes snapped as he nervously fingered his weapons. Now a set of grimy fingers stole over the edge of the lid and carefully raised it to an upright position. Then two men, with masks concealing their faces ose from the crouching posture which the narrow confines of the tank forced them to assume and gazed—into the frowning muzzles of two revolvers. In the background of the polished barrels the men observed the shining eyes of Googan.

"Up with yer hands, boys," admonished the engineer.

One fellow made a hesitating movement beltward—a finger contracted and four hands, one of them bloody—shot into the air.

"Now climb over here—one at a time, please."

The fireman lent manful assistance in tying the crestfallen villains into an attitude of submission. This done, Googan slipped out of the cab and made his way back along the train. At the rear end two shadowy figures dropped off and disappeared in the darkness. Presently a solitary bullet came "zip" against the varnished side

of the car in close proximity to Googan's head. But the engineer smiled—he was thinking of a laughing face with curling lashes at the time. He rapped at the express door.

"All right in there?" he called.

"Yes. What in time are you doing with us?" came from the interior.

"Steam went down on us," replied Googan.

"You'll hear from head-quar—," he heard as he started back to his engine.

Thirty minutes of railroad—and therefore valuable—time was lost ere Number Six forged ahead. Bill had made the discovery that the tank which had been so carefully filled a few hours before was empty—the surly-looking pair on the cab-floor had attended to that. A nearby stream—a bucket brigade—some dexterous shovelling—and Number Six began to make up lost time.

Googan's train was ten minutes late at the end of its run, but even the forbidding look on the cranky agent's face as Number Six flashed by, failed to lessen the joyous beating of Googan's heart. Googan brought his engine to a stop and while she panted and wheezed at every pore, the officious agent dashed up and, swinging his lantern into the cab, demanded:

"What makes you late, sir?"

"Took on some extra freight, sir."

"What's that?"

Googan pointed at the two silent figures on the floor. While the agent stared, Googan and his assistant dragged the two surly desperadoes out of the cab and deposited them more or less carefully on the platform. Then Googan gave a hasty account of the occurrence and left the men in charge of the agent, with the admonition to keep it quiet because,—

"This trip was to be made without incident, Holmes—without incident."

But it got whispered about—probably the fireman's tongue slipped in an unguarded moment. Googan was at supper when a message came requesting his presence at headquarters as soon as the course of his duties would permit. It was ten o'clock next day when the stalwart figure stood once more before the Superintendent's desk.

"What is the name, sir?"

"Googan, sir—James Googan."

"Ah—Mr. Googan, eh? Well—er—ahem—it appears, Mr. Googan, that you had a little—there now, don't blush—a little experience on your run last evening."

Googan's lips framed something that sounded like "nothin' much."

"Well, James—Mr. Googan, I am pleased—the company is pleased—to know that you—well, we've taken your measure for a little keep-sake—a sort of memento, you know. Accept this, Mr. Googan—don't shake so or you'll drop it—and with it goes the best wishes of the company and my own desire that your Christmas may be a happy one."

Googan, with a suspicious dampness about the eyes, took the small, dark case in his hand. He tried to speak but something in his throat prevented him. In his agitation his finger touched a hidden spring and the box flew open. Inside lay a beautiful gold time-piece. On its case, in superb script, were the words:

To James Googan,
from
His Friend and Debtor,
The D. & E. R. R. Co.

The engineer's eyes filled with tears—he opened his mouth to speak, but grasped his superior's hand instead. The Superintendent linked his arm in that of his employe and escorted him to the door.

"Mr. Googan," he said, "you have behaved like a man and—as an engineer. My regards to Nellie. Good day, sir."

James Googan's Christmas was a merry one for two.

THE POLITICAL STATE CONVENTION.

By Emlin McClain, A. M., LL. D.

THE essentially distinctive thing in our government is the political convention. Representative assemblies may be traced to other times, and are to be found in many other lands and among various races. The elective franchise is not peculiarly ours. But the political party convention formulating a platform of principles, and nominating candidates for elective offices has been developed by circumstances and ideas of government distinctly our own. Thus it is that the practical workings of the convention system are deserving of special study, for by them our republican government must be judged. The divergence of views between those who find in the voice of the people practically the voice of God, and those to whom popular government means only the chance results of popular opinion, unenlightened prejudice and skillful demagogism, springs from a difference of judgment as to what a political convention really does, and what its action signifies.

As in most causes of controversies regarding questions of politics, something may justly be said on either side and the citizen will act more safely and intelligently in the discharge of his political duties if he has a dispassionate judgment as to the merits of the convention system founded on an investigation of the real facts. The writer must frankly admit, however, that he can speak with reasonable positiveness only as to party conventions in Iowa. Each State has its own problems to solve and its own dangers to contend with, and what might truthfully be said with reference to one State might be very misleading as to another. The information which one can derive from the newspapers with reference to the real influences which affect the action of any particular convention is too uncertain to be made the basis of generalization. There are, constantly, charges and counter-charges of corruption and undue influence and manipulation which cannot be rightly estimated except by those very closely identified with the facts. The situation in Iowa differs from that of many States by reason of the fact that neither any one locality nor any one interest predominates in strength or influence. Rings and bosses have not, therefore, the means of securing continued supremacy which they find in some of our sister States. There is no one interest or combination of interests which can boldly demand that those who are in politics shall be for it in order to receive its support, or against it and take the consequences.

Government by a majority vote of electors necessarily involves, in most cases, a choice between two leading party tickets and platforms. It does not often happen that a third party immediately affects the result except as it unites on some paramount issue with one or the other of the two leading parties. Therefore it is important to know how accurately the delegates to a State convention voice the sentiments of the voters whom they represent, and how accurately also the action of the convention represents the views of the delegates who form it, for with rare exceptions the bulk of the party vote will be cast for the candidates nominated at its convention, and unless the action of the convention is in accordance with the real views of the members of the party, it may easily happen that the candidates elected are not really the choice of a plurality of the electors.

It may be safely said, however, that taken as a whole, the delegates to a State convention quite fully and adequately represent the body of the voters who have been in the habit of supporting that particular party; for they are almost entirely taken from the body of a county convention, delegates to which have been selected by party caucuses in precincts; and while caucuses are notoriously but slimly attended, save when the interests of rival candidates are locally involved, which is seldom, and while the men who aspire to manipulate local caucuses and county conventions are not always by any means the best citizens, yet in most cases the interest of the candidate and of the local managers is to have a fairly decent, intelligent and influential body of men as representing the county in the State convention. And those who are inclined to scoff at party politics and denounce its manipulators would be surprised if they should attend an assembly of party representatives and find how generally intelligent and well informed and well-intentioned are the men who actually participate in its proceedings.

It may as well be said here once for all, so far as this account is concerned, that it is not written from the point of view of those whose chief connection with public affairs is to criticise, in a carping spirit, everything that is in any way connected with party politics. And it is not assumed that the men who assist in the management of political affairs are more likely on the whole to be actuated by low motives or possessed of inferior intelligence than those whose sole connection with politics is that of opposition to whatever is done, made manifest after it is too late to remedy mistakes of judgment which may have occurred.

Apart from the special influence which particular interests may attempt to exercise (the danger of which will be spoken of hereafter) the members of a party convention are likely to have at heart the success of the party; and while this is not the highest end which the citizen has to consider, nevertheless as the success of the party must depend on its receiving the support of a greater number of the electors, either immediately or ultimately, than any other party, the desire for party supremacy will not lead to the adoption of any policy or the nomination of any candidate antagonistic to the public welfare.

The educated man ought to exercise a greater influence than the uneducated, but his judgment is not so certainly right that it ought to be given any positive predominance over that of men who, while not educated in the usual acceptance of the term, are still intelligently interested in the public welfare. The hierarchy of learning will control, not by reason of the surrender into its keeping, as a sacred body, of the interests of the whole people, but rather in being able to convince the whole people that its judgment on public questions is sound The continued adherence in judicial proceedings to the jury system, notwithstanding the constant assaults that have been made upon it, and the confidence with which even the most intelligent men rely upon the verdict of a jury as against the trained judgment of the court, so far as the result depends upon questions of fact, illustrates the extent to which our government relies upon the average judgment of its citizens; and the questions which are to be determined by popular vote are usually analagous to the questions of fact as to which the average citizen is deemed capable of forming a judgment, rather than those questions involving peculiar knowledge of statecraft or political science. The political convention is not a body well calculated to express the best judgment as to matters of international policy or methods of administration, but that is not its business. It should confine itself and be strictly limited to the immediate questions of

legislative policy and competency of candidates which are necessarily referred to it, and matters requiring trained skill and experience should be delegated without instruction to those who are chosen to determine them within proper limits. It is well calculated, however, to solve intelligently and fairly the problems before it.

The matter of instructing or binding representatives who are chosen with the view of their competency to determine the ultimate questions referred to them, ought to be considered; also, in determining whether local conventions or caucuses shall bind the state delegates in regard to their action. The function of a local convention is rather to select suitable men to consult as to party candidates and policy than to choose men who shall absolutely stand for a policy or a candidate previously agreed upon. Instructions by local conventions are as dangerous with reference to party affairs as instructions to State or National representatives are with reference to legislative affairs. The State convention should be a deliberative assembly in much the same sense as a legislative body is assumed to be deliberative with reference to questions coming before it. One State convention of the party then in power was held in Iowa, a majority of the delegates to which were absolutely instructed with reference to the candidate who should be nominated for a high State office. These delegates when assembled in this convention, if they had been free to exercise their judgment at the time, would not, in all probability, have chosen the candidate who had been dictated for them by county conventions, and the result was that this candidate was overwhelmingly defeated at the polls. Examples of this kind are frequent enough to show the inexpediency of attempting to fix beforehand by instructions to delegates the course they must pursue as to matters which the State convention is intended to consider and settle. In other words the success of party government depends on the fact of an intelligent exercise by delegates of their judgment while acting as a body. If it is impossible to secure a body of delegates who will intelligently act with sound judgment, then party conventions ought to be abolished and some other method of forming party issues and choosing party candidates should be devised.

The ultimate question of fact then is, do delegates in conventions exercise on the whole an intelligent and sound judgment with reference to the wishes and interests of the members of the party which they for the time being represent? On this question there is much diversity of opinion, and particular instances of capacity, or incapacity, may easily be cited. On the whole, however, it will be found that, to a much greater extent than the critics of the party system will admit, these delegates do in some way make their judgment felt in the result of the convention's action. It is true that they may be unduly influenced by particular factions which have other interests than those of the party, and swayed by supposed popular clamor which is merely superficial, but in the majority of instances it will be found that somehow, in a rather intangible way, perhaps, the general sentiments and views of the party voters have been reflected in the result. A merely casual looker-on may not be able to see just how this result is attained and he will find many superficial indications that it is not attained at all.

A few of these indications which are frequently relied upon to condemn the action of conventions as corrupt or "manufactured" may perhaps be properly discussed for the purpose of reaching an intelligent conclusion as to the justness of this criticism. The feature which is apparently and perhaps really most open to censure is the extent which mere personal favoritism or combination of interests seems to con-

trol in the selection of candidates The aspirant for a nomination who travels over the State and makes use of personal acquaintances in each county for the purpose of securing the support of the delegates from that county, is not necessarily the best man for the place which he seeks. But it is to be observed in the first place that if he is not a reasonably suitable man his personal influence will not carry him very far. There will be rival candidates who also have personal friends and in a large body of delegates it cannot be possible that a wholly unsuitable man will receive very great support. It must be borne in mind, also, that the delegates to the convention have constantly forced upon their attention the necessity of selecting a candidate who can be elected as against the opposition which may be developed in a political campaign, and that they will, if they are men of even ordinary intelligence and honesty, be unwilling to put upon their party ticket one who, in the fierce light of such a campaign, can be shown to be unfit for the position which he aspires to fill.

The tendency which seems to be unfortunately growing, to make mere locality the basis of support for a nomination, is also subject to criticism which is no doubt well founded. But here again it must be borne in mind that while the delegates from a county will generally support without question a candidate from that county, and the representatives from a congressional district are likely to combine in the support of a man from that district, this tendency works rather towards the suppression of some good men who cannot, for accidental reasons, get the support of their local delegates, rather than for the selection of positively disqualified men. In other words, as between men reasonably well qualified, of whom there are usually several, the question of locality may influence the choice It does not at all follow that local combinations can, in the nature of things, be extensive enough to secure the selection of a positively disqualified or improper man.

The evil of unanimous local support is greatly increased by a somewhat prevalent notion that the delegates from a candidate's county, or even district, ought to be willing to subordinate every other consideration to his interests, and therefore ought to support such candidates for other offices as he favors, his favor being usually based on a promise of reciprocal benefits of the same character from the other candidate. Of course this system is vicious, and one hears so much about it at a convention that he is likely to conclude that it is a great evil. There are several checks, however, which prevent its constituting so great a menace to the safety of party government as it is frequently assumed to be. In the first place there is no assurance that the votes can be delivered in accordance with the trade. Even if the one candidate can control the votes of his supporters so as to cast them in favor of a candidate for another office, he has no assurance that when the time comes the other party to the compact will or can similarly control his supporters, after he himself has ceased to have an interest in the result. Such agreements will often be carried out in good faith, but fortunately there is no tribunal in which to make complaint of a breach and, indeed, circumstances often so change that, in reason, the agreement may well be disregarded without real breach of faith. Moreover there is the great safeguard of conflicting interests. Combinations beget adverse combinations, until all fall to pieces. The last thing done on the night before the convention, is for the managers of the respective candidates to go about trying to make these secret arrangements, but there is so little public odium attached to the breach of so secret and so reprehensible a contract that it is of doubtful value in any case. Usually the only tangible result of these efforts to

combine is to keep the immediate supporters of each candidate neutral as to candidates for other offices. To such an extent is this the custom, that the vote of a county is sometimes divided into fractions in order to distribute it impartially among all the candidates for a given office.

The State convention is not, on its surface, a deliberative body. The number of members is so large that the individual voice of a particular delegate has but little weight, and yet each delegate exercising his influence with his immediate fellows does, after all, get a hearing, not on the floor of the convention, it is true, but in the smaller consultations and individual discussions, which, in the aggregate, go to form the judgment of the convention. The advantage of a numerous convention is that it is impossible for any one interest or any one candidate to exercise control over enough members to prevent the candid exercise of judgment on the part of a very large majority of those participating.

The bugbear of those who criticise the proceedings of conventions is the influence of special interests. Few conventions have been held in Iowa as to which it has not been charged at the time and afterwards that corporate interests or railroad interests have planned the result, but a patient investigation of the facts at the time will usually show that these charges are without substantial foundation. It is undoubtedly true that such interests seek to make it appear that they have been able to control the action in order to intimidate those who have been unwilling to be influenced by them, but the support of such interests has its dangers as well as its advantages, and not a few candidates have been nominated as a direct protest on the part of the delegates against real or, more frequently, merely suspected attempts of coalitions or rings to secure a particular result. It is perfectly well known that the only successful manipulation is one that is not discovered until after the result has been reached, and the possibility of working in the dark and yet influencing a large number of delegates is too remote to justify any serious apprehension from this source. Such influences may, in a contest which is otherwise close, be able perhaps to turn the scale and thus form an element in determining the choice to be made, but the factor of influence which can thus be exercised is too small a one to prove seriously dangerous in view of the vigilance of those who may be working for a hostile candidate.

The greatest danger attending the action of a large convention arises from the confusion which necessarily prevails when there is a close contest, a confusion which is fostered and abetted by persons who think they are likely to profit by it. It is a common practice, after the roll of counties has been called and before the result is announced, to allow changes of votes from one candidate to another, the object in most cases being, not the *bona fide* one of expressing a change of preference, but the illegitimate one of trying to create a fictitious appearance of change of preference and thus "stampede" the convention, as it is called, in favor of one of the rival candidates for the nomination. This is disastrous to the free exercise of judgment on the part of the county delegations, and ought to be absolutely prevented by a rule which should require the result of the ballot to be made public before any changes of votes can be made. Of course there is a possibility of a vote being erroneously recorded, and yet the care with which the vote of each county is announced and recorded is such that there cannot be any serious danger that a candidate will be nominated through a mistake of this kind. A greater number of ballots might be necessary if changes of votes were not allowed before the close of the ballot, but there would be a saving of time in the long run, and there would be very much greater cer-

tainty that the result finally reached was the judgment of the assembled delegates It is practicable for the committees who organize the convention and determine its course of procedure to formulate a rule which shall be announced beforehand by the presiding officer, and observed by him and the clerks, excluding any announcement of the votes of counties except on a regular call, and this simple order would eliminate a large part of the opportunity which now exists of confusing the delegates and misleading them as to the actual state of the ballot. Moreover, if there is danger that the vote may be doctored by those who are in immediate control of the proceedings, that danger could be almost entirely eliminated by the simple procedure thus suggested

The party convention system has the weaknesses of popular government. Its result is not always the selection of the very best men, but rather the choosing for office of average men against whom no serious charges can be made. No portion of the machinery of government under any system is perfect, and the convention system is perhaps as little open to just complaint as any of the institutions under which we live.

THE RYTHM OF THE PRAIRIE WIND.

By Flora H. Bailey.

Breathing in musical cadence,
Sweetly and solemnly slow:
Whispering, sighing or wailing,
Softly and tenderly low,—
Rhythmical wind of the prairie,
Singing of dell and of fay,
Mountain and forest and river —
Singing and floating away!

Waileth the wind in its sorrow,
Playin the mystical lyre;
Thrilling in pitiful measures,
Swelling the notes of its ire.
Wilder, more loud! And the lyric,
Sobbing aloud in its pain,
Thrilling the earth with its power,
Trembles in furious strain.

Louder the wind in its fury!
Fiercer the turbulent strife!
Waking, in rythmic pulsations,
Passionate throbbings of life.
Crying of heartache and anguish
Wildly — then sadly and slow,
Sinking to whisperings — softly,
Lovingly, tenderly, low.

BY THE DOWN-TURNED THUMB.

HAVING TO DO WITH THE REAL DISCOVERER OF ELECTRICITY

By Norman H. Crowell.

I.

ALL Rome was agog. Tidings of a newer—a bloodier—a more mysterious entertainment were rife. On the glistening marble portals of the Parthenon, stately senators engaged those of lower state in guarded conversation—at the Tiber's gates, rough Plebean husbandmen talked garrulously to their mates of the coming events. What was to come?

The Roman populace, ever frank, was at a loss to account for the seeming air of mystery that enshrouded the rumored fête to be fathered by the venerable money-changer, Antineas. Antineas, the staid—Antineas the sober one—what could this man present that should strike the sated nerves of the cruelty-loving citizens of Rome as unusual and interesting? And yet something—something unseen, unheard of was to be brought forth and (curiosity, thou art a jewel!) what Roman citizen was there who would miss the sight?

Let us look for a moment at the situation from the standpoint of a spectator. The ancient enmity existing between Antineas and Tigarthenes, the Emperor's friend, was proverbial in the streets of Rome. It began years ago, when Tigarthenes, whose frosted beard now adorned the halls of state, was a young man. Antineas—a youth of humble parentage, but with a spirit that knew not how to cringe—had met a slight, a hurt—some trifling thing—it matters little—at the hands of Tigarthenes. Man never conferred a greater favor on his fellow than Tigarthenes at that moment conferred on Antineas. It put life in him. Drawing himself up to his full stature, though boiling within, with exterior calm and self-possessed—Antineas vowed eternal vigilence to the end that the wrong should be avenged.

Youth, poverty, parentage, restrictions of customs and government, all had been met and mastered, and now Antineas—a new Antineas, apparently, but with that same old hatred deep in his soul—was prepared to make the effort, the success of which meant degradation to his enemy, Tigarthenes.

One short week before, Tigarthenes reigned supreme. Not a Plebian but bent the knee—not a Patrician but was eager to grasp his palm—and why? Tigarthenes had just closed a week of sport—the gigantic Coliseum had groaned and writhed beneath the masses that packed its spacious galleries. For one week the multitude, with eyes bloodshot from eager staring, had feasted their bestial appetites on a series of the bloodiest scenes in the history of a bloody nation—Rome. Gladiators struggled and died—beasts—women—*murder!*

Fresh in the minds of the people dwelt the mighty contest between Hector and Alemnos, and the sweep of Hector's two-edged blade as it forever silenced his opponent. Fresh was the unequal warfare waged by Jugul, the barbarian giant, against a lion and a tiger, whose fangs, whetted by days of fasting, were eager for human flesh, and fresher perhaps, were the plaudits that shook the mighty theater upon the dusky hero's victory. And—yes, they had not forgotten the inhuman conflict between the two fair-haired Britons—they were brothers—and the suicide of the victor.

And now—on the heels of scenes like these, comes the announcement of a carnival far surpassing its predecessor—one stupendous in its inception—

magnificent in its detail—overwhelming in its colossal grandeur.

Eager, anxious, questioning—speculative theorizing—gauzy ideas were to be met with everywhere.

Antineas was mute. His wife, the most privileged character in his household, was ignorant, or pretended to be, of her lord's intentions. But Roman patience gave way at last. Stoicism was no proof against outraged curiosity. Rumor became a burning question—then a brain-racking mystery—finally a problem demanding immediate solution. To a committee of his fellow-citizens, Antineas vouchsafed the reply that the morrow would reveal his plans—but, he added, let every Roman citizen be accompanied by his sword.

The news spread, and in time reached the senate chambers, and the staid old law givers pricked up their ears at this unprecedented occurrence.

"What!" exclaimed the venerable Pelagius, "is Antineas to raise an army in this wise? If so, it is treason, and treason of the blackest kind."

"What presumption is this our friend employs, that he should dictate to the citizens of Rome when and where they shall carry arms? Antineas must be mad," came from aged Pompilius.

It ended in Antineas being brought before the Tribune to explain his words,—a feat that was accomplished with no serious admissions, by resting hard upon his reputation for honesty, and somewhat lighter on his habit of having ready money with him at all times.

II.

For hours the Coliseum had been filling, until now the walls were a mass of faces, set amid the gaudy colored togas, like pea-blossoms in a bouquet of pansies. Conversation—that most noble of all arts—was universal. Dark eyed Roman maidens gazed into the eyes of stalwart youths and asked what was to happen. Hoary old war-horses of younger days nudged their neighbors and put the same query—with the same result.

At length a cry, "Antineas! Antineas!" went up, and suddenly, as if by magic, a little gate opposite the Emperor's stand opened, and the money-changer strode to the center of the sanded arena. Cheer upon cheer arose, for behold—it was Antineas—but Antineas in the garb of a gladiator. With smooth-shaven face, short toga and leather sandals, Antineas stood erect and extended his arms.

"Friends," he cried, and his voice was strangely rich and vibrant, "you see me this day in a dress you all well know. Whether or not it becomes its wearer is to be here demonstrated. To me falls the self-appointed task of meeting in mortal combat, every victor in the contests to come. That is all," and Antineas strode out at the little gate amid a huzza of cheers.

Anticipation was at fever heat as Laxar and Ardene, Rome's foremost gladiators, entered the arena at opposite points, and prepared for battle. Round upon round of applause greeted the combatants as they swayed about in their deadly strife. Finally, with a quick motion, the mighty Laxar's blade slipped silently into his opponent's bosom and, with a groan, the hapless man sank to the sanded floor.

"Antineas—Antineas," was the cry. Antineas advanced to the center of the arena, tightened the buckles at his feet and wrists, shuffled his feet into the sand and paused.

"Romans," he said, "I have a favor to ask of you."

"Name it!" shrieked the people.

"I am not to be the aggressor in these contests. I will merely defend myself."

"Long live Antineas! Most noble Antineas!" cried the populace.

Silence reigned as Laxar, a smile playing over his brutal features, advanced toward the slender figure at the center of the arena. Nearer, and yet nearer he came, until—presto, will it

ever be forgotten?—the swords clashed and the huge frame of Laxar, the pride of Rome, plunged headlong to the sand. Spurning the body with his foot, Antineas gave a signal, and two slaves dashed in to carry out the corpse at the little gate.

Pandemonium broke loose, as the aged gladiator ostentatiously wiped his sword—wiped—but had one an occasion to look closely, the necessity for such a proceeding might have been questioned.

Three similar duels the now mighty Antineas fought and won. After each the somber figure wiped his blade while the thousands thundered their cheers upon the newly-arisen hero. Now came a variation to the program. Antineas would cope, single-handed, with a tiger and a rhinoceros! Was ever such a task imposed on man before?

Antineas, his sword balanced carelessly in his hand, awaited the onset. A gate opened, and with a roar that reverberated through the length and breadth of the arena, the mighty king of the jungle leaped at the silent figure there in the center. With a roar—of anguish, this time—the beast met the keen point of Antineas' sword, and fell lifeless at his feet. But look—the rhinoceros—see his billowy muscles heave and swell, as he plunges through the yielding sand at his enemy! The people rise to their feet—wave swords, togas, anything—and cry:

"Flee, flee, Antineas! It is enough."

But too late. The all too delicate sword is raised—it flashes—its point touches the pink nostril—ah, is this magic—can this be sorcery? The huge limbs crumble beneath the mighty bulk, and with a convulsive shudder, the ponderous terror of the tropical glades sinks to the sand, a lifeless mass. Calmly—deliberately—Antineas wipes his sword. Attendants drag out the carcass—other attendants smooth out the sanded floor. And still the multitude shout—would they ever stop?

The money-changer—hero now—with a grim smile wavering about the corners of his mouth, motioned for silence.

"My countrymen," he cried, "if what I have this day done meets with your approval, grant me one other favor. I ask that Tigarthenes, Tigarthenes the Senator, the Emperor's friend, meet me here and now in combat, or," and his voice was clear and piercing, "on bended knee apologize to me for an injury he has done me."

Amid the roar that followed the Emperor arose and attempted to speak, but failed. Tigarthenes, with a wild look in his eyes, arose, hesitated, and leaped into the arena. Was the old Senator going to fight? For a moment the spacious Coliseum rang with cheers for Tigarthenes. But see, they died as suddenly as they came Advancing, he fell on his knees before the terrible Antineas and, in tones of heart rending brokenness, implored pardon. Antineas, waving his sword over his head, granted it and with a bow disappeared through the little gate. The people dispersed with the name and fame of Antineas fresh on their lips.

Hundreds of years afterwards some workmen unearthed a steel plate at the exact center of the arena. Two wires were connected to it. Following these, a neat little electrical machine was discovered in an underground room directly opposite the Emperor's stand. To the superstitious laboring-men it was an unholy contrivance and was demolished.

That steel plate was deadly when the current was on and the old money-changer had placed it there.

DRIFTED WINDWARD.

By W. H. Wynn, Ph. D., D. D.

O, Ocean! What hast thou to teach
A weary wanderer on thy windy beach,
With plaint and prayer,
Who flies the city's din and dingy air,
And on thy brooding bosom lays his brooding care?

O God! I hear
The thunder of thy chariot rolling near,
With fiery axle down the groaning sphere;
The angel of the storm, thy charioteer,
Tossing the billows as 'twere play,
In fire and foam to see them die away.

And now the land,
The very beetling rock whereon I stand,
Is insulate with vortices of sand,
And I grapple in my terror with the reeling strand.

I want it not—
The power that overpowers, nor takes a passing thought
Of all the watery ruin its rioting hath wrought—
The dear, devoted head,
Wrapt in the weedy tangle of a slime-embedded bed,
Where ugly finny monsters fatten on the dead—
My care that would be famished, here I find but newly fed.

'Tis gone—the wrong
I thought the heavens were brewing, is listed into song—
Afar the waters sleep,
And hushed, as still as silence, are the trumpets of the deep;
Long lines of light,
Like sunny bridges, bridging out of sight,
The ruffled day delivers to the solace of the night.

And I am calm,
For all the spicy islands breathe again of balm,
And honey-dew is dripping from the frouded palm,—
My pain, in dull refrain,
Is drifted windward with the fragrant rain.

Ames, Iowa, Nov. 7, 1898.

TWO LITERARY CLUBS OF KANSAS.

BY SALLIE F. TOLER.

THE Kansas Academy of Language and Literature, is the somewhat pretentious name of an important and representative organization, whose members are all of Kansas, and who represent, mainly, the *dilettante*, rather than the brawn and muscle of literary life, although there are some clever writers among them and several who have printed books. Of the latter are Prof. A. G. Canfield, now of the Ohio State University; Mrs. Mary Humphrey, author of "The Squatter Sovereign," a work of fiction valuable for its faithful history of the Kansas-Missouri war of '55–56; Mrs. C. A. Wilder, who is a regular contributor to the best Sunday school literature; Florence Snow, the poet, and Eugene Ware, the well known "Ironquill." Will White, whose book of short stories, "The Main Issue," attracted such favorable attention last year, is a member of the Academy. Prof. W. H. Carruth, Ph. D., of the Kansas State University, is the President this year. He has published several books of educational interest, and is a contributor to the *New England Magazine*, considerable place being given in a recent number to an illustrated article called "New England in Kansas."

W. H. CARRUTH, PH. D. KANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY.

E. F. WARE ("IRONQUILL").

Professor Carruth's work for the Academy has been the collecting and recording of all possible information relating to the origin and use of odd dialects and so-called slang expressions, especially those arising under new conditions of life. The Academy takes a broader view of language, believing that there is something to learn even from the plain and rough people, in the matter of picturesqueness of phrasing, as well as pronunciation.

The Kansas State Social Science Federation is another club with a long name. This is a club of the same nature as other state federations of wom-

en's clubs, only the Kansas Federation admits clubs of both sexes,—while other states do not. Since the organization of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, in 1889, most of the states have leagued in federated action, swelling, in consequence, the numbers of the National Federation, in a manner never dreamed of by that body in the beginning. The state federations are intended to simplify the management of so large a club, by having all the reports which used to consume so much time, classified and condensed by each state body.

MRS. AMELIA PETERS, PRESIDENT KANSAS STATE FEDERATION.

Of course, it is generally understood, that a woman's club means an educational club of some kind. Active women are always looking around for somebody to improve, and, failing other material, they try a hand on themselves. The Kansas Federation is composed of sixty-two clubs, representing a membership of nearly two thousand. The local clubs are all engaged in some literary, philanthropical, or municipal study, with the exception of two—the Musical Club and the School of Domestic Science, both of Wichita. The latter teaches a free cooking school. The Federation meets annually in May, the last meeting being held in Ottawa, and five delegates were appointed to attend the biennial of the General Federation which was held in Denver last June.

MY CREED.

BY ELIZABETH A. VORE.

I fear not Death; and when my hour shall come
I shall go forth enwrapt in God's dear love—
Whether my feet shall walk some radiant court
In the glad light of summer lands above,
Or tread some hidden byway path alone
Working in patience my salvation out—
I know the hand that leads me everywhere
And face my future calmly with no doubt.

THE LIBRARY MOVEMENT.

THE TRAVELING LIBRARY IN IOWA.

BY JOHNSON BRIGHAM,
State Librarian of Iowa.

I.

THE world's output of books during the century now nearing its close is far greater, both in number of titles and in aggregate of volumes, than during all the preceding centuries together; and at least three-fourths of the output during the last hundred years should be credited to the last half of the century.

The comparative youth of the art preservative of all arts is hard to realize here in the United States, where everything in our history may be included under the term "recent."

The visitor in Aachen, the Aix la Chapelle of history, goes in and out of a cathedral built by Charlemagne away back in the Ninth Century, six hundred years before Printer Gutenburg and Doctor Faust made that historic copartnership of mechanical skill and capital which was the beginning of a world-wide revolution in men's thoughts and lives.

It was only about four and a half centuries ago when Gutenburg, with his movable types and rude press, prepared the way for book-making in the modern acceptation of the term.

It was more than three and a half centuries after the invasion of William the Norman when William Caxton set up the first printing press in England — preparing the way for a Shakespeare, a Milton and a Tennyson, and for that imperialism in the world of letters which no other nation questions.

France had developed material for many volumes of history before the year 1470, when the first printing outfit began operations in the city which later was to develop the genius of a Balsac and a Victor Hugo.

Italy had come to regard the former glory of the Eternal City as ancient history when, in 1471, the pioneer printer of Italy, Valdarfar, issued from his press the famous first edition of The Decameron.

Four centuries ago there were only about 200 printing presses in the whole world—far less then there are in the city of Chicago to-day,— the total output of which, measured by editions or by volumes, was less than that of the single printing house from which THE MIDLAND MONTHLY issues.*

For two centuries the printing presses used were without material change from the pioneer press used by Gutenburg and Caxton and Valdarfar. Then the tide of improvement set in. The modern book-printing press with its cylinder, gelatine rollers, distributing table, movable bed, register, fly, folder, etc., etc., is the product of many inventions and combinations of inventions in which our own country has been accorded notable precedence.

The invention of Gutenburg was a veritable revolution—the most important industrial event of the Fifteenth Century, and of modern history as well.

It relegated the manuscript volume to the museum; and along with it went the chain which held the book to the desk.

It consigned to history and tradition the human watchdog that carried the keys unlocking these treasures of thought—the mediæval librarian.

It broke down the monopoly of a few treasure-houses for souls,† reproducing

*The State Printing House of Conaway & Shaw.

†The inscription over the door of the Library of ancient Thebes reads: "Storehouse of medicine for the soul."

by the hundreds, and later by the thousands, repositories for the world's best and most helpful thought.

It ushered in the modern library with its unmeasurable wealth of thought and information, with its marvel of classification and cataloguing, with its corps of trained librarians who, far from emulating the example of their mediæval predecessor, the watch-dog of the library, are so many self-acting reference books, or, changing the figure, so many readily-turning keys, responsive to the visitor's every call.

Let me give a single illustration of the cheapening of books through the multiplication of impressions, an illustration closely connecting the present with the past. More than 1700 years ago, one Pausanias laboriously wrote out ten somewhat notable books, which he entitled "A Description of Greece." The mere inditing of this work on parchment meant years of painstaking and hard labor. Professor Fraser, of Glasgow, has just given to the world a translation of Pausanias' work, with an introduction, with voluminous notes, maps, illustrations, indices, etc., and this elaborate work, enriched by centuries of research, is sold to our public libraries at less than twenty-one dollars!

Look at the present enormous annual output of books from the two great English-reading nations.

The Congressional Library at Washington, into which goes a copy of every copyrighted work printed in this country, is adding, or accessioning as the librarian puts it, from forty to fifty thousand books a year.

The British Museum, which holds a like relation to the book-makers of Great Britain, shows an annual accession of about sixty thousand books.

Consider for a moment this country's present output of over forty thousand in the light of its recent past.

Trübner, in his Bibliographical Guide to American Literature, says the issue of books in America from 1830 to 1842, twelve years, inclusive, was only six hundred and twenty-three original American works and five hundred and twenty-two reprints.

Sampson Low, Son & Company are authority for the statement that "during 1852 [only thirty-six years ago], unavoidably including many really published in the preceding six months, we find there were 966 new books and new editions, 312 of which were reprints of English books, and fifty-six translations from other countries."

But the flood-tide was beginning to set in. Three years later, Norton's Book List reports 2,162. Six years later, Roorbach's Bibliotheca Americana gives the number of books for January, '56, to March, '58, as 4,886. Since the Sixties, the growth has been enormous, reaching all the way from a few thousand to and beyond 40,000 works a year.

In view of the large and fast growing production of books in Chicago and Minneapolis, and at other points in the West, there is a suggestion of prophecy in this statement, in the old first edition of Appleton's Cyclopedia, issued in the Sixties:

"The number of different publishers of American books in the years 1856 and 1857 was 385, principally of New York, Boston and Philadelphia. Many books emanate from Cincinnati [no mention of Chicago], and the indications are that a large independent trade will, before many years, be established in the West."

In the matter of library growth we need not go back farther than a score of years to find the sharp contrast which tells the story of library progress.

In the twenty years prior to the last national census, the number of public and semi-public libraries in this country containing a thousand volumes and upwards increased from 2,039 to 4,026, or about 100 per cent.

In the same length of time the number of volumes in these libraries increased from 11,487,778 to 33,051,872, or more than 288 per cent.

But the best missionary field for the library movement is in communities that have no library at all, and in those that have only the small beginnings of a library.

II.

I have not yet spoken of that peculiarly Yankee device for bringing together the State, with its ample means and its facilities for getting books cheap, and the people with their limited means and their unlimited and illimitable longings for books; that shrewd device for bringing together the people who may, can or must, might, could, would or should read, and the books that should be read.

The Traveling Library, rightly handled and energetically pushed, is one of great value to the State and to its citizens. It aims to supply the small communities, of which there are an enormous number, as compared with our cities, with that element of growth and those opportunities for outlook, without which life anywhere is stale, flat and unprofitable. It thus makes the small community more attractive, giving to the dwellers upon the country cross-roads and in the back towns neighborly relations with the uttermost parts of the earth—and with the skies as well. It peoples the one street of the rural town with men, women and children who can claim acquaintance with the great ones of our time and with "the great ones long gone by." It gives the rural community the touch it craves with city life and all its advantages and disadvantages, its tragedies and comedies, its cold unbrotherliness and aloofness, and its organized attempts to be near and brotherly—without the actual contact. And yet it leaves the dwellers in that community their green fields and shadowy woods and running brooks, and the soul-calming and strengthening life alongside animal-life. It leaves them better satisfied with their close neighborly and church society, and club relations; it leaves them that communal sense, that confraternal feeling, so missed by those who move from country to town; a feeling unknown to those so unfortunate as to have had no experience outside great cities.

But just what is the Traveling Library? In general, it is simply a case of books, or, collectively, any number of cases, sent out from some central point where books are plenty to points remote where books are scarce.

In some States the Traveling Library is a locality or county enterprise, its purpose being to reach the small communities in the section or county. In others it is entirely a State affair. In still others it is a combination of the State and the local Traveling Library system.

In Iowa the State is taking the initiative. Bear in mind, I exclude from consideration in this connection certain mercenary schemes that have taken to themselves the name of Traveling Library. The Traveling Library to which I refer is free, except as to cost of shipping the books back and forth.

Iowa now has in circulation fifty-three libraries of fifty books each, and will soon add eighteen more, making seventy-one libraries in all. And the number will be still further increased as fast as the appropriation of $2,000 a year will permit of increase.

The State Library Board recently authorized the State Librarian—who has sole charge of the Traveling Library of Iowa as now conducted—to supply special wants of local libraries and clubs, irrespective of the regular libraries of fifty books each, and made a small appropriation as a start to that very desirable end.

Does the progress made in Iowa seem to any reader more than a good beginning? Reflect a moment. There are in the ninety-nine counties of the State about 2,000* communities large enough

*1992—to be accurate.

to be recognized in the Official Postal Guide.

The fifty-three libraries now traveling up and down and across the State, stopping three months in one locality, and another, and another, are only so many object lessons to the thoughtful and benevolent who appreciate the curative and rejuvenative power of good books, and should stimulate all such to local and county organization for the more thorough prosecution of the war against ignorance and its associate evils.

III.

Let me take the reader into my confidence and reveal a radical change of view relative to a State Library Commission.

When I entered upon the duties of the office of State Librarian, I thought the State could so thoroughly and completely handle the Traveling Library that there would be no need of help from any source. And when, last winter, I was urged to support a Library Commission bill, I feared a Commission might hamper, not help, the work of the Traveling Library as inaugurated by the State. I felt that the enterprise to which the State was committed was entitled to a fuller and fairer trial than it had then had.

I now am sure that while the State can do much, it cannot do all that reasonably may be expected of a Traveling Library. It is doing its present work well. I have no doubt it will continue to do well, within certain limitations. But I shall regard the State's work in this field as a failure, or at least only a partial success, unless it shall healthfully stimulate local library missionary work in every one of Iowa's ninety-nine counties.

I would be greatly disappointed should the State fail to helpfully coöperate with teachers, Chautauqua circles, women's clubs, workingmen's clubs and other organizations for the upbuilding of the individual and the betterment of community life, through the founding of public libraries.

I would be equally disappointed should these organizations fail or neglect to come to the support of the State in its pioneer work for the development of a happier and better and more enlightened citizenship.

My hope is that in the near coming time many of the communities now enjoying the blessings of the traveling library will have outgrown the need of it as a stated supply and will have become the nuclei, or at least the active supporters of a local library system which shall carry to the back towns of the county the blessings they themselves now prize so highly.

The State should, as far and fast as possible, transfer the general traveling library to local organizations, and gradually increase its facilities for special and temporary help to individuals, to clubs and other organizations, and to small public libraries.

This library movement did not begin with the State as an organization. It began with a few hundred women and men who thought the State should pioneer the movement.

To them we owe the original Traveling Library law and the after-provision for its support. Their zeal was communicated to our legislators and their dream was in so far realized.

But the work is broadening and the interest in it is deepening. In a few years at the longest, the State will be compelled to face an interesting alternative, one of the many gratifying alternatives imposed by growth and progress. It is this: Shall the State go on increasing its regular Traveling Libraries to upwards of 2,000 and so attempt to cover the ninety-nine counties within its limits? Or shall it create a Library Commission to coöperate with its own Traveling Library department on the one hand and with all interested local associations on the other, for the development of the library spirit, the

dissemination of library information and the organization of local libraries?

From all I now know of the workings of the Library Commission in the States of Connecticut, Georgia, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Ohio, Vermont and Wisconsin—notably in Wisconsin, under the efficient administration of Miss Stearns and Mr. Hutchins—I regard that alternative as altogether better—more economical, more helpful, and therefore more popular, and more nearly in line with our popularly accepted theory of local self-government.

IV.

Bear in mind that this is all pioneer work—quite as much so as was the work of Prof. T. S. Parvin in founding the Territorial Library of Iowa—back in the Thirties somewhere.

Bear in mind that the Traveling Library as a public enterprise with altruistic ends in view is not yet six years old. It was born in New York in 1893. In 1895 it was adopted by Iowa and Michigan. Wisconsin and the other States soon followed and others are preparing to follow the good example set.

The present executive head of the Iowa Traveling Library is intently watching the trend of legislation and of experience in other States, and will be found eager to urge any measure that shall promise most for the Library Movement in Iowa; most for the extension of the opportunities for reading and research which are now enjoyed by residents at the State Capital and in other of the larger cities of the State,—the extension of those opportunities from these library centers to the most inaccessible cross-roads and the uttermost parts of the State.

SOME RUSH TO SEE

BY ROBERT MCELVARY.

Some rush to see great waters in their fall,
And hem and haw at grandeur all revealed
In one majestic sweep. I fain would sit
Beside the tiny rill,
So quiet and so still,
That spreads the dainty green o'er woods and field.

Some clamor of a life that stands apart—
Alone in all its might and dignity—
While others crane to see. But fairer far
To me the life that glows
With sympathy, and grows
A monument of sweet simplicity.

"'N THE HULL GORDON PLACE TO STOW IT IN."

JAKE LOUCKS'S SERMON.

BY G. M. WHICHER.

"He that loveth abundance shall not be satisfied with increase: this also is vanity."

That's jes' what I sez to my wife, Margaret,
When she wishes our house was bigger,
Or, like as not, wants a real China-set
With some new-fangled figger.

I sez to her, then, "If you had the tin
To buy out old Dilloway's store,
'N the hull Gordon place to stow it in,—
You'd jes' go to wishin' for more!

"Our ironstun China ain't much of a sight:
But nick up a plate er a lid,
'N you don't have to cry or t' worry all night,
Like they say Missis' Thingumbob did.

"I CAN SMOKE OVER HERE, 'N ENJOY A SEAT,
ALONGSIDE TH' OPEN, WOOD FIRE."

"'N these rooms, w'y, they're twic't as easy to heat
As they'd be if the ceilin's was higher.
I can smoke over here, 'n enjoy a seat,
Alongside th' open, wood fire.

"You seem to think poverty's almighty tough,
But, bless you, wealth's very deceivin';
You cipher th' equation out clost enough,
'N you'll find the thing pretty near even.

"There's folks who have plenty more, to be sure,
But 're no better off than us;
For it's keepin' a-wantin' that makes folks poor
'N the richest are those who don't fuss!"

LURILLA ANN'S DAY.

By F. R. Sterrett.

MRS. WICKEM looked discontented. She pulled a long basting thread from her skirt and wound it on an empty spool.

"You are sure you can't come tomorrow?" she asked again for the third time.

"I hate to disappoint you Miss Wickem, the worst way," said Mrs. Lamson, apologetically, from the ironing-board where she was pressing open the seams in a waist, "but I can't. You know I never sew on the 17th of July."

"Yes, I know, but how if it rains? It looks a sight like rain now," with a hopeful glance at the dull, heavy clouds that scudded across the sky. "You can't go and sit in the cem'tary in the rain!"

"Rain won't make a mite o' difference," pressing heavily on the iron to emphasize her mind. "Now, Miss Wickem, jest s'pose it was your Maria was lyin' out in the cem'tary, wouldn't you feel that one day a year was mighty little to give her?"

"I s'pose I would," admitted Mrs. Wickem, reluctantly.

"Course you would; you've got a mother's heart and so've I, an' long as I live I'll go to the cem'tary on the 17th of July an' stay all day, if I do lose my seventy-five cents a day. It's my Decoration day. Do you want this front pleated or gathered?"

"Gathered in big gathers, you know. Well, if you must you must; an' I'll give you a piece o' pie for your lunch. You seemed to relish it at noon."

"Now, Miss Wickem, that's real good of you, an' you shan't lose by it. I'll be here bright an' early Friday mornin'. I sh'd admire to hev th' pie. I al'ys did say you was the best hand at pastry in the county."

Mrs. Wickem beamed with gratified pride. "Well," she said, "if I do say it that shouldn't, my pies is as light as the next ones. Did you hear Nasia Smith was goin' to marry Bid Ackers?"

"For the land's sakes!" Mrs. Lamson dropped her iron with a bang. "Well, every one to their likings, as the old woman said when she kissed her cow. I wouldn't care to be anybody's fourth wife."

"I don't believe you ever will." Mrs. Wickem looked shyly out of the corner of her eye as she tried to thread a needle in the gathering twilight. "Tom Nason hain't had one wife, let alone three."

"Now Miss Wickem!" began Mrs. Lamson, helplessly, a painful flush covering her face and neck. She sank into a rocking chair and began to sew with trembling fingers.

"It's a fact!" Mrs. Wickem nodded her head wisely. "It's too bad to keep him on tenterhooks. He was a good son an'll make a good husband. He's got a nice job now, a plasterin' of the new schoolhouse. There hain't no sense in your waitin'.

"It don't seem's if I ever could," faltered Mrs. Lamson.

"Now you're thinking on Jake. You're a big fool to let him stand between you an' Tom. Catch me mournin' for a man that'd desert me," emphatically.

"Yes'm." Mrs. Lamson plaited the cloth nervously. "I never looked on it as a divorce," she continued desperately, "an, it was as much my fault as Jake's. Ma lived with us, an' she was tryin'. Jake'd send home meat an' veg'tables—he was a good provider, Jake was—an' ma'd put 'em in the cu'board an' say she guessed bread an' milk was good enuff for Jake Lamson. Ma never liked Jake. A man'll stand anything as long as he gets his vi't-uals."

"That's so. But that don't excuse his runnin' off an' leavin' you an' your ma an' little girl without a cent."

"One dollar an' seventy-three cents," corrected Mrs. Lamson firmly. "No, I dunno as it does. I dunno what I would ha' done if ma hadn't been taken sick. It was a stroke o' Providence. I'd ha' gone crazy if I hadn't had sunthin' to do so's I couldn't think. You was so good to me then," gratefully.

"Not more than Tom," retorted Mrs. Wickem, who believed in twanging one string till it broke. "Jake never married again?" she asked abruptly.

Mrs Lamson looked horrified. "Oh, no! He went to Kansas." As though Kansas was preferable to matrimony. "I wrote to him after ma died, but he couldn't ha' got it, for I never heard from him till the doctor's letter sayin' he'd repented an' died." She wiped a tear from her cheek, and brushed the cloth to be sure none had fallen on it to spot the goods.

"I believe you'd take him back now. It's a mercy he's dead an' buried. You hain't no spunk."

"That's what Jake used to say. It hain't more'n a month since he died, an' I couldn't think of bein' married again — not for a spell," she added hastily. "I feel just as much a widow as if I'd never been divorced."

Mrs. Wickem looked disgusted. "If it was me, under the circumstances, I should ha' made a point of marryin' as soon as I got a chance, so's folks couldn't say I was mournin' for a man that 'ud desert me. Pa says you was a big fool to send money to pay for the buryin'."

"Mebbe I was. Jake didn't treat me well, Miss Wickem, but he was Lurilla's pa, an' I couldn't let him be buried by the town."

"You hain't got a bit of spunk," she said again. "Well, I jest hope when you come Friday you'll tell me it's settled."

"Now, Miss Wickem, you know it's too soon. But for the land's sakes, look at that clock! How time flies! I've had a splendid time, Miss Wickem, an' I'll come early Friday morning."

"Jest wait a minute." Mrs. Wickem went into the pantry and returned with a plate, on which lay a large piece of pie and three doughnuts. "I most forgot the pie; an' here's a few fried cakes I made yes'day. I thought you might relish 'em Pa don't think much o' a breakfast without fried cakes."

"They are real good with a cup of coffee," responded Mrs. Lamson gratefully. "Thank you, Miss Wickem; I'm much obliged. You don't think it's too soon?" she whispered, as she opened the screen door with a shake of her hand to scatter the flies.

Mrs. Wickem stood on the steps looking after her, a comfortable smile on her cheery face. "Well," she said slowly, "the fools hain't all dead yet, an' Sarah Jane Lamson stands a good chance o' bein' one if she don't grab Tom Nason."

Mrs. Lamson walked primly down the village street till she came to a small white house that stood rather back from the street. She unlocked the side door and walked timidly in, as though she expected to meet a tramp behind the entry door or under the center table. A large Maltese cat limped after her, mewing hungrily. She hastened to get his milk from the cellar, in the glass jar labeled "Cat's." Tom Nason had brought the cat to little Lurilla the winter she was taken sick. The child had gone wild with delight. It had been her first pet, almost her first playfellow. That was ten years ago, and as Mrs. Lamson watched the kitten—now a staid family cat with rheumatism in all four feet—she patted him almost affectionately, a pink flush on her face and a murmured "I dunno but it would be right!" She came to herself with a start and shut Tom out in the entry as a punishment for having drawn her thoughts into forbidden paths, and, lighting a lamp, went into her bedroom. In the lower drawer of the old-fashioned dresser, with its crocheted

mats, were Lurilla's clothes and a few homemade toys. On the sixteenth of every July Mrs. Lamson took them out and gave full vent to her grief. On the morning of the eighteenth they were relocked for another year.

She had just unfolded a little dress of red and green plaid when a thunderous rap sounded on the door. She gave a startled jump and looked fearfully around with questioning eyes, all the tramp and burglar stories she had ever heard passing in mental review, as the deeds of his life appear to a drowning man.

Another rap.

"Who's there?" she asked tremulously.

"It's me!" answered a deep but kindly voice.

"Why, Tom Nason!" she began indignantly. "Don't you know no better 'n to make such a racket? There hain't no sense a-lettin' the Higginses an' Larkinses know you're here!"

"It was a little loud," admitted the voice, "but my hand slipped. Open the door, Mrs. Lamson; I've got a nice lot of kindlin' for you."

"That's real kind o' you, Tom; just leave it on the steps. You can't come in!" firmly. "You might ha' known better."

"I did," boldly; "but I thought bein' as I was a friend of Lurilla you'd let me in an' mourn' wi' you."

"Why, Tom Nason!" aghast at such a thought. "I should say not."

"You al'ys was stubborn." He sighed heavily. "I s'pose I can come for you to-morrow? You hain't fit to tramp in from the country."

"Yes, you can come," she conceded, generously.

"Early?" eagerly.

"No," sternly. "Not a minute before eight. The idea o' your thinkin' you c'n have any o' Lurilla's day. Tom Nason, you're gettin' presumin'!"

"I presume more'n that," and Tom blushed mildly. "I presume to hev a day o' my own—not one, but three hundred an' sixty-five," he stammered boldly.

"You'll never hev' more 'n three hundred an' sixty-four," she interrupted tartly. "You'll never hev' any o' Lurilla's day—though as far as I know you won't hev' any," she added hurriedly.

"Now, Miss Lamson," eagerly.

There was no response.

"Miss Lamson." He sighed heavily, then called "good-night," in a voice that could not fail to rouse the "Higginses and Larkinses"

Mrs. Lamson didn't notice it. She was frightened at her own words. She had almost admitted she would marry him. Her heart beat violently—her color came and went. She was not sorry now the words were spoken. He was a faithful old soul, and had been a good son—as Mrs. Wickem said, he would make a good husband. To-morrow evening she guessed she'd give in. She'd held out for eight years and proved to the Higginses and Larkinses that a woman hain't so wild to get married as some people think. Her first experiment hadn't been so successful—but she could trust Tom. She was getting lonely. Tommas wasn't much company. . . .

Her eye fell on the green and red plaid dress. A feeling of compunction stole over her. She shouldn't have such thoughts on Lurilla's day. She turned once more to the drawer. Lifting a bundle of pieces an old-fashioned, faded daguerreotype fell out She picked it up and opened it almost curiously. The well-known, handsome face, with its weak chin and sensual mouth; the bold, black eyes that smiled into her's, sent a forgotten thrill through her heart. She forgot Tom Nason—she forgot everything but the dear old days when she was a happy wife. Her face seemed transfigured as she bent hungrily over the picture.

. . . The cat crept toward her and stumbled over her foot. She remembered—the happy past vanished into

the rosy-hued distance—the future, blue and cold, confronted her.

"No!' she said firmly, with a defiant nod of the head, "I can't do it!"

Then she took the daguerreotype and placed it carefully in the center of the dresser.

A small white tombstone, worn and stained by Time's assistants, wind and weather, leaned slightly to the right, as though anxious to reach the shade of a small elm tree that grew in the corner of the lot. Beneath the elm was a rustic seat that looked hardly strong enough to bear the weight of Mrs. Lamson, as she sat severely straight, her hands tightly folded in the black cotton gloves that extended a full inch beyond her fingers, her face turned to the stone, where she read with increasing satisfaction the following couplet:

Darling, precious, angel child,
Oh, so very fair!
Mother is coming soon
To meet you over there.

It was after 6 o'clock, and the setting sun touched her second-best bonnet with the long black veil that she always wore on this day. Mrs. Lamson was tired. She had risen before the sun, and after a hasty breakfast of bread and milk, had hastened to the cemetery. There she had been all day, weeding the geraniums and forget-me-nots that grew at the base of the stone, or reading with appreciative eyes the couplet. Tom Nason had written the words out of the sorrow of his heart when it pleased God to take his little friend.

A couple of birds twittering in the hedge roused the solitary mourner, and with a start she recognized the lateness of the hour. She opened her lunch basket, and spreading a clean white napkin on the bench by her side placed her lunch upon it. She ate her bread and butter peacefully, though her heart beat a little faster as she thought of the walk back with Tom and the answer she would have to give him. She knew what it would be. Mrs. Wickem's arguments had been but dust before the wind in the presence of the daguerreotype. She looked with disfavor at the piece of marble cake with the pink frosting that Mrs. Allen had sent her. "Mrs. Allen had such gaudy taste and the pink frosting was out of place," thought the mourner.

A midsummer stillness hovered over God's Acre. The setting sun touched each stone with a promise of resurrected glory. A soft wind lifted the wild flowers, filling the air with fragrance. With a sigh of content Mrs. Lamson brushed the crumbs from her lap and folded her napkin carefully. She stooped to brush away a stray leaf that had fallen in the closely-cropped grass. A shadow fell on the hedge. A man limped wearily down the path; his clothes were worn and soiled, his hat pulled down over his face. Mrs. Lamson started, staring before her with unbelieving eyes.

"You!" she gasped.

The man raised his head inquiringly.

"Sarah Jane?" he asked slowly.

"Are you alive?" she faltered. Had his spirit been raised by her rebellious thoughts? She stepped back fearfully, her hands twitching convulsively. Was this the Jake she had dreamed of?

"Very much so, thank ye," he answered with a coarse laugh, his bold eyes gazing carelessly at her faded face and hollow-chested form. How she had fallen off. She wasn't a patch to "Auburn Daisy" in Omaha; nothing but hard luck would have driven him back, a prodigal indeed. He felt sure she would forgive and forget—she always had. "I hain't dead yet," he went on slowly. "Came mighty near it down in Nebraska last month. They say a cat has nine lives, an' I reckon as I'm better'n a cat—I must have a dozen. I say, Sa' Jane, you don't seem glad to see me. Come, give us a kiss!" He put his arm persuasively around her waist. Sarah Jane drew back quickly. "I will not," she said distinctly, her whole soul revolting against the man her love had idealized so long.

"You won't, eh? All right. I never kiss a woman 'gainst her will. There's al'ys plenty willin' an' anxious. I s'pose it does seem queer to hev me back. You might's well get used to it. Hello!" his eye fell on the little white stone. "So Lurilla Ann's dead. I al'ys knew she wouldn't live long, she was sech a peaked little thing. Took after your family. Daz it! Sa' Jane, that's a trifle rough.

"Darlin', precious angel child,
Oh so very fair,
Mother is comin' soon
To meet you over there.

"How about father? He'll tarry in the other place, eh? It wasn't kind of you, Sa' Jane, now was it?"

"Mebbe it wasn't kind, but it was just," she answered mechanically, her eyes moving restlessly here and there, everywhere but at that face, handsome still, though it bore the marks of dissipation in his dull eye and thick, sensual mouth You deserted her an' me when she was a baby' an' I hadn't but a dollar an' seventy-three cents in the world. Then you got a divorce an' that settled it. I'm glad! yes glad," she repeated emphatically, "she's dead. She'll never break no heart but mine. What did you come back for?" she asked suddenly, forcing herself to meet his eye.

"To see you," he answered boldly. "I al'ys liked you, Sa' Jane, an' if it hadn't ha' been fer the old lady, we'd a got along like two colts. After I left you everything went wrong. Grasshoppers got my crop an' the devil got me. Then I fell off a house, broke two ribs, had typhoid fever, rheumatism, and hives, an' I don't s'pose I'll ever be well again," he finished hurriedly, watching her face. The Sarah Jane that he left would have hastened to bind his wounds, mental and physical.

"So you come back to me to nurse," said the Sarah Jane that he found. "No, Jake Lamson, it was your doin's all along. You wanted a divorce an' you've got one."

"We can get married again," he suggested, eagerly.

"Can we? I guess not; I don't want to burn my fingers twice at the same fire," she added, bitterly.

He coughed violently. "Le's set down an' talk it over," he gasped, after the paroxysm had passed "I'm dead beat! You don't know what it is to have a pain in your side that's like to cut you in two. I've taken five kinds o' medicine a day, an' look at me. You al'ys was healthy as a horse, an' you've kept your color. I al'ys said you had the prettiest cheeks of any girl I knew," artfully watching her face intently for some relenting sign. "D' you 'member the night you said you'd marry me? We'd been t' Jack's to supper—stewed chicken an' waffles. Jack he raved 'bout blue eyes bein' true, an' I said that the eyes to strike me were grey, an' you blushed an' spilt a glass o' water in the waffle plate. Yes, siree! I said it then, an' I say so now. An' your eyes hain't faded a mite. They've that same dear, honest look. Oh, hang it all, Sa' Jane! come an' sit down. I'm that tired, an' for weeks I've thought o' nothin' but sittin' 'side you like old times. Come."

He stretched out his arm and drew her closer. She sat down stiffly, at the far end of the rustic seat. A smile of triumph and satisfaction played about his mouth. "Dear grey eyes," he said, tenderly.

Mrs. Lamson turned quickly and looked him in the face. "My eyes are black," she said, quietly.

Lamson swallowed an oath. "So they are," he said in surprise. "A light black looks grey in some lights." He was silent for a moment. "Dear little Lurilla Ann," he murmured softly, moving nearer; "you must tell me all about her, Sa' Jane. I—who the devil's that?"

Tom approached happily, a radiant smile lit up his good-natured, homely face He had on his best suit, and the long Prince Albert coat flapped round

his legs as he walked. He looked astonished, then dismayed, as he saw the occupants of the rustic seat.

"Oh, it's Tom, is it?" recognized Lamson, not very cordially. "How are you, Tom?"

"Jake Lamson!" Tom smiled painfully, ignoring the offered hand. "I thought you were dead!"

"Seems t' hev been the general 'pinion. I'm alive, thank ye, an' likely to stay so, 'less this cold carries me off," with a hard cough.

"What did you do with the money Sa' Jane sent to pay your funeral expenses?" asked Tom, going straight to the point.

Lamson looked ugly. "You al'ys was a little impertinent, he said slowly, "but I don't mind tellin' you that was a little mistake. I was in a hospital in Omaha, an' they got me mixed with a man in the next cot, who died o' cholery. I was out o' my head all the time. When I got well, the doctor told me 'bout it an' gin me the money, an' I spent it to come to see Sa' Jane. You b'lieve me?" defiantly.

"That you are lying? yes," calmly. "You al'ys was a dirty, lyin' rascal, an' time hain't bettered the job. Sa' Jane, you ready t' go home?"

"Sa' Jane's goin' with me," put in Lamson quickly. "We're goin' t' be married over again an' be happy ever after."

"You lie! Sa' Jane wouldn't go back to you."

"Once in a while, my young Christian friend, you find yoursel' mistaken, an' this is once," said Lamson triumphantly, placing his arm round Sarah Jane's waist.

She started as though stung, pushed him away and sprang to her feet. "Don't touch me!" she gasped between her clenched teeth. "Tom, take me home!" She stretched out two appealing hands to him. He caught them eagerly. "Wha'd you mean, Sa' Jane?" and Lamson grasped her by the shoulders. "It's me that'll take you home. You hain't forgot Jake? Your curly-headed Jakey boy, you used to call me. I didn't treat you right but we was happy in the old days, Sa' Jane, you hain't forgot?" passionately.

"It's your fault if she has," retorted Tom unpleasantly, as Sarah Jane clung to him tremblingly. It was agony to her to hear that other voice. She wanted to go somewhere where she could shut it out forever. "There! there! dear," soothingly, "don't get nervous. He shan't touch you. Just speak up an' tell him you're goin' to marry me."

"I'm goin' to marry Tom," repeated Sarah Jane with a frightened glance.

"Marry him!" roared Lamson, purple with rage, "you can't! You're my wife."

"Oh no," returned Tom coolly "you divorced her. You can't eat your cake an' hev it too."

"It was all your doin'," broke in Sarah Jane in a high clear voice. "I hadn't nothin' to do with it but I hain't a woman that'll be tramped on twice."

"An you shan't be; jest come back Sa' Jane," he pleaded. "I'll treat you like a queen. I shan't live long an' I need you more'n him, Remember I was Lurilla Ann's pa."

"Keep still!" she shrieked, her face pale and tense, her eyes blazing angrily. "How dare you!" she panted, "speak of her, poor little lamb Tom was more of a father to her than you ever was No," firmly, "I shan't come back. You can find someone else to nurse you. Men of your stamp al'ys do, but it won't be me. Come, Tom, she finished wearily, reaching out her hands blindly, "I'm ready."

ONE PARTING.

By Maude E. Smith.

Good-bye, I cannot call you less than friend,
And yet, how could I call you more?
The time has come that brings us to the end
And leaves us there as lonely as before.
And we have said good-bye in even tones,—
Good-bye! what was there else for us to say?
And both go on o'er life's great stepping-stones
And neither murmurs at the separate way.

You have been kind to me; I shall recall
Your kindness with sincerest gratefulness.
And I have been—your friend, and that was all!
Was all, what would we more or less?
And yet, now we are parting,—better so,
I would not that an hour to us be spared,—
There is one thing I wish that you might know;
'Tis this, I could have loved you had I dared!

You smile perhaps; yet if you knew the power
Of some hearts' loving,—if you knew, I say,
You'd understand me clearly, when I say this hour,
'If I had dared!'—But there, go on your way!
The mysteries of life are complex, friend,
And hearts are riddles strangely hard to read:
The human and divine so strangely blend,
And love is made subservient to life's need.

Your way could not be my way, that I knew;
And so I dared not let this heart of mine
Pour out its richest wealth of love on you,
Nor till this hour its feeling quite define.
Good-bye, dear friend! I shall for long recall
The glad, bright days that you and I have shared.
We need not mourn; friends were we, that is all,—
But oh, I could have loved you, loved you, had I dared!

Pontiac, Mich.

Woman's Club Department.

By Harriet C. Towner.

DECEMBER brings with it visions of pleasant rooms, close curtained from night and storm, where the lights burn brightly and all is warmth and happy content. With this picture in mind, one feels the full reality of cold and want and sorrow as contrasted with warmth and comfort and content, and recognizes anew the sacred duty of striving by all possible means to give to every human being as much of happiness as possible. The household economics departments of several clubs have as the theme for thought and discussion during December "The Christmas Season," and the ethical questions which Christmas giving inevitably suggests. It would be interesting and helpful if some of these discussions might be heard outside of the circle for which they are prepared; for thoughtful consideration of these matters seldom fails to quicken impulses of tender charity and make the influence of the Christmas-tide purer and sweeter. One meeting at least, devoted to Christmas thoughts, would be helpful in every club.

Among the resolutions recommended by the Committee on Resolutions at the Denver Biennial was the following: "*Resolved*, That the Federation commends the spirit in which the clubs adopted the educational recommendations of the last biennial convention, and records its approval of the thorough and effective work reported from all parts of our country in establishing kindergartens and manual training classes; in improving the sanitary conditions of the public schools; in forming leagues of good citizenship among our children; in establishing collegiate scholarships; in opening free libraries, and in bringing into a new and closer relationship the home and the school." That this is no fleeting interest, is evidenced by the fact that the programs of the many State Federation meetings held this autumn, show that the work of these organizations is increasing along educational and philanthropic lines. Art, music and literature are by no means neglected; and the reports of individual clubs in nearly every state show that study programs are each year more systematically and carefully arranged, and carried out with greater regard for thoroughness; but the active work of the federations through standing committees is very largely an endeavor to arouse increased interest in educational matters from the kindergarten to the university, to encourage the formation of public libraries and similar work. The objection is often raised, that the introduction of public questions has a demoralizing influence upon the study club. Experience proves this untrue, and it is often those clubs which carry out the most systematic course of study which take the most intelligent interest in matters pertaining to the community. Mrs. Henrotin well expressed the value of the Federation as an educator: "The Federation has one great advantage over the university *per se*—it is able to put into action the result of study and investigation, thus co-ordinating knowledge and action." The direction of interest in each State Federation is, of course, largely determined by existing conditions. This is especially true in Illinois, where the conditions of life in large cities present many and varied problems. The Illinois Federation held its fourth annual meeting in Chicago, October 18th–21st, and the largest and most successful meeting since its organization is reported. The Illinois Fed-

eration is now the largest in the United States, numbering 216 clubs. The history of the work of the organization since the last annual meeting was included in the reports of the seven standing committees. These are: Education, Philanthropy, Music, Art, Literature, Public Libraries, and one to further the interest of women students at the University of Illinois.

The report of the Committee on Education was important, and has been published in a sixteen-page pamphlet for distribution among the clubs of the Federation. It is regretted that it will be possible to give here only a brief synopsis. At the first meeting of the Executive Board of the Illinois Federation, the Committee on Education was instructed to co-operate with the Teachers' Associations of Illinois, of which there are four. As a result, an important place on the program presented at the meetings of these associations, has been accorded representatives of the Federation, thus bringing the clubs at once in touch with the most important educational forces in the State, and giving them an opportunity to co-operate in their organized capacity in promoting the highest interest of the public school. The educational committee also sent circulars to all the federated clubs in the State, suggesting that public educational meetings be held, and when possible educational unions formed. Twenty-five clubs have held public educational meetings; have assisted in organizing educational unions, or have provided lectures for the purpose of improving public sentiment on educational topics. The work of the Evanston Women's Club is especially interesting. The club has held sixteen public educational meetings; a Boys' Club, with reading room and gymnasium has been organized; it has a Child Study section which includes forty-five teachers and as many mothers. It has held a Saturday morning sewing class with two hundred members, and manual training has been introduced into one of the schools with its help. The homes of several of its members have been opened on Saturday to school girls in groups of six, who have been taught plain cooking, sewing, mending and cleaning. Not less than fifty children have been taken to Chicago dental clinics free of charge. The club has secured a "mill tax" to increase the number of kindergartens in Evanston, and has been helpful in very many other ways. Twenty-four Illinois clubs have formed Round Tables for child-study between parents and teachers, or have child-study departments. Two clubs of Champaign have supported a teacher in sewing and cooking in the public school, the ladies of the club assisting her. The committee reported that to the Chicago clubs which have supported the experimental Manual Training and Household Economic Schools, is largely due the fact that this year included as a part of the school curriculum in Chicago. Great interest has also been manifested in vacation schools. Five vacation schools at a cost of $1,000 each have been supported by Chicago clubs. Eleven clubs have formed clubs for working women, the history of which would furnish an article in itself. Art in the public schools has been advanced by eighteen clubs. Legislative work to improve school conditions; systematic school visitation, and the securing of women on school boards, have each been successfully undertaken. The report of the committee also calls attention to the educational work of the oldest club in Illinois, the Ladies' Education Society, of Jacksonville, which has financially assisted 1,481 girls to gain an education. The educational work of the Illinois Federation deserves much more than passing mention, and attention will be called to it in a future article.

The Committee on Philanthropy has made a strong effort to create public sentiment in the interest of dependent,

wage-earning and delinquent children, and report that the clubs of the State show an increasing interest in these matters. During the year the committee sent out circulars with suggestions for practical work. In this it was suggested that each club appoint a committee to urge the clergy in their respective towns to preach at least once a year on philanthropic subjects of general interest and application, *e. g.*, The Care of Dependent Children in Illinois; The Public Charities of the State; The Importance of Correlating Public and Private Alms-giving; Compulsory Education Law; The Child Labor Law; Vacation Schools and their Relation to Alms-giving, and Should Parental Schools be Established in Chicago. This suggestion was shown to have been adopted in many places with excellent results. At the suggestion of the committee several clubs, in arranging their yearly programs, have arranged for at least one address on practical charitable problems, by some one of recognized experience, and many requests for speakers have been made of the committee.

The committee to further the interests of women students at the State University called attention to the increased recognition of the need for scientific cooking and sanitation in the home, and the need of the proper instruction of young women to gain that end. The need of a woman's hall at the University was urged and each member of the Federation was asked to make it a personal matter to write the Senator from her district suggesting that an appropriation should be made by the Legislature for such a building.

The report of the Library Committee emphasized the necessity for establishing both public and traveling libraries, and enumerated the Illinois libraries which have already been founded by women. The diversity of subjects in which the Illinois Federation is interested, was noticeable in the program. The report of each committee was supplemented by a carefully prepared paper on some phase of the subject, followed by a general discussion. Under the philanthropy section a thoughtful paper on "Parental Schools" was read. At the session devoted to literature an excellent paper on "Literature for Children" led a brisk discussion upon that subject, and Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, the brilliant short story writer, contributed an unpublished story, "The Half Breed of the Straits."

In charge of the music section was given a lecture recital on Russian music, with illustrations. One session of the convention was held at the Art Institute, in charge of the Art Committee. The report of the committee was a feature of the program, and three valuable papers were presented with practical demonstrations of house decorating and house-furnishing. At another meeting the early history of Illinois cities was pleasantly touched upon in a paper on "Local Traditions and their History." Probably the most notable feature of the entire program was a symposium on "The Interdependence of Educational Influences in the Community." The principal paper was by Miss Sutliff, of Rockford College, and this was followed by ten five-minute talks on The Home, The Church, The School, The Press, The Library, The Art Musuem, The Women's Club, The Concert, The Drama, The Social Settlement. Miss Sutliff finely expressed the value of coöperative effort when she said: "The primary condition of advancement in society is change in environment, physical and mental. New needs, new desires are necessary, the gratification of which stimulate to invention and deeper thinking by men of their responsibility to the world. Travel, commerce, exploration, new inventions, new scientific discoveries, new ideals, all demand freedom of thinking, both secular and religious. Each community has had its seer and

its prophets and leaders of lesser degree. Large numbers of men and women, after starting in a work of which they knew little, have found themselves in coöperation with some of the most active forces for good in the State."

A number of important resolutions were presented and adopted. Mrs. Lyndon Evans introduced a resolution asking that the Federation communicate with officers of women's organizations in interior towns, asking them to use their influence to persuade young women to seek employment in small towns in preference to coming to large cities where chances are less and dangers greater. Miss Julia Lathrop, of Rockford, presented a resolution asking that a special committee be appointed to consider means of securing legislative provision for delinquent and dependent children. Miss American, Chairman of the sub-committee on vacation schools and play-grounds, offered a resolution that the Federation indorse necessary legislation in favor of vacation schools. Miss American told of the work which has already been accomplished in Chicago since the movement started in 1896. The cost of each of these schools for the three summer months of vacation is $3,000, each school accommodating from three hundred to four hundred children. It was decided also to add to the standing committees of the Federation one to consider industrial problems as they affect women and children.

After much discussion a motion was carried providing that clubs shall be eligible to membership in the Illinois Federation of which men as well as women are members, a step which other States will regard with special interest. The convention was honored by the presence of many distinguished guests. Among them, Mrs. Rebecca A. Lowe, Mrs. Sarah S. Platt, Mrs. Emma A. Fox and Mrs. George W. Kendricks, Jr., officers of the General Federation; Mrs. G. F. Van Vechten, President of the Iowa Federation; Mrs. J. H. Windsor, of Des Moines; Mrs. C. S. Kinney, of Salt Lake; Mrs. F. A. Eastman, Colorado; Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood, of Washington, D. C., Directors of the G. F. W. C.; Mrs. Birney, President of the National Congress of Mothers, and others.

Mrs. Alice Bradford Wiles, the retiring President of the Federation, is greatly beloved by all Illinois club women, and by her unfailing tact and fine ability has made the work of the Illinois Federation important and effective. The new President is Mrs. Robert B. Farson, of Chicago.

An interesting meeting of the Utah Federation was held at Ogden, October 26th–27th. The membership of the organization has increased more than fifty per cent during the past year. Mrs. Jennings, President of the Federation, in her address to the clubs, urged the value of coöperation with other educational organizations in the State, and spoke earnestly of the work which may be accomplished by the women of Utah. Mrs. Jennings offered some advice to members of Federated clubs, which might well be heeded by club women outside of Utah. She said: "You gather together annually and you are all impressed by the value and importance of Federation work, but you go home and the Federation gradually slips from your minds, and finally becomes practically non-existent until the time comes again to elect delegates to the annual convention, or the treasurer receives notice to pay annual dues. Let it not be so this year. Think seriously and often of what the Federation may accomplish for you and for other women, and talk about it in your clubs, and it will become a far more real and far more live interest to all."

The reports of the Committees on Education and Traveling Libraries, told of the active work undertaken by the Federation. Three traveling libraries have been sent out, and two

more are nearly ready. The plan has been found very successful, demands for books coming from all over sparsely settled districts. An interesting educational session was a feature of the convention, the program including papers on Kitchen Garden Work, the Introduction of the Kindergarten in the Public Schools, and a debate as to whether environment has as much influence as the teacher in forming the character of the pupil.

A paper which attracted unusual interest was prepared by Mrs. Geerson, of Salt Lake City, on the "Cultivation of a Club Conscience." The paper was published in full and it was recommended that it be read by every club.

The program presented during the two days' session of the Federation and reports from individual clubs, lead to the belief that the Utah Federation, though among the smallest of the State Federations, is one of the most active and valuable to its members.

The Colorado Federation of Women's Clubs held its fourth annual convention in Greeley, October 11th and 12th. The Federation now includes 111 clubs, a majority of which were represented at the meeting.

The Educational Committee of the Colorado Federation is working to interest the club women of the State in the schools and school laws, and for the establishment of libraries. The committee on school legislation is working hard to secure legislative action in amending school laws. One committee is working to arouse interest in the George Washington National University; another has taken charge of a movement to preserve the ancient cliff dwellings of Colorado.

The theme of the speeches and papers at this fourth annual meeting was "Industrial America," and the subject was well handled in the carefully prepared papers and five-minute talks. An important contribution to the program was an account of the work of the School of Domestic Science in Denver, those interested being anxious to extend its work through Federated Clubs all over the State. It was suggested that the $1,000 left from the Biennial fund be used to further this work.

The Federation endorsed the resolutions asking that Mrs. Potter Palmer and Mrs. Henrotin be sent to Paris as representatives of the club women of America. One session of the convention was held at the State Normal School, and after the transaction of business the members of the Federation visited the school, then in session.

The new officers are: President, Mrs. James Baker, Boulder; Vice-President, Mrs. Guilford S. Wood, Denver; Recording Secretary, Mrs. C. C Richardson, Trinidad; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Kate Wise, Boulder; Treasurer, Mrs. E. B. Harper, Durango; Auditor, Mrs. B. F. Stickley, Leadville.

NEBRASKA...The Nebraska Federation of Women's Clubs held a one day session October 11th at Omaha; but it was held between the Mothers' Congress, which met the 10th, and the Congress of Women's Clubs on the 12th, followed by the Household Economics Convention on the 13th, and being mixed up with so many good things it could hardly define itself.

The address of welcome was given by Mrs. A. H. Ferguson, Vice-President of the Omaha Women's Club, and the response was by Mrs. Sarah Brindley, of Columbus. The morning session was then devoted to roll call and reports of clubs.

The subjects for the afternoon session were "Recommended Work," "Town and Village Improvement," "Art in the Public Schools," and "The Town and County Clubs," and were entertainingly discussed. Mrs. H. H. Wilson, of Lincoln, Dean of the University of Nebraska, spoke eloquently for University extension. Mrs. A. C. Ricketts, of Lincoln, State Chairman of

Correspondence, reported the Denver Biennial in a happy manner.

The session closed with the election of officers, which resulted as follows: President, Mrs. S. C. Langworthy, Seward; Vice-President, Mrs. Apperson, Tecumseh; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. D. C. McKillip, Seward; Treasurer, Mrs. Howard Freeman Doane, Crete; Recording Secretary, Mrs. M. J. Sackett, Weeping Water; Auditor, Mrs. Fuller, Ashland; Librarian, Mrs. G. M. Lambertson, Lincoln.

In the evening Mrs. Lowe, President of the General Federation, delivered an address to the delegates, and introduced the officers of the General Federation present.

The following morning Mrs. Stoutenborough gave her annual address which was pure and elevating in its tone, as well as intellectually brilliant. Good music was one of the agreeable features of the Federation.—*Mrs. D. C. McKillip, Corresponding Secretary N. F. W. C.*

MINNESOTA...The fourth annual meeting of the Minnesota Federation of Women's Clubs was held at Winona, on the 26th, 27th and 28th of October. The Federation now numbers 108 clubs, and considerably over a hundred delegates were present, while the Winona clubs of course were out in force.

The convention began with a meeting of the executive board at 9 A. M., on Wednesday, the 26th; this was strictly a business session. Next, although not a part of the actual program—but one of the pleasant features for its guests—was a breakfast given by Mrs. M. B. Webber, the Vice-President of the first district, to the officers of the Federation, the President of the Iowa State Federation, the presidents of the local clubs, and a few other friends.

At 2 P. M., the public meetings opened, with the President, Miss Margaret Evans of Carlton College, Northfield, in the chair. The opening invocation was followed by the reports of officers; then Mrs. J. M. Underwood, of Lake City, very fittingly opened the literary portion of the program with an interesting "Bit of Forgotten History," in the shape of personal reminiscences of early childhood in earliest Winona.

Next was a series of five-minute talks on "Progress of Women," in the past and in the present. The women of the present were classified under the heads of women in literature, science, professions and philanthropy. Music served to enliven this program as well as every other session of the meetings.

At the evening session an address on the subject of "Women," was given by Mrs. Frederic Lyon Charles, President of the Women's Literary and Educational Organizations of Western New York. This was largely a sketch of the ideal woman, but was full of suggestions to the real woman, of very practical value. This was followed by the annual address of the President, Miss Evans, who took as her special subject for the evening, "Latest Phases of the Club Movement." Space forbids an outline of this talk, but Miss Evans is so well known, not only throughout Minnesota, but throughout the United States, that it is needless to say that it was strong and earnest, with an occasional ripple of good honest fun that proved irresistible to her audience.

One of the most pleasant and profitable features of these annual meetings, is the reception, that has always thus far been a part of the program. At this meeting, the reception was given at the Hotel Winona, by the club women of the city. The parlors and corridors had been so transformed that it was hard to realize that one was in a hotel at all, as it seemed more like a series of rooms in a pleasant home, with rugs, cushions, flowers, and whatever would make it beautiful and homelike. After the more formal reception was over, there was a short program of music and recitations, and then an informal social hour, interspersed with visits to the frappé bowl or the coffee urn.

The session on Wednesday morning was largely taken up with business. Telegrams containing greetings and good wishes were read to the meeting from the North Dakota Federation, and also from Mrs. W. B. Lowe, President of the General Federation. A very instructive paper on "Parliamentary Law" was given by Mrs. J. C. Buchanan, of Minneapolis; and one on the "Club as a Factor in Individual Development," by Mrs. Luella Hoagland, of Marshall.

Thursday afternoon's program proved very varied and interesting. The report of the "Town and Country Club" work was given by Mrs. Fowler, of Rochester, and was listened to with the deepest interest. This is a work in which Minnesota seems to be rather unique; but it is one which is going to benefit the State in ways which nothing else can equal. Its aim is, as its name implies, to bring the town women and the farmers' wives into touch with each other, in various ways; largely by the means of "rest rooms," where the country woman and her babies can wait comfortably and restfully, while her husband transacts the business which has brought him to town.

Mrs. Marion A. Richardson then gave a paper on the "Early History and Romance of Minnesota," and Mrs. J. C. Crays, the past six years a member of the school board of Minneapolis, talked very instructively on the origin, growth and present condition of the public system of Minnesota. This was followed by Mrs. Ell Torrance, of Minneapolis, State Regent of the Minnesota D. A. R., in a very bright, original and witty talk on the "Relation of Women to Public Institutions," touching therein her relation to the school, the church, philanthropic organizations, and the home.

The evening program was on the subject of education in its broadest sense. Superintendent Tormey, of the Winona public schools, told what he thought the clubs might do for the public schools. He showed five different lines along which he thought club influence might be used; in increasing attendance—in promoting night schools—improving the day schools—establishing schools for defectives—and decorating schoolrooms and aiding in furnishing suitable literature for the pupils.

Miss Gratia Countryman, of the Minneapolis Public Library, told of the work of Hennepin county in establishing traveling libraries within its own borders, and also of the bill asking for State aid for State traveling libraries, which is to come before the Legislature this winter. The evening closed with a lecture on the subject of traveling libraries in general by Miss L. E. Stearns, Librarian of the Wisconsin Free Library Commission. This was illustrated by the stereopticon, and proved of great interest.

Friday morning was largely taken up by business, including the election of officers. Only three offices were to be filled this year, and those eventually elected to these positions were: Miss Laura Jones, of Duluth, Vice-President-at-Large; E. G. Butts, of Stillwater, Treasurer, and Mrs. C. E. Conant, of Wells, Corresponding Secretary.

Mrs. Holmes, of Moorhead, read a very carefully prepared paper on "Racial Dietetics;" and Mrs. Bessie Starr, of Tracy, one on "Dress Reform — its Place in Club Work."

Mrs. J. E. Bell, of Minneapolis, then gave a forceful talk on the subject of "What Our Children Shall Read," and this was illustrated by a very charming recitation from Kipling by Miss Mary Evarts, teacher of elocution in the Winona State Normal School.

At the beginning of the afternoon session Mrs. C. E. Conant, of Wells, gave a report of her impressions of the Denver Biennial.

Mrs. Walter C. Chapin spoke on "Education of Our Boys."

Then followed a series of three papers on art subjects: "The Value of Art in

Character Building," by Mrs. George E. Metcalf, of St. Paul; "Art in its Relation to Education," by Miss Gertrude Stoker, supervisor of drawing in St. Paul public schools; and one on "Literature in Art," by Miss Caroline M. Beaumont, which closed the program.

A great improvement in the work of the members of the Federation was visible this year in this particular: that so many of the subjects were handled in the way of *talks*, instead of by reading "papers."

One of the very pleasant incidents of this meeting was the presence, throughout the entire session, of Mrs. Van Vechten, President of the Iowa Federation, whose interested face and helpful words proved a positive inspiration to all who came in contact with her.

It was voted to continue again this year the mid-winter, social function in the form of a breakfast, which has heretofore proved so pleasant.

The Federation accepted an invitation to meet at St. Cloud for its n xt annual meeting; and separated as always, with the feeling that it "has been good to be together."—*Edith M. Conant.*

The remaining copies of the literary report of the Third Biennial, which includes all papers and addresses given at the meeting of the General Federation in Louisville, have been distributed *pro rata* among the State chairmen of correspondence for use among new clubs, traveling and free public libraries. Any public library in Iowa desiring one of these reports will please address the editor of this department.

HOME THEMES.

VALE.

In a softly shaded room
Of that chamber full of gloom
  Lies a maiden wrapped in slumber deep;
Neither life nor loving warm
In that alabaster form,—
  Only sleep.

Like some bit of sculpture rare,
Or a jewel gleaming there,
  Nestled in its casket,—silken bed,—
Rests she on her pillow white,
Golden hair a halo bright
  Round her head.

Waxen lilies seem to seek
Kisses from her marble cheek,—
  Snowy, fragrant blooms, as pure as she.
As a treasure newly found,
Heavenly draperies fold her round,
  Lovingly.

With soft tendrils flowers reach;
With sweet petals they beseech
  Life and song and beauty to awake.
But a white cloud in the sky
Drops a tear and moans a sigh:—
  "For her sake."

Softest zephyrs hover there;
With a sweet, æolian air
  Gently shift her shroud's white fold;
Brushing back the sunlit hair
From her brow so broad and fair,—
  Now so cold.

Can no power of love unseal,
And unto those eyes reveal
  What my tortur'd heart would fain confess?
Has th' inexorable hand of fate
Destined for my life this great
  Bitterness?

"Atropos," I wildly pray,
"Take not thou my life away.
  From my shrinking spirit lift thy ban.
God of Heaven, let me sup
In thy mercy from the cup
  Lethean!"

Anna Elwood Wright.

Tipton, Iowa, November, 1898.

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELER'S TRIBUTE TO HIS WIFE.

I once rode from New York to Chicago, the sole occupant of a magnificent stateroom. The porter supplied me with books, and anticipated my every other want. But, of all my journeyings, east and west, north and south, that trip, with all its—to me—princely magnificence, stands out in my memory the lonesomest and dreariest. My one relief was the smoking room where something like democratic equality prevailed—the man who smoked his "three-for-a-quarter" talking politics and finance on terms of absolute equality with the man who smoked his "straight fifty."

In pleasing contrast is a physically wearisome but mentally refreshing all-day trip taken recently in a local passenger and way-freight combined.

It was a rare October day. The pink of daybreak, seen through a screen of mist, soon gave way to a flood of sunlight, which turned away the mist and melted the chill from the air. The pale yellows were faintly flushed with purple and red. The brown of earth, darkened by recent rains, gave promise of next year's harvests, and the faces of men and women seemed to have caught the promise.

Speaking of men and women—grand and inspiring and restful as is Nature, the "proper" and preëminent study of mankind is, and ever will be,—as it was when Bacon wrote his oft-quoted truism

What interesting faces! What odd fragments of conversation! One may vow to do no brain-work but, nevertheless, the mental impression-book will remain open and many are the impressions it somehow receives. Let me transfer one of these before it fades from my memory.

In come two handsome, good-feeling commercial travelers, and they are soon in the midst of a free and familiar talk. The older one is glibly telling of this, that and the other woman of his acquaintance and the younger one forces opportunity to inject such inquiries as, "What for a looking woman is she?" "She used to be a beauty—how does she wear?"—showing that the universal love of beauty is asserting itself anew.

Then the older man, in a laughing, philosophic manner, which well becomes him, tells his own story. The year 1893 found him the junior partner of a well-known wholesale house. His partners were deeply involved in speculative manufacturing when the financial cyclone swept over the land. Before, he had counted himself worth $60,000; after, he found himself with less than $6,000, saved from the wreck. Thinking the worst over, he put his little all into business and—"well," said he gaily, "you can see for yourself that I'm not traveling because I'm fond of going—in other words, the tail went with the hide. In fact, I hadn't $10 left last January when I took the road."

"I'd think you'd be all broke up," said the younger man.

"Not a bit of it," was the hearty response. "My wife and I were never as happy as we are now. I say, let me give you a pointer, old fellow. When you run against a good, true woman and find you can love her and can get her into the way of loving you,—*you marry*. Don't run wild another day after that—you can't afford it. You may think you can, but you can't. Why, when I woke up and found I had only $10 in the world, what did that wife of mine do? Whine and talk about going home to father? Not for a minute. Says she to me—and I'm giving it to you dead straight—Joe,—says she to me, 'Keep a stiff upper lip, old boy; we'll take a five-room house; I'll let Hilda go, and do my own work; we'll take Jimmie out of the kindergarten and put him in the public school—he's getting too big for the kindergarten anyway; and, much or little, I'll be happy through everything—unless I see *you're* unhappy.' Now, that's the kind of a woman she is, and I want to say to you right now, that we never took as much comfort in our life as we're taking in our five-room house,—no hired-girl question, no more anxiety about keeping our end up socially, and, better yet, wife and I never were so healthy."

The story was interjected with several unnecessary expletives, which made the reply all the more ludicrous. The unmarried man put his arm on the shoulder of his friend and, with a surface smacking of seriousness, said: "Joe, me boy, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.'" J. B.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

JOHN BURROUGHS, on "The Re-reading of Books," says: "On taking down for the third or fourth time a favorite author, the present winter, I said to myself, 'There is no test of a book like that—can we, and do we, go back to it?' If not, is it at all probable that future generations will go back to it?" Mr. Burroughs usually reasons well, but here he limps and falls. The frequency of the returns we make to a book depends on the uses one can make of the book, the information, or the philosophy, or the consolation, or the comfort, or the rest; but the book world includes many unquestionably great works one doesn't go back to. We return again and again to Emerson because he is a sort of soul cyclopædia, in which we are ever finding what we want, and, while looking for it, we are sure to find something else we want. But when we think of going back to "Les Miserables," the very bulk of the work appals us; and then again the very vividness of our first impressions render it entirely unnecessary to re-read it. The simple greatness of that classic, "Robinson Crusoe," will hardly be questioned, and yet men in or past middle life don't go back to it, unless it be to read it with the children. We "don't have to" go back to it, we remember it so vividly from frequent readings of the book in our youth. The inference that a book is not likely to be read by coming generations because one reading suffices us is unwarranted. Our early reading of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" quite satisfies us, but the next generation, and the next, will each give it that early reading and be satisfied Emerson will assuredly be read by coming generations, but not connectedly. We read Emerson in comfortable bits—now and here a little, then and there a little. If one reading overlaps another, no matter; we like to go over it again, as we do a favorite maxim or passage of scripture. "Grant's Memoirs" "are likely to last," as Mr. Burroughs says, because of their deep seriousness and good faith, and because its author "is not occupied with his name but with his matter." There can be no question about the permanent place that will be accorded the "Memoirs" in public and private libraries, but, great as the work is in its simplicity and sincerity, one reading will suffice with the most of us. The greatness of "The Iliad" does not compel our frequent reading of that epic. "The Odyssey," with its greater variety of incident and changes of scene, will bear more frequent reading than "The Iliad" with its monotony of slaughter and "countless destruction." Most students of Shakespeare place "King Lear" first among the immortal tragedie but its very greatness gives it a degree of isolation which is not shared by "Hamlet" with its ever-recurring questions as to "life, death, and the vast forever."

***

THERE is something humiliating in the thought that it is possible for any one to grow rich or even notorious, off the ridicule of the public. Years ago an American named George Jones, followed Louis Napoleon to France and came back to his native country as "Count Johannes." Jones thought himself a tragedian, but his audiences guyed him, and men went to see him guyed, and the exhibitions became a national disgrace. There are, at the present time, certain eccentric performers who think they can sing and dance and read for the entertainment of the public; but their audiences are made up of people who know the performers can't do anything artistic, and who attend, either to contribute to the entertainment (?) by throwing vegeta-

bles at the performers, or to be entertained by the give and take of the guyers and the guyed. The press of the country with a few honorable exceptions has involved itself in this latest national disgrace—for these performers have gone from one end of the country half-way to the other, and have experienced the same shameless and shameful treatment everywhere. But for the insincere heralding of the press, their antics and their travesties on song and elocution must have been discontinued through want of support. But, through the power of the press to do mischief, they have everywhere been "greeted with crowded houses." And in all their audiences there never has sat one man whose purpose in attending was other than humiliating to believers in the innate nobility of man's nature. Before us lies an old clipping which suggested this comment, in which the newspaper alludes to the "great fame" of these performers and their "refined and artistic performance, affording unbounded amusement and applause," and on behalf of the city "extends a most cordial welcome to these famous favorites of the public!" The press cannot afford to thus become party to the financial success of any entertainment which has for its object the public humiliation of any human being, however obtuse or absurd. The public cannot afford to cruelly play with anyone's cupidity or abnormal self-esteem. The retroactive effect of participation in or countenance of one such tacit conspiracy of a community, or any part of it, in the public humiliation of one human being is damaging and measurably damning.

***

WILLIAM CURTIS STILES, in the November *Editor*, has found the assumption that the average editor knows good work when he sees it is "one of the delusions cultivated for the benefit of the amateur contributor." He concludes with a request that some one write him (Stiles) "an article by way of a recipe for making that sort of an editor that knows a good thing." One need not take time to write Mr. Stiles an article of any length "by way of a recipe for making that sort of an editor" The term "a good thing" is relative. It means one thing to Mr. Stiles, another thing to Mr. McClure, and quite another thing to Mr. Munsey. A recipe written especially for Mr. Stiles—and he wants one for himself and not for general use—would simply be: Make William Curtis Stiles editor. This is not meant to be satirical; it is simply another way of saying that all criticism depends upon the view-point, that there can be no absolute standard of criticism, as there is of weight and measurement, and that the editor is, and of necessity must be, an autocrat, accepting and rejecting, not in accordance with some literary service marking system set up by outside dictation or suggestion, but rather in accordance with his own inside knowledge of the situation and his own inside judgment as to what that situation calls for.

***

MR. STILES has a theory "that one ought never send a manuscript at all until it is right—conscientiously and actually right" "Then," he adds, "whether it sells or not, it is not lost work." This writer makes no mention of any outside authority for the determination of what is "right," and so we must assume that what he meant to say is that one ought never send a manuscript at all until, *in his own judgment*, it is right. This theory would measurably diminish the output of manuscripts from the sensitively self-critical, but would not affect the output of manuscripts from the far larger number of self-complacent writers. The inference is that one should satisfy himself that his manuscript *ought to be accepted*. Then, if it come back, he may have the satisfaction of knowing that the editor doesn't know or appreciate a good thing when it lies before him inviting his acceptance. This is

an error which needs correction. We can best make the error apparent by giving an illustration.

Before the editor lie three manuscript stories especially suitable for Christmas-time. They are all good. One of them is especially good. He would like to publish it in the next Christmas number, but a reference to his memorandum shows him that he already has two duly accepted Christmas stories. His experience tells him that he may not be able to use more than one distinctively Christmas story, and that in any event he cannot expect to use more than the two stories already booked. What has the rightness of the right to do with his dilemma? Even under our civil service rules, if there are four places to fill and seven well qualified candidates for the places, three candidates whom the examination proves to be "right" must stand aside. Shall an editor, who editorially represents a private enterprise, be expected to increase his pages indefinitely, and swamp his publication financially, that he may include the large number of manuscripts which he regards as worthy of publication? How much more unfair is the assumption that his acceptances should include manuscripts which are found worthy of publication by some other standard than his own practical standard of relative availability?

***

IN OUR glorification of the new discoveries in science, and in our glad acceptance of the new treatment of cases in the light of these discoveries, our young practitioners will do well to keep in mind the concluding words of Professor Virchow before a London medical school on October 3d: "May the Medical School of Charing Cross Hospital continue upon the newly opened path with zeal and good fortune! But may its students at the same time never forget that neither the physician nor the naturalist dares to dispense with a cool head and a calm spirit, with practical observation and critical judgment!"

***

INCIDENTALLY, there is much of suggestion in the very appearance of this venerable discoverer before a body of students at the advanced age of seventy-seven, the old scientist still in full possession of his faculties, still eager for new research, still rejoicing with all the enthusiasm of youth in his own comparatively recent discoveries, —or, as he would modestly put it, his recent good fortune. A man is not old till he feels old. So long as a man retains possession of his faculties, just so long is he held responsible for the use of those faculties.

***

THE rapid growth of a word from a single seed transplanted in a congenial soil is one of the curiosities of literature. Take a single instance. A few weeks ago there was not one American soldier in a thousand who knew there was such a word as "rookey." To-day there are few soldiers and ex-soldiers who have not substituted it for "raw recruit." Common as the word now is among American soldiers, and for some time has been in the English army, you will not find it in any general dictionary. But it is safe to predict that the word now in question as slang will appear in respectable company in the next editions of all our standard dictionaries. Where did our soldiers find it? Naturally enough, in Kipling's "Barrack Room Ballads." Here is a sample of this author's use of it. We quote from "Route Marchin':"

"So 'ark an' 'eed you *rookies*, which is always grumblin' sore,
There's worser things than marchin' from Umballa to Cawnpore;
An' if your 'eels are blistered, an' they feels to 'urt like 'ell,
You drop some tallow in your socks an' that will make 'em well,
For its best foot first, ..."

Barrère & Leland's dictionary of slang gives this definition of the term: "Rookey (army), a recruit; from the black coat some of them wear." The alacrity with which the English-speak-

ing people reach down into the slang of the camp, the field, the shop and the street for words which express new combinations of thought, in part explains the fact that the English language is gaining on all the other languages and gives promise of becoming a world language.

GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Mr. William Watson "is disposed to devote his energies to prose in the form of literary criticism." This decision means an uplift to criticism, but a loss to poetry. Mr. Watson is one of the few living poets who can write poetry.

Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich is trying to get some satisfaction out of the fortune left him by his friend, the late Mr. Pierce. He and his family are making a tour of the world.

Mr. Thomas Hardy is another remarkably versatile man; first architect, then novelist, and now poet.

Mr. Cable is a sad case of a man who quit his field before he had thoroughly worked it. He now goes back to it. His forthcoming novel, "The Cavalier" is a tale of the Civil War, written from the Confederate standpoint. Recalling the closing chapters of his "Dr. Sevier," we may expect something rich and rare in "The Cavalier."

A good pun is as rare as a good salad. *The Critic* says that "without Mr. Gibson's drawings *Life* would hardly be worth living."

Mr E. W. Dutcher, Stillwater, Minn., a popular MIDLAND contributor, has a poem in a recent number of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, of London.

Mr. Curtin, translator of *Quo Vadis*, pronounces its author's name as if it were spelled "Syen-kye-vich," with a full accent on the second syllable.

Hall Caine once or twice in a while says something worth repeating, and here is one of his wise sayings, from his lecture on "Novels:"

"Can the atmosphere of any age of the world compare, for the purposes of the imaginative writer, with the atmosphere of our own time? Depend upon it, the Nineteenth Century is the most romantic period in the history of the world. It is the romance of our age, and not its prosaic utilitarianism, that is the most amazing fact of it. We are not far enough away from it to realize that romance. But by and by the great imaginative writer will take hold of this century of ours and find material for the most thrilling, startling and astounding developments of the human story that literature has yet known."

Mr. Howells, of all the critics under the sun, is the fairest and most charitable. In "The Nature of American Criticism," he puts in a word for humanity in criticism, deprecating the baleful wish of the critic to shine at the cost of the author. He regards the ferocities of Poe as not wholly unblessed to their victims; but evidently he would deplore a school of criticism based upon ferocity.

Mr. Birrell, on the last page of his "Sir Frank Lockwood," says that Mr. Greenwood lately asked him "whether ever before people had raised a monument to a man just because they all liked him."

Again Carlyle? In a letter to his mother, March 10, 1844 (November *Atlantic*), the author of "Cromwell" says of his masterpiece: "But it will be a terribly difficult job and take a long time, I think. However, that it is a useful one, worthy to be done by me, I am resolved, and so I will do it if permitted—the return and earthly reward of it may be either great or small, or even nothing and abuse into the bargain,—just as it likes."

And farther on he philosophizes:—"And indeed, often when I look at it, the prizes people get in this world and the kind of people that get them, seem but a *ridiculous* business. If there were not something more serious behind all that, I think it would hardly be worth while to live in such a place as this world at all. In short I hold on the best I can—and my good mother's picture, looking down on me here, seems to bid me call in patience, and persevere like a man."

In another letter, to his dear sister Jenny, he continues his philosophy of living. "Our outward fortune, lucky or what is called unlucky, we cannot command; but we *can* command our own behavior under it, and we do either wisely or else not wisely; and *that*, in real truth, makes *all* the difference—and does in reality stamp us either 'lucky' or else 'unlucky.' For there is nobody but he that acts foolishly and *wrong* that can, in the end, be called unlucky; he that acts wisely and right is, before all mortals, to be accounted 'lucky;' he and no other than he. So

toil honestly along, my dear little Jenny, even as heretofore; and keep up your heart. An elder brother's duty to you, I trust I may promise, you shall never stand in want of while I live in this world."

Turning from these letters to mother and sister, which are all heart, to that other side of the man's dual nature, as presented by Froude, we find any quantity of such caustic criticism as this on the most noteworthy Froude novels: "A new Phallas worship, with Sue, Balzac & Co., for prophets, and Madame Sand for a virgin."

Or this, concerning Coleridge, De Quincey, Hazlett and Leigh Hunt: "'Good heavens!' I often inwardly exclaim, 'and is this the literary world?' This rascal rout, this dirty rabble, destitute not only of high feeling and knowledge or intellect, but even of common honesty! The very best of them are ill-natured weaklings. They are not red-blooded men at all."

Hamilton W. Mabie is another Easterner tall enough to see over the Allegheny Mountains. In "The Intellectual Movement in the West," in the November *Atlantic*, Mr. Mabie says: "Those who know the Central West well are pursuaded that it has entered what may be called the culture stage of its development; the stage, that is, which involves a serious attempt to rationalize its life, to measure its spiritual success, to secure an accurate estimate of the value of its material production, to know the best the older communities have thought and spoken, to command the ultimate uses of life and its materials."

Mr. Mabie is "deeply impressed by the eagerness with which great numbers of sincere people are reaching out after the things of the spirit, and are determined to possess them."

In the first preface to the Hamlet volumes of the New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare, the editor, Mr. Furness, with broad charity and delicate humor, thus refers to not a few of the no end of books, sane and insane, written on the great master of dramatic art and the first of the world's great poets: "In some instances, notes are given that have little or no value, except as hints of the progress or of the madness of Shakespearian criticism."

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

Literature, an English publication, edited by Mr. Traill, credits American journalism with the Headline now introduced into British journalism; also with the daily illustrated paper now mildly adopted on the other side; also the seven-days-in-a-week journal about to be adopted in London. It credits our people with greater interest in politics and public affairs generally, and in the daily news In the largeness of our journalism it notes our journalistic tendency to be smart, and our besetting sin of facility — the quantity of our news-stories, not their quality, being the desideratum. It rejoices in the modesty of the English press in leaving lawmaking to lawmakers, and reads American journalism a lesson on our all-around numerousness.

The Penny Magazine has, naturally enough, gone into the hands of a receiver. Its name was a lie—it sold for a nickel.

That's a queer coming together of ancient rivals! Beginning with January the old *Eclectic Magazine* will add to its title "*and Monthly Edition of The Living Age.*"

Mr. B. O. Flower's third venture is *The Coming Age*, and his third field is St. Louis and his third publisher is Mr. C K. Reifsnider.

But *The Arena* still lives! It was once thought that B. O. Flower was *The Arena*, and *The Arena* was B. O. Flower. Later, people were coming to think that Mr. Ridpath was the indispensable good angel of that magazine; but last month came the announcement that *The Arena* had suspended. Now comes that magazine with Paul Tyner, the famous theosophist, as its editor. All of which goes to prove that no one man is essential to any one thing.

TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

Will you kindly give me a few "pointers" on preparing manuscript for publication?

The real thing is to have a contribution which embodies something that the world wants. Then, with the utmost care, perfect it in detail. It may seem an unimportant thing, but there is a great deal in detail. If you were trying to get a position in a bank, though you might be a very worthy young man, were you to call on the President with muddy boots, or with dirt on your coat, and he should look up over his spectacles and see them, doubtless he would say, "I have no place for you." If he is really wanting a young man, and one comes into his office with a good address, modest in

demeanor, and yet with something assertive in his manner which leads the banker to suppose that he has character, and his appearance indicates that he would not blot his ledger, he might say: "I have no place for you now, but what is your idea; what do you want?" And while the banker is talking and listening to him he is looking him over and thinking perhaps that he is the boy he wants. Well, now, suppose you send the editor a manuscript, and the sheets, instead of being put together nicely, are sewed together in great long strips; or suppose you send in your manuscript all rolled up so tight that the printer can't stand it up on his case. There may be a Tennysonian thought in that poem, but the editor is human, and he does not like the roll of that paper. Suppose you have a manuscript that you do not want to commit to the mails. You write a letter to the editor saying that you have a poem on the "Evolution of the Soul," and asking him if he wants it. Now, what can you expect from the editor! Send on your poem. Let that do your talking for you.

I must earn some money in some way, as I will need more to finish my course in the high school, and for this reason I have written a story, which I will be glad to have you examine and see if you can use it in THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

A most worthy cause, but one which we dare not for a moment consider in passing upon the question of a manuscript's availability. In this case the high school student's story proved to be below grade, loosely constructed, devoid of literary style, commonplace. The literary world is insensible to the conditions under which one may work: it insists that the work itself be good.

---

(1) I write you for the purpose of ascertaining if you are in need of correspondents for your magazine (2) or if you would accept of productions either in prose or poetry if they were suitable. (3) I am a young writer and write either prose or poetry—though I am given more to poetry. (4) If you could use any productions you could inform me, also, the kind and nature of such. (5) Could send you samples of each on request. (6) I am in correspondence with two newspapers. (7) An early communication is desirable.

1. Our magazine has no correspondents.

2. Yes, if suitable and available.

3. The age of the writer has nothing to do with the question. You may be "given more to poetry" and yet not be a poet. We can determine that only by an examination of the MS. itself.

4. We could, perhaps; but—you ask too much of busy editors who have on hand so much poetry that their chief question is which will keep best.

5. We never request samples of MS.

6. Your verse is either available or unavailable. *Quality, not* the relations of the writer or circumstances under which a writer writes, is the essential thing.

7. "An early communication" cannot be very desirable, for the courtesy of return postage was not extended.

If you do not find this poem to be what you want, would you kindly tell me why? Will you kindly give me some points as to the diction, or as to the rhythm, or rhyme?

What does this request mean? It means at least fifteen minutes of the editor's day. You should go to primary works on writing and find out about prosody. You should go back to your grammar. You must learn to spell well. Be sure that you are grammatically correct. Be sure that you are rhetorically right. There are a dozen ways of saying the same thing, but you must be particular to say what you have to say in some right way and in your best way. In Lincoln's last inaugural address, note the rare chain of words, all of them simple, and the artistic arrangement of those words: "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may soon pass away." Lincoln became poetic without really intending it. Note also these words: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans—to do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations." Note the exalted simplicity, the monosyllabic quality of this sentence.

The best masters of style are the men and women who speak the language of the common people, and who speak it forcefully. Your style should be pure, should be simple in the best sense of the word, but yet, it should have the stamp of originality. Now that word originality is one which is very much misapplied and misused. We can see it misused every day. Someone sends the editor something that is a studied attempt at originality. But the style must be one's own In your study of style,—and you cannot afford to ignore